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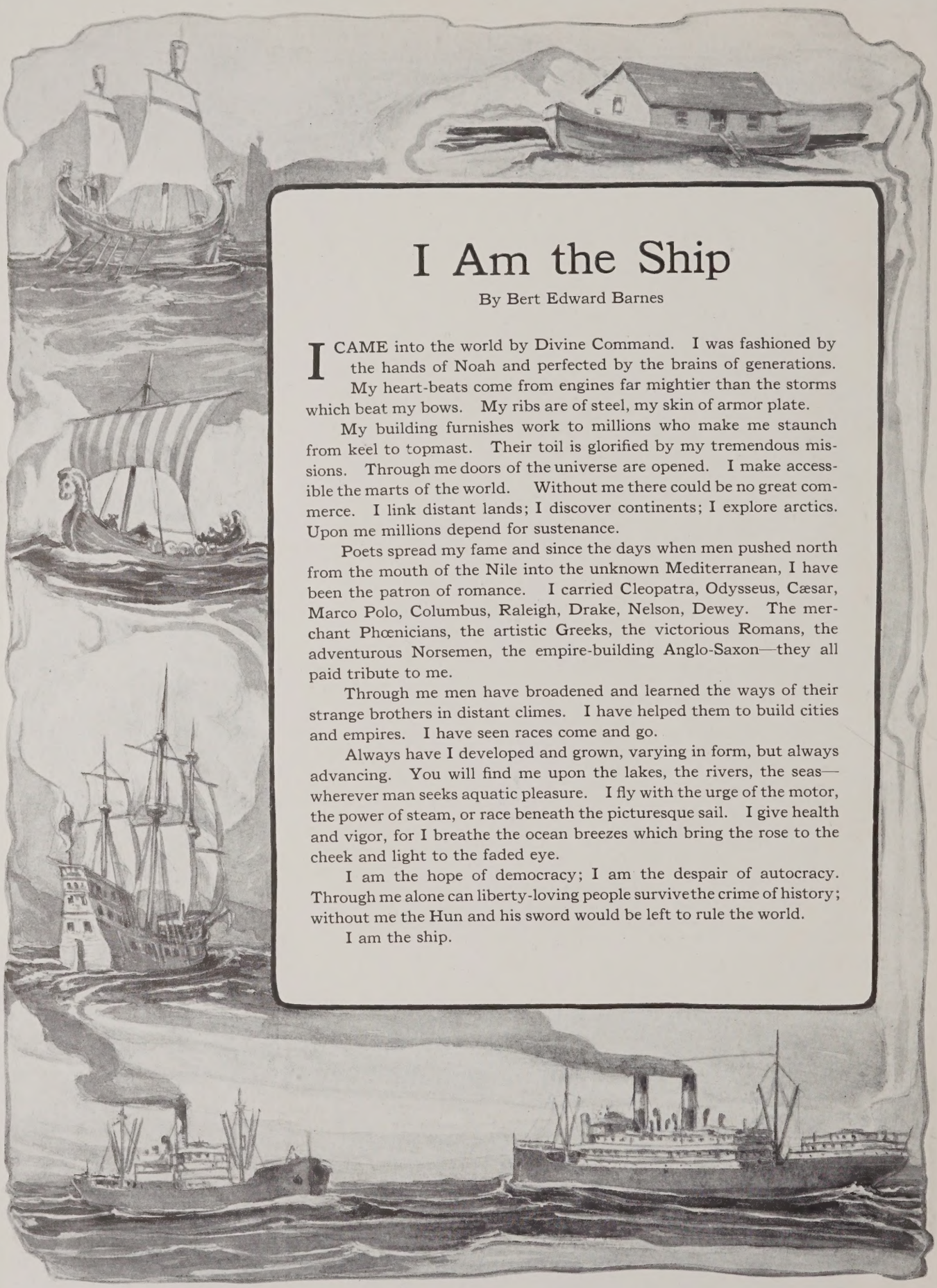
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DRY DOCK DIAL

JANUARY 1918





I Am the Ship

By Bert Edward Barnes

I CAME into the world by Divine Command. I was fashioned by the hands of Noah and perfected by the brains of generations. My heart-beats come from engines far mightier than the storms which beat my bows. My ribs are of steel, my skin of armor plate.

My building furnishes work to millions who make me staunch from keel to topmast. Their toil is glorified by my tremendous missions. Through me doors of the universe are opened. I make accessible the marts of the world. Without me there could be no great commerce. I link distant lands; I discover continents; I explore arctics. Upon me millions depend for sustenance.

Poets spread my fame and since the days when men pushed north from the mouth of the Nile into the unknown Mediterranean, I have been the patron of romance. I carried Cleopatra, Odysseus, Cæsar, Marco Polo, Columbus, Raleigh, Drake, Nelson, Dewey. The merchant Phœnicians, the artistic Greeks, the victorious Romans, the adventurous Norsemen, the empire-building Anglo-Saxon—they all paid tribute to me.

Through me men have broadened and learned the ways of their strange brothers in distant climes. I have helped them to build cities and empires. I have seen races come and go.

Always have I developed and grown, varying in form, but always advancing. You will find me upon the lakes, the rivers, the seas—wherever man seeks aquatic pleasure. I fly with the urge of the motor, the power of steam, or race beneath the picturesque sail. I give health and vigor, for I breathe the ocean breezes which bring the rose to the cheek and light to the faded eye.

I am the hope of democracy; I am the despair of autocracy. Through me alone can liberty-loving people survive the crime of history; without me the Hun and his sword would be left to rule the world.

I am the ship.

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THE DRY DOCK DIAL

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Vol. 1 JANUARY, 1918 No. 1



The Company's Growth



It is deemed auspicious to give in these first pages of our new magazine a historical sketch of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, a sketch which will point out the high spots in the firm's development and convey to the men, who are on the Company's pay rolls, the importance of the industrial organization with which they are identified.

In doing this, we must necessarily deal to a considerable extent with the career of Mr. E. P. Morse, Sr., because the development of the Company is practically his life's work.

To trace the firm's development is also to trace the advancement made, by way of inventions, new methods of operation and new equipment, in the repairing of vessels.

Tottering old dry docks, which in their day were the best that man could devise, have been replaced by electrically controlled pontoons, emptied by fast-working motors, instead of wheezy steam engines. New tools and appliances have come into use which have completely revolutionized many phases of the ship repairing industry.—EDITOR.

FAITH in one's self is the only faith worth while. The man who has no confidence in himself never succeeds. The man who makes good in this world is the one who has boundless faith in his ability to achieve. The mendicant along life's walk remains a mendicant because he has lost confidence.

At the age of twenty-five years, Edward P. Morse, Sr., harnessed his faith to an idea. Fresh from an apprenticeship with a shipsmith, he set out to do things. He embarked in the ship-repairing business because he saw the possibilities which that trade offered. How well he succeeded in the intervening years is attested by the business monument which bears his name. The Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company is that monument. It has been raised by "the force of his wrists."

Mr. Morse's first shop was located at the pier at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street in Brooklyn, a mile from the present plant. He began business in a building twenty-five by forty feet. From the first he adopted a straight forward business policy and won immediate attention from ship masters and ship owners. He has always stuck to the motto that a promise once made must be kept at all hazards. Contracts were fulfilled within the time specified, and the work which Mr. Morse turned out in his little establishment was well done and honestly priced.

FROM this beginning his business grew fast. Vicissitudes came and were met with unflinching determination and ten years went by with his faith undiminished and his business reputation established. Then in 1890 fire swept through his property and practically cleaned him out. The blow was a hard one, but Mr. Morse knew himself.

Soon after this he leased the warehouses of the Brooklyn Dry Dock Company, adjoining his first shop. A small stock company was formed, and the Morse Iron Works Company came into being, occupying about one hundred feet of the warehouse. From the outset the new enterprise thrived, and in six years additional property was taken over and a dry dock built.

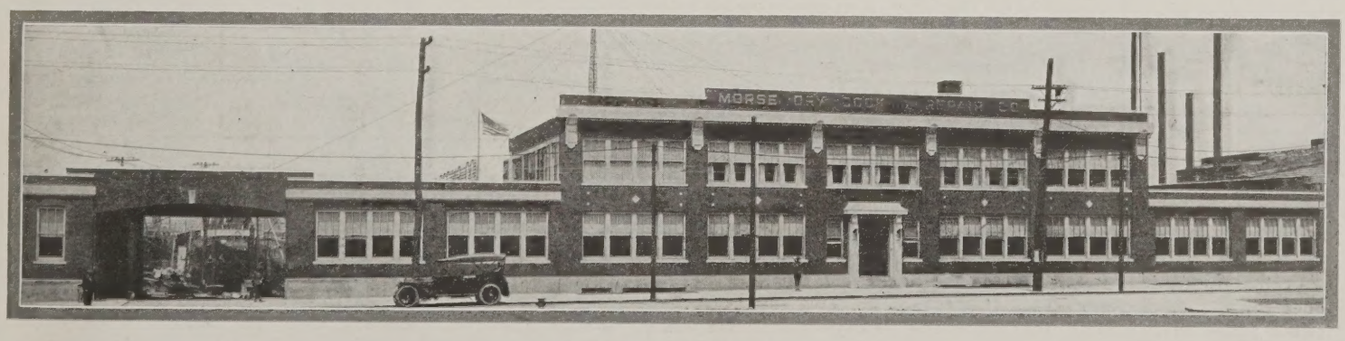
Expansion was a matter of months, not years, and it was only a short time before the management of the firm began to realize the need of more room. Having acquired all the property available in the immediate vicinity, the question of moving the plant to a new site arose. It led to negotiations which resulted in the purchase of the Atlantic Yacht Club property at the foot of Fifty-sixth Street, and adjacent land owned by John F. Munn. After an outlay of considerable money in improving the new site, the works were removed from the old location.

In the meantime the Company was reorganized and incorporated at Albany, N. Y., under the name of The Morse Iron Works and Dry Dock Company, this name subsequently being changed to the name which the firm now bears.

From 1902 to October, 1903, the Company went through a series of disastrous strikes which resulted in closing down the plant in October, 1903, and the reorganization of the firm in 1904 with an open shop. Under these conditions the new Company was a success from the beginning.

A STEADY growth marked its progress. Buildings sprang up rapidly and equipment was added, which placed the concern on an equal with any ship-repairing enterprise in the port of New York. A floating dry dock, one of the largest in the world, was constructed and in other ways as well the firm expanded.

Three years ago the Company decided upon a definite plan of improvement in its properties, to keep pace with its growing business. Since then alterations and improvements have been undertaken on a scale which involves vast sums of money. This means that every dollar available is being turned back into



New Gate and Office Building

525041

the plant with the object of making its equipment and facilities for the repairing of ships second to none in the world.

With the maturity of plans now under way employment for hundreds of more men will be provided. In the coming year the equipment of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company will be ahead of anything on the Atlantic Coast. A new thirty-thousand ton floating dry dock is expected to be in operation early in the spring, and this will make it possible for the firm to handle the largest ships afloat. The present dry dock accommodates a ship 550 feet long and has a lifting capacity of 15,000 tons.

In three years' time the shipyard of the Company has taken on the aspect of a sizable community. Old-time employees marvel at the changes which have come about in such a short period.

The first important structure to be added to the plan was the building in which the offices are now located. Then followed the improvement of the property at the foot of Sixty-third street for the new dry dock. A copper and sheet-iron shop was built, new piers were added and the machine shop extended.

CONTRACTORS are just finishing a steel and concrete structure on the land between First and Second avenues, on Fifty-sixth street, in which will be housed the wood-working branches of the industry. Provision has also been made in this building for an assembly room for the employees. This will contain a stage and have a seating capacity which will be large enough to furnish a comfortable meeting place for the men.

A steel and glass boiler shop, 300 feet long, fitted with every modern improvement, is under construction. When that is finished the present boiler and blacksmith shop will be torn down and a steel building erected in its place. An addition will be made to the machine shop in which erecting equipment for heavy machinery will be installed. The Company has also signed contracts for a new power house.

During the year just ended waterfront property at the foot of Fifty-fourth and Fifty-sixth streets was acquired and a new pier added. This gives the Company two and a half miles of water-front and wharfage room. It is no uncommon thing to see as many as forty or forty-five ships at one time tied up to the Company's piers and docks.

The plant, as it stands to-day, covers about forty acres of land. Its pay roll is over $100,000 a week and more than 3,000 men are employed in day and night shifts. Every effort is being made to make the working conditions in the establishment congenial and satisfactory.

THE Company has been quick to recognize the extra burdens placed upon its employees by the constantly increasing cost of living, and from time to time, voluntary wage increases have been made, in–so–far as the business would allow.

To give some idea of what wage increases have amounted to, the machinists' trade furnishes a good example. In 1914 men in this trade received $3.25 for a nine-hour day. To-day they are paid at the rate of $4.40 for an eight-hour day.

It is not enough to say that the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company has kept abreast of every advancement in the ship-repairing industry. In many instances it has set the pace. Up to 1903 and 1904 chipping, caulking, riveting and drilling was all done by hand. Pneumatic tools began to come into use, and these have gradually superseded hand labor so that to-day there is very little work of this kind, but what is done by compressed air.

In 1912 the firm contracted to rebuild the ship *Ontario*, a vessel of 3,082 tons

To the employees of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company this magazine is dedicated. It is established as a medium through which the firm hopes to express its progress and at the same time bring the management of the Company into closer relation with its employees.

One of the hardest things any employer has to do is to make himself correctly understood by the men he employs. Sooner or later in every successful industrial enterprise, the employer comes to realize that he should get closer to his men. Meetings and public speaking are helpful, but only reach a comparatively small number.



E. P. Morse, Sr.

To publish, then, a magazine which will afford a means of interpreting plainly and correctly the policies of the Company, seems to be a mutually beneficial and desirable undertaking. In establishing this publication the Company is following the plan adopted by many large industrial and commercial organizations, although so far as I know we are the first ship repairing concern to do so.

Many changes in the plant have been made during the past year and these improvements will continue. As we progress our men will be kept much better informed through this paper as to just what our aims are. It is hoped to publish from month to month such articles and items as will stimulate an interest in the ship repairing industry in general and the Morse Company in particular, to the end that the Company's standard of efficiency and usefulness will be raised.

We believe that by thus providing a means through which a thorough understanding between the management and the men can be maintained, greater individual attainment and mutual accomplishment will be brought about, and along with it that loyalty on the part of the employees which is so essential to the success of every one concerned.



E. P. Morse, Jr.

While speaking of loyalty, I wish to express my personal appreciation and the appreciation of every executive of the firm, of the splendid way in which our employees stood by us during the labor dispute last summer. It was not only an act of loyalty, it was an act of patriotism as well, and during the three months when all of the other yards in the port were tied up by strikes, our men stood by us to a man. Government work was carried on rapidly, transports were able to sail on time with troops and supplies, and our company won the credit and honor of having the most patriotic force of men in the entire country.

How much that meant to this firm and to its employees cannot be adequately expressed in words, but vastly more important than the benefits which the Company derived, were the benefits gained by the Government, which needed your help so badly. Through your loyalty to this firm the lives of many of our brave boys across the water were saved, because only through your willing efforts was the Government enabled to keep its transports moving to France with the supplies necessary for their maintenance.

And now I want to call on you again to help us and by helping us to help your country, The United States is short of ships. Every ship lying at our docks or around the harbor undergoing repairs is losing valuable time and should be at sea. Our young men are going to the front by the thousands; they must have guns, ammunition and supplies, and as the army increases they will want more, and the Government must have ships to provide them. While your work is hard, just consider how much harder is the work of our soldiers in France. It seems to me that every man who loves his country should give the very best that is in him. In view of your past loyalty to your country and to this firm I feel confident that every employee of the Morse Company will do his or her part to help the nation in its time of need.

This magazine will be mailed to the home address of every employee without cost to him. It is my earnest hope that you will find it helpful and entertaining.

E. P. MORSE, SR.

Yard as It Appeared in 1913





San Cregorio, Biggest Tank Steamer Afloat at the Time Picture was Taken, Being Repaired on Morse Dock in 1913

Gate as It Appeared in 1913



owned by the Merchants & Miners Transportation Company. About this time there came to the attention of the steel trade the invention of a tool in which acetylene gas was used for cutting steel. Mr. Morse, seeing the possibilities of such a tool, placed two burners on the *Ontario* and made the first test which had ever been made in ship repairing of the use of acetylene flame in cutting away rivets, steel plates and frames.

As the outcome was so successful Mr. Morse made up his mind that that was the best method which had been devised for cutting steel. He immediately established one of the most up-to-date burning plants to be found anywhere and hired the best operators available. Other plants followed his lead and adopted the use of acetylene torches, and at the present time all repair work is done by this method.

SO thorough is the equipment of the Morse Company, that everything used in connection with the repairing of a vessel can be obtained within its own gates. The hardware and ship chandlery store is a model of its kind.

The firm has handled many notable contracts. One in particular attracted world-wide attention. That was the repairing of the Italian-Lloyd steamship *Florida*, which rammed and sank in 1909 the White Star liner *Republic*, off Nantucket lightship. This was the tragedy which sent the famous "C. Q. D." wireless message around the world, and revealed, as had never been revealed up to that time, the true worth of the wireless.

The *Florida*, it will be recalled, was pretty well smashed up in the crash. The task of repairing her was turned over to the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company after competitive bidding. Bids were opened on March 18, and the Morse Company received the contract to build an entirely new bow on the vessel within twenty-four running days for $39,500. The nearest competitor wanted ten days longer, while one contractor asked fifty-six days.

When the terms of the contract became known shipping men were dumbfounded. They nearly all agreed that to build into the injured vessel a complete new bow within twenty-four days was not possible. It had never been done and to them the task seemed out of the question. Thirty-five days was the least time in which the contract could be fulfilled, they said. The Morse Company, however, agreed to forfeit $300 for each day over the twenty-four days if the job was not done within the specified time.

WORK started on March 19, a Friday. At noon on Tuesday, March 23, the steamship was placed in dry dock. At 6.15 that evening the damaged bow was lifted from the ship and taken away. The work of putting on the new bow began immediately. The huge stem, which was cast in New Jersey, was delivered within four days of the time work on it began, one of the quickest deliveries ever made on a steel casting of this size. On Monday, March 29, thirteen days after the lifting of the damaged bow from the vessel, the ship was lowered off the dock with all the plates in place, riveted and painted to some distance above the water line. By Sunday night, April 11, every single detail in the job was completed, with a margin of several hours left to the Morse Company. When surveyors passed judgment on the work, they declared that it was not only the quickest, but the best piece of work that had ever come under their supervision, a high compliment to the firm which had accomplished the task.

Mr. Morse stayed on the ship from the time the job was undertaken until it was finished. He had given his bonded word that it would be done on time. He had harnessed his faith to that task and his confidence in himself and in the men with whom he worked, won for his Company the world-wide distinction which came from that contract.

THE firm is fortunate in having as its general superintendent a man who has grown up with the business, Mr. E. P. Morse, Jr. To fit himself for the office, Mr. Morse, Jr., studied at Pratt Institute and upon completing the engineering course there devoted his spare time for six years to special studies at other engineering schools.

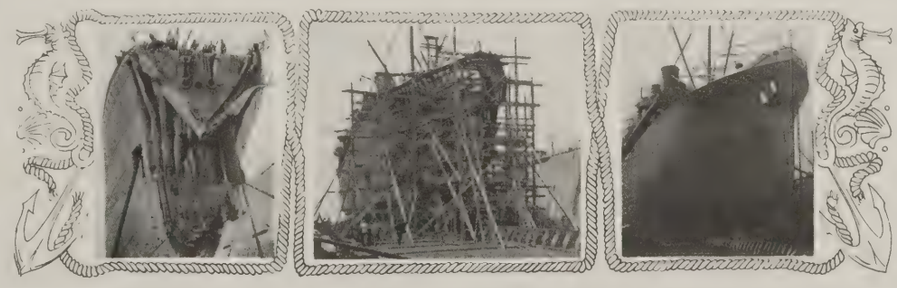
To familiarize himself with the working of each department in the plant he donned overalls and served an apprenticeship period in every department except the wood working.

He became general superintendent of the plant in 1903, and brought to the position a very thorough knowledge of the ship-repairing industry, a knowledge gained from the most practical training it was possible for him to obtain, and which has made him a recognized factor in the development of the Company.

It has been said that the Morse Company is more than a ship-repairing concern, that it is an engineering enterprise, managed by engineers and not merely by industrial directors. This is a direct compliment to Mr. Morse, Jr.

Besides holding an unlimited marine chief engineers' license, which permits him to operate a vessel of any size, Mr. Morse, Jr., is a member of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, and other organizations allied with the ship-building and ship-repairing industry.

The Florida



On Dry Dock for Survey — Building New Bow — Twenty-four Days After Repairs Began

Employees' Association

THE Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company stands unique among organizations of its kind. It has the distinction of being, perhaps, the only body of shipyard employees identified with any one Company which is controlled absolutely by its own members.

Particular emphasis is placed upon this distinction because most associations of the kind are either directly or indirectly supervised by some individual who is responsive, not to the wishes and directions of the employees, but to those of the Company.



Employees' Association Board of Directors

Top Row—Treasurer, Mortimer W. Mead (office), John Hoban (pipe shop), William Wiencke (hull), S. Monsen (outside machinist), Alfred Anderson (rigger), Vice President, James McFarlane (burner).

Bottom Row—John Nelson (blacksmith), Louis V. Schatzel (inside machinist), President George MacKay (carpenter), William Perkins (copper shop), H. G. Hoover (pattern shop).

James Donovan (transportation manager) and Charles G. Hall (office) are the remaining members of the Board of Directors. They were unable to be present when the picture was taken.

Formed for the purpose of binding more closely together the men who are helping the Morse Company to maintain its position as the foremost ship repairing concern in the United States, the Association has within less than a year attained a success very gratifying to all concerned.

Striving always to meet more than halfway the men upon whom the Company depends for its success as a business enterprise the management of the firm responded heartily to the suggestion that an association be formed and even went so far as to take the initial step in the project, recognizing the mutual benefits to be gained.

THIS initial step took shape in a communication which was sent out to every employee in the plant. The communication stated that, with the growth of the Company, it was recognized that a need had made itself felt for the formation of an association "whereby the friendly relationship between the Company and its employees could be strengthened by thorough understanding of the mutual desire for welfare and success."



Walter Crawford
Chairman Annual Ball Committee

It was made clear that any organization of the kind should be governed solely by the employees themselves, presided over by their own officers, duly elected by vote, and supervised by a board of directors likewise chosen by the employees. It was Mr. Morse's idea that an association to be truly representative of the employees should be in every respect their own.

As a further indication of the desire on the part of the Company management to lend every aid possible, the second floor of the old office building was renovated and given over to the Association as a general assembly room. This room was not large enough, however, to accommodate a meeting of all the employees and it was decided to have the men in each department of the plant first get together and chose a director, these directors to make arrangements for a general meeting of the Association in some large hall near the plant.

THIS being accomplished with enthusiasm on the part of the employees, the first general meeting was held on the last Wednesday in February, 1917, in the Parkway Assembly Hall at Fourth avenue and Fifty-first street, Brooklyn, and officers were chosen.

George MacKay, (new dock department) was elected president; Charles Nelson (outside machinist), vice-president; James M. Donovan (office), secretary, and William T. Carroll (office), treasurer. Mr. Nelson and Mr. Carroll subsequently left the employment of the Company and James McFarlane (burner) and Mortimer W. Mead (office) were chosen to fill the respective vacancies.

With this start the Employees' Association undertook to carry out the purposes for which it was created, viz.: "to promote a spirit of good fellowship and to foster closer friendship between the Company and its employees; to secure co-operation among the members in establishing ways and means of reducing the number of accidents and improving the sanitation of the yard of the Company to the end that it be a safe and sanitary place of employment, and to render relief to such members of the Association during sickness or injury, and to their dependents in case of death, as may desire to obtain the relief provided."

ONE of the first things taken up was the question of insurance, this coming under the management of the Relief Committee. As originally framed, the by-laws of the Association did not provide for the payment of dues. It was later decided to have the members vote upon the question of paying seventy cents a month, this amount to be deducted from each employee's wages in weekly installments; fifty cents to be paid to the treasurer of the Association to maintain the plan of accident, health and death insurance. Two-thirds of the members voted in favor of the plan but, as many of the men already carried outside insurance the plan was again changed so that the insurance was made optional to the members and the question of Association dues was settled by a weekly assessment of five cents from every employee.



Henry Rochelle
Chairman Athletic Committee

Under the first insurance policy, protection was provided at a cost of fifty cents a month, but at the November meeting of the Relief Committee it was voted to increase the cost to eighty-five cents, the amount of benefits and protection being extended. Those insured at the rate of fifty cents a month were given the privilege of continuing on that basis, but all new policies have since been issued at the eighty-five cent rate. For this sum, collected in weekly installments, the following benefits are provided:

IN case of accident the insured receives seven dollars a week for the period of disability, but not exceeding fifty-two weeks from the day of the accident. In case

of sickness seven dollars a week is paid for the period of disability but not exceeding twenty-six weeks. The sick benefits go into force after the first seven days of sickness. In case of death the family is paid one hundred dollars, whether the death results from accident or disease.



Daniel F. Shea
Chairman Entertainment Committee

Originally the accident benefits were paid only when the insured was injured away from his employment in the plant. Now benefits are paid no matter under what circumstances the insured is injured.

Charles H. Kling was appointed by the Relief Committee as insurance clerk to handle the special policy provided by the Employees' Association. Mr. Kling was progressing splendidly in his task when the fire, which swept the plant on the night of December 3, destroyed every record and document he had prepared, making it necessary for him to begin all over again. By diligent effort he has succeeded in overcoming to some extent the difficulties which this work involved and expects to have his records in thorough shape again at an early date.

THE Relief Committee, which has been appointed by the Board of Directors, includes Richard Allen (office), chairman; Ludwig Martino (office), William McMullen (blacksmith), Charles Holmberg (tool room) and Samuel Spencer (carpenter).



Richard Allen
Chairman Relief Committee

Many improvements in the matter of sanitation have been made since the Association was organized, a Sanitation Committee having been appointed to attend to such improvements as the employees feel essential to their welfare. Extensive changes in sanitary facilities have resulted. Old equipment has been replaced and new facilities have been installed in the yard restaurant building and at the North dry dock pier. Shower baths and new lavatories have been provided.



Albert Jacobsen
Chairman Sanitation Committee

The Sanitation Committee is as follows: Albert Jacobsen (copper shop), chairman; Hume Mayston (outside payroll clerk), B. Malokie (copper shop), Daniel Carter (carpenter) and Vincent Konop (inside machinist).

In the matter of welfare work a great deal has been accomplished. Perhaps the most notable thing in this connection is the establishment of a restaurant. Through the generosity of the Company a space in the old store room was donated and arrangements made with Herbert E. Burlingame to provide meals at a minimum cost. As many as two hundred and fifty men eat there at noon and the restaurant is valuable in connection with overtime work. During special rushes as many as eight hundred eat there daily. An electric player piano has been installed to entertain the men.



William Robbins, Sr.
President Annual Outing, 1917

The serving of hot coffee to the employees on cold days and nights is another phase of the welfare work. Locker rooms were built in the new rigging loft and in the burning shop, but these were destroyed in the fire. The fire also upset plans which had been started to provide a Christmas tree for the children of the employees.

THOMAS NESBIT (joiner) is chairman of the Welfare Committee and the other members are: Thomas Cavanaugh (boiler shop), Alec Allen (rigger) and James McFarlane (burner).

The Accident Prevention Committee has proven a very active one and has been alert to every possible opportunity for safeguarding the employees of the plant. Glasses to protect the eyes of the men who work at burning, chipping or caulking have been purchased and distributed; a first-aid kit has been installed in the store room for use when the yard hospital is closed, and another emergency kit has been placed in the new dry dock yard at the foot of Sixty-third street. Many guard rails have been built in the machine shop and the yard accident stretchers have been consolidated in the boiler shop tool room. Members of the Committee attended on the Company's time the National Safety Exposition at the Grand Central Palace in Manhattan in November.

On the Committee are: A. W. Murray (office), chairman; John Sjursen (rigger), Matthew Wright (hull), James R. Greenfield (electrician), Arthur Nyland (carpenter), Otto Rocholl (inside machinist), Charles Small (blacksmith) and William Anderson (outside machinist).



Thomas Nesbit
Chairman Welfare Committee

Fire prevention is another matter in which the Association has interested itself. At a meeting of the Fire Prevention Committee, held on December 6, the question of organizing an emergency department was discussed and a plan, subject to the approval of Mr. Morse whom it was felt should be consulted in the matter, was decided upon. This plan provided for the installation of a connection between the main yard whistle and the telephone switchboard so that a system of signals can be used by the telephone operators.

TWO chemical wagons have been purchased. One is located in the machine shop and the other in the new garage on the north pier. The selection of four men in the machine shop and four men in the new garage to man each chemical, as well as the appointment of the office clerk in each place to handle the telephone, was decided upon. Lists showing the nearest telephone connections are posted throughout the yard and one hundred men have been chosen as a fire fighting squad. These men wear fire badges which will permit them to enter the fire lines.



Henry Pauli
Chairman Fire Prevention Committee

When an alarm is sounded by the yard whistle the fire squad rushes to the scene of the blaze and at the same time the men who man the chemical wagons get their apparatus to the spot. The signals have been so arranged as to facilitate prompt action.

These members comprise the Fire Prevention Committee: Henry Pauli (inside machinist), chairman; Lewis Hohorst (waterman), A. Weit (pattern shop), Harry Hayes (burner), Gus Mattsen (rigger) and Fred Hocking (hull).

The Finance Committee has kept a complete record of the financial standing of the Association and makes a thorough report at each monthly meeting. Mortimer W. Mead was chairman of this committee until elected treasurer of the Association, and then William Perkins (sheet metal) became chairman. John Kenwell (outside machinist) and Gustave Ericson (inside machinist) are the other members of the Committee.



William Perkins
Chairman Finance Committee

THIS article has thus far touched upon the practical side of the activities of the Association. In the way of entertainment the year's program has been an exceptional one and has brought a great deal of enjoyment to every employee of the plant. The variety of amusements has been such as to bring an added interest in the Association to every member. Four entertainment committees were appointed at the outset.

Daniel F. Shea (time keeper) is chairman of the Monthly Meeting Committee and the other members are: Thomas Lynch (store room), William Burke (carpenter) and Thomas Conk (new garage). It rests with this committee to make all arrangements in connection with the monthly meetings, which have been held with regularity and have been attended by surprisingly large numbers, the attendance increasing steadily.

An annual ball has been a feature of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company for the past three years. When the Employees' Association was organized, an Annual Ball Committee was appointed and is now at work on arrangements for this social function, which will be held on the evening of January 26 in Prospect Hall at 261 Prospect avenue, Brooklyn.

The Committee comprises: Walter Crawford (hull), chairman; Frank B. Rose (office), Kenneth Craig (office), E. J. Donegan (solicitor), Charles H. Hallock (inspector) and George MacLaurin (carpenter).

ANNUAL outings have been held for several years by the employees of the yard. The Board of Directors of the Association decided to continue the standing committee which had been chosen, of which William Robbins (inside machinist) was chairman. Last summer's outing was held in July at Witzel's Grove at College Point, L. I., and about one thousand were in attendance.

A feature of the last outing was the appearance of the new Morse Dry Dock Band, which is the subject of an article that follows. The organization of the band and also the orchestra are other new factors in the life of the Association.

Athletics have interested the employees to a great extent and the Morse Dry Dock Company was represented during the summer by a baseball team and this fall by a soccer football team. A bowling league has also been formed with most of the departments of the yard represented.

The Athletic Committee comprises: Henry Rochelle (solicitor), chairman; William Dunn (outside machinist), J. C. Hill (burner) and William Robbins (inside machinist).

Our Musical Organizations

IN the foregoing pages mention has been made of the band and orchestra organized by the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company. These two musical organizations have played such an important part in the activities of the association, it would seem inconsiderate not to devote more space to them. It is therefore desired in this article to tell something of their development and to give praise to those members who have worked so hard to make them a success.

It was during one of the early meetings of the Employees' Association that the idea of having a band was broached by Daniel F. Shea, and to Mr. Shea is due the credit of having organized the musical talent available.

The initial step toward this end was taken about six months ago. Notices were sent out to the employees explaining the project, and everyone able to play an instrument was asked to give his services. About eighteen responded, and from that beginning the band has grown to a membership of forty, making remarkable progress in the short time it has existed.

Not all of those able to play had instruments, and to provide them, the management of the firm donated a sum sufficient not only to buy the instruments needed, but also to get uniforms. A good selection was made and the band blossomed forth in all its glory, uniformed and well trained, within a short time from the date of the initial meeting, winning instant favor with the employees.



The Morse Dry Dock Band

Top Row—William H. Nolan, cornet; George Stegeman, clarinet; Frederick Stemmler, trombone; A. Seiferth, tuba; John Bauer, tuba: A. Amatore, alto; Richard Rowe, piccolo.

Second Row—Michael Leonard, cornet; William McKenna, piccolo; William Dougherty, trombone; George Fossing, librarian, drum; Lester Graham, cymbals.

Bottom Row—Joseph Katz, flute; Joseph Sill, drum; George Seiferth, drum; M. Farrari, cornet; Charles Shutter, cornet; Director Daniel F. Shea; Eugene Durnin, cornet; Harry Boilin, tenor horn; Joseph Ganci, baritone; Charles DeGrott, drum: William Cunningham, tuba.

NOW it is one thing to have a band, and another thing to utilize it. Many factory bands are organized chiefly to furnish music only when there is some special occasion for their appearance; at an outing or parade in which the employees are interested or at gatherings which bring the employees together only once in a while Not so with the Morse Dry Dock band!

One morning a pile of lumber found its way "to the hill," and a few days later a bandstand made its appearance. That noon the band members took their places, and for three-quarters of an hour furnished music for the employees of the plant. It was a happy thought which resulted in this sort of entertainment, and so well was the innovation received it was arranged to have similar concerts twice a week. Throughout the summer, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, the employees enjoyed these musical treats.

The band made its first public appearance on the occasion of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company outing in July, when it escorted the employees to Witzel's Grove, at College Point, L. I., where the outing was held. Its second public appearance was made at the time the Forty-seventh Regiment departed for a Southern training camp. A detachment of that regiment had been doing guard duty at the Morse plant, and the band escorted the departing troops to Cortlandt street. The band likewise headed the men of the Fifteenth Regiment at the time of their departure after doing guard duty at the plant.

Then came the Liberty Loan parade. The Morse Dry Dock Band had the distinction of heading the Maritime Exchange division of this mammoth procession along Fifth avenue. In connection with the appearance of the band on this occasion, there is a little story which may interest members of the Employees' Association.

MR. E. P. MORSE, SR., and Mrs. Morse, were reviewing the parade from the window of a Fifth avenue building. As the Maritime Exchange section swung into sight Mr. Morse and the group about him were especially interested in picking out the different organizations in that division. As the section approached, Mr. Morse asked: "I wonder what band that is?" not knowing that the Morse Dry Dock Band had been placed at the head of the Maritime Exchange organizations. "Why, those are our boys!" said Mrs. Morse, surprised that Mr. Morse was not aware that it was the Morse Band which had received such vociferous applause.

Mr. Morse's pleasure knew no bounds. The next morning he called Mr. Shea to his office, congratulated him upon the fine appearance the band had made, and instructed him to inform the other members of the band that a complete new set of uniforms and instruments would be presented to them by the firm. This generosity on the part of the Company gave new impetus and spirit to the musicians.

Incidentally, these new uniforms and instruments arrived at the plant the day after the fire of December 3, and fortunately, too, because every one of the old instruments with the exception of a few horns was destroyed, together with the old uniforms.

Not long after the band got well under way the formation of an orchestra was undertaken. The first efforts met with little success, and matters drifted for the time being. The call for an orchestra was so insistent, however, a second effort was made, but again the project failed. Then Mr. Shea, who had accomplished such splendid results as leader of the band, undertook to direct the orchestra, and under his management the organization came into life.

REHEARSALS of the band are held every Tuesday evening, and the orchestra on Thursdays. When the cold weather set in the open-air concerts were discontinued, but the orchestra took up these entertainments, and held forth Tuesdays and Thursdays in the Employees' assembly room in the old office building. Temporarily the concerts are held in the yard restaurant.

No meeting of the Employees' Association would be complete without the orchestra. The organization has also furnished music at various functions in which the Employees' Association has had a part, including informal dances held in October and December.

An attempt has been made to present to the readers an account of how the band and the orchestra came into being. The writer in searching his mind for some appropriate expression synonymous with the feeling which every employee of the Morse yards holds toward these two musical organizations, can think of none more to the point than what Shakespeare said. This great bard once wrote: "If music be the food of love, play on."

YOU know it is said that music is the art of making an expressive combination of tones, and the writer might go on and tell you something more about what music is; what the Greeks had to do with its development; how Nero played an organ as early as B.C. 250; how in 1716 Marius, a Frenchman, put hammers on a harpsichord, called it a hammerclavier, and gave to the world its first piano.

And to get more flighty, the writer might tell you something about music of the spheres, a harmony too ethereal to be heard by human ears, and supposed by Pythagoras to be produced by the planetary motions.

However, it is not the purpose of this article to eulogize the great god Pan, the god of music and poetry, so much as it is to give praise to those members of the Employees' Association who have devoted their time and talent to the success of the band and orchestra.

The following are members of the orchestra: Charles H. Kling, piano; Walter Hoover, Frank Maher, Fred Stemmler and Alfred R. Walker, violins; Charles Labdon, banjo; Charles Camelier, 'cello; William H. Nolan, Charles Shutter and Frank Greco, cornets; William Dougherty, trombone; Joseph Sill, drums and bells.

An Engineering Organization

By E. P. Morse, Jr., General Superintendent.

The Editor asked Mr. Morse, Jr., to prepare an article on the progress of the firm from an engineering standpoint. To do so would require more time than was at his disposal for this issue of THE DIAL. *He has written instead, a statement regarding the importance of having an efficient organization and will trace for a later issue the growth of the Company as an engineering enterprise.*

TO speak of the progress of this Company from an engineering standpoint means to speak of the foundation on which this organization is built. The engineering enterprise of this Company is not merely one phase of the industry, it is the industry itself. The work of every department involves engineering calculations as to strength, quality and quantity of materials; the size of our derricks, the structural strength of our buildings, the stability of a ship's deck and thus on, *ad infinitum*—everything, it seems, involves engineering calculations. So then, when we attempt to outline the Company's development from an engineering standpoint, we are tackling a subject which requires mature thought, and more time than is at my disposal just now, when every activity in the Yard is intensified by the war conditions.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the duties of an engineer in these modern days, lie not alone in designing and directing engineering work, but also in the development of an efficient working organization.

I should like on this occasion to write particularly of this important matter.

Efficiency in this Company has the same meaning that it has the world over. It means fewer footsteps, fewer operations to accomplish a given object, the conservation of time, labor and expense, the constant exercising of diplomacy and good judgment in handling customers and employees, and the dispensation of justice and the maintenance of a happy, contented atmosphere in the establishment.

A HAPPY atmosphere and congenial surroundings have everything in the world to do with the efficiency of any organization.

I read the other day something written by Henry Watterson, the famous editor, which seems to contain the gist of my thought. He wrote:

"We are living in an epoch, not of miracles, but of mechanics; of multitudinous social, scientific and professional complexities, and instead of its being true that a man of parts gets on faster and fares better without assistance and encouragement, the reverse is true."

We are living in an industrial age—an engineering age. We have the mining engineer who mines the iron; we have the steel mill engineer who smelts and refines the ore; we have ship building engineers who build ships, and repairing engineers who keep these ships in operation. Engineers construct our tall buildings, our tunnels, our automobiles, and it seems to me that we are all engineers in the general scheme of things, working for the common good of mankind, each day learning and recording for the future generations.

THE DRY DOCK DIAL

Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, and to the interests of the firm.

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor

All communications should be addressed to the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn, attention of B. E. Barnes.

Matter intended for any given issue must reach the Editor not later than the 15th of the preceding month.

Vol. 1 JANUARY, 1918 No. 1

Your Editor's Foreword

TO breathe into the pages of this magazine the life and spirit of the men and women employed by the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company is the task to which your Editor has set himself. To accomplish this, the cooperation of every individual interested in the welfare and the success of the firm is earnestly asked.

Much work, time and expense is involved in the publication of *The Dial* which will be mailed without charge to the home of every employee, and it is the aim of the Editor to produce each month a magazine which will prove of value and interest to those who receive it.

Approaching the work before me I asked myself, *What will most interest my readers?* and as I weighed that question I came to the conclusion that to report each month the happenings in the yard, the activities of the employees as expressed through their Association, and little chatty items about the different ones who are helping to make this plant the greatest of its kind in the country, was first in importance. Such items will serve to get you better acquainted with each other, and they will bring out the true sparks of friendship that should exist between coworkers.

Second, it seemed desirable to keep you informed as to the progress of the Company, and to report the improvements made as time speeds by. It is needless to point out that these improvements concern and should interest you because, without improvements, without progress, your position would be insecure. Every building added to the plant means additional opportunities of employment; every step forward means just as much a gain for you as it does for the firm.

To keep you informed on the progress of the Company is also to keep you informed about the progress of the ship-repairing industry in general. Articles which will tell you of new methods of doing your work, of new tools and machinery, will be published with the hope that they will help you to make yourself a better workman. No matter how skilled a man is, there is always a chance of his becoming more skilled. No one ever gets to the height of his trade, his profession, except by constantly reaching out after greater ability.

Any publication which does not seek to clear the vision, arouse the ambition and strengthen the will of its readers, has a weak excuse for existence. *The Dial* will try to bring courage, helpfulness and power to you by printing matter which will inspire you to put your best foot forward in your walk through life.

Without your assistance I cannot fulfill my obligations to you as outlined in the above paragraphs. Every individual employed by the Morse Company is invited to become a contributor to *The Dial*, not only invited, but urgently requested. Almost anything that is of interest to you in your work is of interest to your Editor. *YOU* are the important factor; the human side of your task is the side which I want to get into print. To do so I must have your aid.

As this magazine is going into your home and will there be read by your wives, your children, your sisters, your mothers, and I suppose in some cases by your sweethearts, it is the Editor's desire to print something in each issue which will particularly interest them.

* * *

Meet Your Obligations

IT is to be regretted that some of the employees of the Company who bought Liberty Loan Bonds by paying so much a week out of their wages, have found it necessary to ask that their obligation to the Company be canceled. The number has been surprisingly large, averaging between twenty-five and thirty a week. For some there is a possible excuse. In their enthusiasm and desire to help the Government fight to a successful conclusion the war into which the nation has entered, they may have overestimated their ability to pay even the small amount required each week. For others, it would seem as though there was no excuse, and to them this appeal is made.

Aside from the fact that a Liberty Loan Bond is a good investment and one worthy of every sacrifice, they should bear in mind that to cancel their obligation is to fail in carrying out the patriotic pledge they made to their Government. Not only that, but they also work a hardship upon the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company.

Something like $100,000 was subscribed by the employees of the Company to the second loan. This means that the Company paid that amount in actual cash out of its treasury to the Government and in turn loaned to each employee who desired to buy a bond fifty dollars for each bond purchased. In other words, an employee who bought a Liberty Loan Bond agreeing to pay so much a week for it practically borrowed fifty dollars from the Company. If an employee borrowed fifty dollars from a friend or a bank or a loan association he would be expected to pay it back. The same expectation naturally exists in this case.

What It Means to Work in Germany

The United States Department of Commerce translated and recently issued a report that appeared in a newspaper published in Bremen, Germany, which should be of interest to every working man of America. The report deals with an official survey of wages paid in 369 main establishments of German industry in March and September, 1914, 1915 and 1916, and, according to the German newspaper the figures which were produced by the Kaiser's Imperial Bureau of Statistics were reported by the employers as "typical for the better-paid classes of workers."

These wages were increased between one-third and two-thirds in the different trades from March, 1914, to September, 1916, and even then, at the high point, German workmen were averaging only from $1.32 a day in the wood industries to $1.96 a day in the iron and metal trades. Mr. Gerard, former American Ambassador to Berlin, in his book, "My Four Years in Germany," in speaking of the German working classes said that German labor works harder and longer hours for less pay and fewer satisfactions than do any other civilized workmen in the world. Just before the war broke out a social survey of Berlin found 55 per cent. of all the families in that city lodged in one room for each family because they couldn't afford to pay rent for two rooms. There is food for thought in the above facts for the workers of America. Perhaps an answer to the question of where the German rulers got the vast sums of money they have spent so lavishly to spread German Kultur throughout the world may be found in the figures presented.

Remember, that thoughts make or break the best of us, that proper thinking means strength of character, power.

The Rigger

By John Powell, No. 3357

There are many kinds of people, employed in navy yards,
From laborers to mechanics; from office staff to guards;
And each one has his bit to do, and each one does his best,
But one man's job, you may have seen, stands clear out from the rest.
He never knows each morning, when he hears the whistle blow
Just what he's going to do that day, or where he's going to go.

He only knows the rigging loft, the early morning spot,
And then from there, it's some old ship, the *"Say Yes,"* or *"Why Not."*
The only tools he knows are lashings, slings and tackle block,
He's a sailor when aboard a ship, and a horse when on the dock.
He's got to know exactly just how much a rope will lift
And with a lifeboat leaking, just how long she'll likely drift;

And even of machinery, he's got to be a judge;
He's got to lift what helpers and machinists cannot budge.
The boiler makers need him and, when working on a tank,
Far louder than the hammer noise, it's "Riggers, get a plank!"
It's "Riggers!" here, and "Riggers!" there, with patience sorely tried,
They wake him in the night, to be sure to catch the tide.

From rain or shine, or snow or sleet, he's got to be immune;
When cold, it's on the deck for him; when warm, the engine room!
It's strange to me that when they named this working class of men
Instead of R, they didn't substitute the letter N.
He's needed every moment, any place, at beck and call,
And if it wasn't for these men, we'd have no ships at all.
And when the great millennium comes, as sure as you are born
They'll call a rigger, maybe two, to blow old Gabriel's horn!



The Good Ship Nepthis

By John Powell, No. 3357

You've read of the cruise of the Nancy Lee, and the wreck of the Hesperus, too,
But a far more adventurous sea yarn, I'll now relate to you.
There are no heavy seas in this story, no foundering on some hidden rock,
For the whole affair I'm about to tell, happened at the Morse Dry Dock.

It's of the Good Ship Nepthis; when brought here she hailed from Brazil,
And so far as the men in the yard are concerned, they are wishing she was there still.
She was built for a wind-jamming packet, but somebody got the idea
That she'd make a fine ocean greyhound; and that's how she came to be here.

Not knowing who had designed her I won't criticize the man,
But Morse took the job to convert her according to somebody's plan.
They tore out her masts and her rigging and put in the boilers for steam.
After a month of hard work, when completed, she resembled old Fulton's first dream.

Now I'm anything but superstitious, but this craft with human instinct,
Had been with us so long that she loved us, and rather than leave tried to sink.
She knew how the gang dearly loved her, and how much the "soap" would be missed;
That's why, when they thought her completed, she showed them how much she could list.

That's how she one day, without warning, tried to climb on top of the pier,
And with a list that was very startling, caused consternation and fear.
Tools flew in every direction, and men rushed to save their scalps,
Some on the deck holding on for their life, resembled men climbing the Alps.

Then came a bunch of brave riggers, who assured us without the least doubt
That with all their experience as sailors, they'd soon have the thing straightened out.
So they put all the weight on the starboard; then came a shudder, a reel,
And a moment later the old Nepthis, stood straight on an even keel.

But, alas, she stood there but a jiffy, and quicker than we could say
"Ah! She's straight!" she gave a lurch, and listed the other way.
More consternation and flurry, more climbing up to the deck,
Men rushing out for the gang-plank, some on the back of their necks.

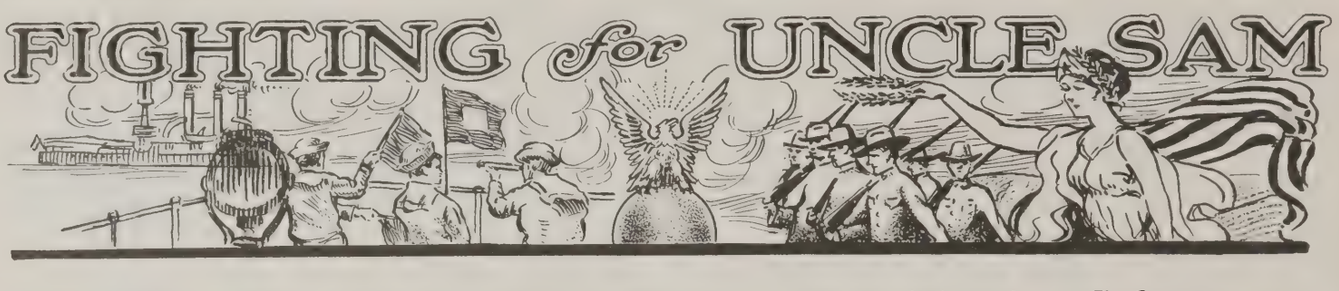
I stood there brave and collected, with calm resignation, serene,
And grabbed what I thought was a rope; 'twas the hose of a chipping machine.
The next thing I knew I was sliding—the hose I was holding had burst—
I landed mixed up in a hawser; someone shouted, "You're out at first."

As long as I live I'll remember that ship with the terrible list,
And now that she's left us, need I tell you, dear reader, how she's missed,
Whether she leans to the starboard, whether she's moving or still,
There's only one way she can lay safe for us, and that's laying up in Brazil.

When a man says "Business is business" he is usually getting ready to pull off something mean.—*The Civic Weal, Jamestown, N. Y.*

* * *

The brain is the engine—the lungs and digestive apparatus the boiler. Thought is combustion.—*Elbert Hubbard.*



Morse Dry Dock Men Who Are with the Colors

Joseph Famoso, 526 Fifty-first Street, Brooklyn
Edward M. Peattie, 208 West Eighty-third Street, New York
Samuel Weening, 4516 Seventeenth Street, Brooklyn
Stanley Napier, 111 Fifteenth Street, Brooklyn
Robert Kenny, 264 Van Siclen Street, Brooklyn
Victor C. Wolsen, 196 East Thirty-fourth Street, Brooklyn
John Finneran, of Brooklyn
George Taylor, 7113 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn
James Callery, 28 Clinton Avenue, West Brighton, S. I.
Charles Johnson, 5508 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn
Edward Lang, 4514 Third Avenue, Brooklyn
J. Silverman, 1788 Madison Avenue, New York
Harold Overson, 331 Fifty-third Street, Brooklyn
Morris Rauch, 503 New Jersey Avenue, Brooklyn
C. Brennan, 927 Franklin Avenue, Brooklyn
F. S. Freeman, 845 Fifty-fourth Street, Brooklyn
J. Maloney, 492 Nineteenth Street, Brooklyn
J. Lubin, 6607 Howard Avenue, Brooklyn
Bruno Daddi, 326 East Sixty-fifth Street, New York
James R. McCluskey, 168 South Seventh Street, Newark, N. J.
Philip J. Cipollina, 1269 Thirty-ninth Street, Brooklyn
William Nelson, 812 Pacific Street, Brooklyn
A. Richards, 362 Fifty-fourth Street, Brooklyn
George Brown, 230 Sixty-first Street, Brooklyn
H. Peterson, 415 Sixtieth Street, Brooklyn
Owen Healy, 446 Fifty-ninth Street, Brooklyn
Edward Muller, 5810 New Utrecht Avenue, Brooklyn
Robert Sutter, 1041 Halsey Street, Brooklyn
Thomas Cassidy, 451 Third Avenue, Brooklyn
Axel Johnson, 568 Thirty-ninth Street, Brooklyn
Wm. O'Donnell, 69 Bay Twentieth Street, Brooklyn
William Shane, 1742 West Twelfth Street, Brooklyn
Clinton Hazen, 286 Dean Street, Brooklyn
William Major, 5418 Third Avenue, Brooklyn
Raymond G. Murtha, 516 Sixty-second Street, Brooklyn
William Mittleman, 4401 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn
Raymond Slough, Brooklyn
Leo Quigley, 1563 Seventy-fifth Street, Brooklyn
Samuel E. Berenberg, 6214 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn
Lewis Gordon, 6116 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn
Patrick Fagan, 146 Bay Forty-fourth Street, Brooklyn
Peter Lamb, 130 Bergen Street, Brooklyn
Harry Hintze, 5310 Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn
Louis Aiello, 3 Bowdoin Street, West Brighton
John J. Tonry, 449 Fifth-seventh Street, Brooklyn

"Smokes" for the Boys

IN line with the welfare activities of the Employees' Association, an effort is being made to keep in touch with members who have gone into war service, and a tobacco fund has been established as one way of indicating to those men that they are remembered by their former co-workers.

It is needless to speak of the value of smoking tobacco to the man in the army and navy, how it helps him to face the stern duties before him, and to while away the tedious hours which are his lot. Tobacco is oftentimes very hard for the man in the service to obtain, and realizing this fact the Employees' Association aims to do what it can with the small amount of money it has at its disposal to help its members who have laid their lives on the altar of patriotism.

The project came about spontaneously. At the October meeting of the Employees' Association, Daniel F. Shea, who is chairman of the Entertainment Committee, read two letters which had been sent to him by former employees now "somewhere at the front," in which mention was made of the difficulty of obtaining tobacco. Upon the motion of Charles G. Hall, $25 was appropriated for the purchase of tobacco, and the fund was placed in the care of Mr. Shea. Other appropriations were made at subsequent meetings, and Mr. Shea has forwarded a choice selection of smoking tobacco and cigarettes to a large number of



Departure of Forty-Seventh Regiment for South After Doing Guard Duty at Morse Plant



Leo Quigley, Now at Camp Upton

former employees who are now in uniform.

So that no one will be overlooked, and in order to enable the Employees' Association to get in touch with the men whom it is desired to reach, members are asked to co-operate with Mr. Shea by telling him the name and address of anyone who has left employment here to answer Uncle Sam's call.

Some of the letters received by Mr. Shea may be of interest. Space will not permit using all of them in full, and only those of special interest to the Association in general are thus treated. From others extracts are printed.

Here is a letter written by Victor C. Wolsen, who is at Camp Upton:

Employees' Association, Morse D. D. & R. Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN: To be remembered when away from home is without doubt a great help in keeping up the spirits of those receiving the token so generously tendered.

Since my arrival at Camp Upton, it has been a pleasure to meet several of "the boys" from the yard, two of whom called to see me, E. N. Beattie and Samuel Weening.

Last Saturday I had the pleasure of meeting a number of my associates in the yard and looking over the works, which brought back past recollections that can not be forgotten.

Camp Upton is sixty-four miles from Brooklyn, in the center of Long Island, and comprises over five square miles. The barracks are two stories high, 125 feet long, 50 feet wide, built of wood, with a kitchen extension of 20 feet wide, in which all the cooking is done for each company except bread baking, which is baked in the open.

The food received is nourishing, and plenty can be had. Sunday's menu consisted of: Breakfast—oatmeal, hash, coffee; dinner—chicken soup, roast chicken, apple pie à la mode; supper—potato salad, corned beef, apple pie à la mode, coffee.

Permit me to extend to "the boys" my thanks for their thoughtfulness. There is one thing we learn, and do successfully here, and that is smoking.

Harry Hintze, who is at Camp Wadsworth, has two brothers employed here, Edward Hintze and Milton W. Hintze. He writes:

Received your package with the cigarettes and was very pleased, and I also think it was very kind of you to do such a thing and I appreciate it very much. If there is anything I can do as a return favor please let me know. You may like to hear from me once in a while about how the climate is down here. I have two brothers at the Morse Company whom you may like to meet. Give my best regards to Mr. Whitman, the head time keeper. I would be glad to hear from the men at the yards.

Mr. Hintze sent a letter to Mr. Shea, December 12, in which he wrote:

Received your most welcome letter and was glad to hear from you, but was very sorry to hear about the fire.

This army life is a great life, if you don't weaken. When I volunteered I went away with some friends and was glad and happy, but when they broke up the well-known Fighting Fourteenth, I was separated from my friends. Some are in the engineers, and here I am in the artillery. I think the artillery is the best, but I will always recommend the old Fighting Fourteenth.

We have about a foot of snow on the ground. The sunny South! Oh, my!

I will tell you what we do for a day's work. In the morning at 6.30 we feed our mules. Each man has four. Then we feed ourselves. After that we hitch up our mules and cart loads of wood and commissaries until 11.30. Then we feed the mules and ourselves again, and go out at 1.30 and stay out until maybe 6 o'clock.



Flag Raising at Pipe Shop on July 3, 1917

It is nothing like heating rivets or working hard, and when your eight hours are finished you are done. In the army you never get your work finished, and all days are the same.

Thanking you for the last package of tobacco. Give my best regards to all in the yard.

Ray Murtha, who was employed in the timekeeper's office until he went into Federal service, writes from Probation Camp, Pelham Bay, N. Y., under date of December 18:

Just a line to let you know that I am now a sailor in Uncle Sam's navy and, believe me, it sure is the life. You would be surprised to see the old-timers from dear old Bay Ridge that are up here. I could not begin to mention their names, as it would take too long. The mess call has just sounded, so I will say good-by for this time as, of course, I can't miss that. I wish Merry Christmas to Mr. Benner, Plunkett and the rest.

John J. Tonry, who worked as a helper in the store room until he enlisted in the navy, writes from the U. S. S. *Arkansas*:

DEAR OLD PAL DANNY: Just a few lines to let you know I am in the best of health, hoping you are the same. A sailor's life is a good life if you don't weaken. One thing about it is you haven't cigarettes and stamps and socks all the time because you can't buy them when you don't see any land. How is Schack getting along? I guess it is pretty cold up in New York now. Danny, how is the Yard getting along, and Clarence and the other store room keepers? Some times I go without a smoke almost a week because I haven't anything to smoke. I'd rather go without than to bum any smokes on the ship. Will see you in the office the first time I get a furlough.

S. E. Berenberg, a private at Camp Wadsworth in Spartanburg, S. C., writes in part as follows:

HELLO DAN! Yours of the 30th received and, believe me, I sure was glad to hear from you. I am glad you have a good football team but you could never beat Co. E team. They have a record of losing only one game out of nine. They sure are a bunch of heavyweights. The team is playing Co. D just at present and I will tell you the result in the next letter.

I have been laid up for the last two days with a heavy cold but I had to answer your letter. Don't forget, in the next letter you write make sure you don't mention any chicken, as every time I hear that word it makes my mouth water.

We were reviewed by Governor Whitman but it wasn't very pleasant because we had to stand out in the rain for two hours.

Joseph R. McCluskey, a former employee who is now serving in the office of cost inspector of the Third Naval District, writes:

DEAR DANNY: I cannot tell you how much I thank you for your kind gift of cigarettes and tobacco which I received to-day. Believe me, they were certainly enjoyed.

Again thanking you and wishing to be kindly remembered to all, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

JOS. R. MCCLUSKEY.

Louis Aiello, who is at Camp Upton, writes:

Just a few lines to let you know I received your package. I send you many thanks for it. When the war is over I will come back there again as I have been treated very well there. I send you my very best regards.



Raymond Slough (burner) at Camp Wadsworth

What Eighty-five Cents a Month Will Do

By Charles H. Kling

(Insurance Clerk)

IN this space, allotted to me by the editor of THE DIAL, I wish to present to the members of the Employees' Association an explanation of the insurance plan which has been put into effect. There seems to be some misunderstanding as to just what benefits and protection our insurance policy provides under the new eighty-five-cent premium rate, and how the new policy differs from the one originally adopted.

Under the first plan, for fifty cents a month, an employee received benefits which covered sickness, non-occupational accidents and death. In going around to the different departments and talking to the men, I found that many were dissatisfied with this insurance because it did not protect them in case they met with accidents while at their work. Some employees also expressed the desire that some provision be made which would enable them to continue the insurance should they leave the Company.

The only way to provide these additional features was to increase the cost of the premium, and the Relief Committee decided to do this, feeling that the change would be favored by everybody. Those, however, who preferred the old plan of insurance were permitted to continue at the fifty-cent rate.

The benefits to be derived from the policy at the eighty-five-cent rate are as follows:

1. Sickness—After the first seven days of disability the insured will receive $7 a week for a period not to exceed twenty-six weeks.

2. Accident—Commencing on the day of the accident, whether it is occupational or non-occupational, the insured will receive $7 a week for a period not to exceed fifty-two weeks.

3. Death—In all cases the beneficiary will receive $100.

This policy differs from the original fifty-cent contract inasmuch as it covers all accidents and not non-occupational accidents only. It also has the added advantage of enabling the insured to continue the policy after leaving the employ of the Company by paying a month's premium in advance, and thereafter, unless the insured returns, the monthly premiums are to be paid direct to the North American Accident Insurance Company.

Most men carry insurance to protect their families in case of their death. There are comparatively few who carry insurance which will take care of a man's family or himself should he meet with an accident or be taken sick. The form of insurance provided by our Association will protect his family during the time in which he is unable to work. When an employee who is insured is taken sick or is injured, he should send immediate word to me, with a statement from his doctor explaining the nature of his case, and the date on which he was taken sick or was injured. A new statement from the doctor is necessary each week.

Since the insurance plan went into effect on September 15, 1917, out of the 1,206 men who were then insured, thirty-five employees of the Company have received or are receiving benefits. Four hundred and seventy-one dollars have been paid out for sickness and accident claims, and one death claim has been settled. There are now insured 1,458 employees of the Company.

The benefits thus far paid are: $14 to Gerald Griffen; $35 to John Bumby; $28 to Alexander Moffatt; $17 to Michael Muller; $11 to Frank Van Keuren; $11 to James Rupp; $10 to Ernest R. Homewood; $53 to Michael J. Leonard; $7 to Elmore Beyer; $3 to Joseph Sill; $21 to John Hoban; $45 to George Liddle; $41 to John Wexted; $100 to the family of R. Auglia; $14 to C. Hansel; $77 to Olof Olson; $28 to Frank Collins; $83 to W. J. Wilkinson; $6 to Peter Farrell; $7 to John J. Costello; $7 to Gerard Yonker; $13 to H. Tew.

Members who are receiving benefits now are: Daniel Aslakson, C. H. Havemaaer, Michael Muller, Robert Clark and Herbert Smith, and claims pending are: A. Amundson and Bernard J. Leahy, and the family of O. Landsness, who died.

Every record in connection with the insurance fund of the Employees' Association was lost in the recent fire. The loss of these documents, which had been so carefully prepared by Mr. Kling, has thrown a very heavy task upon his shoulders, and it is therefore asked that the members of the Association assist him in every way possible in getting new records into shape. There is bound to be some confusion and many mistakes, and the members of the Association are requested to bear that in mind before registering a kick, should there be some mix-up in connection with their insurance policies.

Life's Arithmetic: Ability + Activity = Success

By Joseph A. Browne, Efficiency Expert

MANY failures are men of no mean ability. Some are geniuses and some are versatile. They can do many things fairly well, but are unable, apparently, to do any one thing very well. Their particular trouble is lack of persistency. Their work is not continuous. They spurt to-day and loaf to-morrow. Unless persistency is cultivated it is impossible to succeed in any line of business, trade or profession, no matter what may be your natural ability.

We are making an effort to-day in our great plant to bring out the man of vision and action, and eliminate the fellow who is unable to keep both feet together, but allows one foot to be in the hold while the other is up on the main deck.

A great many men have had the same natural advantages, equal educations, and the same home surroundings, and yet some of them are achieving gratifying success and some are finding it difficult to earn their living. The unsuccessful members believe that the difference has been caused by luck, or something over which they have had no control. The successful fellows know different.

How often we excuse failings by the stock phrase: "Well, we're only human after all." Some of us find comfort in repeating this conclusion after each of our mistakes. To others of us comfort comes in the form of a resolution to profit by mistakes, and not make the same ones twice.

THERE is no secret of success. We all have the ability to make ourselves what we will, and to achieve the success that we desire. Because a man starts at the bottom of the ladder is no reason why he cannot begin to achieve success the very first day he resolves to climb. To-day it's the man that counts most, not the experience. The price of success is hard work and, properly analyzed, weighed and measured, consists of doing one's best. All of us can try, and the reward of gratification alone should be sufficient to urge us all to our best efforts.

Once an employee rushed up to Charlie Hall at 7.02 A.M., and shouted: "Can I catch the '*Say Yes*' for Staten Island."

"Yes," Charlie replied, "if you can swim fast enough. It pulled out two minutes ago. The next trip is made to-morrow morning at seven o'clock sharp."

Two minutes wasn't very late, but it caused the loss of that man's pay for that day.

Punctuality in reporting for duty, in performing your work, is recognized.

Punctuality can be made a habit.

Get the habit!

War Zone Passes

Every employee of the Morse Company is required by the Government to carry a war zone pass, and these passes are now being distributed. Each pass contains the employee's picture, his thumb print and his signature, and must be countersigned and stamped by the Federal authorities to be valid. Three passes are made for each employee, one being sent to Washington, one held at the New York Customs House, and the third kept by the employee. Upon leaving the Company's employment the pass must be surrendered. A charge of thirty-five cents is made to pay for the photograph, the Company having arranged to have a photographer at the plant rather than to put the employees to the expense and trouble of getting a photograph elsewhere. No charge is made for the card, the printing or the clerical work involved in preparing the passes. The Government is very strict about the matter and every employee must obtain his pass immediately by applying at the Fifty-sixth street gate.

Members of the cost department of the navy (located in Room 2) attended a dinner given by the Cost Inspection Staff of the Third Naval District, on November 21, at the Yale Club, New York, in honor of Paymaster John W. Jordan, U. S. N. There were 130 in attendance at the dinner and two English army officers were present and spoke.

Morse Yards Swept by Fire

On the night of December 3, 1917, fire, which had its origin in the paint shop, swept through the Morse Company yards and caused a loss of between $75,000 and $100,000. This loss was not covered by insurance, and fell as a complete burden on the financial resources of the firm. In addition to the actual property damage the fire caused an expensive setback in other ways, such as the delay in replacing the machinery and equipment destroyed, and the expense of carrying employees on the pay roll for whom there was little or no work to do. The Company made a special effort to avoid laying off any of its men, realizing that the enforced idleness would have worked a hardship upon them in view of the approaching holiday season. With hardly an exception every man got full time, and by working day and night shifts the débris was cleared away and work on new buildings rushed.

The departments burned out were the carpenters' and joiners' shops, the paint shop, the electric welding and acetylene burning building, the old garage, the pattern shop, the new rigging loft, the wood caulkers' shanty, the lumber store-room shanty, part of the machine shop, and the employees' assembly room and barracks.

The fire started about 9.30 o'clock at night and lasted until about 2 o'clock the next morning, three alarms having been sent in. There were five hundred men employed in the yards at the time. The fire fighting squad, organized by the Employees' Association, was only in the stages of formation at that time.

United States Marshal Power and Fire Marshal Brophy took immediate charge of the situation, and ordered that every one of the employees be questioned before being permitted to leave the plant. This was strictly a Government war measure, and a matter in which the Company had no share. Subsequent to the fire reports were circulated that Mr. Morse, Sr., had stated that the fire was started by some one who had a grudge against the Company. Mr. Morse wishes it understood that he made no statement which would reflect upon the loyalty of the employees of the firm. To the contrary, he expressed himself as being well pleased with the manner in which the employees worked to help check the fire and save property.

With the Pin Boys

By Henry Rochelle

(Bowling League Secretary)

LIVELY interest has been taken in the bowling tournament which was organized by the Employees' Association in October. Thirteen teams, each one representing a department in the plant, are participating in the schedule and suitable prizes will be awarded at the end of the season by the Association. Six teams bowl every Monday night on the Germania Alleys at Fifty-first street and Third avenue in Brooklyn, and keen rivalry has developed.

At the present writing, the New Dock team, of which George MacLaurin is captain, holds the high place, having won all six of the games it has bowled. The Carpenters, the Solicitors and the Office teams are developing fast, however, and are expected to give MacLaurin's boys a run for their money.

Challenges from teams outside of the plant are beginning to come in, and already some matches have been played.

William Gedney has been appointed official bowling scorer. The Morse Bowling team is willing to meet any organized bowling club in Brooklyn.

Following are the team standings:

Team	*Captain*	*Won*	*Lost*
New Dock	George MacLaurin	6	0
Copper Shop	Albert J. Jacobson	5	2
Carpenters	Cyrus MacLaurin	4	2
Solicitors	Henry Rochelle	4	2
Pipe Fitters	A. Ernest Bright	3	2
Inside Machinists	William H. Robbins	3	3
Office	Frank B. Rose	3	3
Dry Dock	Lewis Hohorst	1	2
Outside Machinists	Kenneth Craig	1	2
Chauffeurs	Paul Sheehan	0	1
Electricians	Harry Lawton	0	2
Hull Department	Howard Saunders	0	3
Pattern Shop	Nils Johnson	0	5

Highest Team Score:

Carpenter..... 893

Highest Individual Score:

Murray E. Foster..... 221

Highest Individual Average:

Henry Rochelle..... 179 1/5
Frank Rose..... 178 1/3
L. D. Bell..... 174 4/7

Bowling Schedule

January 7—New Dry Dock hands, Copper shop, Chauffeurs, Hull department, Pipe shop, Office.

January 14—Copper shop, Outside Machinists, Pattern shop, Solicitors, New Dry Dock hands, Office.

January 21—New Dry Dock hands, Electricians, Pattern shop, Inside Machinists, Office, Chauffeurs.

January 28—Pipe shop, Dry Dock hands, New Dry Dock hands, Hull department, Electricians, Chauffeurs.

February 4—Inside Machinists, Hull department, Pattern shop, Solicitors, Copper shop, Office.

February 11—Carpenter shop, Electricians, Pipe shop, Solicitors, Dry Dock hands, Chauffeurs.

February 18—New Dry Dock hands, Outside Machinists, Copper shop, Carpenter shop, Inside Machinists, Dry Dock hands.

February 25—Solicitors, Carpenter shop, Outside Machinists, Hull department, Pattern shop, Copper shop.

March 4—Outside Machinists, Pattern shop, Dry Dock hands, Inside Machinists, Hull department, Chauffeurs.

March 11—Solicitors, Pipe shop, Dry Dock hands, Office, Outside Machinists, Electricians.

March 18—New Dry Dock hands, Pattern shop, Pipe shop, Solicitors, Carpenter shop, Electricians.

March 25—Office, Inside Machinists, Copper shop, Electricians, Outside Machinists, Chauffeurs.

April 1—New Dry Dock hands, Inside Machinists, Electricians, Carpenter shop, Pattern shop, Chauffeurs.

April 8—Office, Hull department, Dry Dock hands, Inside Machinists, Outside Machinists, Pipe shop.

April 15—Electricians, Dry Dock hands, Copper shop, Office, Pipe shop, Chauffeurs.

April 22—New Dry Dock hands, Carpenter shop, Hull department, Solicitors, Inside Machinists, Pattern shop.

April 29—Carpenter shop, Pipe shop, Copper shop, Office, Electricians, Pattern shop.

May 6—New Dry Dock hands, Dry Dock hands, Chauffeurs, Solicitors, Hull department, Outside Machinists.

Ella K. Livermore, wife of Wallace Livermore, foreman of the wood caulkers, has just returned to her home from the Norwegian Hospital, where she was ill for four weeks. Her friends will be pleased to learn that she is much improved.



A Night at the Bowling Alleys

Successful Football Season

By Frank Pervin
(Football Team Manager)



Top Row—William Sandison (outside right); James Little (right fullback); Samuel Howarth (goal keeper); Captain James Smollen (center forward); William Allen (left fullback).
Bottom Row—Charles Cooper (inside right); Patrick Quinn (outside left); William Watts (inside left); Committeeman Robert Dale; Manager Frank Pervin (right half back); William Stelfox (left half back); Richard Brown (center half).

A VERY successful year has marked the development of the Morse Dry Dock association football team, under the management of the following committee: Robert Dale, Frank Pervin, David Craig, David Mellville and Robert Culver. Splendid support has been given to the team by the employees, and the games have attracted widespread interest throughout the plant, as well as among those organizations which are represented in the Metropolitan and District Junior Football League.

The Morse team was organized just in time to enter this league, though not early enough to get as much practice as desired before called upon to play its first two games. This late start had disastrous results in those two games, but the team worked hard to develop its playing ability, and it came back in the third game with a clean victory, and has maintained a position near the top ever since. Capt. James Smollen as well as Manager Pervin insist that the Morse team is going to come out on top before the season's playing sechedule ends.

The fire which swept the plant on the night of December 3 resulted in the loss of all but two of the team suits. James Little, who has been one of the active members of the organization, succeeded in saving from the fire one of two boxes in which the paraphernalia was kept. Since the fire new suits have been purchased.

Home games are played on what is now known as the Morse Oval, located on Eighty-fourth street, between Third and Fourth avenues, formerly the Bay Ridge Athletic Field.

Gold and silver medals will be awarded to the winning teams in the Metropolitan League and the Morse boys are pushing hard to come out on top.

In the third game played by the Morse team the Visitation team was trimmed to the tune of 3 to 1, much to the surprise of the Visitation players, who expected to have an easy time of it. Then came the Fifth Avenue Coach Company game in which our boys were the victors, 5 to 1. The Morse team next journeyed to Yonkers, where they were defeated by a score of 5 to 1, and following that a second defeat was recorded by the Queens, although the Morse team gets the credit for the game in the League standing because the Queens team used a player not registered in the League. Up to this point the Morse team had won three games and had lost three games. In the following game which was played with the Tyrconnel Celts the wind was against our players and we were beaten 4 to 1. The wind favored our opponents and enabled them to score three goals in the first half, after which they played a defensive game and kept the Morse players from scoring enough to win. After this came the game in Astoria against the White Rose team, our boys winning, 3 to 1. The White Rose Club up to that time had not been defeated before during the season, and the Morse team's victory greatly encouraged it in the games which followed.

For the accommodation of the employees who are not members of the football team, but who find pleasure in practicing during the noon hour, a ball is provided. In this way it is hoped to develop candidates.

The committee has decided to enter the Southern District of New York State Football Association, and players who wish to sign up for this event are requested to report to the manager or the committee.

Any member desiring to obtain a copy of the picture of our football team can do so by applying to the manager or any member of the committee.

Following are the names of those who have played during the season:

Sidney Leiper, Samuel Hanna, David James Parker, John Patrick Quinn, Andrew Forsythe, James Meadowcroft, Samuel Howarth, James Smollen, James Little, William Stelfox, William Sandison, Alexander Murray, Frank Pervin, George Atherton, William J. Allen, Charles Cooper, William Watts, Patrick Carney, Norman Humphries, Alexander Stuart Menzies, Frank Doherty, N. P. Lagerenberg, J. W. Knowles, John Green, David Melville, Harry F. Speller, Patrick L. Devitt, James Sharp, William McLellen, Charles Stuart, Thomas L. Reid and John Joseph Hughes.

The teams now in the League are: Fifth Avenue Coach Company, Longfellows, Tryconnel Celts, Prospect, Visitation, Yonkers Rovers, La Sultana, White Rose and Morse Dry Dock. The Queens team and the West New York Blues have withdrawn from the League.

It should be understood by every member of the Employees' Association that the 5 cents which is taken from each pay envelope every week is to pay the dues of membership in the Association only, and does not include the assessment for the relief or insurance fund.

Many of our chauffeurs were present at the First Annual Cabaret and Dance given by the South Brooklyn Chauffeurs' Club, of which they are members, at Lorenzo's Fort Hamilton Casino, Friday night, December 28. The party was a successful and enjoyable one. Dan Shea's orchestra furnished the music.

A silver breast-pin was lost at the December entertainment of the Employees' Association. The finder will confer a favor upon Victor Frederickson (rigger) by returning it to him, that he may give it to the owner, who values the pin highly, as it was a gift from a soldier in France.

The Belgian relief ship *Imo*, which crashed into the French steamer, *Mount Blanc*, loaded with munitions, and caused the Halifax catastrophe, will be remembered by some of the Morse employees as a vessel which laid off our piers several weeks ago.

Books and magazines are greatly needed by the soldiers who are guarding the Morse plant. Employees can do a patriotic and kind act by bringing what books and magazines they can spare to the Employment Bureau. See that the reading matter is in good condition, not too old and worn.

In Case of Fire

Two blasts of the Yard whistle indicate fire on the South Dry Dock pier.

Three blasts indicate fire on the North Dry Dock pier.

Four blasts indicate fire on the North pier.

Five blasts indicate fire in any part of the yard east of the Machine Shop.

Upon discovering fire rush to the nearest telephone and notify the telephone operator, who will in turn signal the engine room to blow the whistle. Be sure to tell the operator where the fire is.

Our Monthly Meetings

By Thomas J. Plunkett

"FIRE Can't Stop Us." This slogan tells the story of the Christmas Carnival held Friday evening, December 21, at the Parkway Assembly Hall, at Fifty-first street and Fourth avenue. The good time kept up until the "Jazz" band played "Home Sweet Home," and all present agreed that it was a "Big Nite." The hall was decorated for the occasion, and paper hats and toy noise makers were given to everyone present.

The music had lots of ginger, and Van Vleit's Entertainers performed between dances. Nash and Furman played and sang new songs as the first number. During their tu n the crowd up in the gallery started to throw out paper streamers.

Following the next dance Miss Lillian Ames sang character songs, and Miss Florence Nesbit also contributed a few good numbers.

The feature of the evening was the exhibition of whirlwind dancing by the "Dancing Dalys." The members of the Association paid particular attention to the steps of Miss Daly and Dan Shea, who, in his hurry to get out on the floor, took a "header" on the balcony stairs.

OUR November Monthly Meeting held on the evening of the twenty-seventh at the Parkway Assembly Hall was the most successful up to that date and the large number of men present thoroughly enjoyed the varied program, which included vaudeville, boxing and patriotic addresses. The music was rendered by our famous "Jazz Band."

Following the overture, Capt. C. F. Bookwalter, representative of the United States Shipping Board for the New York district, spoke of the comprehensive program outlined by his board and the shipping conditions existing at present. He cited the limited number of experienced men available for ship building and repair work, and mentioned the difficulties encountered because of lack of transit facilities. "The problem of transporting millions of tons of food for our armies and allies depends upon the speed of our workmen, and the supply of necessary material," he said, and he urged that everyone do his part to help the Government.

Following this address the musicians played our favorite, "Honkey Tonkey." Mr. Hall, of the Board of Directors, introduced the second speaker, Commandant George Rock of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, who said that he was enthused by the large membership present at the meeting, and also the element of fellowship surrounding our employees. He paid a personal compliment to the high standard of workmanship maintained by the employees of the Morse Company. He spoke of the problem before all shipyards, that of lost time on contracts and the importance of punctuality and constant attention of the men to their work.

The vaudeville bill included the trio of Coppinger, Woods and Jones of the pipe shop, singers of popular songs; Wisdom and Taylor, professional Hawaiian entertainers; Mrs. Frank Shear, soloist, accompanied by her husband, who is employed in the traffic department; William Goodhart, accordion player, also of the pipe shop; Charles Marullo, blackface comedian of the machine shop; and Walsh and Cohen, professional song writers and singers. The program was concluded with refreshments, and two three-round boxing exhibitions by Young Gilchrist of the store room matched with Sam Sachs, and Kirschman who sparred with Young Lavine.

Coming Events of the Employees' Association

Employees' Association Annual Ball, Saturday night, January 26, Prospect Hall, Prospect avenue, near Fifth, Brooklyn.

Meeting of Entertainment Committee, 4 P.M., the second Monday of every month.

Meeting of Finance Committee, 4 P.M., the last Tuesday of every month.

Meeting of Board of Directors, 4 P.M., the last Wednesday of every month.

Meeting of Employees' Assocation, 8 P.M., the last Wednesday of every month.

Meeting of Association Football Committee, at noon, on Wednesday of every week.

Meeting of Fire Prevention Committee, at noon, January 14.

Band rehearsal, 4 P.M., every Tuesday.

Orchestra rehearsal, 4 P.M., every Thursday.

Noon-hour concerts every Tuesday and Thursday, in the Restaurant.

Annual meeting and election of officers of the Employees' Association, Wednesday night, February 27. Each department will meet prior to this date and choose a new Director.

Baseball Team a Winner

WINNING eleven out of fourteen games it played during the season, the Morse Dry Dock baseball team established a notable record for itself the very first year of its existence. When spring gets around again there is every reason to believe that we will have one of the fastest industrial teams in Brooklyn or New York. The Athletic Committee of the Employees' Association proposes to get an early start in lining up a playing schedule, and it is probable that membership in some league will be decided upon.

To the untiring efforts of Manager Joe Henderson is due the excellent showing which the Morse team made last year. Mr. Henderson accomplished wonderful results in getting the organization under way, and in keeping alive the interest in the team which was so essential to its success. This was done only at the sacrifice of nearly every one of his Sundays and holidays during the summer, and as a mark of appreciation for his unselfish services the Employees' Association at the end of the season presented a silver cigarette case to him, Charles G. Hall making the presentation speech.



Top Row—Maddison, catcher; LaBate, pitcher; W. Burke, 2d base; Wilkning, outfielder; E. Burke, 3d base; Wallaba, pitcher; Crist, outfielder; Unger, pitcher; Joe Wall, 1st base; Dempsey, outfielder; Cummings, outfielder.

Middle Row—Grover, outfielder; Moran, shortstop; Knipe, outfielder; Manager, Joe Henderson; Damm, catcher; Dwyer, pitcher; Tom Smith, pitcher.

Bottom Row—Crackers, outfielder; Graham, infielder; Barry, mascot; Banks, infielder.

To obtain uniforms for the players a smoker was held in the Parkway Assembly room, and $150 was raised. Suits of gray and maroon were bought, and no expense was spared in providing the necessary equipment.

Of the games played during the summer, the contest with the Bay Ridge Athletics, in which the Morse team won, 8 to 3, was the most interesting. The newly organized Morse band accompanied the team on this occasion, and a very large crowd turned out. The Bay Ridge boys put up a hard fight, but despite their advantage of being an older and more experienced organization they were unable to grab the victory.

The games played, the batteries and the scores, are as follows:

Teams and Scores	*Morse Batteries*
Morse 6—Norton-Lily 0	Wallaba and Loupee
Morse 0—Elk A. C. 2	Wallaba, Hale and Loupee
Morse 0—Ridgewood Athletics 8	Hale, Gottlieb and Smith
Morse 6—Star Shoe Co. 1	Wallaba, Coppel and Loupee
Morse 10—Flatbush A. C. 3	Hale and Lukas
Morse 4—Spartan A. C. 5	Smith, Hale and Kinsella
Morse 12—Flatbush A. C. 6	Smith and Kinsella
Morse 10—Ridgewood A. C. 5	Smith and Pasano
Morse 9—Scranton & Lehigh 4	Smith and Lukas
Morse 12—Scranton & Lehigh 5	Smith and Damm
Morse 5—Tafts All Stars 4	Wallaba, Smith and Damm
Morse 16—Ocean Hills 0	Smith and Damm
Morse 8—Bay Ridge Athletics 3	LaBate and Dempsey
Morse 19—All Nationals 5	Smith and Damm

Played 14: Won 11, Lost 3.

John Powell of the pipe shop was injured Christmas Eve, and has been laid up at his home with two broken ribs. His friends wish him a speedy recovery.

Yard Chips

Picked Up by Old Scout

Andy Simon (Handy Andy) is in great demand around the office building. When anything is wrong, and after everybody else has tried to make it right and has failed, you will always hear someone say: "Send for Andy."

Cold weather has no terrors for Mike Watson, who is always on the job at the Fifty-fifth street gate. Mike has been with the Company twenty-six years and is one of the oldest employees.

Mr. Walker, who takes care of the wash-room, shower bath and lavatories under the restaurant, is having his own troubles these days, trying to keep the boys supplied with hot water. He manages to do it, however, despite the cold spells and their disastrous effect on gas and water pipes.

Mr. Collins, our chief engineer, is going around with a broad smile. We are wondering.

Jack Beyers, of the store-room force, is well pleased with things in general, it would seem, from the happy expression one always finds on his face nowadays.

Things are still picking up with Harry Julian. Harry is the young fellow you see going around the yard picking up all the loose bolts lying around.

We notice Big Bill Banks is Johnny-on-the-job these days. When Big Bill puts his shoulder to the wheel he moves something, and that reminds us that he might have straightened the *Nepthis* if someone had only thought of it.

Every time we meet Jim Connolly we feel happy. Jim is one of those chaps who can't be ruffled, no matter how hard one tries. He never wears a frown, and his cheerful disposition sends you away feeling better.

Big John Sjursen, assistant foreman rigger, is all over the place these brisk days. No matter where you look, you're bound to see him. How do you do it, John?

Big Ike, the glazier, is another busy man nowadays. May your shadow never grow less, Ike.

Henry Rochelle, the smiling solicitor, says that that new baby of his has got the day mixed up with the night, because he sleeps all day and cries all night. Cheer up, Henry! That's an indication that the young man is going to be heard from.

The other day some carpenter's helpers were going through the main gate, when one of them dropped a keg of nails. Archie Campbell rushed out of the timekeeper's office and began to help in clearing away the mess. Someone hollered out, "Hey, Archie, how's business?" "Picking up," replied Archie without a giggle.

Dick Burke, of the old store room, is as busy as ever. Every time we see Dick going through the yard we think there is somebody after him. Some hustler, we should say.

Mr. Mead, the gentleman of the main office, tells us that one reason he always wears a smile is that a "smile is mightier than a club."

We notice young Mr. McKinzie, who used to be night telephone operator, wearing overalls now. "I'm learning to be a machinist," he told Old Scout.

Bert Schack, timekeeper, was presented with a silver service set by members of the timekeeping department recently, on the occasion of his marriage.

Bert Burlingame, our restaurateur, likes to have the band and the orchestra rehearse in his restaurant, because Mrs. Burlingame can enjoy the concerts, via the telephone.

They say that Jack Reynolds, of the pipe department, is having trouble with the wicket doors these days. It seems that the carpenters made the doors too narrow, and every time Jack tries to go through one he gets stuck.

Mr. Benson, rigger, received a fall while on his way to work a short time ago, which incapacitated him for a few days. He's Jerry-on-the-job again, however.

William Robbins, Jr., inside machinist, got back from a honeymoon a couple of weeks ago, and friends have been extending him the glad hand ever since.

Oscar Kruger, our "official sign painter," who has been with the Morse Company eight years, certainly can wield the brush. They say that Oscar once painted an arctic scene so realistic that four men caught pneumonia from just looking at it.

The Government representatives complain that the employees do not show their identification buttons. This is required by the Government as a war measure, and it is absolutely necessary that the order be complied with.

James Pearson, snapper in the pipe department, has got the right spirit. He promises to help us to get a lot of nice little pieces for our magazine. He says when that new baby of his gets older he is going to hire a stenographer to take down her cute sayings for us.

Everybody feels so sorry for Peter McArthur, of the pipe department. Pete was bending a six-inch pipe the other day when the thing burst, and Pete got his feet wet and has been sneezing ever since.

William J. Cunningham, of the rigging department, is the father of two of the liveliest twins one ever set eyes upon and, just think of it, there is a boy and a girl.

Scratches and Purrs

By the Office Cat

Emily was knitting a scarf,
For someone. . .
And almost broke someone else's heart. . .
Zebra has gone. . .
Also ambition. . .
And someone else's heart. . .

???Efficiency???

To make a penny have two heads
To make a pipe have three threads
To make one ship go different ways
To make to-morrow count three days
—EFFICIENCY—

To make the ocean a large farm
To make a finger a strong arm
To sail a sailboat without sails
To fill an oil tank with two pails
—EFFICIENCY—

To make a dollar look like ten
To turn a sparrow into a hen
To build a ship without much work
To run a Ford without a jerk
—EFFICIENCY—

To use a postage stamp three times
To make a pencil write six lines
To stand up working to save chairs
To make a ladder to replace stairs
—EFFICIENCY—

To make matches give steam heat
To make solder out of wheat
To make windows without the glass
To make iron as good as brass
—EFFICIENCY—

To make a boy into a man
To make a boiler from a can
To build a steamship from a tug
To make a wise man from a bug
—EFFICIENCY—

To help the saving of the waste
And help us make Peace come in haste
Start right here and from now on
Practice it—it's not a yarn
—EFFICIENCY—

Some things are very misleading, particularly telephone-room doors. One of our young and charming society bugs mistook the telephone-room door for the rosy gates of Society, and entered with a big smash.

What happened to Tommie Conk and Filbert? We always thought our chauffeurs were of sweet, amiable and peace-loving dispositions, but now, oh, what a bitter disappointment! Take a glance at the gentlemen's understandings.

Who, pray tell me, would think that a sweet little lady in Room No. 9 had such a cruel heart? Yes, she locked the poor, unsuspecting photographer in our big dark supply closet.

The next time the Misses Travers and Wilson feel like "breaking out," they had better keep away from the "dens of iniquity."

Our dear old United States need never worry for the scarcity of ammunition, at least not as long as Fanny makes popcorn.

Yes, it is guaranteed to kill a hundred per minute. Of course, it is very innocent looking popcorn, and a beautiful kolinsky brown, BUT— oh, ask Marion.

William turned his collar around and said, very tragically, "Consider others instead of yourselves."

We know someone around here, in the vicinity of the drafting-room, who proved himself to be some little trailer at the December dance. How about it, Reggie?

A few of our fair and young stenogs shocked us beyond belief when they arrived at Parkway Assembly the other night in a Packard ten-ton "limousine." We all know who sat with the driver, Maude.

We were also much surprised by Mary. Not only did she ride in the truck, but she also carried off the only Lieutenant present.

The Office Cat wishes to say that when it comes to a ripping good time, there is nothing like the Employees' Association's Monthly Entertainment. Be sure and attend the next and enjoy yourself.

Florence F. attended the December dance and had a flotilla of sailors flocking around her all evening. Is your Dad an Admiral, Florence?

We know someone who knows where to find mosquitos as big as robins.

The following proves we have some talented ones among us:

The Nut

When you've bats in your belfry that flut,
When your comprenez-vous rope is cut,
When there's nobody home
In the top of your dome—
Then your head's not a head; it's a nut!

The Brain

To manage and keep up a brain
Is no easy job, it is plain—
That's why a great many
Never use any,
Thus avoiding the care and the strain.

The Back Bone

Though the charms of her youth may have flown,
Rare's the woman who can't hold her own;
If it comes to a show down,
She'll stick on a low gown
Just to show that she has some back bone.

Author! Author!



Don't forget to ring in on the

Annual Entertainment and Reception of the Employees' Association

Saturday Night, January 26

AT PROSPECT HALL

Prospect Avenue, Near Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn

Your committees have worked hard to provide an excellent program. It remains for you to make the occasion a success by attending and inducing your friends to attend.

VAUDEVILLE

BY THE

BEST ARTISTS OBTAINABLE

Tickets 50 Cents Each

DANCING

MUSIC FURNISHED BY

MORSE ORCHESTRA

Daniel F. Shea, Director

Proceeds will be used for War Relief

PRINTED BY WILLIAM GREEN, A CORPORATION, NEW YORK

Helping to Win the War

Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co.,
Ft. 56th street, Brooklyn, New York.

Gentlemen:

I am handing you herewith with great pleasure a copy of a letter received from the commanding officer of the United States Navy Transport "Madawaska," relative to the work performed on that vessel while at your works in South Brooklyn.

It is indeed a pleasure to realize that the shipyards of this port are bending every nerve to facilitate the preparation for efficient prosecution of the war and for the maintenance of the efficiency both of the naval and merchant fleets of the United States.

Very truly yours,

G. E. BURD,
Rear Admiral U. S. N. Industrial Manager.

U. S. S. Madawaska,
November 8, 1917.

From Commanding Officer.

To Industrial Manager, Navy Yard, New York, N. Y.

SUBJECT: Work on Koenig Wilhelm II in converting her into a naval transport ("U.S.S. Madawaska") by Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company.

1. The efficiency and dispatch with which this important and difficult task has been accomplished calls for a special report from the commanding officer of this vessel.

2. The eight badly injured cylinders were so satisfactorily fitted with new patches that they were absolutely steam-tight on the forty-eight hours' steaming trial.

3. The Morse Company co-operated to the fullest possible extent, so much so that the interest and good will of the employees were remarkable.

4. These men met any hours necessitated by the best interests of the ship, showing an admirable spirit and doing excellent work.

5. One hundred and thirty riveters worked for twenty days on the ballast tanks, making the outer bottom tight. Another gang installed an evaporating plant, 12,000 gallons, in ten days.

6. The forward latrines and wash-basins were interchanged with the crew's quarters under the forecastle in four days, a fine performance. (All men and material had to be transported from South Brooklyn to the War Docks.)

7. Mr. Hallock, the foreman in charge of all work on the ship, rendered invaluable services, laying all personal interests aside and devoting himself to seeing that the work was done with the maximum efficiency in the shortest possible time.

8. Mr. E. P. Morse, Sr., and Mr. Morse, Jr., did everything in their power to meet the wishes of the Commanding officer, and showed a practical patriotism in subordinating their own plans and interests to the Government service.

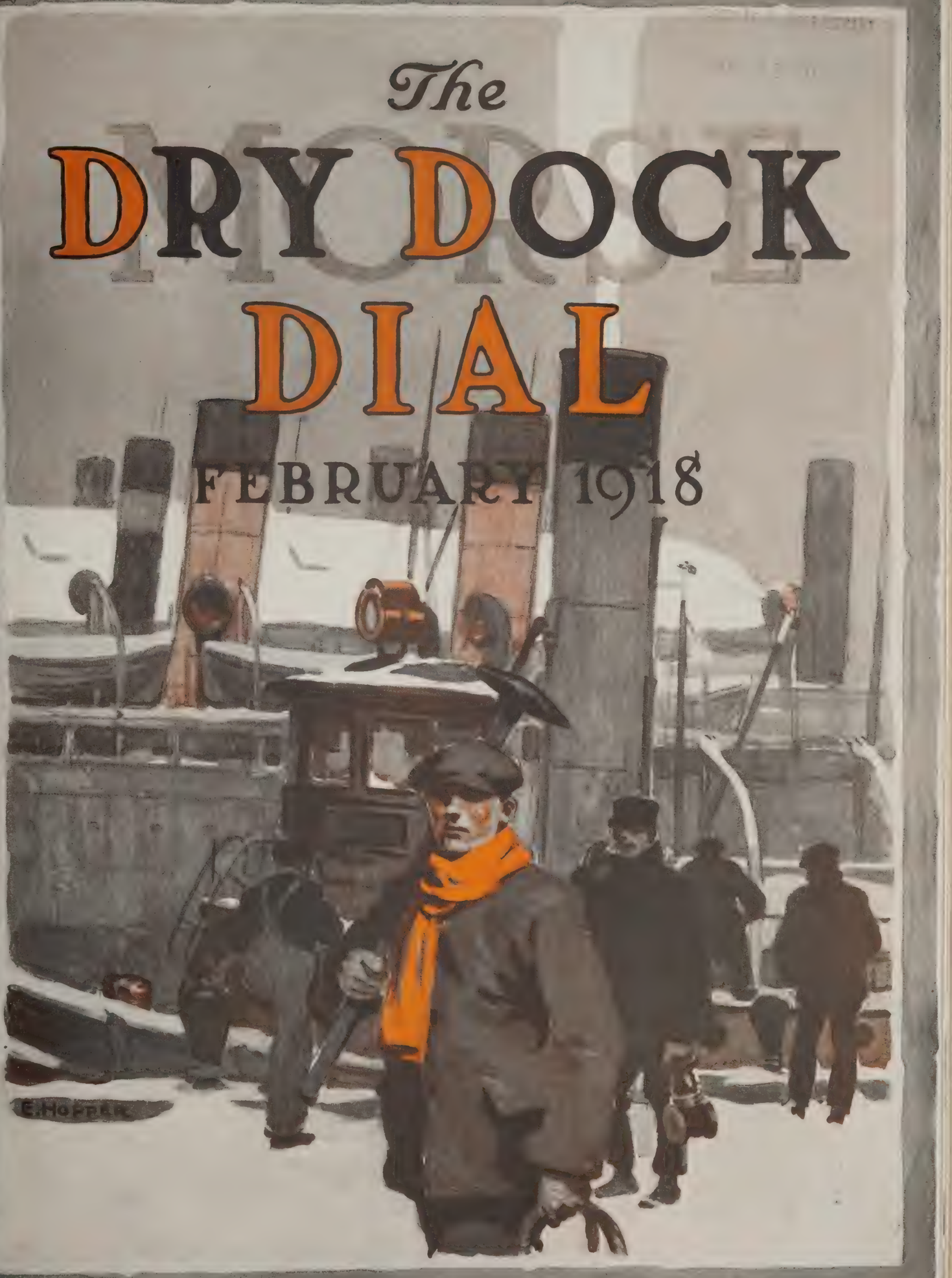
EDWARD WATSON.



C II

The DRY DOCK DIAL

FEBRUARY 1918





Be a Worker

By Bert Edward Barnes

Rodin, the noted French sculptor, died the other day. He left the world richer for his having lived. That great poem in marble, "The Thinker," was his legacy to civilization. By his hand, humanity has been raised a step higher toward the supreme in art. From the first thought to the last stroke of his chisel, this great man's inspiration, like that of all sculptors, must have been: "I am working for all time." Rodin was a *worker.*

This month we celebrate the birthday anniversary of Abraham Lincoln. The glory of God must have been in the heavens on that night when the spirit that was to be his was released into the world and began its journey from a log cabin in Kentucky to the Capitol of the United States and everlasting fame. In him was embodied all that is great in man and all the greatness of which men have so far been capable of dreaming. We like to think of Abraham Lincoln as the rail splitter. Those two words appended to his name seem to emphasize the ruggedness of his character. They stamp him as a *worker.*

An incandescent electric lamp furnishes the light by which I am writing this article. A moment before I touched a button in a room that was darkness, and now my work is flooded with light. A few feet away an instrument awaits my pleasure. From it I can hear the world's greatest singers; I can listen to the wonderful symphonies of the ages. The phonograph brings these riches to me. Thomas A. Edison has lighted my home; he has brightened my life by adding music to it; he has perfected my telephone; he has made travel and history and drama intelligible to me by means of the moving picture; he has shown mankind how to pour concrete into a steel mold and thus build a house within forty-eight hours. Thomas A. Edison is sixty-nine years old. He is still a *worker.*

The little honey-bee is a tiny fellow. As he goes about his daily task in the summer months he is hardly observed by us humans unless he happens by accident to come too close to us. The other day I read some interesting facts about this little insect. It surprised me to learn that a pound of honey contains 7,000 grains of sugar, that each clover blossom provides about one-eighth of a grain, so that that pound of honey actually represents the product of 56,000 clover heads. A single clover head has about 60 florets or flower tubes. To extract honey the bee must probe each of these, which means that to do his job right, he must perform 60 separate operations on each flower. To gather a pound of honey that bee would have to explore 3,360,000 of these tiny tubes. Allowing five seconds for each exploration and 12 hours to a day, it would take him some 400 days to produce a pound, and this would represent only the gathering of the honey, not the time required for building the wax case and storing the sweet stuff. The bee is indeed a *worker.*

Civilization is to-day looking to the worker for its salvation. He must produce the ships that are to carry soldiers to the battlefields. From him must come the guns that are to beat back the Hun and his barbarism. We are not all able to be Rodins, Lincolns and Edisons; none of us are able to perform the God-given task of the bee, but we all can be *workers,* and we all can emulate the bee by accepting whatever task is put before us and doing it with the thoroughness and the faithfulness of the bee.

Be a *worker!*

THE DRY DOCK DIAL

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Vol. 1 FEBRUARY, 1918 No. 2





A Solicitor's Reminiscences

By Edward J. Donegan

Mr. Donegan, in point of service, is the oldest solicitor employed by the Morse Company. He joined the organization fourteen years ago and has had many interesting experiences in digging up business for the firm. To make the employees of the Company better acquainted with the soliciting end of the business the Editor has induced Mr. Donegan to write this story. The solicitor's work is more important perhaps than most of us realize. Through him employment is provided for us all. If the solicitor fails in his task every employee is affected, because without contracts the firm could not keep us on the pay roll. The Editor has assumed that comparatively few of the Morse employees know anything about the soliciting phase of the business, and Mr. Donegan was asked to write his article as though he was addressing men outside of the industry. In this way it is felt that we can better comprehend the importance of the solicitor's work. —*Editor.*



FOURTEEN years ago the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, struggling against greater competition than it has to-day, began to go out after business in dead earnest. Up to that time every ship-repairing concern in the port sought business in a more or less perfunctory way, often waiting until a boat owner or master landed before asking him for his business.

As competition grew more keen some of the enterprising solicitors using rowboats began to chase down the vessels as they came into the harbor, and it was soon discovered that usually the first solicitor to reach a boat was the one to get the job of making the repairs on it.

To a shipping man minutes count, and no ship owner or ship master wants his vessel laying around waiting for repairs. It frequently happened in the old days that a ship requiring work would lose valuable time before the captain or chief engineer was able to place the contract. A ship master was just as busy then as he is now and he wasn't always in a position to attend to the letting of a contract as early as he would have liked.

New methods of communication have done away with the handicaps he faced at that time and now, when he wants quick action, the work is often arranged for by wireless while the vessel is still at sea, so that the repairs begin the minute the ship drops anchor.

I can recall many exciting rowboat races we had in my early days as a solicitor. We used to chase after the steamers in nineteen-foot Whitehall rowboats and in tugs. The day of the rowboat was the day of big muscles among solicitors and it was also the day of hard work. Pulling out to the vessels at top speed under a boiling sun or on a windlashed harbor was no easy task.

To mention the hardships in bad weather is only bringing back some of the bitter days of my early experience, but if there were hardships there were also the excitement of keen and furious rivalry and the joys of success. As in every game worth while, there are also the perils which one encounters in rough weather, and many a time have I, like all other solicitors, I dare say, held my breath wondering how soon the end would come.

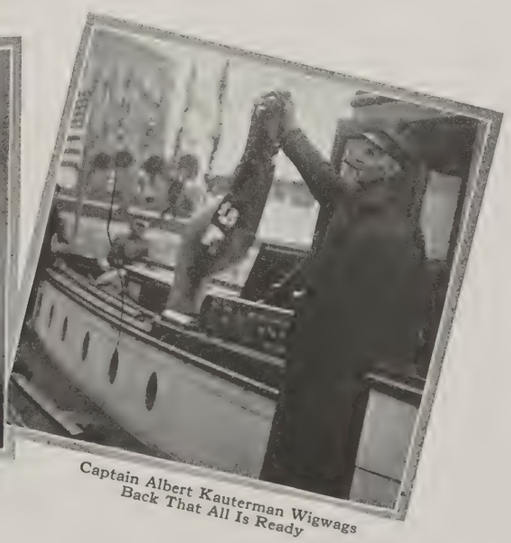
ONE day in the early summer a natty little yacht sailed up to the docks at the Battery, slicked up in white paint and bearing in gilt letters the name *Why Not.* There have been many happy days in my life but I shall never forget the pride I took in that boat or the joy it meant to me. That was the first private soliciting boat to be put into commission in this port. Mr. Morse had foresight enough to see the need of a boat of that kind and when Mr. Morse sees the need of anything that settles it.



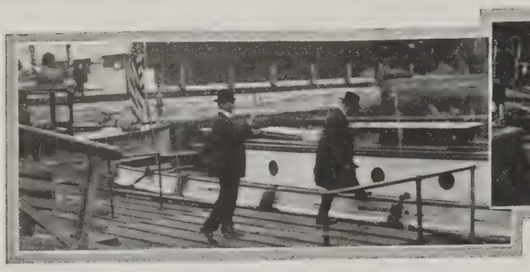
Mr. Donegan Getting Tip That Ship Needing Repairs Is Coming into Port



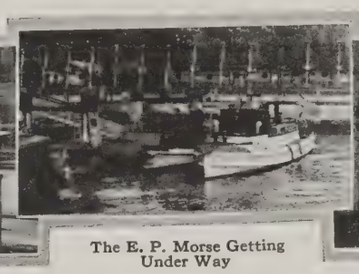
Harry Marsh, Office Boy, Giving Signal to the E. P. Morse



Captain Albert Kauterman Wigwags Back That All Is Ready



Solicitors Donegan and Rochelle Hurry Aboard

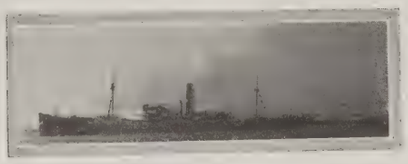


The E. P. Morse Getting Under Way



Racing to Reach the Steamer, the E. P. Morse Nip and Tuck with Its Competitor

Up to that time a solicitor, in going down the bay, had to depend on row boats or tugs. When the *Why Not* came onto the scene there were some of our competitors who scoffed at us and openly expressed doubts as to whether the yacht would pay for itself in the work it would bring in. Mr. Morse had no doubts, however, and he got the satisfaction of seeing his competitors follow the same plan three years later.



Big Tramp Steamer Object of the Race

With the coming of the private soliciting boats, even greater rivalry developed and then it became a question of who had the fastest boat or who was the earliest to get started.

The representatives of the different repairing companies did their best in every way to outdo the other fellow and it was necessary to be on the alert every minute of the day and even the night. I have seen as many as three of these soliciting boats racing out as far as Sandy Hook to get to a steamer first, with the crews of other harbor craft cheering us on as we rushed past them.

ONE of the most exciting and dangerous experiences I had was on New Year's Eve thirteen years ago. The steamer, *J. B. August Kessler*, owned by the Shell Line of Rotterdam, in from Sumatra and Borneo with a cargo of gasoline, while coming up the main channel, off West Bank Light, was in collision with a mud-scow. The bow of the *Kessler* was stove in and the stem twisted badly. It was a pretty big contract as contracts went at that time and, of course, I wanted to land it.

I left New York on the tug, *Edward M. Timmins*, which was commanded by Captain David Roche, one of the best-known pilots in the port. At the time we left the Battery a good stiff gale had already blown up and as we got well under way the wind increased its fury. It was also hailing, and I can even now recall the bitterness with which those hail stones pelted down on us. When we reached the Narrows the seas were breaking over the tug's pilot house and the crew of the tug had to be urged to continue on the trip.

Captain Roche, who has many times distinguished himself for his daring and bravery, was just as eager to help me as I was to get that job, and we prevailed upon the crew to stick it out with us. When we arrived on the lee side of the *Kessler* the water was up to the furnace and, if it had gone much further it would have killed our fires and the tug would have foundered. We reached the *Kessler* at eleven o'clock on the last night of the year. It was one of the most perilous trips I have ever taken. Most of the members of the crew wore life preservers and there wasn't a man aboard that boat who didn't feel that his last hour had come.

David Laughlin was mate and John Pulse, now superintendent of the Mutual Tow Boat Company, was chief engineer. Every man in the crew was a hardened sailor and knew the game, and they played it that night as they have always played it, with indomitable courage and bravery. I have never forgotten their service and I shall always feel that I owe them a debt of gratitude.

Of course we secured that contract. We deserved it after the desperate chance we had taken. It was one of the biggest jobs we had handled up to that time and it meant a big contract for the firm. I sometimes wonder if the men in the yard ever think of what is involved in the tasks of digging up the business which makes work for them. Many of the boys have probably never heard of us solicitors and if they have they most likely have never thought of the part we play in their lives. Every wheel has to have just so many cogs and I hope the boys in the yard won't forget that our department is just as vital to their welfare and their progress as is any other branch of the business. I am glad we have a magazine like THE DIAL because I know it is going to help us all to get so much better acquainted and to understand how necessary we are to one another.



Mr. Donegan Invited Aboard



The E. P. Morse Arrives Alongside First

IN connection with the Kessler contract I forgot to state that our competitors did not arrive at the ship until eight or ten hours later and by that time we had already begun making the repairs. Our estimators had practically finished their tasks. The vessel discharged part cargo and was then taken to our yard, where the repairs were completed.

While there are many exciting phases of the soliciting game even in these days, the real big jobs are no longer obtained by racing after them. The most important thing, of course, is being the early bird. Up to two years ago we fought like everything for business, but there is so much demand for ship repairing now that the fighting is not so much in trying to get business as it is in trying to turn it out.

In the days of keener competition there were all sorts of schemes to help us get ahead of the other fellow. For instance, there was a time when we resorted to a system of signals. Upon receiving a tip at our downtown office that a vessel was coming into Quarantine or up the bay, we would flag to the commander of our



The Solicitor

yacht to prepare for a getaway. Then one of our solicitors would hurry down to the deck, onto the boat and race off for the incoming vessel.

Our daily routine now runs something like this: At six o'clock every morning, and that means seven days a week, one of our launches leaves the yard for Quarantine, which is seven miles down the harbor between Fort Wadsworth and Rose Bank, Staten Island. During the night steamers that arrive from sea anchor there to await inspection by the different Federal officials.

Sometimes before these inspections are made we arrive alongside the vessel and are permitted, if the captain or chief engineer are awake and on deck, to speak to them through a megaphone. Otherwise we pass the firm's business cards on board and await their pleasure. After paying a visit to all of the vessels anchored we generally proceed to the Quarantine dock and get a report from the telegraph company of the ships that have passed Sandy Hook. If none is reported we generally take a run down the bay as far as the head of Ambrose Channel and if nothing is in sight we return to the anchorage grounds and visit all of the steamers which have arrived or any ships we think may have business for us. After this we go back to the Battery and our New York office, where we keep in touch with the new arrivals through the Maritime Exchange and other channels of information.

SINCE the *Why Not* has been in commission the Company has increased its number of soliciting boats to six. The other five are the *Emily*, the *Solicitor*, the *DeWitt C. Ivins*, the *Say Yes* and the *E. P. Morse*. The *E. P. Morse* is the fastest despatch boat of the kind in service in this port. I say this without fear of contradiction because last February we raced her against the *Natalie Mae*, owned by the Robins Dry Dock Company, and we won by six minutes and eighteen seconds, covering a course laid out between Governors Island to Sandy Hook and return. The race was a bona fide affair held under the supervision of the American Model Club Regatta Committee of America, which was represented by Commodore E. A. Plunkett, George F. Piggott, Sr., and P. H. Bell, measurer.

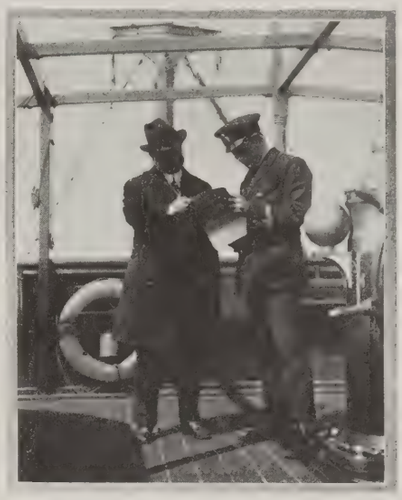
Gielow & Orr were the designers of the *E. P. Morse*. While she was being built we learned that the Robins Company had ordered from the same designers a boat which would go three miles an hour faster. Mr. Morse, Jr., not to be outdone, increased the speed of the *E. P. Morse* by putting in a larger engine and boiler. The Robins people always thought they had the faster boat, however, and there were many lively arguments between the crews and the solicitors of the two. Finally we challenged the Robins boat and the race was arranged. After our victory we gave a dinner at the Elks Club on South Oxford street, Brooklyn, at which there were present the crews of the two boats, the soliciting staff of the two firms, the boat owners, members of the Regatta Committee and others interested. Mr. Morse, Jr., was toastmaster at our "Victory banquet."

Besides Mr. Donegan there are six other solicitors employed by the Morse Company: Captain M. N. Giannoni, A. D. Martino, Olaf Ness, Henry Rochelle, Pedro Ramirez, P. Rotgans. They occupy offices in the Whitehall Building, Battery Place.

I HAVE tried to draw up hastily a reminiscent story of my experiences as a solicitor. There are many other interesting things I might have presented, but what I have written will give a fair idea of what the solicitor's work is.

During my fourteen years with the Morse Company there have been many changes in the growth and progress of the organization. I doubt if any water-front concern has advanced more rapidly than our firm and as I go through the yard and note the changes that have been made, the new buildings that have been added and are being added, I marvel at what a difference even a few years make.

I would consider myself ungrateful if I did not take this opportunity to express my appreciation of the many considerations and kindnesses shown me by Mr. Morse, Sr., and Mr. Morse, Jr. I know from my long association with them that they have the welfare of every individual employed by the firm at heart; that they want their employees contented and happy, and are eager to do everything they can to make



Getting the Captain to "Sign Here"

working conditions pleasant and congenial. I can say this because I have practically grown up with the Company and know something about what their ambitions, their ideals and their aims are.

Loyalty

"Over and above all the many qualifications we look for in the ideal employee, I must unhesitatingly place loyalty.

"Give me a man of average intelligence, who has character and loyalty, and even though he has nothing else, he can be molded and made an efficient part of our organization.

"But even though he possesses every other qualification and is disloyal, he is a constant menace to those with whom he is associated.

"So high a premium is placed upon Loyalty under the military code that the soldier guilty of its violation is punished by death.

"While disloyalty in business may not be immediately productive of evil results, as it is in an army where thousands or perhaps millions of lives are at stake, it will in the long run absolutely wreck any enterprise that harbors or tolerates it."—*Fidelity Journal.*

Don't talk about your troubles. People do not want to hear troubles. They have enough of their own. This old world is full of big, human sympathy, but it does not want to be asked for it. The world wants to laugh and feel pleasant, and is willing to pay for the privilege—pay with good will and prosperity. —*Daniel F. Shea.*

Badges for Shipworkers

IN its determination to turn out approximately 3,000,000 tons of ships by spring, the United States Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation will have the backing of the commercial leaders and business men of the nation in an elaborate plan of co-operation which will reach to every part of the country.

As a result of this effort badges bearing the inscription, "War Service Ship Building, U. S. A." will be distributed among the shipworkers of the nation. Also, by means of patriotic posters and other methods of direct appeal, enthusiasm for building ships to win the war will be stimulated.

In fact, through the National War Shipping Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of which Edward A. Filene of Boston is chairman and N. Sumner Myrick, a well-known marine expert, vice-chairman, every phase of the big problem now confronting the nation has been gone into with the result that a great plea to shipworkers is now going forth through local Chambers of Commerce, trade bodies and organized meetings of citizens.

Through this Committee many local boards have been formed in various cities.

These local committees are planning to hold meetings with the ship builders, and have some member of the Shipping Board or marine authority address the gatherings and thus bring the builders into closer relation. Many of these committees have formed sub-committees on housing and transportation—these measures, by the way, being an important phase of the general problem.

The badges, which are to be distributed, will be worn by workers in shipyards as an emblem of the patriotic service they are rendering the country in time of war. They can be worn only by those actually working on ships. As a reward for faithful service every worker who has fulfilled his obligations at the termination of the war will be given his badge outright, in the expectation that he will preserve it as a souvenir of his contribution to victory.



One of the Badges

The Morse Company has ordered a sufficient number of these badges to distribute among its employees. They are expected at an early date and the plan of distributing them will be made known at the earliest possible opportunity.

The badges are purchased by the Company, but will be given to the employees entitled to them without charge, upon the condition that the badges are to be surrendered when an employee leaves the Company.

It is of the utmost importance that the men working in shipyards should feel that the country is behind them—that as she relies on them, so will she do all in her power to help them. The Advisory War Shipping Committee of The Merchants' Association is doing its best to see that these men, from whom so much is expected, are thought of and well taken care of by the Government. So large a task cannot be consummated in a minute, but slowly and surely the best will be done for them.

THE Government has already recognized the military aspect of shipyards in several ways. The wearing of badges by workers in shipyards all over the country has been approved by the Government, showing that it recognizes these men as soldiers in the field. For all practical purposes these badges take the place of national uniforms for such workers. It is right that they should be respected as such.

Where it has been possible, men who have been drafted from shipyards have been exempted or returned from camps because it was felt that those men were more valuable to the country building ships than fighting in the trenches. At the present time every effort is being made to secure adequate military protection for shipyards. The men in them are of great military value and they should be guarded as military camps are guarded.



Outside View of Machine Shop Morning After Fire of December 3 Photograph by A. Pagano

The Merchants' Association is particularly concerned with two problems which affect the shipyard workers—with seeing that they are properly housed and transported to their work.

The Washington authorities have been told of the needs of the New York shipyards in the outlying districts—the difficulties of transportation and the desirability of having the men comfortably housed as near these shipyards as possible. No attempt is being made to house the men in barracks, but it is hoped to provide attractive homes for them.

Moreover, several of the railroads and trolley lines have been interviewed to obtain better and more adequate transportation facilities to and from the shipyards, which are out of the beaten route, where the men reach their work only after great delays and hardships.

About 50,000 black and white labels will be distributed by The Merchants' Association. They will have the slogan: "Win the War—RUSH—Material for Ships," printed on them. They are to be used on the outside of railroad cars, pasted on packages, wagons and automobiles, in fact on everything used in the transportation of supplies.

Many hundred recruiting posters will be distributed throughout the country. They are to be used by the local committees and in campaigns for interesting workers in shipbuilding. At the suggestion of shipbuilders who felt they ought to have something in the yards to urge the men to do their utmost in the work, a new poster will be issued soon and posted in the various shipping centers.

THE Merchants' Association has recently given publicity to a combined effort on the part of the New York State and City education departments, to establish night schools for shipbuilders. Every opportunity for advancement will be offered those who earnestly try to help the Government in this great task. One night school has been opened in Port Richmond. It is only the beginning of a concerted effort to fit workers in shipyards for the more skilled positions to which they may aspire.

Instruction in these schools will be brief. The course in the Port Richmond school is given for riveters, moldloftsmen and shipfitters. It consists of ten two-hour lessons, two nights a week for five weeks.

A general outline of the instructions to be given at other schools follows:

1. Tools and tool parts used in riveting, chipping, caulking and their uses. Care and economical use of riveting tools.
2. Lengths of rivets to be allowed for various heads and countersinks.
3. Drilling, reaming and riveting of bad holes.
4. Caulking, seams, butts, straps, etc.
5. Elementary shapes of rivets.
6. Spacing of rivets under various conditions, for: Plain work, watertight work, oiltight work, various thickness of place, single, double and treble riveting.
7. Finish of riveted work—clinching rivets.
8. Schemes for riveting and caulking in awkward places.
9. Evolution of riveting and caulking, hand and machine riveting.
10. Riveting of special pieces and correct procedure for riveting superimposed work or where pieces are added later.
11. Definition of terms and location of parts on ship.

The courses for moldloftsmen is planned for apprentices and beginners in the moldloft. The course will be in charge of an expert moldloftsman and will consist of twenty-one one-hour lessons, which will be given two nights a week for ten weeks.

THE course will include instruction in shipbuilding terms, the location of the various parts of the ship and special



Another Style of Badge

problems which will be considered at informal discussions.

The course for moldloftsmen is outlined as follows:

Plans for shipbuilders and definition of terms and location of parts on ship:
- Rise of bottom
- Tumble—home
- Deadflat
- Camber of beam
- Depth of hold
- Change of frames
- Length of overall and between perpendiculars
- Molded beam
- Classification of ships

General explanation of ships' parts and machinery from simple blueprints.

Sheer draft: Profile plans, half breadth plans, body plans
- Plans of decks
- Sections showing constructions
- "Offset" tables
- Making of and uses of wooden model
- Laying out of sight edges
- Expansion of shell plating.

In addition to the general course, instruction of an advanced nature will be given in supplementary lessons.

The aim of these is to give moldloftsmen the information necessary which will enable them to become expert workmen. In addition the special problems confronting the various members of the class will be taken up and considered at informal round table discussions. During the course the class will be taken directly to the moldloft as the need arises.



What the Fire of December 3 Did to the Machine Shop

Photograph by A. Pagano

This course will consist of twenty two-hour lessons. A class will be in session for ten weeks two nights a week.

An outline of the supplementary course follows:

Instruction in making of principal molds: Stem, stern, keels, keelsons.

Laying out of vessels: Profile, half breadth, body, buttock and bow lines, levels, deck rails and knuckle shear, frame or displacement stations, diagonal, fairing of ships, fairing by contraction, cant, cant frames, counter, bevels, laying out of frames, longitudinals, tanks, funnels, masts, etc., bossing aft frames.

Riveting information for moldloftsmen: Correct rivet sizes to suit plate thickness, common dimensions of rivets, single, double and treble reveting—where used. Sizes of laps and straps, butts and seams. Spacing of rivets for various ship members, spacing of rivets by diameters and inches, spacing limits, plain, watertight and oiltight riveting, code for marking of plates and templates, tap riveting, riveters' tools and their care, elements of good work in riveting.

Routing and movement of material: Order in which ship's parts should be made, operations and order of operations to be performed on important members of ship. Parts to be marked and not to be marked by moldloftsmen, enumeration of parts to be furnaced, enumeration of parts to be fitted and drilled in place, marking of plates, marking conventions.

Study of ship classification and specifications: Lloyd's, Bureau Veritas, American Bureau.

THE course for shipfitters is open to shipfitters' apprentices and helpers only. It will consist of twenty lessons two nights a week for ten weeks. It is arranged in a series of short steps in the same order as are usually given to beginners in yards, and is outlined as follows:

1. Small paper templates for taper liners, lap, squareness, fit.
2. Short angle clips and brackets. Working holes, squareness, fit, allowances.
3. Straight plates, deck, tank top plates. Correct application of templates, checking spaces in templates.
4. Auxiliary machinery foundations. General constructional work in angles, plates, channels. Study of angles and curves.
5. Furnaced bent and rolled plates. Development of curved plates. Allowances for curved plates, sides and ends.
6. Lining off and obtaining level lines: Position of foundations, developing openings for pipes, checking levels and horizontal lines.
7. Template and moldloft work usually handled by shipfitters. Bossplates, funnels, masts.
8. Characteristics and essentials of parts: Steels, frames, webs, shell plating, bulkheads, stem and stern, longitudinals, cant and cant frames, counter, bevels, and other parts.



TO SHIPBUILDERS!

For the support of our soldiers in France the Government must have at once the ships you are building.

Without these ships the war can not be won.

OUR COUNTRY LOOKS TO YOU!

Every stroke of a hammer, every turn of a wheel may score as heavily as a shot fired from the trenches. Help our boys in France. With them win the war. Make the world safe for Democracy.

In addition, a supplementary course in blueprint reading, layout work and constructional requirements will be given. The aim of this course is to give shipfitters the information necessary to enable them thoroughly to understand the many special problems involved in their work. This is a practical course planned for practical men and will be of value to every shipfitter who takes up the work. The course will consist of reading various types of blueprints, laying out complicated work, and classification of ships.

THIS course will consist of twenty two-hour lessons. The class will be in session two nights a week for ten weeks. It may be necessary to lengthen this course to meet the requirements of the men who enroll. Only journeymen shipfitters will be admitted to this course. Later in the year men who have completed the course for shipfitters will be admitted to the supplementary course which is as follows:

Blueprint reading: Kinds of ships, sheer draft, profile, half breadth, body plans.

Lines of ship, elementary explanations: Sheer of deck, rail, knuckle, buttock and bow lines, level lines, diagonals, laying out of sight edges, expansion of shell plating.

Reveting information for shipfitters: Standard rivet sizes, spacing of rivets, sixes clips, brackets, etc. Suitable rivet spaces for odd parts, clips, brackets, requirements for plain, watertight, oiltight work.

Routing and movement of material: Order in which ship's parts should be made, operations and order of operations to be performed on important members of ship, parts to be marked and not to be marked by moldloftsmen, enumeration of parts to be furnaced, enumeration of parts to be fitted and drilled in place, marking of plates and conventions of making.

General study of ship classification and specifications: Lloyds', Bureau Veritas, American Bureau.

The Department of Education proposes later to open night schools for the men in the shipyards of Manhattan and Brooklyn, equipped to handle larger classes.

Our Hospital First on the Water-front

A CRUSHED finger is a commonplace, inconsequential thing to the average workingman. He is no weakling, and when the powerful jaws of some steel punching machine catch him unawares and nip away part of a thumb, he invariably twists a piece of cloth around the injured member and continues his work as though nothing had happened. What? Go to a hospital! I should say not; hospitals are for women and children.

This indifference to his physical welfare, however, does not always work out to the best interests of the individual or to the firm which employs him. Industrial organizations have come to realize this, and the conservation of man-power has become a vital problem with every firm.

The management of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company began to interest itself in this subject two years ago, with the result that to-day it has one of the most up-to-date and thoroughly equipped emergency hospitals to be found anywhere. The Morse Company was the pioneer in this respect, in so far as the water-front industries of New York are concerned.

Miss Kirsten Jensen, a graduate nurse of long experience in surgical nursing, was engaged by the firm over a year ago to organize the hospital. She was instructed to spare no expense in providing the Company with every facility for handling occupational accidents.

THE Company was fortunate in having already standing on its property in a convenient location, a building suited in every way to serve as a hospital. This was the Bergen homestead which, despite its being 218 years old, is in a splendid state of preservation and ideally arranged for the purpose. The building up to that time had been used as a dining-room and gathering place for the executives and office force. The necessary alterations were made, and on January 6, 1917, the hospital was opened.

Prior to that time, whenever an employee was injured he received first aid treatment in the boiler shop tool room, and if the case warranted he was attended by Dr. David Livingston, who was then the Company physician, or was taken to his home or to an outside hospital, where he received care at the expense of the firm. It was no easy matter, however, to persuade an injured employee to consent to go to a public hospital, and it was hard for the Company to do what it desired for an employee under that arrangement.

With every instrument and piece of equipment necessary for surgical dressings, and carrying a store of supplies equal to that of a more pretentious clinic, the Morse Company hospital is a model of its kind. Between eighty and 125 cases are handled there every working day. This does not mean that that number of men are injured each day. It means that whenever an employee is injured his case is followed up until the injury is completely healed. No matter how trivial an injury may seem to an employee, he is instructed to report to the hospital daily, unless the case is serious enough to require his being cared for in some outside hospital or in his home.

THE yard hospital is open between 8.30 A.M. and 5 P.M. every working day, and Miss Jensen, who has living apartments in the building, is available in case of a serious accident practically every night.

The hospital has several beds and facilities for keeping patients until removal is possible. In all serious cases the employee receives the attention of medical and surgical specialists.



"FOUR CRIPPLES"
Edward Peattie, Former Compensation Clerk; George Nelson; Theodore Downing and Harry Fox

In addition to Miss Jensen, who, by the way, is a graduate of St. John's Hospital, of Brooklyn, Dr. A. W. Beck, attending surgeon at St. John's, is on duty between the hours of eleven and twelve every forenoon. Dr. Beck, who is a graduate of Long Island College Hospital, has his office at No. 108 Garfield place. A great many of the employees receive treatment from him either at his office or at their homes.

The cases treated at the yard hospital are strictly those of occupational accidents. However, if an employee is taken suddenly ill while at work and requires medical attention, he receives temporary treatment. Frank Falconer, compensation clerk, keeps in touch with the hospital work to the end that the financial assistance provided by the Compensation law is put at the disposal of the patient without unnecessary delays. Miss Charlotte Schloetel assists Miss Jensen as hospital clerk.

Hugh Reilly (carpenter), of No. 9808 Fort Hamilton avenue, Brooklyn, who sustained a fracture of the left thigh on October 9, while at work on the new dry dock, was attended at the Norwegian Hospital by Dr. Delatour. He was able to spend Christmas at his home, and is fast recovering.

An unusual operation was performed on Mr. Reilly, a silver band being placed around the fractured bone, made necessary because the bone failed to knit. Similar operations have been performed in the West, but this is one of the first times an operation of the kind was undertaken in any Eastern hospital, according to Miss Jensen.

THOMAS JENNINGS (heater boy) of 316 Forty-eighth street, Brooklyn, was injured January 15 and is now at home with a fractured shoulder bone and contusions of the right hip.

Daniel Kerner (1236) of 1759 Sixty-fifth street, Brooklyn, sprained his ankle on January 17 and has been at home since.

Benjamin Abramson (rigger), of No. 1881 Coney Island avenue, Brooklyn, badly burned on November 20, is now at home, after receiving treatment at the Norwegian Hospital.

Henry Pigott (outside machinist), of No. 358 Fifty-first street, Brooklyn, burned on November 20, received treatment at his home until able to return to the plant, when he was given employment in the office.

Frank Nelson (rigger), of No. 742 Fifty-first street, Brooklyn, is expected to be out of the Norwegian Hospital soon. The toes of one of his feet were crushed while he was at work.

Pietro LaFata (hull department), of No. 67 Union street, Brooklyn, fell down a hatchway on board a ship and was taken to the Holy Family Hospital, where he was treated by Dr. Fiske for a compound fracture of a thumb and for blood poisoning. He was able to spend Christmas at home, and is back at work.

David Craig (outside machinist), of No. 271 Fifty-sixth street, Brooklyn, was injured by a truck in the yard on December 13, and was taken to the Norwegian Hospital and put under the care of Dr. Delatour. He underwent an operation on December 26.



VIEW OF OUR CLINIC



A SUNNY DAY LAST SUMMER
Mr. Peattie, Who Is Now at Camp Upton; William Travers, Formerly Hospital Assistant, Now at Long Island Medical College, and Dr. Beck.

WALTER KENNY (new dock department), of No. 2615 Sixtieth street, Brooklyn, was injured by a derrick on November 26 and attended by Dr. Beck at his home. He is now back at his work.

Gustave Johnson, of No. 287 Marion street, Brooklyn, is expected to return soon, following treatment for an injury to his right leg on December 1.

Joseph Mogavero (hull department) was injured at midnight on December 13, received treatment at the Norwegian Hospital, and is now back with us.

Aaron Rosman (rigger), James Gleason (driller's helper), Louis Breschard (pipe shop), and John Yuzat (blacksmith's helper), received injuries during December, but have returned to their employment.

Must File Income Tax Reports

The United States Government requires every individual whose income last year amounted to $800 or more to file with the Internal Revenue Collector before March 1 a report of his or her financial returns. Blanks for that purpose can be obtained at any banking institution.

About the Annual Ball

A story of the annual entertainment and reception of the Employees' Association will appear in the March issue of THE DIAL. Lack of space and time made it impossible to do full justice to it in this number.

THE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, and to the interests of the firm.

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor

The Editor's office is located in the Employment Bureau where he may be reached by telephone or in person.

Matter intended for any given issue must reach the Editor not later than the 15th of the preceding month.

Notify the Employment Bureau promptly of any change of residence, giving old as well as new address.

The Dry Dock Dial is protected by copyright, but our esteemed contemporaries are invited to reprint from its pages when due credit is given.

All communications should be addressed to B. E. Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn.

Vol. 1 FEBRUARY, 1918 No. 2

Our Second Journey

THE *Dial* goes on its second journey to the homes of the employees of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company with the assurance that it will receive a hearty welcome. The numerous words of praise that have come unsolicited from its readers have been a source of encouragement to the Editor and gratifying to all concerned, but of more importance even is the spirit of cooperation which has been displayed on every hand. The eagerness with which the employees have responded to the call of the Editor for their help has been remarkable, and it bodes success to a publication which is going to mean a great deal to everyone who is in the employ of the Company.

There have been, and will be for a time, handicaps to overcome in placing the magazine on the high plane of influence and genuine interest to which the Editor aspires, but if the splendid spirit of coöperation and the many expressions of approval count for anything—and they surely do—a good start has been made.

In connection with contributions, which are submitted to *The Dial*, the Editor wishes to explain that there are reasons, both mechanical and literary, which make it necessary for him to reserve the right to change or even discard matter sent to him. In so far as it is possible the Editor desires to use every worthy item or article submitted, and to make only the corrections that are absolutely necessary. Limited space will not permit the use in the current issues of everything that comes to the Editor's desk. Some of the items must be held over for the next number; so that if the article you are particularly interested in does not appear when you expect it, do not feel that it has been thrown away, but look for it in a later issue.

In these times of Garfield days, traffic tie-ups, coal shortages and labor scarcity it is no easy task to get a publication into the hands of its readers at a specific time each month. The only way to do so is to prepare the forthcoming issue far enough ahead to assure its delivery on the date chosen. To some extent this can be done with *The Dial* if those who have contributions will hurry them along just as soon as they are completed. It is hoped to publish *The Dial* the first week of each month.

Despite the careful effort made to obtain the correct names and addresses of employees there were many who did not receive the first number. Each individual employed by the Company is entitled to a copy of the magazine without charge and it is urgently requested that you notify the Editor or any one of the clerks in the Employment Bureau, if you do not receive your copy. It is also important that you notify us of any change in your home address.

* * *

A Worthy Project, Help It

ANY project which has for its purpose the giving of relief, aid and comfort to our soldiers and sailors is deserving of the support of everyone. *The Dial* wishes to call the attention of its readers to a pageant to be produced by women of Brooklyn in the Academy of Music, at 8.15 P.M. on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, February 28 and March 1 and 2. The entertainment, called "The Road to Victory," is under the direction of Miss Lila Stewart, and is being managed by the Brooklyn chapter of the National League for Woman's War Service, in which organization Mrs. Edward P. Morse, Sr., is an active member.

The show will be in four acts exemplifying "Might," "Light," "Service," and "Peace," and 1,000 persons will participate in it. The committee in charge proposes to make it the largest amateur entertainment ever given in Brooklyn, and a very excellent program is assured with several professional people, including a grand opera singer, assisting. The ladies interested in the project have been untiring in their patriotic efforts to provide aid and comfort for the men who have gone from Brooklyn to fight for Uncle Sam, and they deserve the encouragement of every person who has the welfare of "our boys" at heart.

By establishing recreation halls and clubs, by giving financial assistance to the families who are in need, by furnishing sweaters, candy, cigarettes and tobacco, books and magazines to the soldiers and sailors, the women are doing a noble work and a work which concerns every individual who has a friend or a relative in the Government's service. Miss Jensen, the hospital nurse, will be glad to give any further information to the employees of the Company who want to help in this matter.

* * *

Look to the Future

After this war the United States will undoubtedly be one of the greatest maritime nations of the world. The merchant marine she is now building will start her on her quest for foreign trade. But she will need more and more ships if she is going to hold that trade. We may, therefore, look forward confidently to a great period of after-war shipbuilding. Men who now take advantage of opportunities to do better work will find that in addition to helping their country during the war, they have made a place for them-

selves after the war. Attention is called to the article in this issue of *The Dial* about war badges and night schools for shipworkers. It will pay any man who has ambition to take advantage of the opportunities which these schools offer. The Editor of *The Dial*, or Mr. Benner, will gladly help any employee of the Morse Company to get further information, and to put him in touch with those who have charge of the schools.

More and more everyone is coming to realize that this war is not like other wars, that it is not just a question of who will shoulder a gun. It is a question of fitting each man in our country into the place he can best fill. Of late Government action has indicated that the man who is best fitted for farming should be left on the farm, the man who is best fitted for work in munition plants should be left in the munition plant and, most of all, the man who can help build ships should be left in the shipyard. To all of these men our nation must look as to men who have actually shouldered guns—for in any other war they, too, would have been sent to the front without question. If the "bridge of ships" between the United States and Europe is to be actually a fact—and it must be to win the war—the men in every shipyard in the country must increase to an army of a million, and they must begin to fight now.

Fundamental Patriotism

(*From the Kansas City Star*)

IN this time of labor unrest, there is just one principle to apply and that is the principle of fundamental patriotism.

What is fundamental patriotism?

It is a devotion to country based on justice and fair dealing. It is a devotion that puts America first and that attempts to get no unfair advantage out of America's need.

Fundamental patriotism restrains a business man from using this crisis as a means of taking advantage either of the public or of his working force. It keeps him from grabbing for huge war profits in an effort to use the emergency on a get-rich-quick basis.

Under the terrible destructiveness of war there is bound to be scarcity of food and material for the world's needs. That means a higher cost of living. Fundamental patriotism impels the employer to recognize this fact so far as possible in dealing with his employees. It insists that the employee share in whatever prosperity comes to him.

But fundamental patriotism makes its demands on the workers as well as on the employers. There is a temptation for the workers as well as for the employers to attempt to take advantage of the situation created by war. The emergency makes a tie-up of business far more serious than under peace conditions.

Delays in the production and transportation of material handicap war preparations and so tend to lengthen the war.

* * *

There have been a few men who amassed wealth by questionable means, but whatever success they met with was not due to their underhand methods so much as unappreciated qualities of strategy and administration, with which they could have achieved more than accrued through doubtful practices.—*Herbert Kaufman.*

* * *

A great deal of talent is lost in this world for want of courage.—*Sidney Smith.*



To Ask

By John Powell, No. 3357

To ask and receive is a blessing; refusal, more often the case.
To ask those endowed with a secret, to unfold, would be much out of place.
To ask how some men attained riches with only a dollar to start,
To ask how some great politicians once held down a job driving a cart;
To ask how a laborer's wages kept a family fed in the past;
To ask some of our food conservers, just try one day a week to fast;
To ask those who are holding our mortgage a further extension of time;
To ask the B. R. T., in Brooklyn, to put more heat on the line;
To ask Mister John Purroy Mitchel if he'd make an informal call,
And tell us the facts of the slush fund, some evening in Tammany Hall.
To ask Teddy Roosevelt the reason the country is now at its worst,
To ask him to run 1920 in conjunction with William R. Hearst.
To ask if the people of Kansas are turning from dry to wet
And Wisconsin still ruled by the Kaiser who sings do ra me La Follette;
To ask the real cause of high prices, to ask if the end of it's near.
To ask if the word "patriotic" in war time is called "profiteer."
To ask all these things and be answered would help out the nation no doubt,
But all that I ask is a shovel of coal to help thaw the water pipes out.

Hang On

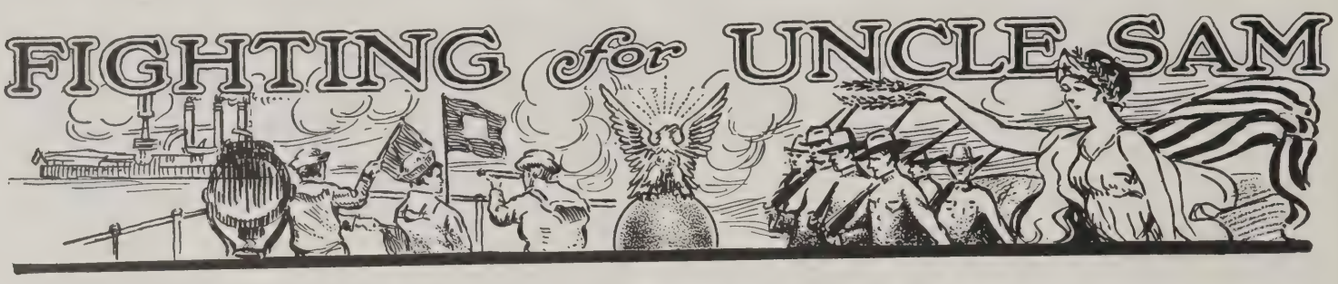
The man who sticks has this lesson learned:
Success doesn't come by chance—it's earned
By pounding away; for good hard knocks
Will make stepping-stones of the stumbling-blocks.

He knows in his heart that he cannot fail;
That no ill fortune can make him quail
While his will is strong and his courage high
For he's always good for another try.

He doesn't expect by a single stride
To jump to the front; he is satisfied
To do every day his level best,
And let the future take care of the rest.

He doesn't believe he's held down by the boss—
It's work and not favor, that "gets across."
So his motto is this: "What another man
Has been able to handle, I surely can."

For the man who sticks has the sense to see
He can make himself what he wants to be,
If he'll off with his coat and pitch right in—
Why, the man who sticks can't help but win!



More Morse Men With the Colors

John Bentsen, Fort Slocum, N. Y.
Michael Brennan, Camp Upton
Jacob J. Browning, Fort H. G. Wright
John F. Burke, Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.
John F. Dolan, U. S. Navy
Al. Gallagher, U. S. Navy
Joseph Graff, U. S. Navy
George Huffman, U. S. Navy
Hubert F. Jennings, U. S. Naval Reserve
Otto Kistenmacher, Kelly Field, South San Antonio, Tex.
George W. Lee, Camp James E. Johnson, Jacksonville, Fla.
Herbert Martin, Camp Upton
H. B. Maynard, Jr., Fort Slocum
H. McCauley, U. S. Navy
W. J. Noonan, Camp Upton
William T. Nelson, U. S. Navy
K. W. Pearson, Camp Upton
George Siebold, Fort Slocum

Our Boys Remembered

Names and pictures of former employees who are now in the army or navy are wanted by the Editor of THE DIAL. Bring them in or mail them, and be sure to give the full name of each man, in what department he worked when here, what his home address was, and where he is now. Pictures of former employees in army or navy uniform, especially group photographs, are desired. Also interesting letters from our soldiers and sailors are wanted. If you have a brother, son or friend who was formerly employed here, and is now serving the Government, get him to send in a letter or a picture or both to THE DIAL, Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company.

DURING the holiday season packages of tobacco and candy were sent in behalf of the Employees' Association and the Morse Company to every former employee now serving Uncle Sam whose address was known.

In addition to the $25 appropriated at the last business meeting of the Association for that purpose, the management of the firm added a similar sum, thus making it possible to send to each man a more elaborate package.

These packages, about forty in all, were prepared by the young ladies in the office, under the direction of Miss Jensen, the hospital nurse, and a choice selection of cigarettes, smoking tobacco, chewing gum and candy was forwarded. Cards were enclosed wishing "our boys" a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and also inviting them to the annual ball, at which Box 31 was reserved for their accommodation.

Many letters of appreciation have been received indicating that the thoughtfulness of the Association has added joy to "the boys" who have gone into fighting service for their country.

Otto Kistenmacher writes from South San Antonio, Tex., to Daniel F. Shea:

> Well, how are you and the rest of the boys in the Association? I suppose everybody is having good times at the monthly meetings. I am down here in South San Antonio, Kelly Field, with the United States Army Aviation Department. Kelly Field, as the camp is known, is situated about seven miles from the city of San Antonio. The camp is the largest aviation camp in the United States. At present there are about 34,000 men here and it is expected to have double that number in the near future.
>
> The majority of the men sleep in tents. The air here is very warm, just like the beginning of summer up North. The average temperature is sixty degrees throughout the day. We have our meals given to us outside and they are also cooked out in the open. So far we can't kick on what we are getting, and there is plenty for everybody.
>
> We arise at 6.15 A.M., get in line for roll call, then exercise for fifteen minutes and then prepare for mess. After mess we have drilling for a half hour. About the only thing missing is cigarettes. Meccas especially. Plenty of large packages can be bought, but what the boys need most are the small 5-cent packages. They charge us 15 cents for one of the large packages or two of the small packages.

Al. Gallagher, a former Morse Company chauffeur, who is now in the navy, writes:

> I just received a big package of cigars and cigarettes from the Morse Dry Dock Association; also a nice box of candy. I sure will have enough smokes to last me over to France and back again. We cannot buy any cigarettes on the ship, only pipe tobacco. I am very lucky to have such a good Santa Claus as the Morse Dry Dock Association. I suppose you had a swell time at the dance the other night. I will try and get over to see the boys before I leave. I will have to thank the good Association for the fine Christmas gift. I was home for my Christmas dinner and had a fine time. Did Joe Henderson raffle any turkeys this year? Tell him that I was asking for him. Happy New Year to all. I hope to see you soon.

William T. Nelson writes from one of Uncle Sam's warships to Gus Basil:

> DEAR FRIEND GUS: Just a few lines to let the boys that are left know how I am getting along. How is the old-timer Conk? Everything so far has been peaches and cream. We have in our crew now twenty-five men, three officers, and our boat is the flagship of the Third Naval Division. We may go away soon. Write and let me know how the old place is. How many of the boys are left? I saw Rich one night and he said that the Company sent out smokes to the boys but I have not seen any. Well, write and let's know how the world is treating you. Wishing you and your family the best health. Remind the boys that I was asking for them. I will close hoping to hear from the boys at the garage.

Raymond G. Murtha, a former timekeeper, now in the navy, writes:

> It is with pleasure that I write this letter to the Employees' Association and to the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company in regard to sending me that gift for Christmas. Words cannot express my feelings toward the men in the plant and the firm itself. I think it was grand the way they thought of me, and I sincerely hope you will express for me a word of thanks at your next meeting of the Association. I expect to have a leave of absence soon and I will surely visit the yard and express my gratitude in person.



John F. Burke
At Camp Wadsworth

There are quite a few of the boys here who six months ago were working at the yard and they have all asked me to send their best regards to the officers and members of the Association and to the management of the firm. I must say this place is wonderful when it comes to a training camp. If you will read this letter to the boys I will appreciate it very much.



Departure of Co. B, 15th Colored Regiment, for the South After Doing Guard Duty at the Morse Plant

Joseph Graff, formerly employed in the hull department, is in the navy. He writes:

> Your thoughtful Christmas token received with deep appreciation. May the New Year bring unlimited success to the Employees' Association and yourself. I am enjoying the best of health and feel perfectly happy and satisfied with "Our Navy."

John J. Dolan, who is in the navy, writes:

> Just a few lines to let you know I received your little gift and I am glad to see I am remembered by your Association. There are quite a number of former Morse employees over here, distributed among the fleet. From what my friends write and tell me Morse's must have some baseball team. I was glad to hear that you trimmed the Bay Ridge boys, because I know how hard they take a beating.

Luigi Ayello, who is at Camp Upton, sends his thanks for a package sent to him by the Association. He says he appreciated the smokes very much and thinks it was very kind of the Morse employees to remember him. He hopes the war will be over soon so he can come back to work with us.

Lewis Gordon, formerly employed in the copper shop, now fighting for Uncle Sam, was married while at home on a furlough recently. His friends in the yard wish him luck in both ventures.

Victor C. Wolsen, who is at Camp Upton, sends his thanks for the Christmas package sent to him by the Employees' Association. He writes:

> *To the Employees of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.:*
>
> GENTLEMEN: Received this day your kind remembrance for Christmas, for which accept my thanks, as it is greatly appreciated.

Pay Clerk Shields and Yeoman Woodward, who have been doing service in the navy Cost Inspection Department, Room 3, have been assigned to duty elsewhere and have consequently been detached from the resident branch.

Samuel Berenberg, in a letter sent from Spartanburg, December 12, says:

> Just a few lines to let you know that I am still alive and kicking. I have read about the fire that you had there. I guess there will be plenty of work for some men in repairing the damage. You must be pretty busy lately. Just tell Mr. Morse, Sr., that I'll be back to work just as soon as the war is over.
>
> There are all sorts of rumors that we are going to leave here to go to Mineola or across or some other thing. The latest one is that we are going to get paid. I hope that one is true.
>
> Who ever said Sunny South! The temperature for the last two days was ten above zero, and we have a foot of snow on the ground. I am glad that I am in the supply company now, as I don't have to go to the trenches.
>
> I will close now, as I have to get some wood for our tent stove or we will freeze to death to-night. Give my best regards to Whitman and tell him I have run out of stamps and to send me a few. Give my regards to all the rest of the fellows.

In an earlier letter, Mr. Berenberg said there were four men in his tent who used to work in the yard. "They all said to tell Whitman that they send him their best love and regards," he wrote. "Jos Copple said that he wished he was back so he could play with the team again. How is the band getting along?"



Raymond G. Murtha sent the above picture to us with the following comment: "Here is a picture of the post I walked the first time after joining the navy and, believe me, I sure do like it very much."

A New Way to Save Money

CONGRESS has appropriated, all told, $19,000,000,000 for expenditure this year. During the entire life of the American Government, from the administration of President Washington, down to the outbreak of the present war, the total expenditures of the Government for all purposes amounted approximately to $26,300,000,000, including all that was spent in the conduct of all the previous wars in which this nation had been engaged. From these facts and figures some idea of the stupendous task before our Government in raising the $19,000,000,000 required, can be gained. A splendid start has been made by the two successful Liberty Loan campaigns, in which the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company employees did "their bit."

Now comes a new plan which is meeting with much enthusiasm on the part of the public and which is expected to have a far-reaching effect in the way of stimulating the saving habit. The plan referred to is the War Savings Stamp scheme, an arrangement whereby even the humble 25-cent piece is made use of. For 25 cents one can buy what is called a Thrift Stamp, sixteen of which are exchangeable for a War Savings Stamp. Twenty of these War Savings Stamps can be converted into a War Savings Certificate, and for every one of these certificates the Government will pay $100 in five years. The Government pays an interest of 4 per cent. on the money invested and under the arrangement which has been worked out, the post office, the department store or the corner grocer becomes a banker for anyone desiring to invest. In no way can a purchaser of a Thrift Stamp or Certificate lose one penny and he can withdraw the money paid in at any time after giving ten days' notice.

The savings stamp campaign is expected to raise $2,000,000,000, but equally as important is the effect that the plan will have in instilling habits of thrift among a spendthrift people, habits which will last long after the war ends.

Arrangements have been made for the convenience of the employees to place the Thrift Stamps on sale in the main office, Mr. Mortimer W. Mead having charge of the matter. Mr. Mead expects to have a supply of the stamps on hand within a few days and employees desiring them are requested to see him.

Protect Your Family

By Charles H. Kling, Insurance Clerk

THIS month I want to tell the employees of the Morse Company why I believe it to be their duty to take out health and accident insurance. As I come in contact with the men in the yard and especially as the various cases of sickness and accident are brought to my attention, I am impressed more and more with the value of the insurance policy which the Employees' Association, through its Relief Committee, has provided.

President Wilson hit the nail on the head when he said: "If a man does not provide for his children; if he does not provide for all who are dependent upon him, then he has not opened his eyes to any adequate conception of human life. We are in this world to provide not for ourselves alone, but for others, and that is the basis of economy."

It strikes me that what the President said is pertinent to this whole matter of insurance. The less a man earns, the more reason there is for him to be insured, so that if he meets with an accident, or is taken sick, his family will be provided for. So long as he puts off the matter of providing proper protection for himself and his family, just so much more of a risk is he taking.

Whenever an employee tells me he can't afford to take the insurance, I begin to wonder how it is possible that he can afford to take the chance of being laid up by accident or sickness. Frequently a man says, "I cannot afford it now, but will take the insurance later." In the meantime he becomes sick and his income stops and, unless he has provided for that day, his family suffers.

I recall one case where a man told me he couldn't afford the insurance, but concluded that he could after I explained the matter to him. Two weeks later he was taken sick and is still drawing benefits. It would have been pretty hard for him if he had not heeded my advice and he feels very happy to-day that he listened to me.

An amusing story is told by one of the boys of the yard who, upon coming to work one stormy morning, fell on the ice. He says he had hardly landed on the ground before his thoughts turned to the insurance clerk. Luckily his injuries were limited to a ruffled temper.

Another employee had intended to cancel his insurance, but fell on the ice and came to me before going to work and asked me to be sure and keep him on the books. His injuries were not serious then, but he realized that they might have been. That is the case with most of us; we don't want insurance until we are reminded of the need of it.

Some of the men who are in the various hospitals throughout the city have no friends or relatives, and when I visit them with a check they feel that there is someone they can count on.

Our old friend, George Liddle, the watchman who had been on my sick list, returned to work but had a relapse, and has gone to Washington to undergo special treatment. In one of his letters he asked to be remembered to the boys.

Mr. Wilkinson, of the electrical department, has had quite a siege of rheumatism, and is now in the Norwegian hospital. He asks for the boys every time I visit him.

There are other cases too numerous to mention, where men, who are unable to work on account of sickness or accident, appreciate what this insurance is doing for them. I will publish in a later issue of THE DIAL, some of their letters, and if those who are not insured will read those letters carefully, they will look at this insurance problem in a new light.

The new policy forms are now ready, and can be obtained by applying at the Employment Office at the Fifty-fifth street gate, where all information about the insurance can be obtained.

I am appending to this article a report of all claims paid up to January 19, 1918. The men who received benefits from the insurance were entitled to every cent they received, because they had had foresight enough to take out insurance. The money paid to them did not come through charity or anything else; it was the returns they got from their investment.

All claims paid up to January 19.

Gerald Griffen	$14	A. Amundsen	68
John Bumly	35	D. Aslakson	28
Alex Moffatt	28	Rob. Clark	21
Michael Muller	38	Herbert A. Smith	35
Frank Van Keuren	11	C. H. Havemaaer	21
James Rupp	11	E. Klossit	14
E. R. Hemevoord	10	Oscar Melson	14
M. J. Leanerd	53	Walter Olsen	2
Elmore Beyer	7	J. Zurrick	14
Jos. Sill	3	J. Mailey	14
J. Hoban	21	C. Richardson	49
G. Liddle	66	P. Crosby	7
John Wixted	41	P. Crossin	7
Christian Hansel	49	A. Mack	14
Olaf Olsen	77	J. McGovern	14
Frank Collins	63	Family of C. Johnson	100
W. Wilkinson	98	Family of R. Anglia	100
Peter Farrell	9	Family of O. Landsness	100
John J. Costello	9		
Gerard Yonker	7	Total	$1,295
H. Tew	13		
E. Jorgensen	10		

In Case of Fire

Two blasts of the Yard whistle indicate fire on the South Dry Dock pier.

Three blasts indicate fire on the North Dry Dock pier.

Four blasts indicate fire on the North pier.

Five blasts indicate fire in any part of the yard east of the Machine Shop.

Upon discovering fire rush to the nearest telephone and notify the telephone operator, who will in turn signal the engine room to blow the whistle. Be sure to tell the operator where the fire is.

Friends of William F. Cunningham, rigger, are sorry to learn of the death of the twins born in December. The heart-felt sympathy of everyone is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham.

Two new banners have been bought by the Employees' Association for use in parades. One of them is an American flag and the other is an Association flag. Both are of the army standard size, 4½ x 5½, and made of silk. The American flag staff has an army spear, and on the Association banner is an American eagle. Printed in gilt letters on the Association flag are the words: "Employees' Association of Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company," and in the center is the Association seal.

"Stop, Look and Rub"

By Miss Kirsten Jensen, Hospital Nurse

COMMON SENSE is the greatest factor in life and not less so in preventing sickness and accidents and preserving health. There are certain laws of nature that cannot be disregarded without serious consequences. For instance, it is foolish to walk through slush and water without having the feet properly covered.

I have so often seen men in the yard splash their way through puddles with absolute disregard for their health. To wade through water and not expect to get a cold is folly.

It is equally foolish to sit in a draught after working in a hot boiler or engine room and not expect to get a chill and a cold.

Is it sensible to suppose that when you are out in zero weather and you lose the sense of feeling in your ears, your fingers or your toes, that all is well with you? The sense of touch was given to you for a purpose, and when nature gives the warning signal, you should stop, look and rub—rub your ears, fingers and toes with snow or ice to bring back the circulation and sense of touch.

In this column it might be well to mention that when you are burning with acetylene gas in the hold of a ship and you begin to get that "sweet" taste in your mouth and throat, don't stay on the job until you drop; get up on deck and fill your lungs to their utmost capacity with good fresh air.

Don't do as did a riveter last winter. Burners were working between decks burning out rivets. The fumes from their machines escaped through a rivet hole in the main deck, where the riveter sat and lapped them up till he succumbed. On coming to he murmured, "I like the taste." Maybe he had good taste, but he certainly did not have good sense.

Special Notices

Any employee receiving a medicine bottle from the yard hospital will confer a favor upon the Company by returning the bottle and stopper to the hospital. The supply is getting low and they are hard to obtain.

Employees will save themselves and others considerable trouble if they will display their identification buttons on the outside of their coat or hat. Mr. Potter's guards have received instructions to hold up any man who does not wear a button where it can be seen.

Attention is again called to the importance of every employee having a war zone pass. The Government requires this and any person found in the yard or on the Morse Company's property without a pass is liable to arrest. Those desiring information about the passes should call at the Employment Bureau.

Discouragement

By Ella K. Livermore

When discouragement overtakes you,
Fight it off; don't let it stay,
To destroy your mind and body—
Try again—the morrow's a new day.

The voice that seems to whisper
Your efforts are all in vain,
Is the voice that will help you
To try and try again.



Our Monthly Meetings

By Thomas J. Plunket

IT is important to the success of the Employees' Association that every member show an interest in the organization by attending the monthly meetings. The efforts of the various committees are constantly directed in your behalf and for that reason the last Wednesday of each month should be one night set aside in your mind. At these meetings the reports of our committees are read, and from them you can judge the benefits you receive from the Association. Not only will you hear of what your committees are doing, but your eye and spirit will be enthused by the entertainments provided. Each committeeman devotes considerable time, exclusive of working hours, to our problems, and the entertainment committee is constantly on the watch for novelties and entertainers that will please us.

Take an interest in our meetings and make a special effort to attend the next one at which time a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer will be elected. Only by attending these meetings can you find out what is going on.

It is hoped to be able to hold the next meeting in the new assembly hall, in the carpenters' building, opposite the main office. The entertainment committee is working to arrange a good bill and refreshments will be provided.

The fire prevention committee, of which Henry Pauli is chairman, has voted in favor of additional equipment, and two new chemical wagons have been ordered by the Company, one for the new carpenter shop and another for the moldloft building on the North Pier. Fire pails and hand extinguishers will also be placed in the machine shop.

The Sanitation Committee, Albert Jacobsen, chairman, has had a drinking fountain and a lavatory placed in the machine shop, and has also arranged for the installation of glass lavatories in both the gallery and the lower floor. Paper towels will replace the old hanger towels and other sanitary improvements will be made throughout the plant. Modern lavatories and sanitary facilities are being provided in all new buildings.

Coming Events of the Employees' Association

Meeting of Entertainment Committee, 4 P.M., the second Monday of every month.

Meeting of Finance Committee, 4 P.M., the last Tuesday of every month.

Meeting of Board of Directors, 4 P.M., the last Wednesday of every month.

Meeting of Employees' Assocation, 8 P.M., the last Wednesday of every month.

Meeting of Association Football Committee, at noon, on Wednesday of every week.

Band rehearsal, 4 P.M., every Tuesday.

Orchestra rehearsal, 4 P.M., every Thursday.

Noon-hour concerts every Tuesday and Thursday, in the Restaurant.

Annual meeting and election of officers of the Employees' Association, Wednesday night, February 27. Each department will meet prior to this date and choose a new Director.

With the Pin Boys

THAT there are some real bowlers among the employees of the Morse Company was demonstrated on Sunday afternoon, January 6, when a team, captained by Henry Rochelle, defeated the American Foundry and Machine Company outfit on the Germania alleys, by the score of 4,615 to 4,610. The closeness of the score indicates that the Morse boys had no cinch. There were ten men on each team and they rolled thirty frames. A return match will be played some time this month and other games are being scheduled. The E. W. Bliss Company bowlers are looking for a match.

The Morse team comprised the following employees: Henry Rochelle, George MacLaurin, Harry Banks, William White, Thomas Smith, Frank B. Rose, Howard Saunders, Albert Jacobsen and Capt. William F. Kirby, Sr.

The past month has been a discouraging one for those who have charge of the bowling tournament. Many of the members of the different teams have failed to show up on the nights they were scheduled to play, and the delinquency has added to the difficulties imposed by the weather. If the league is to succeed every member must show up when expected. Valuable prizes are to be awarded and it is important that every bowler be on hand to play the games scheduled.

Association Football

By Frank Pervin, Football Team Manager

THE weather man has put a crimp in the football schedule, and all of the games which had been arranged during the past month had to be cancelled. A new schedule has been drawn up, but unless the grounds are cleared off they cannot be played. The football committee has been on the job, however, and has met each Wednesday noon.

The players continue their interest in the team, despite the weather, and at noon hour between a dozen and twenty men turn out for practice, including many who are not now signed up but are trying to make a place for themselves on the team. Alexander Stuart Menzies and Jack Diaz have been added to the list of eligible men, and are expected to appear in the next game played.

David Craig, one of the advisory committee, is still laid up in the Norwegian hospital, due to an accident in the yard. He sends word that he would like to have the boys visit him.

The new toques to be worn during the cold weather have been received.

Bowling Schedule

February 11—Carpenter shop, Electricians, Pipe shop, Solicitors, Dry Dock hands, Chauffeurs.

February 18—New Dry Dock hands, Outside Machinists, Copper shop, Carpenter shop, Inside Machinists, Dry Dock hands.

February 25—Solicitors, Carpenter shop, Outside Machinists, Hull department, Pattern shop, Copper shop.

March 4—Outside Machinists, Pattern shop, Dry Dock hands, Inside Machinists, Hull department, Chauffeurs

March 11—Solicitors, Pipe shop, Dry Dock hands, Office, Outside Machinists, Electricians.

March 18—New Dry Dock hands, Pattern shop, Pipe shop, Solicitors, Carpenter shop, Electricians.

March 25—Office, Inside Machinists, Copper shop, Electricians, Outside Machinists, Chauffeurs.

April 1—New Dry Dock hands, Inside Machinists, Electricians, Carpenter shop, Pattern shop, Chauffeurs.

April 8—Office, Hull department, Dry Dock hands, Inside Machinists, Outside Machinists, Pipe shop.

April 15—Electricians, Dry Dock hands, Copper shop, Office, Pipe shop, Chauffeurs.

April 22—New Dry Dock hands, Carpenter shop, Hull department, Solicitors, Inside Machinists, Pattern shop.

April 29—Carpenter shop, Pipe shop, Copper shop, Office, Electricians, Pattern shop.

May 6—New Dry Dock hands, Dry Dock hands, Chauffeurs, Solicitors, Hull department, Outside Machinists.

Following are the team standings:

Team	*Captain*	*Won*	*Lost*
New Dock	George MacLaurin	8	0
Carpenters	Cyrus MacLaurin	6	2
Solicitors	Henry Rochelle	4	2
Copper Shop	Albert J. Jacobson	6	3
Inside Machinists	William H. Robbins	3	3
Dry Dock	Lewis Hohorst	1	4
Office	Frank B. Rose	3	5
Chauffeurs	Paul Sheehan	1	4
Outside Machinists	Kenneth Craig	2	3
Pattern Shop	Nils Johnson	0	7
Hull Department	Howard Saunders	3	4
Electricians	Harry Lawton	0	2
Pipe Fitters	A. Ernest Bright	4	3

Highest Team Score:
Carpenters..... 893

Highest Individual Averages:
Henry Rochelle..... 186
Frank B. Rose..... 181
L. D. Bell..... 180

It is planned to raise a Service Flag representing every department in the Yard just as soon as the number of men from each department who have left the Company to fight for Uncle Sam can be ascertained.

Doing Your Bit

Say, fellows, don't worry whenever you hear some gink asking who you are; why you're here; and wondering what pull and what graft entitled you to be exempt from the draft. Just tell them you're working by day and by night, to carry provisions to those in the fight, by furnishing ships by the sweat of your brow, the most needed thing in our conflict just now. And whether it's raining or whether it's fine, you're there on the job and you're always on time. The fierce blasts of winter, you face them with grit, the men of the ship-yards—that's doing their bit.

JOHN POWELL, No. 3357.



A Few Blue Notes

By Daniel F. Shea, Director

Band and orchestra activities have been somewhat quiet this past month, owing to the cold weather, the recent fire in the yard and to other things, but with the approach of the fag end of the winter we expect a busy season getting ready for the spring. Every member of the band and orchestra should be punctual at the rehearsals and pay strict attention to the business in hand so as to make these organizations second to none in the city.

As soon as a place can be provided to put the lockers, in which to keep our uniforms and instruments, the uniforms will be distributed. As these uniforms cost good round dollars, we should be very careful to keep them clean. We should also show our appreciation for the new instruments the Company has so kindly bought for us by taking the very best care of them.

New members of the band are: Frank Greco, Frank Woods, Peter Muller and A. Arenth, cornets; A. Baus, S. Nastae and A. C. Meyer, trombones; Peter Seminara and M. Maschitelli, baritones; E. Smith, alto; J. H. McCarthy, Bert Martin, H. Galucci and J. Somma, clarinets; Stephens Derosa, flute; Jeff Ward and Joseph Keegan, drums.

Notes from the Tuning Fork

By B. Flat

The band meets every Tuesday and Thursday at 4 P.M., at the yard restaurant until further notice.

At our last rehearsal there were absent three cornet players, a drummer and discipline.

If you happen to get a call down during a rehearsal don't get sore, it won't do you any harm.

If the fellow beside you blows a blue note, do not laugh at him. Encourage him, show him his mistake, we are not all Herbert Clarkes.

If the members of the Employees' Association keep on raising big families the band will get plenty of engagements playing at christenings.

The members of the band wish to express to Mr. Morse, and the management of the firm, their appreciation for the new uniforms and the fine set of instruments.

On first trying out our new instruments, Jack Bauer found the valves of his tuba frozen. Someone sent out for some alcohol, but before Jack had the valves disconnected the bottle disappeared. Bill Dougherty went home feeling good after the rehearsal, but we really don't know what became of the bottle.

A certain member of the band applied to Mr. Whitman for a position as timekeeper. Mr. Whitman called Mr. Shea on the telephone to ask if the applicant kept good time and this is the reply Danny made: "Well, he's pretty good on waltz time, but rather bad on marches and overtures."

Individuality

By Edward S. Pilsworth

(From *The Square Deal*)

You are your own child, the father of yourself. Think of this for a moment. Get the idea well into your mind. You are given a body, a brain, and a soul; what you make of them is yourself.

Will you be a physical wreck, or a man of strength and presence? The result is the work of your own hands. As you use your body, so you make it.

Will you be a thoughtless worm, or a thinking, living entity? As you will it, so shall it be.

Will you be a soulless brute, or carry a spark of the divine afflatus in your bosom? You are the one to say, and you, and you only, the one to decide.

No man can do either the one or the other for you. The making is your own act, and as your will prevails, so shall be the resulting product.

You can be shown the way, the roads can be pointed out to you, but the traveling of them is an act of your own will, and the goal you reach is the one you aim for, whether it be the stars above your head, or the dirt beneath your feet.

Will you take this body, mind and soul and make of it the perfect organism that the Creator meant it to be? Or will you depress it to the level of the herd? Of the brutes that graze and prey upon their fellows? Will you be a failure or will you be a man? Will you not take these three gifts and develop them, exalt them, make of the body the medium for the creative fabric of the mind and the soul, and use them for the glory of yourself and your fellow-man?

You are the child of yourself! Have you the love and pride that a parent should have in his progeny? Will you give yourself the chance to be great? To be big? To be a superman?

Why not?

You have a child to develop, to train, to fashion into one thing or the other. You have a trinity to use, either for good or for evil, for well or for ill, and according to your acts, you shall pay the price, or gather the profits, and no man can gainsay you the final result.

For you are your own child, the father of yourself!

Booze

The first drink: What will it be? A mistake.

The excuse: Sociability. Good fellowship.

The theory: An occasional drink doesn't hurt a fellow, as long as he doesn't lose his head and take another or fall in with the crowd and stand treat till everybody is mushy. Pretty poor philosophy, that. It has killed many a good fellow with too much confidence in himself.

The first drink doesn't do a man any good. You can't argue that point. Even if it proves harmless, it never by any chance does him a bit of good. This whole proposition has been argued pro and con and tested out in practice by thousands of fellows as good as you or I, and the final verdict is that the first drink is just a big mistake.

Good fellowship, companionability, sociability, whatever you please to call that spirit which draws good fellows together, certainly doesn't depend on a drink of anything ever served at a table or over a bar. We must be careful not to confuse the mushiness of a man in his cups, the song and laughter and joviality that goes with mild intoxication, with good fellowship. Good fellows never feel impelled to hand one another a wallop on the eye and then apologize next day when they have recovered their senses. Good fellowship never prompts a man to ridicule or sneer at a comrade who thinks more of his health and his self-respect than he thinks of his stomach. If a man wants a drink or thinks he needs one, that is his business; when it comes to your selection of a drink, that is your business. A real man will never confess by look or word any surprise or disappointment when you choose buttermilk, lemonade or water. If you are not a two-by-four character yourself you will never feel any compunction whatever, in any company anywhere, in making your own uncensored choice of beverages.

The wise boy these days keeps his head clear and brings home the bacon. The smart Aleck peters out half way along the road. It is no longer a mere question of morals, or even of health. Efficiency makes teetotalism necessary and unavoidable.

What will you have?

Make it mineral water—if you are bound to squander money on your drink—and stay in the race.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*



CHANGING WHEEL ON THE RAJAH

One of the biggest ships repaired by the Morse Company in 1917.



Someone should present a pair of roller skates to Dick Allen. "It's a long way to Room No. 9," and the price of shoe leather has advanced. Just picture Dick skating along the hall with a bunch of bills, and that skeleton-head peace-pipe he smokes occasionally!

If Joe Hendersen was compelled to fulfill all his promises he would have to start a candy factory all his own. Come, "cough up," Joe.

BEAUTY HINTS: There is nothing like taking long walks every noon hour to maintain a sylphlike figure. If you don't believe us, ask Mary Travers.

We are very sorry to report that Mr. William Linoki has been ill for the past week. He has been seen groping his way over to the hospital every day. This is the penalty "youth" has to pay in slippery weather.

There has been a request that the young ladies in Room No. 9 confine their literary efforts to the English language. The Scandinavian stuff is over our heads.

Someone asked Charles G. Hall what his middle initial stood for, and he replied "GOAT."

Whose war zone photograph looked like Jack Rose of Rosenthal fame? Ask Frank, he knows.

War tried excuses of our Mr. Daly, Purchasing Agent: "Railroad tieup, shortage of material, fuel administration, shortage of labor and trucks, over work, long hours, long journey home," etc. Never mind, Bill, it is much worse "Over There."

If anyone around here wants to indulge in the delights of a technical discussion, see Mr. Johansen, our chief draftsman. This is one of his particular hobbies.

"Absence of occupation is not rest
For a mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."—
H. R. Curwen.

We have all been in doubt as to who is the reigning "Soap Queen," but when it comes to a showdown, Margaret has Maude beaten a mile.

We are told that the town of Dundee, Scotland, is constructed of the refuse of Glasgow, and furthermore, that all the good men of Dundee have been wearing "wooden kimonos" for more than a century. How about it, Mr. Craig?

We notice Cy McLaurin and Kirkaldy making "goo-goo eyes" at one another lately. There is something in the wind all right.

Famous Sayings

"Oh, tell him go fly a kite!"
. . . *Morse, Jr.*

"Keep it, old top, keep it!"
. . . *Murray.*

"It's a great life if you don't weaken!"
. . . *Hall.*

"Hello, are you happy?"
. . . *Rose.*

"That's right, old man, that's right!"
. . . *Saunders.*

"What the x— " — *— * "
. . . *Craig.*

"Yes, I'll have it ready in a few minutes!"
. . . *Allen.*

"Now, I tell you I just had them on the phone, and the goods will be shipped," etc.
. . . *Daly.*

"Well, you see it's this way!"
. . . *Linoki.*

"You said it!"
. . . *Mcad.*

"Hello, this is Fleming talking!"
. . . *Fleming.*

"I'll be back in a minute!"
. . . *Noble.*

"Oh, he's dead!"
. . . *Baker.*

"Don't you see what I mean!"
. . . *Bell.*

"Going for a walk?"
. . . *Travers.*

About Your Liberty Bonds

In order to clear up any misunderstanding that may exist in the mind of any employee, the following outline of the Liberty Bond agreement is printed:

All matters in regard to the Liberty Bond will be handled by the pay roll department (Room 14).

1. Employees who are discharged or leave the service of their own accord may continue their weekly payments, pay the balance due and secure bond or have refund made, as provided for in contract.

2. Employees laid off temporarily will be refunded only in cases where they are out of the service longer than thirty (30) days, and only upon the written request of such employee. When employee, who has been laid off, again returns to work, payments will be resumed on the regular weekly basis.

3. In cases of sickness payments will be discontinued until employee returns to work, at which time payments will be resumed on regular weekly basis.

4. Payments made by employees who join the army or navy will be refunded upon the request of such employee.

5. A charge of 2 per cent. of the face value of the bonds subscribed for will be deducted from the amounts paid in by employees who request refunds, except in cases of employees who enter the army or the navy. This 2 per cent. is to cover the expense incurred by this Company in connection with handling and selling the Liberty Bonds, which are taken over when the refunds are made.

The consternation caused in the office building on Thursday morning was *not* from a German bomb being dropped, but from the report in the daily press that arrangements had been made to draft all Englishmen in the United States up to the age of forty-five years into the service of the British army. Several of our inspectors are making hurried arrangements for transportation "back 'ome."





William Walker brought in a nice little piece the other day. It was written by Catherine R. Walker, Mr. Walker's little niece, and we must take our hat off to Catherine for being such a bright little girl and to Mr. Walker for being so kind as to help us to get nice things for our magazine. Here is Catherine's piece as she wrote it:

"My uncle took me up to the big stores on Fulton street to see the flag of every nation, so when I went home my uncle asked me what flag I liked the best so I told him I liked the Irish flag and my uncle said, why don't you like the American flag and then I said the American flag was like a peppermint stick and then my uncle said you don't see anyone coming over to lick it."

A little bird brought this one in to us:

"Our old friend, Ben DeBar, of the machine shop, knows what good photographs are. He was commenting upon the excellency of the pictures in the first number of our magazine, THE DIAL, but referred to the picture of himself taken for the war zone pass as follows: 'Gosh blame it, I have a three-year-old pup, which I raised myself, and when I showed him my blamed picture he growled at it as if he didn't know who it was.' "

Scotty, or Big Scotty, as he is generally called by his mates of the outside machinist department, had the misfortunate to be laid up a few days owing to something dropping on his foot. Too bad, Scotty, but you were lucky it wasn't one of those noon-hour sandwiches that dropped.

Someone told me that Billy Dunn, of the outside machinists, was getting to be quite a bowler, the only trouble is at times he imagines he's at Yaphank throwing hand grenades.

Have you a little Fairy in your home?
Electrician Billy Marks don't read this line,
For he is fond of "soap"; one kind alone,
And that's the "soap" he makes called "overtime."

I saw a *brace* of carpenters doing their *bit* till late, quite a few nights, which "*adz*" to their weekly envelope: Sam Spencer and Louis White.

Young Woglum, of the brass store room, is practicing dancing. He says he 's going into vaudeville soon, but instead of wiggling his feet, he's going to "Wog-lum."

Charles McGovern, formerly a heater boy, is now a timekeeper under Mr. Whitman. Walter MacDonald has also joined Mr. Whitman's staff, leaving the pipe department, where he was a helper.

A certain machinist (outside), when asked: "Who do you work for," used to proudly reply, "E. P. Morse." But the other day a Government Inspector caught him smoking on one of the ships; now his answer is, R-E-Morse (remorse).

I saw McNeil, of the wood caulkers, holding his head up pretty high. I asked a friend of his the cause. He said, "Oh, he's got a cramp in his neck from sitting in the front row at the Star Theatre every week."

Someone told Harry Abramson that "Osage" was an Indian name. Ever since he's eating Indian meal for breakfast, learning to swing Indian clubs, his favorite game is Indian dice and he's thinking of moving to Indianapolis, Ind.

Whittaker, of the outside machinists, is in mourning on account of the *Nepthis* leaving.

Charles Marullo, machine shop helper (No. 682), says he's getting ready to pull some new stuff at one of our entertainments. Charlie, we suspect, is the chap introduced to us as Snow Ball, but we are not sure about it.

The severe weather of the winter, which has included many hard wind storms, has played havoc with water-front property and the Morse yard has suffered its full share. The storm of January 12 blew down the huge sign over the machine shop. Oscar Kruger, who built the sign, says he's got it in for the weather man for doing such a dastardly trick. The sign, Oscar says, was one of the largest in the city, being 412 feet long, and it took him two months and a half to make it. It took the weather man about two minutes and a half to send it crashing to the ground.

To William I. Ross (1513), a driller, we are indebted for the following, which he calls "The Song of the Drill," with apologies to Mr. Powell's "The Rigger":

For we drill, drill, drill,
All in the cold and chill,
And we chip, chip, chip
On Uncle Sam's battleship,
And we ream, ream, ream:
It is all for a nation's cause,
For we are doing our bit
To help make the old Kaiser quit,
Down at the firm of E. P. Morse.

They tell us that Jim Maloney, who keeps the autos spick and span, has been having a hard time to get coal.

Red hot, red hot, you hear him at the gate,
You hear him half a mile away, no chance of being late.
Though he is Jerry on the job, he's missed his chance, I fear,
Instead of keeping time he'd make a dandy auctioneer.

Alfred Renn Walker, inside machinist, will sign his name with Sr. after it from now on. Alfred Renn Walker, Jr., a twelve-pound youngster, was born on January 5 and is the first boy in a family of seven children. Mr. Walker, Sr., is a member of the Morse Orchestra.

Fred Brunner had to visit the hospital the other day, and when he got back to his job someone asked him: "Well, Fred, how did you make out?"

"Oh! I got along all right," said Fred, "but the nurse made me stand on one leg to see if I was O. K."

We are sorry to report that Bill Gedney, who has been one of our active co-workers, bowling league scorer, etc., has left us. Mr. Gedney goes to Baltimore, and his friends wish him success. The foremen presented Bill with a beautiful gold watch before his departure, Charles G. Hall making the presentation.

The Workmen's Clock

By John Powell, No. 3357

The Roman mob that went to hear Mark Anthony's oration
Has been proclaimed the wildest one of any ancient nation,
Demanding vengeance for the death of one by name J. Caesar,
Whom Brutus murdered by request of some old Roman geezer.

And later came the French commune, and with the Bastile falling,
The rushing, pushing, crushing mob, they say was most appalling.
And we have seen our share right here on each election night,
When frenzied mobs will tear and swear, and with each other fight.

But for a mob to which these ancients cannot be compared
Just take a trip to Morse yard where boats they are repaired,
And stand beside the largest ship that lays beside the dock,
And watch at whistle time the fight to punch the workmen's clock.

We hear a great many complaints, these days, about the service on the Brooklyn Rapid Transit lines. Many of the employees who are unfortunate enough to have to use the "L" say that it is not unusual for them to be delayed as long as half an hour in coming to work, and a petition has been circulated stating their grievances.

Pipe Dreams

By Stillson Wrench

Here's a beautiful piece of sentiment, appreciated only by a pipe fitter when recited by the foreman, early in the morning when the thermometer is below zero.

"What're framing up this morning? Go and get a four-foot wrench,
Take a helper, tall and husky, lay some three inch in the trench."

Walter Whiteside, the miniature gentleman of the pipe department, was laid up a week owing to an injured shoulder, said to be caused by hitting an unoffending giraffe in the jaw.

Jimmy Struthers of the pipe shop has made an application to have his name changed to Heine Schmaltz, so he'll be barred from the Hoboken war zone.

One day on the *Osage* the only one who heard the whistle was Will Smith, he of the pipe shop. Even Shea, the timekeeper, didn't hear it. And Will's hard of hearing, too.

We note that Charles F. Fiske is now housed in his new store room and that Charles is some fussed up.

Hot Rivets

By Old Tongs

We notice our genial superintendent, Mr. Murray, wearing a big badge. He evidentally knows the touch of cold steel.

If you want to see Weinke do a 100-yard dash in record time blow over a sign.

Red Hot had a great try out with "McEwen and Wright, troubadors," on the shell of the *Santa Clara* recently, and, of course, the "hot air" boy won.

Some wind, some racket, some rush—some explanations.

Cavanaugh as anchor on the bowling team was an awful drag.

Munch and Hallock, the Aztec twins, are now doubled on the *El Siglo*. Watch things hum from now on.

We hear the snappers singing now and then: "Don't waste your time; don't waste another's. In the hustle, don't get dizzy. If not for what you want on earth, for your country's sake get busy."

EVERY INDIVIDUAL

Employed by the Morse Company is a Member

of the

Employees' Association

and should take an active
interest in that organization

During the Month of February

Each Department Will Elect a New Director

IT IS YOUR DUTY

to take part in the elections and to interest yourself in what is going on.

Be sure to attend the Annual Meeting on the last Wednesday of the month, February 27, when a new President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer will be chosen.

Be on hand to vote and listen to the reports of your committees on what has been done during the past year.

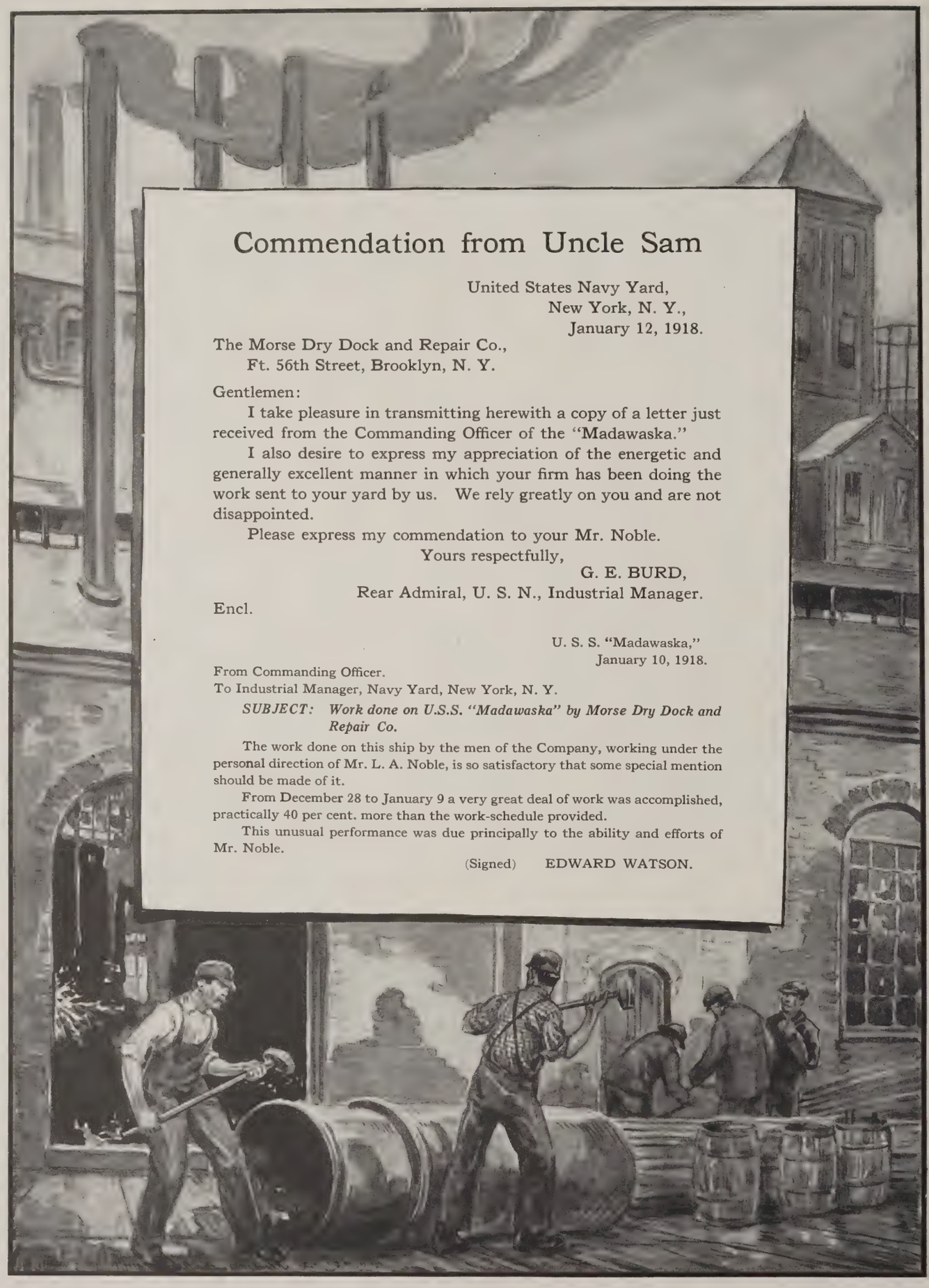
The meeting will be held in

THE NEW ASSEMBLY HALL

in the Carpenters' Building, Opposite the Main Office

Don't Forget That This Is Your Association
Back It Up by Having a Share in Its Activities

PRINTED BY WILLIAM GREEN, A CORPORATION, NEW YORK



Commendation from Uncle Sam

United States Navy Yard,
New York, N. Y.,
January 12, 1918.

The Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co.,
Ft. 56th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I take pleasure in transmitting herewith a copy of a letter just received from the Commanding Officer of the "Madawaska."

I also desire to express my appreciation of the energetic and generally excellent manner in which your firm has been doing the work sent to your yard by us. We rely greatly on you and are not disappointed.

Please express my commendation to your Mr. Noble.

Yours respectfully,

G. E. BURD,
Rear Admiral, U. S. N., Industrial Manager.

Encl.

U. S. S. "Madawaska,"
January 10, 1918.

From Commanding Officer.
To Industrial Manager, Navy Yard, New York, N. Y.

SUBJECT: Work done on U.S.S. "Madawaska" by Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co.

The work done on this ship by the men of the Company, working under the personal direction of Mr. L. A. Noble, is so satisfactory that some special mention should be made of it.

From December 28 to January 9 a very great deal of work was accomplished, practically 40 per cent. more than the work-schedule provided.

This unusual performance was due principally to the ability and efforts of Mr. Noble.

(Signed) EDWARD WATSON.

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The DRY DOCK DIAL

MARCH 1918



How Success Begins

By Bert Edward Barnes

SEVERAL years ago a worthy friend, whose name ranked high in the small city where he lived, took time from a busy day to tell the writer something about his life and the secret of his success. Eight years have passed, but that man's simple account of how he achieved wealth and business reputation has stuck fast to my memory. His was a story of poverty and hardship conquered by determination and *self-denial.*

My friend came to America an immigrant boy, unable even to speak the language of those with whom he came in contact. For three weeks he ate nothing but sugar buns and milk because he could not afford to buy a square meal. He lived in the attic of a ramshackle building used by a horse doctor. The horse doctor was the only person he had found in the town able to speak his language, and the only person who would give him employment.

It was during those first several weeks that my friend learned the meaning of *self-denial.* He told me how he would stand looking at cookies and pastry displayed in baker shop windows until his eyes filled with tears. In shame he would turn his face away and then would begin his battle to conquer himself. Repeatedly he did this, not in any deliberate plan for the strengthening of his will power, but because it just happened that way.

Then one cold, cheerless night in his lone attic room, he awoke to the true meaning of *self-denial.* He found himself conqueror of that spirit which urges men to follow the line of least resistance, and from that time on he became a determined man; *self-denial* was his watchword, and he went forth thereafter possessed of himself; he commanded his own body, his own appetite, his own desires.

The day he told me his story he was seated in a rich leather chair before a brilliant fireplace, and amidst the luxuries of a man of wealth. He had two beautiful summer homes, one in the country, another at the shore, and a magnificent city home. Expensive oil paintings hung on the walls around me, everything was gorgeous. It seemed somehow to spell for me, after hearing his story, the words *self-denial.*

The other day I heard the life story of another man. It was told in the same unaffected, sincere way, not with the object of arousing my admiration, but simply in the course of an intimate conversation. The story just naturally unfolded itself as the teller spoke of his early career. There was nothing boastful, nothing egotistical about it. The man sat in a swivel chair in an office. From the windows of that office he could look out over the vast plant which bore his name. He could see ships tied up to the piers, their towering masts and riggings swaying with the slight roll of the water, he could see hundreds of men moving back and forth as they went about their work. In the distance a new dry dock, the largest on the Atlantic coast, was beginning to take shape, and additional buildings were going up as fast as human hands and modern methods could erect them. In the foreground were Government ships in their grim war paint, marking them the true couriers of democracy that they are. This vast property with its teeming activity represented that man's achievement, the result of his *self-denial.*

Coming to New York from the unsophisticated town of a Canadian coast province in 1879, without even an acquaintance in the city and with hardly enough money to pay for his keep for a week, his was indeed another story of romance. Having lived within view of the ocean, he naturally turned to the marine trades for a livelihood, but alas, he had not counted upon the uncertainties of the times. What few shipyards there were then in the port of New York he found closed because business was dull in that year. After a long and discouraging hunt he found employment in a small shop. The young man did not have to restrict his diet to sugar buns and milk, but he did have to work hard, as hard as any young man ever had to work.

True to himself, however, and true to his employer, he gave all that he had in him; he showed himself so worthy, so industrious and so willing to do whatever was put before him, he gained recognition which brought for him even within a few months the management of a branch shop which the firm opened, and this despite the fact that he was the youngest employee in the company.

Eventually the firm dissolved, and the young man, fired by the ambition and zeal of an honest youth, saw his opportunity. He had lived a frugal life, he had practiced *self-denial,* never indulging in the extravagances of other youths of his age; and by so doing he had saved a sum of money. His upright and sturdy character had attracted the attention of the heads of the firm and when he approached them with the proposal that he be given an opportunity to buy the business he received a ready hearing. Every cent he had was thus invested, and starting with good health, determination and a spirit of *self-denial* as his only assets, he embarked on his career.

During the years he had worked as an employee he stuck fast to the rule of working as hard and faithfully for his employer as he would have worked for himself. Furthermore, he saw the advantage of conserving his health by leaving tobacco and liquor alone, and by keeping reasonable hours, so that even to this day his constitution is the equal of that of men many years younger.

Had he lived a different life, had he gone the way of least resistance, the company which bears his name would never have been in existence. When others at his age sought pleasure, he chose the hardships, and now he has his reward; his is the pleasure to feel that through his success hundreds are given employment and sustenance.

Many young men to-day are nothing more or less than clock watchers. Their sole interest lies in their own welfare, they never think of the welfare of their employer; it never enters their heads to study his interests to the end that his interests work to their own good. The young man of to-day seldom realizes that it is not necessary for him to tell his employer what he is doing and what he can do; he doesn't understand that his work each day speaks for itself, and that if he is an honest workman it shows in his face and in his personality. It is hard for him to appreciate that the only one road to success is through industry and rigid *self-denial.*

THE DRY DOCK DIAL

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Vol. 1 MARCH, 1918 No. 3



Morse Company Covers Historic Ground



LIKE a ghost out of the past that little old Dutch building in which is housed the yard hospital, stands a sentinel on watch against the "ravages" of progress, and a constant reminder to those who are aware of the fact that the plant of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company covers historic ground.

The property was originally the farm of Theodorus Bergen, which extended from the waters of the bay as far back as New Utrecht. The old Bergen homestead, now used as the hospital building, was built about 1700 and was the scene of many stirring events in those days when the surrounding country was mostly maize fields and cattle pastures.



The Bergen Homestead as It Looked in 1900

At the time it was erected the building occupied a site on a bluff overlooking the bay, but when the property was bought by the Morse Company the house was located near the inner end of the plot where the machine shop now stands. A country road running from Old Brooklyn to the Narrows crossed the farm about in line with the thoroughfare now known as Third avenue, and a winding roadway led to the doorway of the homestead from that road.

TO-DAY is a far cry from the time when the only line of communication with Manhattan was a single ferry, operated by one Cornelius Dircksen, who "was summoned by means of a horn that hung on a convenient tree, ready for the traveler to blow when he wished to cross." Brooklyn then was spelled "Breuckelen," a Dutch name which meant meant "broken lands."



Interior View of Old Bergen Homestead Taken in 1914

The village of "Breuckelen" was centered about the site of the present City Hall, and followed the course of Fulton street, which is believed to have been originally an Indian trail. " 'Breuckelen,' " we are told in a booklet published by the Brooklyn Trust Company, "passed through various vicissitudes of tax laws, political upheavals, church establishments, and growth as a town, and at about the time of the Revolution she came to be known first as Brookland and then as Brooklyn."

Her rugged sons responded readily to the Patriots' cause in 1775, defended the colonies with a sturdiness of purpose which left an indelible mark on the pages of American history, and went home at the close of the war to take up ploughshare and tools with equal zeal and determination. In half a century Brooklyn became a thriving city. Thirty-one years later war was again in the land and, inspired by the fiery eloquence of Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn rallied to the cause of the North and sent her sons into combat under the guiding hand of Abraham Lincoln.



The Old Home as It Appeared in 1914

ANOTHER half century and we find Brooklyn as she is to-day, teeming with an industrial activity which is fast pushing her boundary lines back into the suburbs of Long Island.

The old Dutch homesteads, of which the Bergen house is among the last, are becoming fewer and fewer as the march of progress sweeps onward. These old houses, which have seen the shock of cannon and the death of brave men, can almost be numbered now on the fingers of the hand. The Morse Company is trying to preserve as long as possible the old building, but it may be that the rapid growth of the plant will make it necessary to tear it down. It is with keen regret that those who hold dear the old associations see the homestead approaching slowly but surely the day when its sturdy walls may have to be laid low.

History books tell us that previous to the battle of Long Island the British had landed their army at Gravesend Bay, and under cover of the guns of their ships had stationed part of their army along the Bay Ridge shore. A few years ago, when the old



An Early View of the Shores of Brooklyn. From a Print in the Collection of the New York Public Library

Bergen house was moved and the hill taken away, the excavators found a large number of King George pennies in different parts of the ground, indicating that this part of the shore had been used as an encampment by the British.

GENERAL GRANT, of the English army, led part of his forces along the Gowanus road to a point where Third street now extends, in an endeavor to surround or flank the American army. The battle raged from the Bay Ridge waterfront to south of Flatbush avenue and the heaviest fighting took place at Battle Pass in Prospect Park and at the old stone house, which stood until a few years ago at the corner of Third street and Fifth avenue.

There has been placed on the wall of one of the tenements which now occupy the site where the old stone house stood a bronze tablet, which reads: "The site of the Old Cortelyou House on the Battlefield of Long Island. Here on the 27th of August, 1776, two hundred and fifty out of four hundred brave Maryland soldiers under the command of Lord Stirling were killed in combat with the British under Lord Cornwallis."

Nicholas Vechte erected the house in 1699, the first stone house in Gowanus at that time. Its walls were so well constructed that the building withstood the siege in the war of the Revolution and, when finally destroyed several years ago, Gatling guns were required to force apart the stones. There is a story, given credence by historians, that Captain Kidd, in the very year the house was built, sailed to Easthampton, Long Island, and buried treasure there.

AT three o'clock on the morning of that marked day in history, Lord Stirling left the stone house to face the enemy, moving his men along Fifth avenue. The British in the meantime were directing their lines against the stone house and the detachments met near the border of Greenwood Woods. General Washington, aroused by the sound of musketry, hastened on horseback toward the Brooklyn lines and saw the brave fight Lord Stirling's men made.

Cannon, muskets and rifles spat their deadly fire hour after hour with the old stone house the center of the strife. Lord Stirling finally received word that the Patriot leader, Sullivan, had fallen and that the British army was advancing on his rear. Cornwallis's forces had occupied the house and Lord Stirling directed his men toward routing them. The Patriots stormed the building repeatedly despite the fact that the British had placed guns both within and without.

Just as victory for the Americans seemed sure, Cornwallis received reinforcements. Stirling's men were cut off from retreat and there seemed nothing to do but surrender. Rallying his forces, however, Lord Stirling turned his rifles on the British, fought until most of his brave soldiers had been cut down, and then blindly fled across the hills only to be taken prisoner.



New York from Brooklyn Heights, 1834. From an Old Print in the New York Public Library

THE Bergen family dated back to about 1660, when Michael Hansen Van Bergen received the original grant of land, confirmed by the Dutch, from the Indians. The family played a prominent part in the affairs of those early days. A Bergen girl



Battle Pass, Valley Grove, Brooklyn, 1866. From a Lithograph Made from McCloskey's Manual for 1867. In the Collection of the New York Public Library

once fell in love with a British officer and, fearing the wrath of her father, left home and with her soldier husband sought Nova Scotia, where land was granted to them by the King of England.

"The women of the house of Bergen were famous for their beauty," we are told in the booklet issued by the Brooklyn Trust Company, "and the men were noted for their hardihood and courage in war.

"Forth from their home the Bergen boys stealthily went one dark night, and rowing a waiting boat toward a British warship anchored far from land, they surprised the sleeping crew and made the Hessian officers prisoners, triumphantly carrying them to the headquarters of the Patriot army in Jersey."

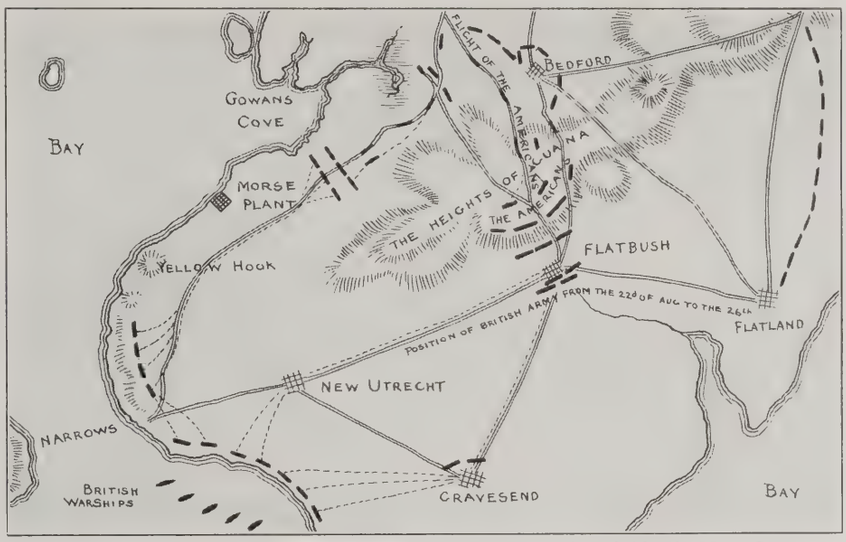
There appears in some of the historical writings about old Brooklyn an account of a Bergen home, located "once at Thirty-third street and Third avenue, where the ghost of Lord Howe is said to roam on the anniversary of the battle of Long



Brooklyn in 1854. Drawn by B. F. Smith, Jr., and Published by H. Fern & Co., New York. From the Collection of Percy R. Pyne, 2d

Island." This home stood south of the King's Highway and directly in the British line of battle, and it is barely possible that this is the same building now used as a yard hospital.

THE house spoken of was occupied by English officers during the seven years prior to the evacuation of New York by the British. In fact, the building was used as their headquarters, and it is said that sharp on the stroke of midnight each year, "on the anniversary of the battle of Long Island, booted feet were heard pacing the floor of an upper chamber, and a great clanking of steel was heard as the stately tread of spurred feet descended the winding stairs. The ghostly visitor, supposed to be Lord Howe, paused in the lower hall long enough possibly to adjust his cloak or his sword, and then, regardless of the storm that might be raging without or the soft moonlight that sifted through the locust trees, he passed out of the old door to again revisit the scenes of the battle of Long Island."



This Map Shows Where the British Marched Past the Property Now Occupied by the Morse Company, the Redcoats Having Landed from Their Warships in Gravesend Bay

NEW UTRECHT had its share in the Revolution, as is attested by the many historic landmarks which have been preserved. There is the Van Pelt Manor House in Van Pelt Manor, near the Reformed Dutch Church. In front of this church is the New Utrecht liberty pole, bearing an eagle and a weather-vane spelling "liberty." This marks the spot over which the first American flag was raised in the town of New Utrecht on the evacuation of the British in 1783.

The church was used by the British as a hospital and riding school. An old milestone, a relic of pre-Revolutionary days, is still standing on a corner near the Manor House. It is said to be one of the few milestones remaining in Kings County.

In those days the bay was famous for its shad and also its oysters. For instance, two eminent gentlemen of Holland who visited Simon Aerson DeHart, whose property extended from Twenty-seventh street to the New Utrecht line at Bay Ridge, wrote of their visit:

"We found a good fire half-way up the chimney, of clear oak and hickory, of which they made not the least scruple in burning profusely. We let it penetrate us thoroughly. There had been already thrown upon it, to be roasted, a pailful of *Gouanes* oysters, which are the best in the country. They are large and full, some of them not less than a foot long, and they grew sometimes ten, twelve and sixteen together and are then like a piece of rock. In consequence of the great quantities of them, everybody keeps the shells for the purpose of burning them into lime. They pickle the oysters in small casks and send them to Barbadoes and other islands."

One Way to Succeed

No matter what you do, try to be a king in your line. Have nothing to do with the inferior. Do your best; deal with the best; choose the best; live up to your best. If there is that in your nature which will take nothing less than your best in everything you do, you will achieve distinction in some line, if you have the persistence and determination to follow your ideal. People who have accomplished work worth while have set a very high standard for themselves. They have not confined themselves to the beaten tracks; they have never been satisfied to do things just as others do them, but always a little better. Whatever you do in life, do it with the same zeal, the same enthusiasm, the same thoroughness which Stradivarius put into the making of his violins, which to-day are worth thousands of dollars apiece.—*From the New Success Magazine.*



Brooklyn as Seen from Trinity Church in 1853. From the Collection of Robert Fridenberg

"Over the Top" on the Somme

By Bertram W. Clendinnen, No. 3406

The author of this article received an honorable discharge from the Canadian army at Quebec on January 3, 1918, after a thrilling and remarkable experience in the army camps of Canada and England and on the battlefields of France. Having served in the United States Army during the Spanish-American War and in the Canadian army during the Boer War, Mr. Clendinnen is eminently fitted to write with authority upon the subject of army life. No longer able to continue service in a uniform, he came direct to the Morse Company for employment, desiring, as he said, to continue doing something to beat the Hun. "Ships are the most vital need of the Allies to-day," he explained, "and as I cannot serve in the army any longer I want to give my services in some way that will contribute to the task of providing the vessels so badly needed. Every man employed in this yard, it seems to me, is just as important a factor in this war as the man wearing a uniform. The shipworkers of the nation must provide the boats that are to keep our soldiers in France supplied with munitions and food, and I am glad to do my bit in that direction."

Mr. Clendinnen participated in the second battle of Ypres, in the battle of Festubert, in the operations near La Bassee and in the fighting on the Somme. He was blown up once by a shell, but suffered only from the shock.—Editor.

IN submitting to you some of my recollections as a soldier in the great war, I wish to remind you that I am more familiar with the rifle and bayonet than I am with the pen. However, having seen as a soldier in France some things which may be of interest to the Morse Company employees, I shall attempt to set down some of my experiences for their entertainment.

In September, 1914, I received an invitation from a colonel under whom I had served in the Boer War in South Africa, to join the regiment he was forming at Valcartier Camp, Quebec, Canada, for active service in France. I quickly responded, and early in the following month was on my way to England as a member of the Strathcona Horse, a cavalry outfit which was made over into an infantry command.

Our unit was part of the First Canadian division, which consisted of 33,000 officers and men. We carried with us complete equipment, guns, wagons, ambulances and hospital corps, and several shiploads of horses and stores. To move this great force thirty-three large vessels were requisitioned. Ship-building employees should realize the great part ships are playing in this war. In my opinion, a victory for the Allies will be as much due to the success with which America supplies transports as to anything else.

WE had a fine passage of about two weeks. I don't mean to say that the sailors had a fine passage because I can't understand how any of them enjoyed their task very much. I had often wondered why sailors danced hornpipes so well; but after seeing the small cruisers, which formed our escort, wallow in the trough of the Atlantic, I understood. The "jolly tars" certainly do get all kinds of practice and a good sea cook on one of those small cruisers must be some juggler.

Our transports docked at Plymouth, England, and our division received a great welcome from the people ashore, but we were not allowed to participate in the festivities because we had more serious business in hand. As quickly as possible we were railroaded to Salisbury Plain and there commenced our training in earnest. That winter seems even at this distant date like a bad dream to me. To harden us for the greater discomforts ahead the Canadian military authorities kept us housed in tents. It rained for thirty days during one spell and we lost about one thousand men from spinal meningitis and other camp diseases that winter.

However, a strong and hearty crowd of us left for France early in the spring of 1915 and reached there in time to engrave our names on the pages of history by stopping the great German offensive against Calais. This was during the second battle of Ypres, which is pronounced "Wipers," and I yet marvel how so few hastily-trained volunteers, poorly equipped in artillery, munitions and machine guns, accomplished what they did.

The chlorine gas, that damnable instrument of death, was used for the first time by the Huns in that battle which lasted several weeks. I saw men die from that poison gas standing on their feet and others linger and spit their lungs out in awful agony.

IN May, 1915, we were relieved on this Belgian front by English divisions and marched for several days further into France, each man carrying his complete equipment, which weighed about seventy-five pounds but seemed a ton. After our long march we arrived at the city of Bethune, which is the center of the coal mining district. Here were huge power houses which supplied current for nearly the whole of northern France. From there we went into the trenches opposite La Bassee and took part in the battle of Festubert, "going over the top" again.

The Germans heavily bombarded our communication trenches and we suffered serious losses before reinforcements reached us. After that fighting we returned to Belgium and spent the winter in the trenches there. At that time the Allies were often dangerously short of munitions, the enemy sometimes putting over one hundred shots to our one. To-day, however, conditions are reversed.

Early in the summer of 1916 we marched down to the Somme and relieved the Australians on the battle-front. Here the enemy was simply blown out of his positions



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Canadian Artillery Marching on the Road to Maurepas on the Somme

by concentrated gun fire. Just imagine a large number of batteries of 8.9 and twelve-inch caliber cannon firing one continuous roar like the roll of a drum, making a noise one would find in a gigantic boiler shop. The flashes from these many guns made it possible to see the dial of a watch at any time of the night, the din continuing day in and day out with only a stop now and then to let the guns get cool. The Germans were not a bit slow in replying to our bombardment, either, and it is a wonder to me that any of us are alive to-day to tell of it.



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On the Somme Front

After several months of this, during which time we lost a large number of men, we returned to the neighborhood of Lens, where there was steady fighting for us all winter. In the spring we had the honor of capturing Vimy Ridge.



Mr. Clendinnen in Uniform

THESE big offensives take months of careful preparation and enormous stores of supplies have to be transported close to the firing line and carefully camouflaged to keep the enemy airmen from spotting them.

Unless one has been through a campaign in France it is hard to realize what an important part the aeroplane is now playing in the war. An air fight is surely a most interesting and thrilling spectacle. I have seen airmen spot the shots of the big guns by wireless and it is remarkable how effective they are in their work. The enemy is watched all along the line by a string of captive balloons, and these, too, play a prominent part in the task of keeping tabs on what the Boche is doing.

I have been in trenches which were so close to those of the enemy we could carry on a conversation with the Huns. Such proximity, however, is not very healthy because of the use of bombs and rifle grenades. The French 75 is a wonderful gun and the continuous firing of them always made a great impression on me. The Stokes trench mortar and the Mills bomb go to the credit of the British, and during the latter part of the time I was in France the Germans were often licked to death by the Lewis machine gun, a product of the good old U. S. A.

We must win this war if we are to save democracy and freedom and restore peace to the world. The men employed by the Morse Company are doing a noble work by helping the Government in its shipping problems. I have been told of how the Morse employees stuck to their work last summer at a time when other shipworkers were out on strike, and I want to say as one of the men at that time in France fighting for the peace-loving peoples of the world, that the boys in the trenches would be ready to vote them their heartfelt thanks if they only knew of what the Morse men did.

Soldier Philosophy

The following excellent bit of soldierly philosophy has gone the rounds in the trenches of France and demonstrates the wonderful spirit of the men at the front:

You have two alternatives, either you are mobilized or you are not. If not, you have nothing to worry about.

If you are mobilized, you have two alternatives, you are in camp or at the front. If you are in camp, you have nothing to worry about.

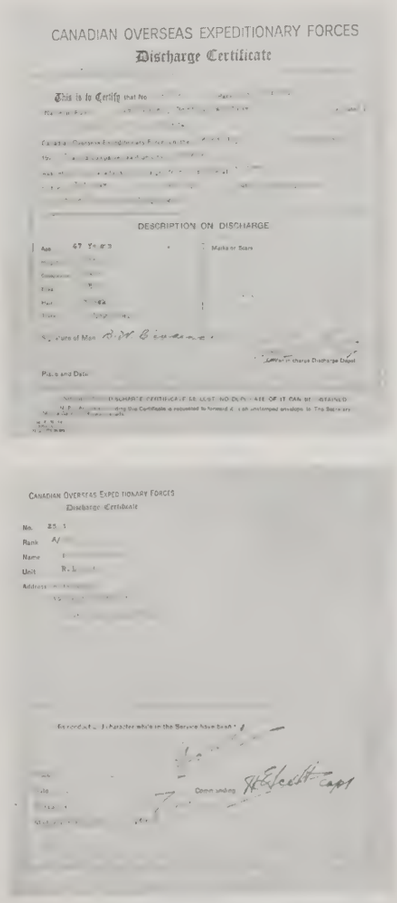
If you are at the front, you have two alternatives, either you are in reserve or on the fighting line. If you are in reserve, you have nothing to worry about.

If you are at the front line, you have two alternatives, either you fight or you don't. If you don't, you have nothing to worry about.

If you do, you have two alternatives, either you get hurt or you don't. If you don't, you have nothing to worry about.

If you are hurt, you have two alternatives, either you get slightly hurt or you get badly hurt. If slightly, you have nothing to worry about.

If badly, you have two alternatives, either you recover or you don't. If you recover, you have nothing to worry about. If you don't, and have followed my advice clear through, you have done with worry forever.



CANADIAN OVERSEAS EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

Discharge Certificate

This is to Certify that No.

DESCRIPTION ON DISCHARGE

His Discharge Papers

Employees Pledge Loyalty

By Thomas J. Plunkett

ONE of the most momentous and important meetings held by the Employees' Association since its organization was that of January 30, in Parkway Assembly Hall, Fourth avenue and Fifty-first street, at which time a patriotic resolution was adopted, setting forth the loyalty of the Morse employees to the Government. This very important resolution followed a stirring appeal made by Rev. Dr. Charles A. Eaton, pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, who is now touring the country as chief of the National Service Section of the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation. Dr. Eaton came before the meeting as a special representative of the Government and made a most urgent and inspiring appeal for the help of everyone toward winning the war.

He spoke to the point and emphasized the serious predicament this country is going to find itself in if its shipping program is not fulfilled. "Do you men know that you hold in your hands the destiny of this country?" he asked. "Well, you do, and don't let anyone tell you any different. You fellows are doing a work here as important as the work of the men in the trenches, and you've got to realize it. All life in this country should be devoted to the service of winning the war.

"This war is a war between Prussian militarism and the democratic and free peoples of the earth. It is being waged to decide whether the world shall be free or enslaved; whether men shall govern themselves or be governed by a self-appointed tyrant who uses brute force to crush all opposition.

"The essence of Prussianism is cruelty and deceit. The Kaiser and von Hindenburg and their fellow-rulers believe that they can scare free men by what they call frightfulness.

"Following out this belief to its logical results, they have since August, 1914, committed every crime known in the black calendar of depravity. They tore up the treaty as a scrap of paper by which they had solemnly promised to protect Belgium, and they poured over Belgium like a devouring plague.

"They murdered Edith Cavell, a little middle-aged English nurse, shooting her to death alone in the middle of the night. They murdered Captain Fryatt, a gallant captain of an English merchant ship. They have taken men as hostages and then killed them. They have raped and murdered thousands of helpless women. They have murdered and mutilated little children. They have poisoned wells, deported men and women into slavery, starved and treated with barbaric cruelty prisoners of war. They have killed wounded in hospitals and sunk hospital ships. They have blown up ships, stores, piers, munition plants and set countless fires in our own country. And most hellish of all their hellish cruelties, they permitted the massacre of 2,000,000 of helpless Armenians, men, women and children.

"And this is the Power that will conquer America unless we send men and food and munitions to the battle-front in Europe and help our Allies to beat the Prussian monster to the dust.

"The Prussians planned to smash France by marching through Belgium; then from the French and Belgian coasts to attack and defeat England. Then to come over here; conquer the United States and make us pay the cost of the whole war. And they would have succeeded if Belgium had been a nation of ease-loving cowards, instead of a nation of glorious free men and women. The Prussians would have conquered if France had not made the noblest defense of history and if the British navy and the British people had not stood like a rock for the defense of the world.

"Now it is our fight!

"The key to the winning of this war is ships. It takes from three to ten tons of shipping to put a soldier in France and support him there. If we do not build the ships and build them soon we shall be defeated. We cannot send our soldiers nor can we feed and munition them without ships. It is, therefore, the shipbuilder who is under the most terrible obligation to do his best for his country, his fellowmen and the cause of freedom throughout the world.

"Now, the main thing is to speed up work in the shipbuilding yards of the country. A workman in these yards is exempted from military duty in order to build ships. He is as much a soldier as if he were in khaki carrying a rifle in the front line of trenches in France. He holds in his keeping the lives of his American brothers who are over there now and who are going over millions strong to fight for the safety of American womanhood, childhood and liberty.

"It is a fact that the Government contracts let to shipbuilding firms make enormous profits impossible.

"It is also true that the wages paid in shipyards are higher than was ever paid before for this class of labor. And it is also a fact that the workmen in these industries are capable of producing many times as much as they are now doing.

"I believe that our American workingmen, and especially those in the shipbuilding industry, are as patriotic and able and willing to work as any in the world. All they need is to be shown the truth and they will respond nobly.

"Every mother with a soldier son in France, or a sailor lad upon the sea, looks to the shipbuilding workmen to protect her son by doing the biggest and best "day's work" he knows how.

"Every rivet driven in a ship to-day is a nail in the coffin of Kaiserism. Every ship launched is worth a regiment in France.

"The shipbuilders are our second line of defense."

This was Dr. Eaton's first speech in his campaign. When the Employees' Association voted the resolution to stand back of the Government in the war, Dr. Eaton stated that he never knew a happier moment in his life. He declared that the action of the Morse men was one of the most splendid displays of patriotism that has ever come to his attention.

The resolution was taken up under the head of new business. The Board of Directors of the Association submitted for the consideration of those present a patriotic plan of adjusting any grievances which may arise between the employees and the Company. The plan was outlined in full and when it came to a vote it was unanimously endorsed. Dr. Eaton jumped to his feet the minute the resolution was passed and complimented in warm terms the spirit of patriotism shown by the meeting. H. A. Hanbury, of the executive department of the firm, spoke in behalf of

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The resolution adopted by the Employees' Association, pledging their loyalty to the Government and to the Company, has been beautifully engraved in a luxuriously leather-bound book for presentation to President Wilson. At a meeting of the Board of Directors? February 20, President George McKay and William Wiencke were elected to go to Washington and present the resolution in person. They will be accompanied by Mr. Hanbury, who will introduce them. The book has been signed by the officers and directors of the Association and contains a beautiful silver monogram of President Wilson's initials. It was originally planned to have all of the officers and the directors of the Association go to Washington in a body, but on account of the great demand upon the time of the President, it was necessary to change the original plans and send only three representatives.

the Company. He declared that the management intended to stand by its employees in every way. Then Daniel F. Shea mounted the platform and called for three cheers for Dr. Eaton, which were enthusiastically given.

The resolution, which will be printed in full in a later issue of THE DIAL, being held out of this issue because of limited space, provides for the election of a Conference Board, consisting of the director and two additional members from each of the Departments specified in the constitution and by-laws of the Employees 'Association and three representatives of the Company. Subsequent to the January meeting, each department elected a new director and also two representatives for the Conference Board. In accordance with the agreement, Mr. Hanbury will act as industrial director for the Company. In case of any suggestion or dispute the matter will be submitted to him in writing and taken up with him by the Department in which the question arises and, if a satisfactory settlement is not reached, the matter will then be placed before the Conference Board, which will consist of Mr. Morse, Jr., Mr. Murray and Mr. Rose as representatives of the Company, and the three delegates from the department concerned.

As its part in the pact the Employees' Association agrees that its members are not to go out on strike or to tie up the work in the yard in any way. The Company pledges itself not to reduce the wage schedule now in force, nor to increase the number of hours constituting a day's work.

The entertainment committee then took charge of the meeting and a pleasing program was afforded.

Following are the directors and conference members elected by each department:

Carpenter, joiners and wood caulkers: Director, George MacKay, No. 9914; conference delegates, Arthur Nyland, No. 9935, and James C. McDonald, No. 6502.

Outside machinists: Director, S. Monsen, No. 316; conference delegates, William Dunn, No. 306, and Edward Ennes, No. 340.

Inside machinists: Director Vincent Konop, No. 710; conference delegates, L. V. Schatzel, No. 697, and Alfred R. Walker, No. 719.

Pipe Fitters: Director, Thomas Collins, No. 1304; conference delegates, John Hoban, No. 1334, and John Murphy, No. 3302.

Blacksmiths: Director, John Nelson, No. 5302; conference delegates, Robert McQueen, No. 5301, and William McMullen, No 5306.

Riggers: Director, Alfred Anderson, No. 8903; conference delegates, Gustaf Matsen, No. 3425, and William Lansing, No. 8918.

Coppersmiths, plumbers and sheet metal workers: Director, William Perkins, No. 594; conference delegates, Harry Holland, No. 578, and Henry Hammer, No. 528.

Boilermakers and iron shipbuilders: Director, James Macfarlane, No. 3436; conference delegates, Frederick Taylor, No. 1254, and Alexander Moffat, No. 3437.

Office employees, draftsmen and solicitors: Director, Charles G. Hall; conference delegates, Charles E. Kelly and Alfred and Todd Baker.

Miscellaneous department: Director, H. G. Hoover, No. 3406; conference delegates, Edward Knipe, No. 5701, and Samuel Potter, No. 1.

Morse School For Shipfitters

SUPPLEMENTING the work which is being done by the State and city educational boards in establishing schools for shipworkers, the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company has opened a school for its own men. The assembly hall on the top floor of the new carpenter's building, opposite the main office, is being used as a classroom and two courses for shipfitters have been arranged, an elementary and an advance course.

Because of limited space and facilities the classes have been restricted to a selected list of employees. About 50 men have been chosen and only that number can be accommodated at the present time. As the courses are not long and are designed to cover but a short period of time it is hoped that every man in the yard who desires to take advantage of them will sooner or later be afforded an opportunity to do so.

It would be impossible to include everyone in the first classes, but when additional room and equipment are available, the size of the classes will be gradually extended to meet the demands. Every attempt has been made to be impartial in the selection of those who have been admitted.

The elementary course consists of twelve lessons and the classes meet every Monday and Thursday, between 4 and 6 P.M., the hours being arranged to avoid interference with the work in the yard and also the supper time of the men attending. The advanced course consists of sixteen lessons and the classes meet at the same hours on Tuesdays and Fridays.

Walter Crawford, foreman of the hull department, is in charge of the classes. Mr. Crawford is considered one of the most expert shipworkers in the country. He has had wide experience both in ship repairing and ship building and is especially fitted to serve as instructor, having conducted classes before.

Mr. Crawford came to the Morse Company in 1914 from a long connection with the Fore River Shipbuilding Company, at Quincy, Mass., to supervise the building of the pleasure boat, *Mandalay*, one of the most noted jobs ever handled in the Morse plant.

The success which has attended the first school opened by the city and State authorities (the school in Staten Island), and the overwhelming interest displayed by shipworkers, has demonstrated the value of the project and every effort is being made to hurry the establishment of other schools in Brooklyn and Manhattan.

The Staten Island classes, which are maintained in Public School No. 20, Heberton avenue, Port Richmond, have attracted widespread attention throughout the country.

Among those teaching in the Staten Island school appears the name of Albert Jacobsen, foreman of the coppersmith department in the Morse plant, who is coppersmith instructor.

The Morse school has been limited to the teaching of shipfitting to start with. It is possible that later on courses in other branches of the trade will be given.

The elementary course in the Morse school is outlined as follows:

Lesson 1. Method of making small paper templates for liners, particular attention being paid to lap, squareness and fit.

Lesson 2. Study of uses and making of short angle clips and brackets. Study of squareness, fit and allowances.

Lesson 3. Study of methods of fitting, marking and making of straight plates, deck, tank top plates. Study of correct application of templates, checking spaces in templates.

Lesson 4. Study of laying out and making of auxiliary machinery, foundations and general constructional work in angles, plates, channels. Study of angles and curves.

Lesson 5. Methods of lining off and obtaining level lines, marking of positions of foundations, developing openings for pipes, checking levels and horizontal lines.

Lesson 6. Study of construction methods of laying out and making of main ship parts. Keels.

Lesson 7. Frames, webs.

Lesson 8. Shell plating.

Lesson 9. Bulkheads.

Lesson 10. Stem and stern.

Lesson 11. Longitudinals.

Lesson 12. Blueprint reading connected with shipfitters work.

The advanced course is as follows:

Lesson 1. Standard rivet sizes.

Lesson 2. Spacing of rivets.

Lesson 3. Study of suitable rivet spacing for odd parts, clips, brackets, etc.

Lesson 4. Requirements for plain, watertight, oiltight work.

Lesson 5. Study of parts to be planed for caulking.

Lesson 6. Laying out and study of level lines.

Lesson 7. Study of shell plating. Method of laying out and repairing.

Lesson 8. Study of parts to be furnaced and parts to be fitted and drilled in place.

Lesson 9. Tank top and margin plates; study of development of plates. Repair of margin plates, the fitting of doubling plates.

Lesson 10. Shaft tunnel and thrust recess trunk; study of development.

Lesson 11. Mast and funnel making; method of laying out and building.

Lesson 12. Bulkheads, method of laying out, molding and repairing.

Lesson 13. Development of irregular shapes.

Lesson 14. Watertight and non-watertight doors and manholes. Study of construction and fitting.

Lesson 15. Deckhouses, casings, etc. Study of construction and building.

Lesson 16. Marking of plates and conventions of markings.

THE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, and to the interests of the firm.

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor

The Editor's office is located in the Employment Bureau where he may be reached by telephone or in person.

Matter intended for any given issue must reach the Editor not later than the 15th of the preceding month.

Notify the Employment Bureau promptly of any change of residence, giving old as well as new address.

The Dry Dock Dial is protected by copyright, but our esteemed contemporaries are invited to reprint from its pages when due credit is given.

All communications should be addressed to B. E. Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn.

Vol. 1 MARCH, 1918 No. 3

Association Has Proved a Success

The officers and directors of the Employees' Association are more than gratified at the results which have attended their efforts during the past year to make the organization one worth while. If anyone has any doubt about this success it is only necessary for him to attend one of the monthly meetings. Every meeting sees an increased attendance, which shows a healthy and remarkable growth in the interest in the Association, and the problem of finding quarters large enough to accommodate the meetings has arisen even at this early date.

It was at first planned to use the top floor of the new carpenter shop, opposite the main office, upon its completion, for the meetings, but the space there is not sufficient to hold the large crowds that turn out. This room will be used as an assembly hall where the employees can gather during lunch hour, but it is rather doubtful that the hall will prove desirable for the monthly meetings. For that reason the use of Parkway Assembly Hall, Fourth avenue and Fifty-first street, will continue until such a time as larger accommodations can be found.

By the time this issue of *The Dial* has come from the press the new officers of the Association will have been elected. We hope to publish in our next number a complete account of the election, together with full annual reports of the officers and committees.

* * *

John L. Sullivan's Last Word

One of the last things John L. Sullivan did before his sudden death the other day was to pen an intimate letter to his dearest friend, D'Arcy O'Connor. O'Connor, formerly a newspaper man, had been John L.'s promoter for years. It was he who induced the noted prize fighter to take to the temperance platform, and whatever fame John L. Sullivan won as a lecturer, D'Arcy O'Connor had his share in it to the extent that he wrote the speeches which Sullivan delivered. Just before the prize fighter died, O'Connor had arranged a contract with the Ringling circus, whereby the old gladiator was to receive $1,000 a week for appearing in an old Irish jaunting car accompanied by a famed Irish bagpipe player, the act to conclude with Sullivan making a ten-minute temperance address from the center circus ring.

In his letter Sullivan, in his inimitable fashion, reviewed his success as a temperance advocate, told about the great applause which greeted his utterances, and then added:

"All of these speeches were written by you, D'Arcy, and memorized by me. They sounded good and true to the public. *Now* I make one last request of you, before we start on our circus trip, and that is that you take the lessons you have written for me, *to yourself, and stop drinking.* I did it, and so can you. *Do* this for me, old pal."

D'Arcy O'Connor, with tears in his eyes, bowed his head in solemn oath and promised to abstain from the use of liquor for the rest of his life. John L. Sullivan drove the lesson of self-denial home to D'Arcy O'Connor, and that, after all, is the only lesson necessary to learn, if one wants to succeed in anything. Self-denial is the basis of all success, because it involves the will to succeed, the determination to win.

* * *

Your Pay Envelope

Look in your pay envelope and ask yourself this question: "What does the boss do for me?" Let us analyze that question.

Am I doing my best for the boss? When I get right down to actual facts how much do I know about what I am paid to do? Who takes the chance of my failure? Isn't it the boss?

What else is the boss doing for me? He is giving me a chance to develop the best that is in me and paying me for developing it. What more can I ask and how do I know that I can handle a bigger task until I perform well the work that is at hand?

What has the boss done for me? He has set a mark at which I may aim and has pointed the way to reach that mark, for was he not once one of the doers of smaller things?

The boss says that business is the marketing of man's brains and energy. He says that his hardest task is to find the brain and the energy capable of carrying the load. Here is my chance! I wonder how much of the load I am carrying?

I look at my envelope, and I know the Boss KNOWS!

* * *

Watch Your Habits

When you were young you were often told that the "Goblins would get you if you didn't watch out." And now that you've outgrown those childhood superstitions those goblins still appear, but you know them not as goblins, but as habits. And they'll get you if you don't watch out.

Which shoe do you put on first in the morning? Your right shoe? Or your left shoe? Can you tell for sure? Oh, yes, you can! But before you are sure, in your mind you have to go through the actual motion of leaning over and reaching down, or lifting your foot step by step.

Habit has made you so unconscious of your ordinary acts that you go through them day after day automatically without knowing what you are doing. Absent mindedness you'd call it, but it's not; it's habit.

Habit has put brains in your fingers, your legs, your arms, so as to permit your real brain to think about other more important things.

Is habit getting the best of you or are you getting the best of habit?

Are you forming good habits? For habits that are once formed are hard to get rid of. Watch your habits.

* * *

"Ships," Cry Boys in France

"The message which our army sends home from France is as distinct as a black funnel against a skyline. It is a plea for transport. The outline of a ship is burned on every heart and brain of every officer and man in France. It must be burned into our own hearts and brains here at home."

These words are from the lips of Major Frederick Palmer, General Pershing's chief intelligence officer, perhaps the most noted American war correspondent living. He delivered them before the League for National Unity on January 31 to whom he brought home in very emphatic terms the importance of America fulfilling her shipping program.

* * *

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing. —*Benj. Franklin.*

* * *

The block of granite which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the strong.—*Carlyle.*

* * *

Nothing is denied to well-directed labor, and nothing is to be attained without it.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

* * *

Economy makes happy homes and sound nations. Instill it deep.—*Geo. Washington.*

A "Soap" Sonnet

By Daniel F. Shea

A ship comes in, she needs repairs; she's raised on our dry dock
By Mr. Hallock and his gang, who're never known to stop.
Crawford is called upon the scene and Billy McEwen, too,
And right away they're figuring when they can get her through.

Phil Rossman starts to look her over, then gives his boys a speil:
"Get a staging ready for Chambers; he wants a pike at the wheel."
Says Phil, "She is an awful size, but that won't make us shudder—
"Hey, boys, make room, here's Kenneth Craig to scrutinize her rudder."

The painters next are on the job, one hundred and fifty strong;
She surely needs a scaling, but that won't take them long.
McFarlane's coming down the dock; he was never known to falter
For when it comes to burning, he'd burn holes in Gibraltar.

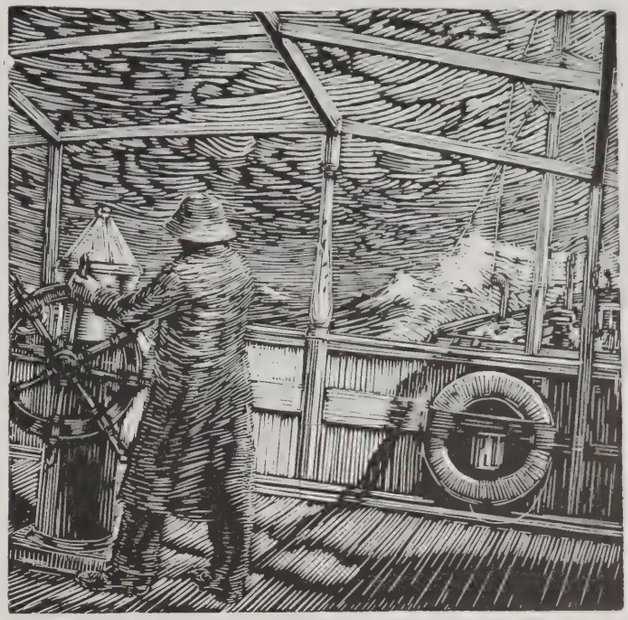
Her plates are down and ready to be taken in and rolled,
Weincke has them measured off, then starts punching rivet holes.
Morton then comes along the line with his pencil and his rule—
He has his fitters well trained up, like a teacher in a school.

Tom Cavanaugh's writing orders, he's busy as a boor,
While Lemaire, his draft clerk, is on the jump a-shutting the door.
They want an electric welder and call for Joe O'Neill
Who comes up with a helper and starts right off the reel.

The steam pipes need attention, they look as if they're porous,
We look for Bright or Reynolds and find them there before us.
The cooking utensils are leaking, they need a coppersmith bad,
But Jacobsen is as busy as a blind man eating shad.

The captain says the doors won't close, so get a joiner quick
And up they go for Cy MacLaurin; he's little but he's slick.
Go get that angle iron, it's in the blacksmith shop
Where Beau McKay stays night and day; he can't afford to stop.

Says Nesbit: "Rush that lumber quick before I go insane."
Then up speaks Daly: "The train is blocked in Maine."
And now the ship's completed; everything new to the rope;
God speed her on her journey, she sure did bring some "soap."



A Wonderful Dream

By John Powell, No. 3357

Of late when I retire at night and tired and weary seem,
I never get a good night's sleep; I simply doze and dream.
I dream the most peculiar things, both present and the past,
And strange to say 'twas one of work, the dream I dreamt the last.
The vision was a shipyard that I seemed to recognize,
Though all things were so changed, it added much to my surprise.

I entered through an open gate; no challenge did I hear
Of "Show your button"; instead, a voice so loud and clear
Was heard in steady flow to say above the noise and din,
"All hot! red hot!" and then, all clocks were ringing in.

I thought that when I punched my card, the hour of seven had passed,
But Mister Whitman hollered: "Gents, the clock's ten minutes fast,
So take your time, don't hurry so, and even if you're late
It's all right if you reach the ships to start your work at eight."

And on the night before, I thought, had been a steady rain,
Yet all the shipyard was just as dry as is the State of Maine.
I saw the *Say Yes* on the dry dock; I knew her at a glance,
And they were rushing her, I thought, to carry troops to France.

The *Grosser Kurfurst* and the *Grant* had left for parts unknown,
In other words, Hoboken, since she became dry as a bone.
It's strange what funny things you dream and most are so unreal—
Plain as day I saw the *Nepthis* on an even keel.

Her sister ship, the *Eastern*, too, I saw, but to be frank
She appeared a mix between a ship and a British tank.
Then I thought I went to hear the band at dinner time,
And heard Dan Shea tell them to play "Die Wacht am Rhein."

I dreamt the standing of the bowling teams were just the same,
I also dreamt that Hamilton, a captain, had won a game.
And, too, that a rigging gang had found themselves in luck—
It only took them half an hour to find a four-wheel truck.

And when they did, they found one, but not with any rush,
They hollered, "Help!" for the darned thing wouldn't push.
I saw a gang of boilermakers never known to swear,
And a burner, when wanted, you could find him ever there.

A machinist's helper busy, and never known to mope;
I also saw a carpenter actually refusing "soap."
But oh! the dream that woke me up and brought me to my feet
Was but the strangest dream of all, the pipe shop had steam heat.

Our Annual Ball a Big Success

THE annual entertainment and reception of the Employees' Association in Prospect Hall on the night of January 26, was conceded to be the most successful social gathering of marine workers ever held in New York or Brooklyn. The attendance outstripped all expectations, being so great it was necessary to close the doors at 10 o'clock to keep within the fire regulations. Between three hundred and five hundred persons were unable to gain admittance, something never known to have happened before in the history of Prospect Hall, which is one of the largest in Brooklyn.

The first part of the night was given over to a vaudeville entertainment, the equal of which is seldom seen outside of the largest theaters in the country. There were eight numbers, every artist being a star performer, and a three-hour show of unusual merit was provided. As a special feature of the entertainment the Morse band, under the leadership of Daniel F. Shea, appeared and rendered three selections, winning vociferous applause. The band, numbering forty-five members, made a splendid showing in brand new uniforms and with their new instruments.

At the conclusion of the entertainment a grand march was held, led by Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Morse, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Leary, Mr. Morse, Jr., and Mrs. Jessie Morse Cantwell and other executives of the company and their wives. Huge bouquets were distributed among the ladies, and as they promenaded about the hall, forming various marching quadrilles and figures, they made a beautiful appearance. Following the march the Morse band furnished music for dancing until a late hour. Refreshments were served in the various grillrooms, and there were many pleasant private parties, the cabaret room proving most popular for those who desired to gather about the festive tables.

As a special tribute to the former employees of the Company now in the army and navy, one of the boxes in the balcony was reserved for soldiers and sailors. Other boxes were occupied by representatives of the various departments. The decorations in the hall were very elaborate, freshly cut flowers, smilax and evergreen being used profusely. Large streamers extended from the balcony beams to the center of the hall where was suspended a huge floral emblem containing the lettering, "Morse." On the stage were two large silk flags, one an American, the other the Association banner, and other flag decorations.

Proceeds from the entertainment are being devoted to war relief purposes. A souvenir program of ninety pages, containing pictures of various executives in the firm, and officers of the Employees' Association, together with cuts of new buildings and boats, the band and athletic teams, was distributed, the souvernir being one of the most successful journals of the kind ever gotten out.

The committees which had charge of the ball deserve credit for the success which attended their efforts. The reception continues the subject of conversation in the yard, even to this date, indicating the impression made by it among the employees.

The committees in charge of the ball were as follows: Arrangements, Cyrus MacLaurin, chairman, J. M. Donovan, A. Simonson, E. Anderson, William Gill, Henry Pauli and Robert Sleigh; Advertising, Frank B. Rose, chairman, W. J. Daly, N. Johnson, Louis Hohorst, Frank R. Whitman, Henry Rochelle, E. Knipe, Charles Kelly, H. Hammer, E. D. McGibney, J. Kelly, Frank Grant, C. Wilson, J. Little, Joseph Henderson, William Filbert and Joseph Loudon; Reception, Mortimer W. Mead, chairman, Frank Kinsella, Walter Sweeney, Charles Small, William Lansing, John Golding, Frank Weiger, James F. McCormick, Thomas Nesbit, Bernard Leahy, Harry Longmore, Thomas Conk, Thomas Lynch and G. Edward Derby; floor managers, Thomas J. Plunkett, P. Linder, Charles D. Childs, Thomas Coppinger, William Perry, Thomas Smith and Carlisle Stecher.

Coming Events of the Employees' Association

Meeting of Entertainment Committee, 4 P.M., the second Monday of every month.

Meeting of Finance Committee, 4 P.M., the last Tuesday of every month.

Meeting of Board of Directors, 4 P.M., the last Wednesday of every month.

Meeting of Employees' Assocation, 8 P.M., the last Wednesday of every month.

Meeting of Association Football Committee, at noon, on Wednesday of every week.

Band rehearsal, 4 P.M., every Wednesday.

Orchestra rehearsal, 4 P.M., every Thursday.

Open air band concerts every Tuesday and Thursday, when weather permits.

SMALL BOY—"Uncle, do you know the difference between an elephant and an egg?"

"No," said the uncle.

"Then you would not be much good to send to buy eggs," chuckled the small one.

HUBBY—What! You paid fifty dollars for that hat, It's monstrous—it's a sin!

WIFE (*sweetly*)—No matter; the sin will be on my own head!

Excess Baggage

An employee "standing around" with nothing to do is a sure sign that something is being neglected—or—that we are employing more help than we need.

Don't put yourself in the "Excess Baggage" class.

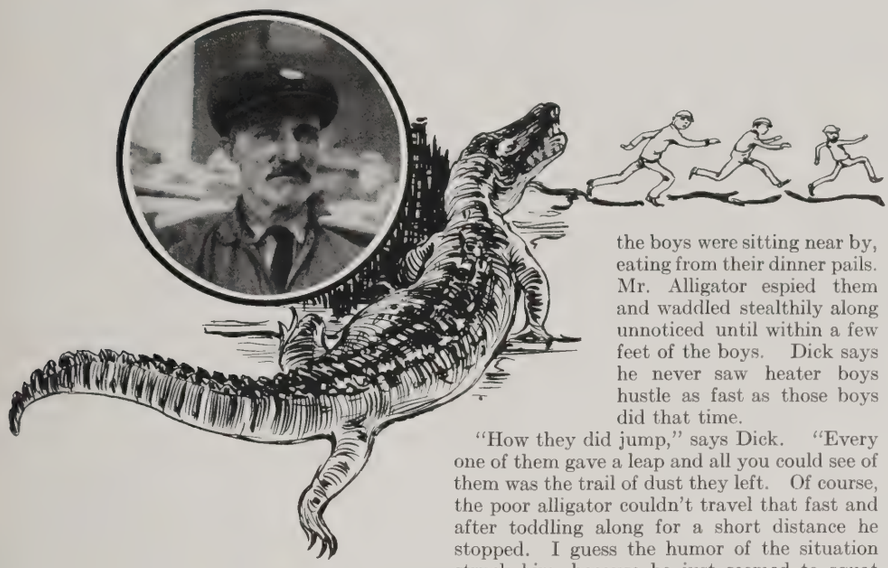
You can find dozens of things in your department that need attention if you will look around a little.

"Why is Maude so angry with the photographer?"

"She found a label on the back of her picture saying, 'the original of this photograph is carefully preserved.'"—*Boston Transcript.*



Dick Bourke Tells This One



RICHARD J. Bourke, of the bolt and rivet shop, got reminiscent the other day when the editor dropped in to have a chat with him. Dick, as all his friends call him, says that some interesting things have happened in his young life. Twenty-two years ago, when he was working in Erie Basin, the *City of Jackson*, a Clyde boat, brought in some alligators for the New York Aquarium. The employees in the yard found them quite interesting, especially the heater boys, who quickly devised the game of poking hot rivets at the reptiles.

The alligators, according to Dick, didn't like that sort of fun and they formed a pronounced dislike for heater boys, so that whenever one came near them they would open their huge jaws in an attempt to nip off a leg or an arm. This situation went on for two or three days, but so long as the alligators remained caged up the heater boys were safe. Finally, however, one of the reptiles got loose and, so Dick says, started out to wreak vengeance on the heater boys. It happened to be lunch hour and some of the boys were sitting near by, eating from their dinner pails. Mr. Alligator espied them and waddled stealthily along unnoticed until within a few feet of the boys. Dick says he never saw heater boys hustle as fast as those boys did that time.

"How they did jump," says Dick. "Every one of them gave a leap and all you could see of them was the trail of dust they left. Of course, the poor alligator couldn't travel that fast and after toddling along for a short distance he stopped. I guess the humor of the situation struck him, because he just seemed to squat there and laugh. Honestly his jaws were wide open and his sides shook with merriment. That laughing fit, however, was his undoing. One of the heater boys, who happened to be braver than the rest, came along armed with a red-hot rivet and before any of us could stop him, s-w-i-s-h in goes that hot rivet straight down the throat of poor Mr. Alligator.

"My, but I hate to think of the scene that followed. If you've never seen an alligator in a fit of convulsions, you've missed a horrible sight. Of course, the reptile died. We all felt sorry for him, because he was such a good-natured old fellow, and really I think he only meant to scare the heater boys, anyway. The mate of the *City of Jackson*, who had charge of the alligators, gave the dead one to me. I took him home and by using a tackle block managed to skin him. It was a dandy skin, too, as the alligator was seven feet long, and I would be wearing the shoes and slippers from him yet if the son-of-a-gun of a shoemaker hadn't skipped off with the skin."

Our Watchman Poet

George Liddle, one of our watchmen, is quite a poet. Some time ago, while he was in Washington, a rather pathetic incident came to his attention and moved him so deeply that he wrote the lines which are appended. At a meeting of the Institute of the Library for the Blind a clock in the room struck the hour of nine and a beautiful set of chimes began to peal out. The chimes are said to greatly resemble those in Westminster Abbey in London. As they sounded through the room a hush fell upon the audience. At the same time a door opened and an old blind man stepped into the room. As his ears caught the sound of the chimes his sightless eyes turned to the direction of the bells and his hand went up in a pleading gesture. When the chimes stopped he said in an appealing voice: "Please, ladies, let me hear those chimes once more." The secretary quickly ran the hands of the clock around until the chimes played again. After listening to them intently the old man explained that he was born in London and had heard the Westminster chimes so often, the sound of the bells he had just heard recalled the pleasant days of this youth. Mr. Liddle wrote the following verses upon learning of the incident:

Let me hear those chimes once more,
Ladies, please be kind;
They bring me back to the days of yore,
Ere I was stricken blind.

I have heard them at my mother's knee,
When at night my prayers I've said,
And they sang so sweet upon the air,
As I arose from bed.

They have mingled with a nation's tears,
For England, noblest queen;
They have pealed out tones of victory,
For deeds we have known and seen.

But sweeter far than all the tones,
That are known to thought or pen,
Are those they ring at Christmas time,
"Peace and Good Will to Men."

They bring me back to childhood days,
Oh! God, to me be kind,
That I may hear them as I pass away,
To where I no more shall be blind.

A Watch for Dan Shea

Daniel F. Shea, our band leader, was presented with a beautiful gold watch by the men in the boiler shop on the night of the ball, the gift being a token of the high esteem the employees hold for Mr. Shea. Martin L. Mulligan made the presentation speech, explaining that the men in the boiler shop wanted to show in some way their appreciation of Mr. Shea, who has made such a splendid success of the band and orchestra. Mr. Shea responded most fittingly, remarking that he knew no words big enough and good enough to express how he felt upon receiving the gift. The presentation was the occasion of a very pleasant little party in which everyone toasted to the future success and happiness of Mr. Shea.

A Bashful Wooer

Her hand! He was bent on possessing it;
He loved her but quailed at confessing it;
Till one eve—where's the harm?—
In the gloaming his arm
Found a roundabout way of expressing it.

Theodore J. Hyatt, one of the oldest employees of the pipe shop, was married on January 26 to Miss Mildred Garbe of Woodhaven, L. I. His co-workers pleasantly surprised him on the afternoon of that day by presenting a mahogany clock and two candlesticks to him. The clock was inscribed "From the Pipe Shop of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co." and made a most acceptable gift.

Employees will be glad to learn that a new piano has been purchased for the new assembly room to replace the one lost in the fire of December 3. The soldiers who were on duty in the yards at the time of the fire made every effort to remove the piano from the old assembly hall, but were unable to get it beyond the stairway without risking their lives.

Among the Christmas presentations, which we neglected to mention in the earlier issues of THE DIAL, was a beautiful gold watch and chain, received by A. E. Bright, foreman of the pipe shop, from the men in his department.

A War-time Toast

Here's to the blue of the wind-swept North,
when they meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Grant be over them all,
as the sons of the North advance!
Here's to the gray of the sun-kissed South,
when they meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Lee be over them all, as
the sons of the South advance!
Here's to the Blue and Gray as one, when they
meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of God be over them all, as
the Sons of the Flag advance.

This Ship is Urgently Required by the Navy on March 18 or before if possible.
Relying on the loyalty of our men, we have promised delivery on that date.
A SLACKER IS HELPING THE KAISER.
DO YOUR BIT.

The above notice was posted on one of the Government ships being repaired by the Morse Company.

AFTER THE WHISTLE HAS BLOWN

Morse Team Defeats Opponents

By Frank Pervin, Football Manager

THE Morse soccer team brought home the bacon on February 17, in the first game it had played for several weeks, defeating the Fifth Avenue Coach team at Bay Ridge Oval by the score of 3 to 0. The visitors had expected an easy victory. They played hard and proved themselves good sports all the way through, but could not overcome our boys. The game was originally scheduled to be played on their grounds at 102d street, in Central Park, but the field was not in condition and the coachers consented to the use of our field, which showed true sporting blood. Besides being handicapped in not being on their own grounds, there was some difficulty in notifying all of their players about the change in plans and some of their best men were not present when the game was called. Reserves were used, however, and they gave a good account of themselves.

Our new men, Maddock and Menzies, showed up strong on the left wing. This was their first game with the Morse team and great things are expected of them in the future. Meadowcroft played at fullback and covered himself with glory, scoring our first goal when he thought it was time that we should have one. Our second goal came from center forward Samuel Howarth, who, despite having two new players on his left, was one of the stars of the game. Patrick Quinn playing in his usual good form at half back scored the third goal. Both Howarth and Quinn accepted brilliant crosses from Sandison.

Smollen and Stelfox were good as usual. Allan seems to be able to hold any forward line playing against him. Atherton, our goalkeeper, did not have much to do, but what shots came his way he handled in a masterly fashion.

* * * * *

ALTHOUGH our team has, among other Metropolitan league teams, been held in idleness by the bad weather for a long time, the football committee and the team manager have been busy rounding up new players to participate in the Southern New York challenge cup competition, which in former years has been a hotly fought contest.

In order to put into the field as good a team as possible, a special effort has been made to secure experienced players, and it is with a great deal of satisfaction that the committee is able to announce the acquisition of several new men, among them Thomas McGreevey, of Brooklyn Celtic and Bethlehem fame, who is now a Morse employee. McGreevey is one of the best known soccer players in the city and is considered a very strong man. His addition to the team is expected to add materially to our chances of winning the various pennants and prizes for which we will participate.

We have also signed up for the Southern New York contest, Samuel Howarth, George Atherton, William Watts, Stuart Menzies, James Smollen, William Sandison, William Stelfox, William Q. Allen, James Meadowcroft, Samuel Hanna, Robert Stuart, Richard Maddock, David J. Parker and McNaughton. McNaughton was formerly of the Pullman team in Chicago. Maddock has just arrived from Canada with a promising pedigree. Parker has distinguished himself before on the Morse team and Robert Stuart formerly played on the Babcock & Wilcox team.

As there are a great number of men in the Morse yard who desire to participate in the games, though they are not eligible to play in the Metropolitan league games, the management of the Morse team has given them the preference over the regular Metropolitan League players feeling that it is only fair that those who are giving the team their support should receive first consideration.



Thomas McGreevey Who Has Been Signed With the Morse Football Team in the Southern Challenge Cup Contest, and Some of the Prizes He Has Won

* * * * *

The chain letter soccer fund, from last reports, is going strong. This fund was instituted by Secretary Tom Cahill, U. S. F. A., and Tom Bagnall, president of the State League and half a dozen other football associations. Therefore, any football followers will know the fund could not be in better hands. The fame of the fund has spread to every cantonment in the United States and Mr. Bagnall is swamped with letters fervently pleading for footballs, the fund being established to buy footballs for the men in the army camps. Everyone should chip in and show the boys who once played with us that we are still thinking of them. Contributions can be sent direct to Thomas Bagnall, 12 North 3d street, Harrison, N. J.

The subscriptions so far have not been sufficient to meet the demands of the cantonments. One cantonment alone put in a request for 150 footballs, which could not be supplied from the funds available.

* * * * *

There is another important point that the management of the team desires to emphasize. Quite a number of our players have not availed themselves of the insurance policy furnished by the Footballers' Protective Association, which costs a player only fifty cents a season and provides a benefit of $6 a week for thirteen weeks in case of injury during a game or during practice. Forms for the insurance can be obtained from the team manager, who would like to see every member insured.

* * * * *

Entries for the competition of the Southern New York State Football Association closed on March 4, on which night the drawing for the first round was held. The Metropolitan League is well represented in the entries. Up to the time of writing five of the Junior Leagues have thrown their hats into the ring. They are: Morse Dry Dock, White Rose, Visitation, Tyrconnell Celts and Longfellow. This is the best showing the Metropolitan has ever made and Secretary Treacy hopes to see all of his pets getting into the trenches against the "big leaguers." He thinks that his despised warriors will give the State leaguers as big a surprise as Jack French's "contemptible little army," gave Kaiser Bill's Prussian guard.

* * * * *

Anyone who wishes to obtain a Metropolitan League book of rules, which gives the names of the teams, their colors, and the location of the grounds, can do so by paying ten cents to the team manager.

* * * * *

David Craig, one of the advisory committee, is now at home after a long period in the hospital, and is expected to be back with us at an early date.

* * * * *

Following is the standing of the Metropolitan League up to date:

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals For	Goals Against	Points
Longfellow	7	5	2	0	22	11	10
White Rose	6	4	1	1	18	8	9
La Sultana	5	4	1	0	23	8	8
Tyrconnell Celts	5	3	2	0	15	12	8
Morse Dry Dock	7	4	3	0	18	18	8
Yonkers Rovers	6	2	3	1	17	22	5
*Visitation	6	2	3	1	11	13	3
Prospect	5	0	4	1	8	19	1
Fifth Ave. Coach	5	0	5	0	2	20	0

*Two points deducted for playing an ineligible man

New Pay Days Proposed

THE growth of the Company has been so rapid, and office space and facilities are so limited, the suggestion has been made that a new arrangement for paying off the employees be adopted. Briefly stated the plan is to pay the various departments on different days of the week. This being a matter which vitally concerns every employee, it was thought by the management of the Company that they should be informed before such a step is taken, and to bring the subject before every man in the yard, THE DIAL has been asked to outline the new plan.

Up to the present time everything has been done to perfect a paying off system which would be satisfactory to the employees. Pay booths have been placed about the yard as the only practical way of handling the problem. The rush and crowding around each pay booth has been a most unpleasant feature of the present system, however, and especially so in cold and stormy weather.

To obviate these unpleasant conditions and realizing the advantages that are certain to follow from such an arrangement, the following pay days are proposed.

Monday— Pipe fitters and outside machinists for the week ending on the preceding Thursday.

Tuesday— Carpenters and new dry dock for the week ending the preceding Friday.

Wednesday—Blacksmiths, inside machinists, burners and welders, chauffeurs and boat crews for the week ending the preceding Sunday.

Thursday— Hull department and electricians for the week ending the preceding Monday.

Friday— Riggers and coppersmiths for the week ending the preceding Tuesday.

Saturday— Patternmakers, storeroom, timekeepers, porters, watchmen, draftsmen, etc., for the week ending the preceding Wednesday.

Paymasters would be sent to jobs away from the yard on Wednesdays and Saturdays only to pay such men as had not been able to obtain their pay during the week.

The various departments would be paid from booths except that in such departments where it is possible to do so men would be paid in the shop the same as is being done at the present time.

The paymaster's office (Room 17) would be kept open each evening until 6 P.M., to enable men who are working on jobs away from the yard to obtain their pay there on the day their department is paid, or on any succeeding day of the week should they so desire.

Men working on jobs away from the yard who had not received their pay by Wednesday or Saturday morning would give the timekeeper on the job their numbers when they report for work, so that the timekeeper can telephone such numbers to the paymaster by 8 o'clock Wednesday or Saturday morning and have the pay envelopes for such men sent to the job during the day.

By carrying out the above plan or one similar, the men could be paid off more quickly, and the confusion and inconvenience now experienced, due to attempting to pay off such a large number of men in such a limited space of time, would be practically eliminated.

With the Pin Boys

THE Morse bowlers went down in defeat before the Bliss team on Sunday night, February 17, the visitors winning two out of three games, bettering the Morse team by 140 pins. This was the second outside game played by the Morse men, the American Foundry and Machine Company team being defeated on January 6.

The Bliss outfit was given a run for its money, but had the superior team. A return match with the American Foundry will be played, and the Morse boys will get another chance at the Bliss players some time this month. Other outside teams have issued challenges, and Henry Rochelle, manager of the bowling league, is negotiating with them to arrange for other games.

The Morse league games continue to attract considerable interest among the employees in the yard, and every Monday night, which is bowling night, a large crowd of Morse men are on hand at the Germania alleys, Fifty-first street and Third avenue, Brooklyn.

George MacLaurin, one of the best known old time bowlers in South Brooklyn, captain of the New Dock team, has succeeded in organizing an unbeatable quintet. The team has won every game it has played. By the way, we are told that MacLaurin is thinking of giving up bowling on account of his arm having gone back on him. Cheer up, George, we'll all be dead soon; stick it out with the rest of us.

The Copper Shop team is coming along good, and hopes to be on hand to grab first place if the New Dock team meets its jinx.

Following are the results of the games played February 4, 11, 18 and 25:

February 4—Solicitors, 451; Copper shop, 756; Copper shop, 774; Office, 666; Office, 530; Solicitors, 623; Inside Machinists, 753; Hull department, 724; Inside Machinists, 666; Pattern Makers forfeited; Hull department, 710; Pattern Shop forfeited.

February 11—Solicitors, 583; Dock Hands, 653; Dock Hands, 675, Solicitors, 566; Carpenters, 783; Electricians, 645; Electricians, 661; Pipe shop, 568.

February 18—Inside Machinists, 670; Dock Hands, 571; Farm, 866; Outside Machinists, 674; Farm, 804; Copper shop, 771; Copper shop, 651; Outside Machinists, 647; Carpenter shop, 808; Inside Machinists, 707; Carpenter shop, 852; Dock Hands, 645; Chauffeurs forfeited two games on February 11.

Bowling Schedule

March 11—Solicitors, Pipe shop, Dry Dock hands, Office, Outside Machinists, Electricians.

March 18—New Dry Dock hands, Pattern shop, Pipe shop, Solicitors, Carpenter shop, Electricians.

March 25—Office, Inside Machinists, Copper shop, Electricians, Outside Machinists, Chauffeurs.

April 1—New Dry Dock hands, Inside Machinists, Electricians, Carpenter shop, Pattern shop, Chauffeurs.

April 8—Office, Hull department, Dry Dock hands, Inside Machinists, Outside Machinists, Pipe shop.

April 15—Electricians, Dry Dock hands, Copper shop, Office, Pipe shop, Chauffeurs.

April 22—New Dry Dock hands, Carpenter shop, Hull department, Solicitors, Inside Machinists, Pattern shop.

April 29—Carpenter shop, Pipe shop, Copper shop, Office, Electricians, Pattern shop.

May 6—New Dry Dock hands, Dry Dock hands, Chauffeurs, Solicitors, Hull department, Outside Machinists.

Following are the team standings:

Team	*Captain*	*Won*	*Lost*
New Dock	George MacLaurin	14	0
Copper Shop	Albert J. Jacobsen	11	3
Carpenters	Cyrus MacLaurin	6	2
Pipe Shop	A. Ernest Bright	6	4
Inside Machinists	William H. Robbins	5	3
Solicitors	Henry Rochelle	5	5
Office	Frank B. Rose	4	8
Dry Dock	Lewis Hohorst	4	4
Outside Machinists	Kenneth Craig	2	5
Hull Department	Howard Saunders	7	7
Electricians	Harry Lawton	0	2
Pattern Shop	Nils Johnson	1	9
Chauffeurs	Paul Sheehan	0	8

Highest Team Score:
Carpenters..... 893

Highest Individual Score:
Foster..... 221

Highest Individual Average:
W. White..... 176

Company Promotions

A reorganization of some of the office and executive departments has brought about many promotions and changes.

Mortimer W. Mead has been made assistant to Frank B. Rose, cashier; and Ernest K. Miller has been promoted from the telephone department to Mr. Mead's former position.

Alfred Todd Baker, formerly in charge of the cost department, has succeeded William Gedney in the billing department, Mr. Gedney having left our employ.

Charles G. Hall has become assistant to Mr. Morse, Jr., and James J. Coffey has succeeded to Mr. Hall's position in Room 6. Mr. Coffey was originally with the timekeeping department. Mr. Hall was in his former position four years.

Harry White, formerly in the timekeeping department, has succeeded Joseph A. Browne as efficiency man, Mr. Browne having taken a position in Portsmouth, N. H.

Harry Reese is now in charge of the cost department, having been moved up from a clerkship. William Brady is Mr. Reese's assistant.

Hume Maston is now in charge of the payroll department, succeeding Howard Littlejohn, who has left the firm.

W. S. Dooner has been promoted from the department of receivables accounts to take charge of the Disbursements Department.

About Your Income Tax

The United States Government has extended the time for filing income tax returns to April 1. Any person who made $800 or more last year must fill out a schedule which can be obtained at any banking institution, and submit it to the Internal Revenue Collector in the district in which they live. The return must be made before April 1. For the convenience of the employees of the Morse Company an effort is being made to have a Government clerk located in the main office to assist those employees who wish assistance in making out their schedule.

HONKEY TONKEY

A Few Blue Notes

By Daniel F. Shea, Director

The open-air band concerts will be resumed this month if the weather permits and it is desired that every member of the band and the orchestra be on hand at the rehearsals.

It is hoped to have the rehearsals more regularly from now on and to make up for the time lost during the rush season and the poor weather.

Forty-five steel lockers for the band uniforms and a mahogany case in which to keep the instruments have been ordered and will be placed in our new quarters in the new carpenter shop building.

J. H. McCarthy, clarinet player, sends word that he is now out of the hospital and convalescing at his former home in Easton, Pa. He writes asking about the members of the band and says he hopes to be back with us very soon.

The boys were telling Jeff Ward how good his drum solo sounded on the night of the ball. "Yes," said Joe Sill, "Jeff sounded better still" and Jeff remained still the rest of the night.

We are going to patent a tuning device so that one of our cornet players will not start tuning up during a clarinet solo.

While rehearsing one day someone remarked that it sounded as if there was only one piccolo playing. They were mistaken, strange as it may seem, the piccolos were in tune.

Don't forget, boys, some credit is due our color bearers.

That loud, squeaky noise heard last week was not the new whistle, it was Bert Martin practicing in the new machine shop during lunch hour.

One night last summer the band played an engagement at Rosedale, L. I. Two of our young musicians who wear belts in the back of their coats have since been making frequent use of the Long Island railroad. Some of the other members of the band are peeved because the new uniforms haven't belts in the back.

What They Say About Us

The current issue of the DRY DOCK DIAL, the house organ of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, has an illustrated article depicting Solicitor E. J. Donegan in action. The article was the sensation of the week on the floor of the Maritime Exchange.—*Journal of Commerce.*

The DRY DOCK DIAL for January, published by the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, South Brooklyn, is a very interesting number, and the initial effort of Editor B. E. Barnes. This magazine is devoted to the welfare of the Employees Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company and to the interests of the firm. It gives a short synopsis of the Company's growth, together with portraits of its principals, E. P. Morse, Sr. and E. P. Morse, Jr.; also illustrations of sections of the yard. There are portraits of a number of the employees and short articles on their various social organizations. An honor roll of the Morse Dry Dock men who are fighting for their country includes forty-five names.—*Marine Journal.*

THE DRY DOCK DIAL for February, issued by the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, has a very interesting illustrated article entitled "A Solicitor's Reminiscences," by Edward J. Donegan. Besides Mr. Donegan, this company employs six other solicitors, namely, Captain M. N. Giannoni, A. D. Martino, Olaf Ness, Henry Rochelle, Pedro Ramirez, P. Rotgans. They occupy offices in the Whitehall Building, Battery Place, this city. The hospital maintained by the Morse Company is also described in this number and the article is illustrated. Eighteen more Morse employees are now in the country's service.—*Marine Journal.*

Will Move Restaurant

The yard restaurant, at the present time altogether too small to accommodate the number of men who desire to patronize it, will be moved within the next few weeks to the top floor of the building on the North Pier, now nearing completion. The lower floors of the building will house the welding and electrical departments. Herbert E. Burlingame, our restaurateur, plans to install the very latest and best kitchen and restaurant equipment and hopes to be able to provide meals for a greatly increased number, by a different arrangement of chairs and counters. He has already ordered electrical apparatus for peeling potatoes and vegetables, for washing dishes and for doing other work which will facilitate the handling of the large number of men who eat there daily. A platform for the musicians will be a feature of the new restaurant.

"Some men are so afraid of work that they look scared to death."

War Badges Distributed

The war-service badges, which were described in the last issue of THE DIAL, have been distributed, in so far as the supply obtainable would permit. Another lot has been ordered and they will be inclosed in the pay envelopes of the men who have not received them as yet. The badges are loaned to those entitled to wear them with the understanding that they are to be surrendered if an employee leaves the Company. They will continue to be the property of the firm until the end of the war when they will be given to those holding them at that time.



The badges are to be worn as an emblem of patriotic service to the Government and can be had only by those who are actually doing work in connection with the building or repairing of ships. For all practical purposes the badges take the place of uniforms, and are being distributed among the ship workers of the nation as a means of identifying them as Uncle Sam's workers. The Morse Company is the first ship-repairing yard in the port of New York to distribute the badges.

The soldiers on guard at the plant wish to express their thanks to Mr. and Mrs. John Tolson, of 4509 Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, and all other persons, who have sent magazines and books to them. There has been a regrettable lack of good reading matter for the soldiers, and anything that can be done to make their barrack life less monotonous is duly appreciated.

"Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have."



Dan Shea says: "Those were the happy days," referring to the above picture, which shows Dan when he first learned to toot a horn. Dan can be seen to the left of the leader, who is in the center, a small arrow pointing to Dan. The picture is that of the boy band of St. John's Orphan Asylum, of Brooklyn, and was taken about 15 years ago.



Some people are suffering terribly on account of the "War Times." We saw two of our charming young ladies perched in 17-cent seats at the "Orpheum" last week. And then they had the audacity to ask Frances Daly, who had a box seat, "Did you see us last night, Frances?"

⚜

It grieves us to announce that Frank Maher, alias "Long Boy," of Room 6, suffered with an attack of the measles recently.

⚜

Our little Willie Dumbo, of Room 15, thought he was "Mother Goose" sweeping the cobwebs from the sky the other morning. He fell through the window (glass and all) right out to First avenue.

⚜

Charles Kelly, of Room 15, is all packed and ready to go to Washington. Well, Kelly, give my best regards to Woodrow!

⚜

Some of the sailor boys of the U. S. S. *Canonicus* have been transferred to the Newport. R. I., Training Station. They left behind quite a few broken hearts.

Use Major's cement, girls, nothing like it!

⚜

CAMOUFLAGE: Having someone call up at twelve noon to tell you to hurry home immediately as the pipes had burst in the cellar. Good way to get a half holiday, eh, Kelly?

⚜

In Brief

Eat less; breathe more.
Talk less; think more.
Ride less; walk more.
Clothe less; bathe more.
Worry less; work more.
Waste less; give more.
Preach less; practice more.

⚜

My Hosiery

(With the usual apologies)

The hours I spent on thee, dear sock,
  Are as a string of purls to me,
I count them o'er by the weary clock,
  My hosiery, my hosiery.
First two I knit, then two I purl,
  And round the leg I slowly reel;
Now joyful pæans to the heavens I hurl,
  I've turned the heel.
Oh, knotted ends that scratch and burn,
  Oh, stitch that dropped, uneven row—
I kiss each blight and strive at last to learn
To reach the toe, sweetheart, to reach the toe.

⚜

Famous Sayings

"Are you ready, let's go!"
. . . . *Rochelle.*

"Am I right, or am I wrong?"
. . . *Capt. Roche.*

"Oh, take the air!"
. . . . *Moran.*

"We'll have a car in a minute!"
. . . *Coffey.*

"Tra-la-la- te-idleee-dumm-tra-la-la-"
. . . *Hanbury.*

⚜

Mr. Leonard Duncan, one of our young draftsmen, is now a benedict.

Henry Rochelle is taking vocal lessons. He tried out his voice the other day at a meeting of the office force singing: "It's a long way to Bo'ilin." So that there will be no reflection on his co-workers in the office it should be explained that the occasion had nothing to do with the fact that Henry has been limping of late. Mr. Donegan can furnish further particulars about that limp.

The girls in the calculating department put one over on some of the cost department boys a few Sundays ago. Reese, Glinn, Genevese and Dumbo were enjoying a repast in the Warfield restaurant when the girls happened in. To make a long story short the happening cost the boys $8.25 of their "soap" money. By the way, it is said that they have changed their eating place.

I nattentive
N egligent
E vasive
F ooling
F rivolous
I ndifferent
C an't do this
I ncompetent
E nvious
N eglectful
C ontrary
Y awning

?

After the Ball

Alfred Todd Baker wishes to deny the rumor circulating about the office that he danced in his shirt sleeves at the Ball.

"It is an absolute lie," he angrily declared, "why my shirt was in the laundry!"

If we could but see ourselves as the world sees us.

⚜

The Office Cat heard the following remark passed on that eventful night:

"Oh, Maisy, who is that tall, handsome, distinguished-looking gentleman? I did not know the nobility would attend."

I turned around, and it was—Frank Whitman!

⚜

We must hand the "Iron Cross" to Walter Crawford when it comes to dancing. We heard someone say, "Oh, he waltzes divinely!"

⚜

We see Tom Bonner is endowed with a magnetic personality. The "Baby Doll" (one of the entertainers at the ball), clung to him as if he were Adam. No wonder he looks as if some one handed him a million!

⚜

Can you imagine how "good" one must feel to end up a jolly party with a visit to a dead friend? That's what Tommie Conk did.

⚜

Mr. Plunkett certainly "did his bit" at the ball. We didn't have a chance to see him dance, but say, can't he lead a march though?

I do not think Julius Cæsar looked better when he led his troops triumphantly through the streets of Rome!

Among Our Office Boys

By Snickers

Miss ——— met Frazer at the corner one day.
Said Miss ——— to Frazer, "Let's go to a cabaret."
Said Frazer, "No, let's go to a show."
They started, they parted, that's all I know.

Dan, the elevator man, certainly has his ups and downs in life, what?

You ought to see John Nelligan eat peaches; u—m—nmm, eh, John?

Young Heath is raising a fund for the purchase of a pair of boxing gloves. All contributions thankfully received.

Bright Remarks

"For two cents."
. . . *Bobbie Black.*

"Kin it be possible."
. . . *Hallstein.*

"Going up?"
. . . *McLaughlin.*

"Hats off, boys."
. . . *E. Miller.*

"Take those work lists out or I'll tell Mr. Coffey."
. . . *Post.*

"I Guess I'll Howl a While"

The dog gazed at the big round moon
  That was sailing through the sky,
And he chewed on the bones of a big raccoon
  And winked his evil eye.
Said the dog: "That moon thinks he is big,
  But he really makes me smile,
I don't think he amounts to much,
  So I guess I'll howl a while."

So he howled and he yowled,
And he barked and he yelped,
  But the moon still stayed serene,
And he sailed right on, till the break of dawn
  Brought the light and he couldn't be seen.

And that's just the way with a lot of folks,
  When they see that others can smile
They say: "He's a fright;
To be happy's not right.
  So I guess I'll howl a while."

So they howl and they yell,
And they start raisenell,
  But the guy with the smile doesn't mind;
They can argue and fuss,
But he doesn't give a cuss
  For opinions from folks of that kind.

⚜

Of course this sugar problem is very serious, but it also has its humorous side. One of our young lady stenographers claims that while lunching at a popular New York restaurant the sugar was suspended from the ceiling on wires and dipped into every cup of coffee. After each performance the wires snapped back, and in this way one lump lasted a month!

Well, who can tell a better one?

⚜

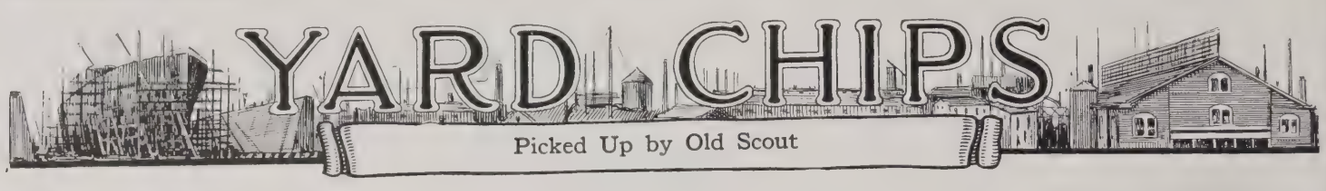
Tommie Conk is blessed with one of those rare gifts, "the smile that never wears off." It is so contagious it makes you feel like the "night before the morning after." How do you get that way, Tom?

⚜

We are very sorry to state that Mr. Arthur DuBuque, yeoman of the S. S. *Cannonicus*, suffered intense agony for exactly four hours recently. *REASON*: He had his tonsils cut out. Cheer up, Arthur, it's all in a lifetime.

⚜

We notice our young and handsome traffic manager, Mr. James M. Donovan, wearing an emerald green necktie.



When speaking of bowling, you dare not encroach
On the great reputation of Mister B. Roach.
The first ball he rolled gave the gang all a fright,
His chest swelled with pride when they hollered a "strike."
He then rolled another but, oh! what a sin,
The ball it sped onward and knocked down one pin.
Yet another he tried, but oh! what a shame,
Though speed he had plenty; result was the same
Quite nervous he seemed, as with fire in his eye,
To the gang standing near he made this alibi:
"I'd have done so much better, but I plainly see
You wished me bad luck when you looked black at me."

Mr. Wheelhouse, commodore pipe fitter of the protected cruiser *Eastern*, paid the flagship a visit, after an illness lasting a few weeks. He said he hardly recognized the boat.

Mr. Robbins, inside machinist boss, says he doesn't see so many rats around the restaurant building since the band has been rehearsing there.

Frank Pervin has been carrying one of his arms around in a sling the past few weeks, due to a sprain he sustained some time ago. Frank is very careless about those arms of his when he plays football.

One of the boys in the inside machine shop got struck on the head with a piece of coal the other day and the blow knocked him out for a minute or so. When he came to he said. "Who said that was soft coal?"

Captain Peterson, of the *Say Yes*, says the next time he carries pipe fitters to a steam job he wants Bill Colborne to sit down, because when Colborne stands up the cruisers in the bay take the *Say Yes* for a submarine and Bill for the periscope.

No! You are wrong. It wasn't Harry White, of the efficiency department, who purloined all the autos in the Bronx. He may keep time, but he won't take any chances of doing time.

Ships may come and ships may go, but the *Santa Clara* is with us always. Albert White, take notice.

No, you are wrong, that was not an English count at the ball; it was Martie Mulligan disguised by a monocle.

The band had better start the open-air concerts soon. We hear that Richie Richardson stops his flivver every time he hears a hand organ.

Willie Sheehan, of the carpenter shop, is collecting specimens of wood, they tell us, and every night he goes home he gets peeved because his wife burns them up so quickly.

John Powell, poet of the pipe shop, met some old theatrical acquaintances at the last meeting of the Employees' Association, among them Mr. Sobel, one of the well-known Broadway vaudeville producers. Mr. Sobel told Old Scout after Mr. Powell had left, that he used to book Mr. Powell in the best vaudeville circuits and among the topliners. He said that Mr. Powell was one of the most versatile performers on the vaudeville stage in those days. There's enough good talent among the Morse men to produce a bang-up show. Second the motion.

O. Hadne, of the outside machinists, has five boys in his family now. His ambition is to raise four more so he can organize a baseball team and challenge the Morse bunch.

The affable and well-thought-of timekeeper, James Weldon, of the pipe shop, has been promoted to the front office. Such is the reward for faithful service, as Mr. Bright, the foreman, says: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Pop Sieferth, when going out to fulfill a band or orchestra engagement, insists on having an auto truck carry his tuba horn. Pop never heard of the man who took his bass fiddle to a job on roller skates.

"Robert, dear, speak your new piece for the ladies."
"But, Mother, I've forgotten half of it."
"Then speak the half that you remember."
"Why-er, that's the half that I've forgotten."

Bring in snapshots of your kiddies for us to use in the magazine.

L. V. Schatzel, inside machinist, likes this "Song of Hate," by Bert Lester Taylor, who writes funny things for the *Chicago Tribune:*
My Tuesdays are meatless, my Wednesdays are wheatless:
I'm getting more eatless each day.
My home it is heatless, my bed it is sheetless
They're all sent to the Y. M. C. A.
The barrooms are treatless, my coffee is sweetless,
My stockings are feetless and my trousers are seatless.
Each day I get poorer and wiser;
By gosh, I do hate the Kaiser.

This is on the level. When the converted ship *Princess Irene* came into the yard some time ago, under her new name, *Pocahontas*, three riggers and a snapper from the *Grosser Kurfurst* had to pass her on the way to dinner. One of them remarked, "That's a h— of a name to give a ship, what does it mean?" One of the other riggers answered, "I don't know." Then the snapper spoke up and said, "You never read history; that ship is named after the Indian that killed General Custard. I was there and his initials are T. N."

Dimitrios Pantgopoelas, inside machinist, a new Morse employee, has had an interesting time of it braving German submarines during the last two years. Pantgopoelas, who is a native of Greece, was second engineer on a boat sunk off Spain a few months ago. He says he was adrift thirty hours before being picked up.

Somebody told some of the pattern makers, if they wanted to make a showing in the Bowling Tournament, they would have to bowl-up; consequently four never showed up to work the next morning.

Ben De Bar, after reading the little note about him in the February DIAL, said: "Speaking about dogs, that reminds me of the other night some friends were over to the house and they were telling about drowning some puppies, and heating the water to make the operation more pleasant for the poor little things."

Every night when Snapper Littlejohn goes home he puts on blue goggles, gets a map of Bayonne and imagines he's reading a blue print of the Mahoning Pipe Works.

Lost, on January 24, somewhere between Brooklyn and the Hudson Terminal, 40 cents in dimes. Reward of $2 will be paid for return of same; no questions asked. See James Mackey, pipe shop.

Jack Hoban, of the pipe shop, has returned to work after being restricted to his home for a few weeks with an attack of grip.

They say that Victor Foley, timekeeper in the trucking department, is right on hand when it comes to birthday parties.

Men, like tools, are useless when they lose their temper.

There are many languages spoken in the yard by the different men, but if you want to meet a real linguist see Bud Hart.

If you want to go through life without being criticized go out into the woods and hide.

"The bee has not much to say but he usually carries his point," says Tom Cavanaugh. Whaddaya mean, Tom?

You may succeed when others do not believe in you, but never when you do not believe in yourself.

When it comes to traveling, Herb Longmore has Dr. Cook looking like a farce. Herbie was born in Scotland, traveled to England, then back to Scotland, then to the United States and now he's in Hoboken.

Some of the band members are composing a new march, entitled "The Sleeping Beauty," dedicated to Joe Sill.

Dishonesty and perpetual motion are in one class; only fools try to make them work.

Johnny Pubbett called up the plant the other day and the operator connected him with the Kings County Hospital for the Insane by mistake.

They are still keeping *Pace* in the pipe shop, eh, Hughey?

Charles DeGroot had to have an assistant to count the rivets for the *Texan*.

Lincoln's birthday this year will be a day long remembered in the pipe shop. Nolan showed up at 6.45 A.M.

Starkey, of the outside machinists, is looking for the man who told him Spain has a warm climate. Ever since he's been in the *City of Madrid* he's been freezing to death.

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CHARLES A. EATON
HEAD OF SECTION

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OFFICE OF SECTION
MANHATTAN HOTEL
ROOM 611

NEW YORK. Feb. 20, 1918.

To the Editor of The Dry Dock Dial.

Dear Sir:

The meeting of the men of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company which I had the honor to attend on January 30th, made me proud that I was an American citizen. As I listened to the speeches and to the statesmanlike and patriotic agreement which the men voted unanimously and enthusiastically to endorse, I felt that here were American citizens who really understood their country's peril and were acting as patriots.

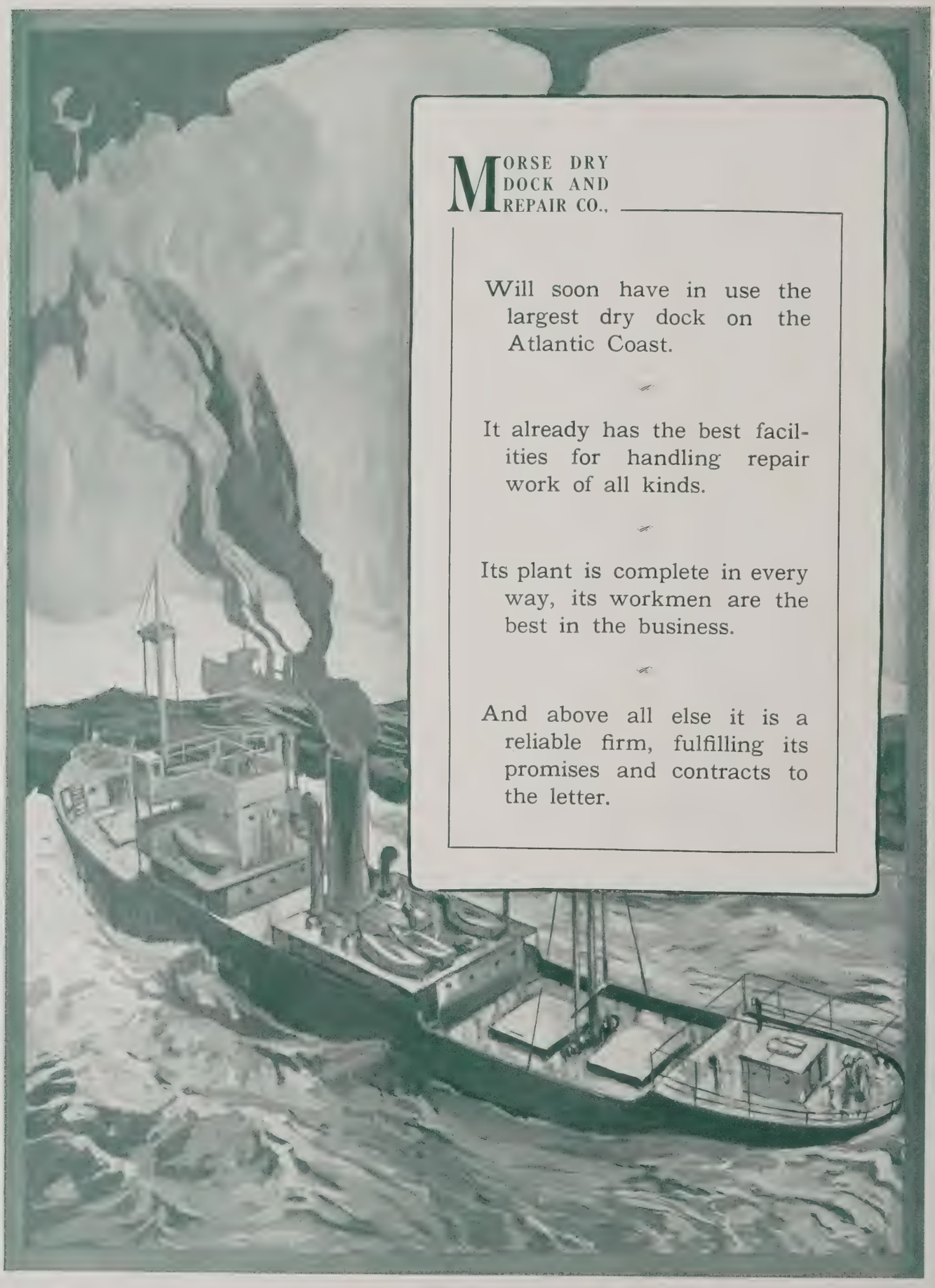
The men of the Morse Dry Dock Company have set an example to every American, no matter what his class may be. They have strengthened the hands of our Government; they have helped to create a healthy public opinion; and they have encouraged every patriotic citizen to do his full duty.

I enjoyed the meeting immensely clear through to the last boxing bout, and especially did I feel honored to be elected an honorary member of an Association so truly American. I want to express to the men of the Morse Dry Dock Company the appreciation of the United States Shipping Board, Emergency Fleet Corporation, for their splendid co-operation. This is our War; every man in America is a part of the fighting line. We cannot ask our soldiers and sailors to risk their lives for us unless we are ready to make every sacrifice for them.

Yours very truly

Rev. Dr. Charles A. Eaton

By the way, don't forget that March meeting. It comes on the last Wednesday of the month and we hear that the Entertainment Committee has got a surprise in store for us. Watch the bulletin board at the gate for an announcement of some of the good things planned.



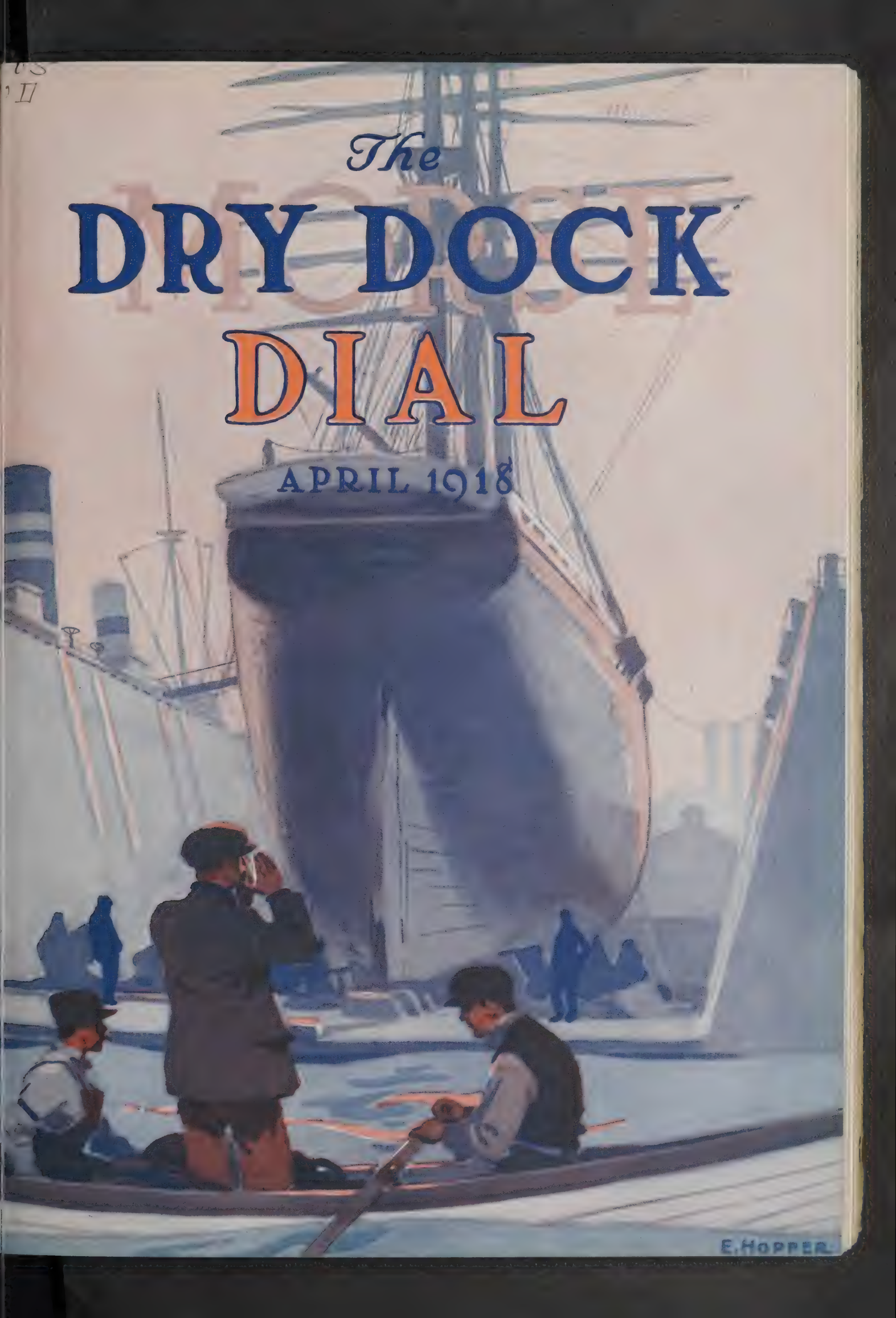
MORSE DRY DOCK AND REPAIR CO.

Will soon have in use the largest dry dock on the Atlantic Coast.

It already has the best facilities for handling repair work of all kinds.

Its plant is complete in every way, its workmen are the best in the business.

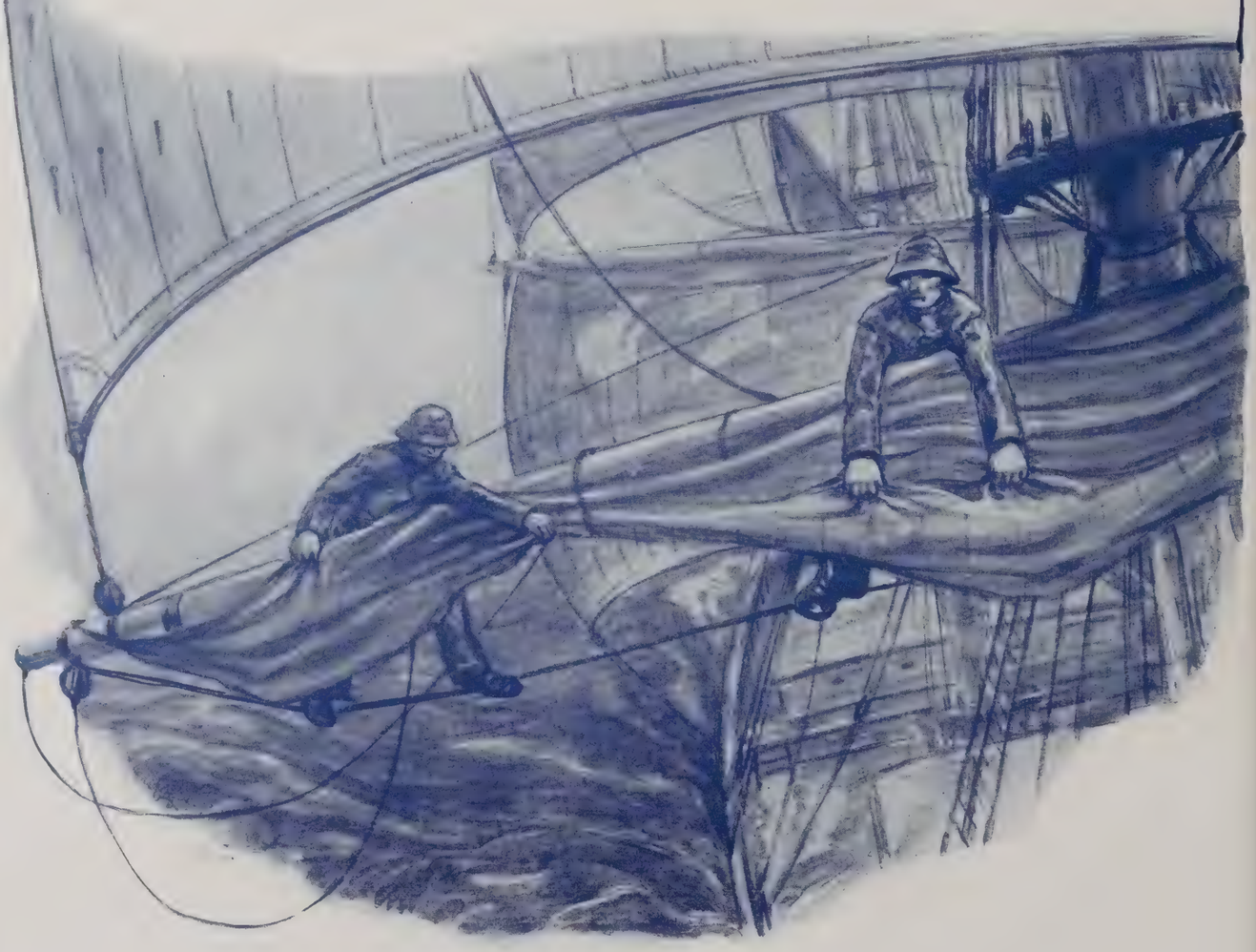
And above all else it is a reliable firm, fulfilling its promises and contracts to the letter.


The
DRY DOCK
DIAL
APRIL 1918
E. HOPPER

THE MARINER'S PRAYER

BY BERT EDWARD BARNES

O, Lord, now that I have found Thee, lift up mine feet from the rough road of life and help me to cross safely the gangplank of temptation into the ship of salvation. Let the hand of prudence guide the helm and the winds of love fill the sails and the Good Book be mine compass. And Almighty God, whose patience with humanity is everlasting, keep all hidden rocks of adversity from mine course; let my bow cut clean the fresh waters of righteousness; steer me clear of Satan's torpedoes and may the bright rays of hope never die out of the lighthouses along the way that I may make the run of life without disaster. And Lord, if it be Thy pleasure, I would ask that the tides bear unto me in letters of gold the true meaning of Thine Ten Commandments that I may be a mariner worthy of Thy blessings. Let not mine eyes be darkened by the fogs of evil; keep ringing loud for mine guidance the bell-buoys of faith, and when I have at last sailed into the port of death, may the good Skipper of the Universe say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, come and sign the log and receive eternal happiness as your salvage reward."



THE DRY DOCK DIAL

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Vol. 1 APRIL, 1918 No. 4

Our Recent Election

By John Powell, No. 4391, "The Dry Dock Poet."

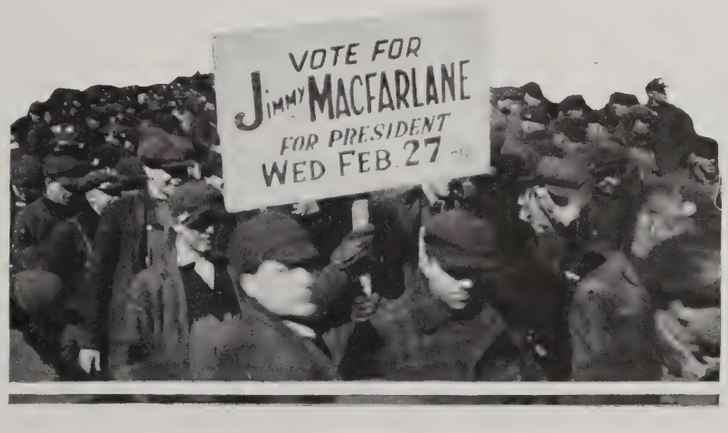


Mr. Powell has contributed this interesting version of the annual election of the Employees' Association, written in the style of Walt Mason, the Kansas poet, and we are giving first page prominence to it because of the human interest Mr. Powell has injected into his story. Complete details of the election are to be found on the pages following.—Editor.





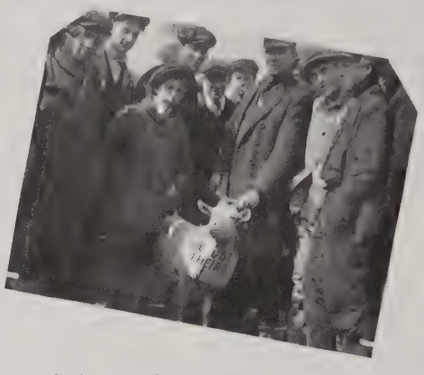
YOU'VE read of elections so close in the past where candidates died fighting hard. But of all the elections I voted, the last was the one down at Morse Dry Dock yard. The greatest excitement prevailed for a while, as they offered each candidate's name. As an old residenter remarked with a smile, it resembled the days of Jim Blaine. The office was president, not of the States, but a far more important one there, for he was to represent all of his mates and preside at the social affairs. The first one was Schatzel we heard, for choice the glory and honor to win. But then from the boiler shop came a deep voice: "McGibney, we nominate him." And then came McKay whom all esteemed high for holding the office before; but just like a thunderbolt out of the sky, MacFarlane was next on the floor. And then Mr. Hoover, a dark horse, crept in, the last but by far not the least. I don't mean the Hoover who calls it a sin on Tuesdays and Wednesdays to feast. Now with president always there must be a vice, as in euchre there must be a bower. After Reynold's grand speech which it took to entice, Ernie Bright was the man of the hour. Then Moffatt and Perkins came into the ring, a most complicated affair. But the candidates thought of a bright, clever thing, so they said we will run as a pair. McGibney and Perkins, MacFarlane and Bright, then Moffat and Mr. McKay were teamed up like horses to enter the fight, while Schatzel ran just one horse shay. So all nominations were made in due form; the contest was on with a leap, and never did candidate work since he's born, and constituents pledge their faith deep. McGibney the workingman's ticket acclaims, in front of his shop soon appears this sign: "I'm the only man works in the game, the little man with the big shears." But Schatzel was out with the same kind of boom and ran in the very same boat, though his chances fell off it was noticed quite soon he'd be useful in splitting the vote. McKay, who was running without much ado, but confident that he would win, was banking his hopes on the carpenter crew when the votes from the New Farm came in. Now Hoover was there with his slogan as well: "Who's Hoover?" Some thought the best bet. Who's Hoover, you say? Why no one can tell, and some of them can't even yet. And so things went on with results still in doubt, each man with his army arrayed. Dan Shea split the band, ordered all of them out, and each one had his own parade. McGibney was there with Perkins as mate, the cheering was long and was loud. He looked like a winner and that sure as fate, that's judging by looks of the crowd. And so did the others, but now is the time the pipe shop and burners could gloat, for just then MacFarlane and Bright swung in line and finished up strong with the goat. But when it was all over, election day too, MacFarlane and Bright won the day, and so ends the story, but ere I am through, I've simply one more thing to say. Two men I've forgotten to mention at all. In this battle for votes they were freed, elected to office, unanimous call, were Donovan and Mr. Mead. And again great excitement prevailed for a while, as they heralded each winner's name. As an old residenter remarked with a smile, it resembled the days of Jim Blaine.



A full report of the election and the annual meeting will be found on the following pages.

NOT since the Employees' Association was organized has so much interest in it been aroused as during the recent election of new officers, at which time five candidates sought the presidency and three the vice-presidency.





A full-fledged, honest-to-goodness campaign was conducted, with parades, speech-making, cigars, handbills and the like figuring in the electioneering. The candidates for president and vice-president were elected by ballots, the vote being cast between 7 A.M. and 7 P.M. on March 4, in booths placed in different sections of the yard and the farm.

Daniel F. Shea served as election inspector, and each candidate for president was represented in the counting of the ballots by a teller of his own selection, the same tellers also acting in behalf of the candidates for vice-president.

Nominations for all of the offices were made from the floor at the annual meeting of the Association held in Parkway Assembly Hall, corner of Fourth avenue and Fifty-first street, on the night of February 27. Previous to this meeting parades were held in which all aspirants for office participated, each candidate for the presidential nomination having a parade of his own, headed by a section of the Morse Band.

The "primaries" developed keen interest in the election, and when the day for casting the ballots came around 2,834 employees dropped their votes in the polling booths. Only fifty-one voters were disqualified, most of them being repeaters. Some of those who cast more than one vote were called before the Board of Directors to explain their action. Excepting in cases where the repeating was due to a mistake, they were reprimanded. Votes which did not contain the name and the number of the voter were also cast out.

The parades held during the noon hour on February 26, in which the candidates seeking nominations appeared before the voters, created a great deal of enthusiasm. Four of the candidates for president marched at the head of their constituents and the fifth, Mr. Hoover, rode with his supporters in motor trucks. The various groups started from different sections of the yard and converged on the concrete driveway at the rear of the main office building, where speeches were made from the top of the small oil tank.

Another parade was held on the Saturday before the balloting, in which Candidate MacFarlane sprung a surprise on his opponents by appearing with a real, live goat, the animal being profusely decorated with signs which proclaimed that "Mac has their goat."

BANNERS and election signs were carried by the constituents of each candidate during the parade and much fun was occasioned by the marching. The signs were prepared by Oscar Kruger, our official sign painter, and were cleverly gotten up.

Some of the effusions were as follows:

"Edward McGibney—The little man with the big punch. Our choice for president."

"An efficient man—Edward McGibney for president. A vote for him is a vote for the best."

"The man that put the 'S' in shears. Vote for Edward McGibney for president."

"L. V. Schatzel—Always on the job. Vote for L. V. Schatzel."

"A workingman like yourself. Elect for president L. V. Schatzel."

"Tried and true; our choice for president—L. V. Schatzel."

"He is good enough for me—L. V. Schatzel for president."

"Made good as vice-president—why not president—Jimmy MacFarlane."

"The little man with the big smile—Jimmy MacFarlane."

"A square deal for all—McKay."

"The man that placed 'S' in success—McKay."

"He made the box. Give him the ballot. Re-elect George McKay as president."

"Everything is Hooverized; Hooverize your vote. Vote for Hoover."

"A pattern to lead you."

"Conserve your vote. Vote for Hoover."

The Vote Figures

For President—James MacFarlane, foreman of the burners, 1,259; Edward McGibney, inside hull department, 776; L. V. Schatzel, inside machinist, 362; George McKay, assistant foreman at the new dry dock, 333; H. G. Hoover, assistant foreman of the pattern shop, 53.

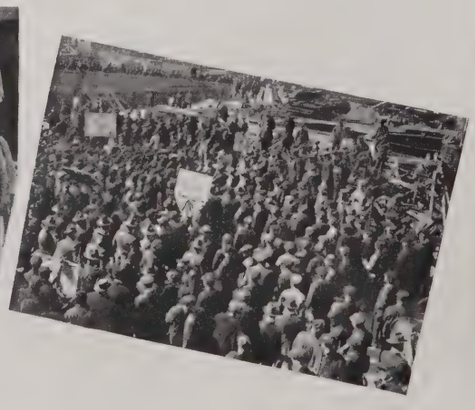
For Vice-President—A. Ernest Bright, foreman of the pipe shop, 1,150; William Perkins, assistant foreman of the sheet metal workers, 1,076, and Alexander Moffat, assistant to Mr. MacFarlane, in the burners' department, 416.

*Secretary—James M. Donovan.
*Treasurer—Mortimer W. Mead.

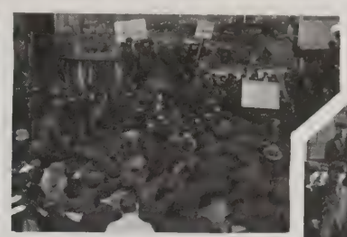
*Mr. Donovan and Mr. Mead were elected by acclamation at the annual meeting of the Employees' Association, February 27, at which time nominations for all of the offices were made from the floor.










IN the electioneering MacFarlane made a whirlwind campaign, taking every opportunity presented to him to speak to the voters, and he won his hearers always with the peppery manner in which he declared his platform. When some of his opponents distributed election cards he declared from the stump: "I don't need to use tickets; my life among you men is the best ticket I could give you."

Schatzel also showed much enterprise in his campaign. He put one over on the other candidates by arranging a patriotic flag-raising stunt in the machine shop on the day of the first parade. The men of the shop had contributed toward the purchase of five large American flags to hang there. The flags arrived a day or so before the parade and Schatzel's wide-awake lieutenants got busy.

The meeting was a very patriotic affair in which Mr. Morse, Jr., made a stirring address. He told the men that they should be proud of their beautiful flags and the sentiment which prompted their purchase. He said he was proud to note the display of patriotism on the part of the machinists. He reminded them of the pleasant days he spent in the machine shop himself, recalling his apprenticeship days, and said that he hoped that the flags would be an inspiration to them in their work, which was so important to the welfare of the nation at this time. He also thanked them for their loyalty to the Company.

At the conclusion of his speech he pulled a rope unfurling the flags, draped from the rafters. The band then played the national airs. Charles Marullo mounted the platform and called upon the machinists to support their candidate in the coming election, and three rousing cheers were given for Schatzel. MacFarlane, hearing of the meeting, arrived with his followers and managed to get in a word or two before the meeting adjourned.

McGibney and Hoover contented themselves with personal solicitation of votes and made no formal election speeches. They distributed cards, as did Schatzel. McKay appealed to the voters on the strength of his record as their president during the past year.

As in all elections there were innumerable rumors and more or less "scandal." The story got around that MacFarlane had bribed the girls in the office to vote for him by sending them silk hose and candy. It seems that some of the young ladies turned out for his parade, forming a "platoon" and in their march about the yard their shoes and hose became bespattered, whereupon MacFarlane gave assurances that he would "make good."






They tell a story about one of Hoover's political lieutenants, Daniel P. Daniells, which is pretty good and worth passing along. When Daniells learned that MacFarlane intended to parade with a real, live goat, Daniells, not to have his candidate outdone, scurried around to see if he couldn't get a goat for his candidate. He was told that someone over on the east side in New York had a goat famous as a fighter. "Fine," said Daniells, "I'll go over and see if I can't get that one and we'll sic him onto MacFarlane's."



As time for the parade drew near Hoover and his backers paced the floor anxiously awaiting word from Daniells. Thirteen minutes before the parade was to start Daniells phoned in that the goat he was after had died a week before.

Rumors of "dark horses" caused more or less anxiety on the part of some of the candidates, especially MacFarlane, who heard that all the men in the hull department were going to trot out Billy McEwen at the last minute. MacFarlane hustled around and with difficulty (?) induced McEwen to withdraw from the race. This cost him a dinner at the Ritz, and not until he had paid the bill was he put hep to the fact that McEwen's candidacy was a "frame-up."

The following men served as election tellers and worked with infinite pains in counting the vote: Henry Pauli for Schatzel; Thomas Wixted for MacFarlane; Daniel P. Daniells for Hoover; George Webster for McKay and George Drew for McGibney.

The task took them two days. In the meantime it became evident that MacFarlane had won in a walk and interest in the outcome then veered to the vote for vice-president, in which Bright and Perkins ran nip and tuck. First Perkins and then Bright would be in the lead, and not until the final votes were counted was the outcome ascertained.






Expressions of appreciation from the various candidates follow:



I wish to express my thanks to the members of the Employees' Association, not only for the support I received in the recent election, but especially for the splendid support they gave me during my service as their president. I feel that the Association has been a splendid success and that I am able to say this only because the members of it worked with us in a spirit of coöperation. I wish also to thank the members of the Board of Directors for the interest they displayed in their work and for the splendid spirit of loyalty to the Association which they showed in their efforts to fulfill their duties. An organization of this kind can be a success only through the coöperation of every member. Not all of the meetings of the Board of Directors were harmonious, but that only means that the Board sought to do what was expected of it by the members of the Association. If all of the meetings had been harmonious then we would have cause for worry.—GEORGE MCKAY.

Please permit me to express my appreciation to the members of the Employees' Association for their loyal support in electing me their president. I sincerely regret that I am not able to grasp the hand of every member in the good old-fashioned way and express my thanks man to man. I wish also to thank the soldiers who participated in our parades, also Mrs. Tillotson, Mr. Bright, our newly elected vice-president, and the band members. If I were a writer instead of a burner I could thank the members in more eloquent language, but I know you will understand my feeling when I say I give hearty and cordial thanks. I want to assure you that I will devote my untiring efforts to the benefit and welfare of the Employees' Association. Your old pal and goat-getter—JAMES MACFARLANE.

I want to thank the men for their support of me in the election and to say that I more than appreciate the loyal efforts made in my behalf by the boys in the machine shop and other departments. The election did a great deal to bring out a real interest in the Employees' Association and if the employees will only stick together now and work as hard for the success of the organization as they should we will find it a continued blessing and inspiration for good. I want to say



that the Association has always attracted the attention of some of our soldier boys over in France because of the patriotic stand it has taken during the war, and that is saying a good deal for an organization that has been in existence but a little over a year. I am proud to have been one of the first directors of the Association and shall continue to do all I can for its welfare and the welfare of the employees.—L. V. SCHATZEL.

Permit me to express my sincere thanks to the members of the Employees' Association for the support given me in the recent election. I am indeed grateful, not only for the support accorded me, but also to note how the American people have learned to Hooverize, even when put to the test of a vote. So far as I am concerned, the men conserved their vote most decidedly. The election certainly aroused a great deal of interest in the Association and provided us all with much fun. Speaking seriously, however, I want to say that I am eager to do everything I possibly can for the good of the Association, which has been such a success. Let us all work together harmoniously and we will get to know each other better.

As I said in my address at the time I was nominated: "There are many good things in store for the members of the Association, but we must coöperate with each other in our efforts to make the Association what we want it to be." Let us not try to find fault, but seek to improve.—H. G. HOOVER.

I wish to thank everyone who voted for me in the last election. The vote I received is the more remarkable because of my being a comparative stranger here and I feel very grateful to those who supported me in my campaign.—EDWARD MCGIBNEY.

Just a word of thanks to those who voted for me in the election. Though I was not elected,



I appreciate the fact that I have a large number of friends in the yard. There is no reason for regret over my not being elected, as the ruling of the majority is generally right and we all know that it would be hard to find a better man to fill the office of vice-president than Mr. Bright. There is just one thought I would like to impress upon all of the employees and that is that everyone of us should do all we can for the advancement of the Association, using our best judgment on all questions without regard whether it affects our department or not, but keeping in mind the welfare of the whole yard instead.—WILLIAM J. PERKINS.

My election came as a surprise. I am very glad of the opportunity to do what I can for the Association and shall work for the interest of the organization to the best of my ability. I wish to thank the employees of the yard for electing me their vice-president.—A. E. BRIGHT.

I wish to thank the employees for the support they gave me in the recent election. Being a comparative stranger here I think I have a great deal to be thankful for in the display of friendliness which met my candidacy.—ALEXANDER MOFFAT.

I appreciate the kindness of the employees in reëlecting me their secretary and wish to say that I shall do every thing in the interest of the organization.—JAMES M. DONOVAN.

I would like to thank the employees for re-electing me to the office of treasurer. I shall try to fulfill the duties of the office to the best of my ability.—MORTIMER W. MEAD.



Vision

A boy, watching the steam rise up from a kettle on the stove, conceived the idea which brought forth the steam engine. That boy had Vision.

That same faculty of Vision—the ability to see possibilities in commonplace things—will push forward any man.

If you have Vision, you can see the true possibilities which confront you.

You can see the future of this business, a future assured by a record already made.

You can see, too, your place in this bigger business, a place which will increase in importance as the business grows.

For Vision makes of the plodder a climber—*Mirror*.

Our Annual Meeting

By Thomas J. Plunkett



Edward McGibney

THE annual meeting of the Employees' Association, held in Parkway Assembly on the night of February 27, was one of the most enthusiastic of the past year, and, likewise, one of the most important. In addition to the nomination of officers, three presentations were made, in which Mr. Morse, Sr., Mr. Morse, Jr., and Mr. Murray were the recipients of very beautiful gifts from the Association, tendered as an expression of appreciation for the encouragement and assistance given by the management of the Company to the Employees' Association.

Charles G. Hall made the presentations, Mr. Morse, Sr., receiving a beautiful bronze inkstand; Mr. Morse, Jr., a handsomely designed watch fob and Mr. Murray a pretty gold and silver cigarette case. Mr. Hall said that the harmony which has prevailed in the yard during the past year has been a matter of gratification to everyone connected with the Company. He declared that never before had there been such a spirit of good-fellowship and that there was only one answer and that was the Employees' Association.

"The encouragement and assistance which we have received from the management of the Company has had much to do with the success of the Association," said Mr. Hall. "Mr. Morse, Sr., Mr. Morse, Jr., and Mr. Murray have been enthusiastic and liberal in their support of our Association and the Board of Directors felt that some indication of the appreciation felt for their help was desirable. Through their untiring support of our organization there is no shipyard in the port or on the Atlantic coast where working conditions are better."

Mr. Morse, Sr., was deeply moved by the presentation, which came as a complete surprise to him. "Gentlemen—My boys, I wish I had the eloquence of a silver-tongued orator to tell you how I feel about this beautiful gift. Not for the intrinsic value of the present alone, but for what it stands, shall I always prize it. Nothing I possess will be more highly prized. The conditions in the yard, as Mr. Hall has said, have greatly improved since you organized your Association and I am happy to feel that I have had my share in your efforts to make the working conditions in the yard more agreeable and congenial. I have found this meeting very interesting and I more than ever appreciate the good of your Association." Mr. Morse said that the need of a larger hall was apparent and that he had in mind the erecting of a building which would provide a large recreation hall with bowling alleys and the like.



James McFarlane Campaigning

Mr. Morse, Jr., said that he knew of no gift which would have been more acceptable. The fob contained the emblem of the Elks, of which Mr. Morse is an active and enthusiastic member. "This beautiful present is greatly appreciated," he said. "That thing we call success that men work so hard for is not expressed in dollars but by the feeling of kindness and approbation a man gets in his work."

Pictures of the other candidates will be found in the special insert about the Employees' Association agreement, in this issue of THE DIAL—*Editor.*

Mr. Morse spoke of the meaning of the Elks' emblem. He told of the high ideals of the fraternity and explained how at eleven o'clock every night in every Elks' clubroom in the world a silent toast is made to the absent brothers.

"This seems to me to be a beautiful sentiment," said Mr. Morse. "We are all brothers in this world and we should all strive to solidify the universal brotherhood."

Mr. Murray said that he was surprised beyond words to receive such a splendid gift from the Association. He declared that the past year has been the best year he has spent in the employment of the Morse Company. He said that the spirit of co-operation and good feeling had been more noticeable and he expressed his appreciation of the assistance he has received from Mr. Morse, Sr., and Mr. Morse, Jr., whom he said he greatly admired.

After the presentations business was taken up. The chairman of the Accident and Prevention Committee reported the progress which that committee had made during the year. L. V. Schatzel reported for the sanitation committee. He said that conditions had greatly improved. William J. Perkins reported for the finance committee and James MacFarlane for the relief committee.

Nominations of candidates for election to the offices of the Association were then made and the election plans announced. Following this, brief speeches were made by the successful nominees.

James MacFarlane, nominated as a candidate for president, made a stirring appeal to the members of the Association to work together in the interests of the organization. He told of the benefits which had been derived from it. "We used to have division and dissatisfaction in our yard and everyone was pulling against the other fellow," he said. "Now we have harmony and a unity of spirit, and the reason for it is this Association," he said. "Boys, you'll never regret having founded this organization. It remains for every one of you to back up the officers and give them your support."



A. Ernest Bright

Mr. Schatzel, another candidate for president, told of how the Association had brought the men closer together and had put a stop to the antagonism which had previously existed between the different departments. He spoke of how the election parade of the day before had aroused interest in the Association and he explained the conference board plan. He closed by making a strong appeal to the members to pay attention to what their Association was doing.

"You boys want to get busy. This Association has done away with the troubles we used to have. It has opened the way for us to talk horse sense whenever there are questions to be settled. You want to read your magazine, THE DIAL, and learn what is going on and get interested in the different activities here."

H. G. Hoover, also nominated a candidate for president, thanked the members for the enthusiasm which had greeted him and said he hoped the members would always take the same amount of interest in the Association. "The Company wants you to be cheerful and contented in your work. Let us all try hard to see that the other fellow with us is happy."

Edward McGibney, a fourth candidate, said that he didn't expect to be called upon to make a speech. He stated that he had been sick for a few days and was in no condition to say what he would like to say. He urged the men to get together and back up the Association, and called upon them to "vote for the man they thought best suited for the office."

Mr. Hall spoke for Mr. McKay, the fifth candidate, telling of Mr. McKay's faithful service of the past year.



Alexander Moffat

The meeting was then turned over to the entertainment committee and a most delightful program of monologues, singing, and magic by professional artists, was provided. Refreshments were also served.



"We shall fight for those things which we have always carried nearest to our hearts—and to this task we must dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have."—President Wilson.

OTTO KISTENMACHER, formerly one of our burners, wrote us such a nice letter the other day we are going to use it to lead this page. We have written to Otto for his picture and also for photographs of the camp where he is located, and if the censor will let us use them we hope to print them in a later issue. The last time we heard from Otto he was at Kelly Field in South San Antonio, the largest aviation camp in the country. His latest letter was dated from Raymond, Washington, way up in the Northwest, and we imagine from what the letter says that Raymond is a mighty interesting place to be in.

Here is Otto's letter, which was addressed to Dan Shea:

Well, how are you and all the members of the Employees' Association? I hope that you and the boys are enjoying yourselves and that the annual ball was a success.

I am now located in the town of Raymond in the State of Washington. I am working in a saw-mill yard. There are about sixty-five of us soldiers here helping to get out spruce for the aeroplanes. Believe me when I say work I mean it.

Handling lumber is certainly harder than a person might think. We handle different sizes from two inches to six inches thick and from six to forty feet in length. There are still larger pieces known as the "cant" lumber, which is cut from huge logs. These "cants" vary in sizes from twelve inches to forty-five inches thick and from twenty to forty feet in length. But the majority of these are shipped to the Government mill in Vancouver, where I was three weeks. The mill in Vancouver is the largest in the world. While I was there the squadron I was in had to guard the mill once every six days.

This town of Raymond is very peculiar in one way and that is it has no sidewalks of cement or any stone roadways. Everything is of wood. The Willopa River winds itself through the town. Our barracks are located in one corner of the mill yard. We have a new two-story wooden building, built just for the soldiers who are working in the mill. The barracks are first class in all departments. We have fine sleeping quarters upstairs, and on the first floor is the kitchen, the mess room and the wash room. The meals we receive are of the best; everything is cooked here on the premises, even our bread, cake, pies and all pastry.



Paddy Fagan on the Gun; the Other Chap Was One of His Camp Chums

We are now working eight hours a day, having formerly worked ten hours. We began March 1 to work eight hours, it being a ruling of the President that all Government mills and lumber camps should work only eight hours. We are paid civilian wages. For the ten-hour day we received $3.50. I don't know how much we will get for the eight-hour day.

There is a society here known as the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen, whose members consist of civilians who pledge themselves to do their best to get out the spruce to help win the war.

Give my regards to all the boys.

⚜

Joseph Cople, of Co. H, 106th U. S. Infantry, Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C., formerly a shipfitters' helper, has made good as one of Uncle Sam's sharpshooters and says he is going to take a bead on the Kaiser if he ever gets a chance. Joe writes to Charles Saunders, of the estimating department, that he is willing to give his life if only he can get a smash at Hun Bill. "He's a dirty, good for nothing scoundrel," writes Joe, "and I wish his legs would fall off of him."

Sharpshooter Cople inquires affectionately for all the boys in the yard and adds: "I still have the Morse baseball team at heart and am keeping in good condition by pitching for my company's team, and hope to win the championship of the 27th Division. We have an all-star team and are sure to bring home the bacon." Joe was one of the pitchers on our team last summer.

⚜

Paddy Fagan is back with us after a couple of months at Camp Upton, where he served in the mess tent of Supply Company 308. When Paddy started away for army life, one of his co-workers in the boiler shop shouted out to him, "Cheer up, Paddy, Uncle Sam ain't going to make you fight; he's just going to drop you where the fight is and then you can use your own judgment." Uncle Sam concluded, however, that Paddy was worth more to him as a shipworker than as a fighter, although Paddy is some fighter when it comes to that. He battled his way to the boxing championship of his company, and was on his way to a divisional championship when he got word to return to the Morse yard, where he is "doing his bit" as a boilermaker.

Daniel Healy, formerly employed in the copper shop, enjoys army life, according to a letter received from him. He is a member of the 305th Infantry, Co. D, at Camp Upton, and writes that he would like to hear from his friends who are still with the Morse Company.

⚜

Samuel Patti, who is with Co. E, 302d Engineers, at Camp Upton, writes that he is feeling fine and likes camp life very much.

⚜

A letter from John Kitson, formerly No. 2001, of the rigging department, writes that he is "now with the colors down here in the sunny South." He says he expects to go "over there" at an early date. "The weather down here is wonderful," he says, and adds: "Tell Mr. Rossman, Big John and the rest of the crew I send my best regards to them."

Ray came in to see us a few weeks ago, and says he: "Gosh, it does seem good to meet the boys again." Ray, by the way, is a second class electrician in Uncle Sam's navy, and next to working as a timekeeper for the Morse Company, he says there isn't any job that beats the one he's got now. When we showed the above picture to one of the young ladies in the office, a faraway, dreamy look came into her eyes, and we agreed with her that Ray sure does look good in that uniform. The last we heard from Ray he was at the U. S. Naval Reserve Station at Bensonhurst, N. Y.



Raymond G. Murtha

George W. Lee, who is in one of the camps in Florida, sends a postal card showing a view of Jacksonville, and writes: 'I received the monthly magazine and enjoyed the reading of it very much."

⚜

Lewis Gordon, Co. K, 106th Infantry, at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C., writes:



George Flannery, Formerly Employed Here as a Burner

"I received your package and I thank you very much for it. It is very warm compared to New York down here."

⚜

Joseph Graff, a member of Uncle Sam's navy, writes: "I want to sincerely thank you for THE DRY DOCK DIAL, but as a former patternmaker, I would like to see something besides goose-eggs chalked up against the Pattern Shop team. They have enough lumber in the yard, why not make wooden arms for themselves? May your good work continue to brighten and inspire life's biggest ambition: Peace and good will on earth to all." Joseph by the way, is chief carpenters' mate on the ship he is serving on.

⚜

John J. Dolan, who is serving on one of Uncle Sam's battleships, sent us a postal card from Bordeaux recently, on which he wrote: "Just a card from a city we visited, to let you know that I received your box and magazine which were most welcome and appreciated."

⚜

Otto Thorsen, formerly employed here as a rigger, is now at Camp Dix, N. J., with Battery E, 307th Field Artillery, and writes: "Everything is fine here and we are treated well."

⚜

Charles Cheilern, formerly in the hull department, whose home address was 250 Fifty-sixth street, has joined Uncle Sam's mighty draft army.

⚜

Friends of Sheldon Freeman, a former coppersmith here, have learned that he has arrived safely in France.

⚜

Harry Hintze, who is now at Glassy Rock, S. C., with the 105th New York Field Artillery Supply Company, writes:

Received the magazine and was very glad to hear some good news from the yard. I appreciate your kindness in sending it very much as we are only too glad to hear from the boys in dear old Bay Ridge.

Believe me, we are soldiering now. We are at the range at Glassy Rock and the mud is as thick as in Flanders. The supply company is always on the go, morning till night, from Glassy Rock to Campobello with hay and oats. It's only an eight-hour run, but we have had rain and snow nearly every day.

It isn't anything like standing over the forge-heating rivets and having someone yell "Get them hot." I am all wet as I write this letter, as I just came in from a trip in a big storm. Give my regards to the boys.

⚜

A letter from Al Cracolici, dated from Probation Camp, Barracks C, Bay 13, Pelham Bay, says:

Just a few lines saying that I reached camp all right. The first thing I did upon reaching camp was to strip naked and then take a cold shower bath. Take it from me, that water was good and cold. After that they innoculated me. The doctor sure did stick that needle into me. After that we got our army suits, and say, that was as good as a burlesque show, there were so many misfits.

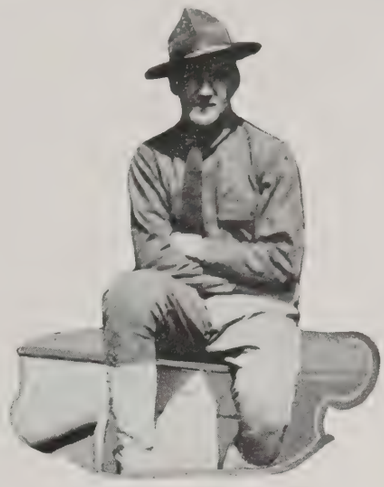


Joseph H. Cople

How are all the boys in the yard? Tell them I send my regards to them. Don't forget to send me one of those magazines.

⚜

Other Morse men who are now serving in the army or navy but whose names have not been mentioned before are: A. E. Friedlander, Company B, 306th Infantry, Camp Upton; Edward Grandin, Company I, 306th Infantry, Camp Upton; James Wall at Camp Upton; H. B. Maynard, Jr., at Fort Slocum.



Wagoner Henry Eichman, Jr.

Some one said that the above picture looked like the editor, and you should have seen our chest swell out. Mr. Eichman, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Eichman, Sr., of 132 Crown street, Corona, L. I., formerly worked for the Morse Company as a tinsmith, where his father and a brother, Otto, are doing their bit for Uncle Sam by helping to repair the ships he needs so badly. Wagoner Eichman is a member of the 107th Infantry Supply Company at Spartanburg, S. C.

Daniel Forman, a former employee, writes:

Just a few lines to let you know I am now in a barracks in the Philadelphia Navy Yard. The navy is great for anyone who likes it. I sure do. I hope you will send me one of your monthly magazines, as I know it will cheer me up to see one of your great books. I want you to tell all the men that I am going over to the other side and build airships for Uncle Sam, and hope I can serve him the same as Mr. Morse and the men in his yard are doing. My best is all I can give and that is what they are going to get from me.

⚜

Joseph W. Wirth, formerly of the hull department, has enlisted and is now in Company A, 311th Infantry, at Camp Dix, N. J.

Help to Buy an Ambulance

The Brooklyn Unit of the Motor Corps of America, the volunteer organization of uniformed women motor drivers, proposes to buy an ambulance, and to raise money for that purpose a bazaar will be held in the new casino in Prospect Park, under the direction of Mrs. E. P. Morse, Sr.

Preparedness is the keynote of this patriotic organization of women, and it is hoped to be able to purchase the ambulance and necessary equipment in time for its use upon the arrival here of the first transports with wounded Americans from the front. The ambulance service which the women will provide will supplement the army and civilian ambulance services in transporting from the ships to the hospitals the seriously wounded men. The Motor Corps has been conveying sick soldiers and sailors from their homes to base hospitals, and is experienced in handling the less serious cases. Stretcher drills are held three times a week.

This patriotic organization deserves the support of every true American in its worthy project, and it is hoped that the employees of this company who have been so liberal in the past will assist the Corps by contributing to the success of the bazaar, which will be held on April 17. Tickets and further information can be obtained from Miss Jensen, at the yard hospital.

Peter Rutlin, No. 9112, of the rigging loft, was married on April 3, and the boys in his department have been making most of the opportunity to congratulate him.

A rubbish pile on the south dry dock pier caught fire on April 5, but was quickly extinguished by Company No. 1, which arrived first on the scene.

Mr. Morse Thanks Employees

After one of the hardest winters experienced in this yard, I feel that a word of thanks should be extended to the employees who so faithfully and loyally stuck by their work despite the hardships of the cold. It is remarkable that so many of them remained at their employment during even the very bitter days and to each and every one I want to express my appreciation. Through their loyal and faithful service we were able to help the Government materially in its task of providing ships for the transport of our soldiers to France, and their devotion to duty deserves commendation. With a continuance of this loyal co-operation we can hope to look for a summer of paramount achievement in the way of putting through the Government's shipping program. Let us all do our full share to win this war.

E. P. MORSE, JR., *General Superintendent.*

Patriotic Meetings

ABOUT 5,000 employees heard Rev. Gabriel R. Maguire of Boston and Private Joseph S. Cassells of the Scottish Black Watch regiment speak at a patriotic meeting held in the yard Thursday moon, March 21, and they went away with a keener realization of the enormous responsibilities which have been placed on the shipworkers of the nation.

The Rev. Mr. Maguire and Private Cassells came as representatives of the National Service Section of the United States Shipping Board of which the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Eaton is the director. The object of the National Service Section is to stimulate greater activity in the shipyards of the country towardwinningthe war.



Private Cassells. Notice Absence of Little Finger, Which was Shot Away

Rev. Gabriel R. Maguire Speaking to Us

Rev. Mr. Maguire, Mr. Morse, Sr., and Private Cassells

The Morse Band under the leadership of Daniel F. Shea played patriotic airs during the meeting and a great deal of enthusiasm was shown when the Rev. Mr. Maguire called for a pledge of allegiance to the American flag.

The Rev. Mr. Maguire, who has been speaking in shipyards throughout the country, declared the Morse meeting to be one of the most enthusiastic he had attended. He also stated that in all of his travels he had never encountered a more earnest and determined body of shipyard workers.

"I spoke recently at the Lake submarine plant in Bridgeport, Conn.," the Rev. Mr. Maguire said. "Simon Lake, inventor of the submarine, told me that the undersea boat can sink anything that floats. He declares that it can even sink an island and that the American people have not awakened to the seriousness of the U-Boat peril.

"We are going to overcome the submarine menace, but we are not going to do so until we produce more ships than they can sink."

He spoke of America as being the only nation in which a man is taken for what he is worth and declared that such a country is worth saving.

"Unless we can wake up you shipworkers, you men who are the second line of national defense, our gigantic shipping program is going to fail. This is your war and my war and we have got to win it. Our boys in the trenches are forcing twenty-seven hours into twenty-four. Why shouldn't we sweat a little more than we would under ordinary conditions?"

The Rev. Mr. Maguire then explained that he was expected to report to Washington the nature of the reception he received at the meeting. He called for a pledge of allegiance to the American flag and to the Government in its shipping program and a very enthusiastic demonstration followed.

Private Cassells, who is a native of Scotland, and one of the British soldiers who went to France in the first contingent of 74,000, was wounded three times in the service and then invalided out. He has been in this country nearly a year recuperating and putting in his spare time speaking.

He told of the battle of the Marne when von Kluck's forces failed in their furious attempt to push back the Allied line. He was in the battle of Mons, the battle of Ypres and the battle of La Bassee. He told of the hardships which the Allied soldiers experienced and related one instance in which the members of his regiment were unable to get supplies for nearly a week, finally breaking their emergency rations.

"It was seventy-two hours before we got our bully beef and biscuits," he said. "We ate roots of trees and such things as we could find about the shell-torn ground. Then finally in desperation, we dragged in a dead artillery horse lying fifteen yards in front of our line. I dare say there wasn't so much as a pinch of that carcass left. You men don't know what it is to be real hungry."

Mr. Cassells spoke of how precious cigarettes were to the men and then told of some of the atrocities perpetrated by the Huns. He said that in the retreat in the battle of Mons a Frenchman came forward with the stumps of his arms hanging helplessly at his sides, and told how the German murderers had cruelly slaughtered his wife and twelve-year-old daughter before his eyes.

"As there is a God in heaven to witness my statement," said Mr. Cassells with deep emotion, "I also saw the fourteen-months-old baby of that man nailed to a barn, hanging there from rusty nails. Inside of the barn we found fifteen Germans with blood on the front of their clothes. Did we take those skunks prisoners? Well, we did not; we made quick work of them."

Mr. Cassells trembled with feeling as he related the atrocities he had witnessed. His remarks made a strong impression on his hearers, told as they were without any attempt at oratorical effects and his audience listened to his grim story with bated breath.

ANOTHER patriotic meeting was held during the noon hour of Friday, March 29, at which time, Col. I. Thor. Gray, of the Eleventh Northumberland Fusileers, of the British Forces, William T. Boult, who has just returned from Y. M. C. A. service in France, and Hon. Sidney Story, of New Orleans, addressed eight hundred employees. The speakers received close attention and were warmly applauded. Mr. Hall introduced them.

Colonel Gray was the first to speak, and defined Germany's real purpose in the present drive as what he thought a deeply laid scheme to divert attention from the Eastern fronts, and thus make possible a hard smash in the East with the object of opening up a road to Persia. They have already gained control of the Black Sea and Odessa, and intend to reach the Caspian Sea, where they will reinforce the Moslems, he declared. He cited the German attempts to stir up a revolution in India as part of the present plan.

"Germany thinks she can recruit 100,000 Indian troops through her propaganda against British rule in India," Colonel Gray said. To explain clearly the gigantic task the Allies are up against he referred to conditions in Great Britain prior to the entrance of America in the war. On the first line of defense 5,000,000 men are needed, and to maintain this large body of men in the field, at least 500,000 shipyard workers are necessary, he asserted. He called upon each man to do his part so that those in the first line will not be left at the mercy of the barbarian Huns.

"Each man should think of this duty when he picks up or lays down a tool," he urged. "Think of our brothers and the noble sacrifice they are making for us. What if we do have to work a little harder in our daily tasks? How much does it mean to them?"

He compared the armed strength of the Teutons and the Allies, and said that the figures show a balance in favor of the Central Powers which, at the present rate which the Allies are increasing their forces, it would take forty-four months to overcome.

"With America taking an active part by the end of this year, and the Allies increasing their forces at the rate of about 215,000 men per month, we can hope for peace no later than two or three years from now."

After his talk Colonel Gray said he was ready to answer questions and, to the first, regarding the Japanese situation, he stated that Japan was ready to send 2,000,000 troops into Siberia when the Allies thought it necessary. Another question regarding the British failure in the Dardanelles was answered by the statement that the British forces of 100,000 men were faced by 700,000 Austro-Germans, and that the sacrifice of th ese men was rewar ded by the

saving of the Suez Canal, the near East, Egypt and Italy.

Mr. Morse, Jr., called for three cheers for Colonel Gray, and the men responded lustily.

Mr. Boult told of his experiences at the American camps in France. He lauded the spirit of our boys who are now at the front. Mr. Boult has been actively engaged in canteen work since 1914, and shortly before his return to this country a few weeks ago had the opportunity of observing the American Expeditionary Forces billeted in Lorraine. He spoke of the great admiration of the French people for the Yankees. He said that during the Spanish-American war the Yankees, upon their arrival in Cuba, sang "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night," so often that the Cubans thought this was our national anthem. The same confusion prevails in France to-day, he said. The natives of that country hear so much of "Hail, hail, the gang's all here," that they think it our national anthem. Another example of the spirit of our American boys, he said, was the disappointment of our cavalrymen, who had expected to show what the American horsemen can do, but were put to the task of driving mules.

"You men have probably never had an experience with the American mule. I am reminded of the statement of Mark Twain, who called the army mule, 'The national bird of America.' That bird is slow, but has an awful kick," Mr. Boult said.

He told of the real, serious determination of the American soldiers. He told of one soldier who was asked what he thought of Paris, and who replied that he was not very anxious to see Paris until after he had seen Berlin.

Mr. Story was an interesting speaker, and made a strong plea for the patriotic effort on the part of every shipyard worker to help the Government in its shipping program. He said that he knew from the earnest appearance of his audience that the Morse men were ready to do their full share. He declared that in these times no man who was patriotic should look at his work from the standpoint of dollars and cents, but should realize the importance of their work in protecting the American soldiers abroad.

"Think of the work our soldiers are doing for the small wage of $30 a month, and then compare their task and conditions of life with your own," he urged. "You men are getting big wages, and you have the advantage of being at home with your family and loved ones, and enjoy the comforts of a warm bed and regular meals."

The Bridge of Ships

Now build a bridge of ships to France
Across the ocean's broad expanse,
And let it swiftly forward leap
Till it shall span the outraged deep.

The millions of the free shall march
Across the vast and far flung arch;
The powers of a continent
Across its mighty stretch be sent.

The Hun shall look on it with fear
And see his final fate appear,
For spelling doom before his eyes
It shall become his Bridge of Sighs.

Submitted by Charles Marullo (No. 682).

Morse School Is Helpful

THE Morse school for shipfitters, conducted under the direction of Walter Crawford, superintendent of the Hull Department, has proved successful in the short period of its existence. The lessons have been most profitable to those who have participated in them, and it is proposed to enlarge the classes in the next group, the school-room having been removed from the top floor of the carpenter shop to the upper floor of the mold loft on the north pier.

The elementary course of twelve lessons and the advanced course of sixteen lessons have been concluded, each class having met twice a week. The two classes from now on will be combined and both will meet on the same nights, Tuesdays and Thursdays. Mr. Crawford has rearranged his lessons so as to take in the elementary and advanced courses at the same session, the more advanced students being thus enabled to progress more rapidly than under the previous arrangement.

There were twenty-five men in each class in the first courses, but a greater number of men profited by the lessons as others who were not admitted to the early lessons were given the opportunity to sit in during the study hours whenever there were vacancies. The new classes began April 16, and fifty men have been enrolled.

To help the employees who seek to advance themselves, THE DIAL will publish each month a synopsis of some of the lessons, together with diagrams, and such data as will prove of value to the employees. These printed lessons will be prepared by Mr. Crawford. The first lesson in the elementary course follows:

Subject: Spacing of Rivets.

The diameter of the rivet is regulated by the thickness of the material to be riveted. The spacing of the rivet is determined by the rules of classification. For instance, in watertight work in seams, rivets should be spaced four diameters apart; in beams, frames and intercostals rivets should be spaced seven diameters apart.

In ships which have oil tanks the seam spacing should be from 3¼ to 3½ diameters apart in the way of oil tight work. The diameter of rivets from ⅛ to ⅜ inch material should be about twice the thickness of the material.

The following sizes of rivets should be used:

⅛ inch plating requires ¼ inch rivets.
$\frac{3}{16}$ inch plating requires ⅜ inch rivets.
¼ inch plating requires ⅝ inch rivets.
$\frac{5}{16}$ inch plating requires ⅝ inch rivets.
⅜ inch plating requires ¾ inch rivets.
$\frac{7}{16}$ inch plating requires ¾ inch rivets.
½ inch plating requires ⅞ inch rivets.
$\frac{9}{16}$ inch plating requires ⅞ inch rivets.
⅝ inch plating requires ⅞ inch rivets.
$\frac{11}{16}$ inch plating requires 1 inch rivets.
¾ inch plating requires 1 inch rivets.
$\frac{13}{16}$ inch rivet requires one inch rivets.
⅞ inch rivet requires 1 inch rivets.
$\frac{15}{16}$ inch plating requires 1⅛ inch rivets.
1 inch plating requires 1⅛ inch rivets.

Following are some of the examples in the first examination:

First example: Show by sketch a bulkhead liner where the frame spacing is 24 inches and shell plates 60 inches wide.

Second example: Show by sketch a watertight staple at deck.

Third example: Show by sketch a watertight staple, where girder of form shown passes through bulkhead.

Fourth example: State size and spacing of rivets in a shell plate ½ inch thick, showing sketch of lap.

Fifth example: What is a rivet?

Thomas Coates, of 504 Seventy-fourth street, Brooklyn, one of our pipefitters, died on March 7, as the result of an accident on the *Burmese Prince*, leaving a wife and two children. The sympathy of the Company and Mr. Coate's co-workers is extended to Mrs. Coates.

The new assembly room in the carpenter shop opposite the main office building will be opened every noon between twelve and one o'clock and employees are privileged to make use of it. They are also privileged to use the piano.

Charles Brightsen, assistant foreman of the inside machine shop, has been made foreman of the new machine shop on the north pier, which is now in full swing. Mr. Brightsen is one of the old employees of the company and a very efficient machinist who has had long experience in marine work. He has a well-equipped shop and "big things" are expected from him and his thirty-five or forty workers.

A mail box has been placed at the main gate and letters addressed to yard and shop employees of the Company will be deposited there for their convenience and can be obtained by applying to Mr. Potter.

SHIPPING BOARD SPEAKERS AROUSE ENTHUSIASM



Col. I. Thor. Gray, in Upper Left Hand Corner; Hon. Sidney Story and William T. Boult, in the Middle

THE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, and to the interests of the firm.

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor

The Editor's office is located in the Employment Bureau, where he may be reached by telephone or in person.

Matter intended for any given issue must reach the Editor not later than the 15th of the preceding month.

Notify the Employment Bureau promptly of any change of residence, giving old as well as new address.

The Dry Dock Dial is protected by copyright, but our esteemed contemporaries are invited to reprint from its pages when due credit is given.

All communications should be addressed to B. E. Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn.

Vol. 1 APRIL, 1918 No. 4

Help to Rout the Wilful Slackers

These are times for sober thought, and we want every man in the yard to join in a few minutes of real, deep, serious reflection on the momentous happenings across the water, and the part we must play in the task of making this nation more effective in the war.

As this article is being written, the very foundations of civilization are being rocked by the reports coming from the Western battle-front. Paris is under bombardment by monster guns; the British army has been forced back to new lines; the American troops have been hurled into the fray, and thousands of men are locked in death grips.

That the barbarous hordes of the German war lords will be successful in their undertaking to reach the coast is doubtful, but that they may be capable of dealing a serious blow to the hopes of the liberty-loving peoples of the world is possible.

Now all this concerns us very deeply. It is not necessary to explain how. Suffice it to say that the German menace will continue a very serious one until the people of this country arouse themselves to a more effective participation of the campaign against the Hun than has characterized their efforts up to the present time.

Our daily papers tell us that our war program will not become an important factor in the war until the next year. If that is true there is but one answer, and that answer is summed up in the one word, Ships.

A writer in *Collier's Weekly* informs us that there are not words in the dictionary too extravagant to express how serious the situation is becoming.

The other day a notice was posted in the yard which called attention to the practice on the part of many employees of stopping their work and congregating outside of the shops and in the driveways, waiting for the whistle to blow in order to be first in line. The situation became so serious the Government made a vigorous complaint.

Now no one can accuse the men in the Morse yard of being wilful slackers and intentionally unpatriotic. They stood by the Government during the strike situation last summer, and only recently manifested their earnest desire to do their full share in helping to win the war, but it is to be regretted that there are many men in the yard who do not realize that when they knock off work five, ten or fifteen minutes before the whistle blows, they are not only hurting the standing of the Company with the Government, but they are also hurting the chances of this country being a real, decisive factor in the war.

It is not far-fetched to say that the fate of hundreds of our boys across the water might hinge on the work of a single individual in this yard. The failure of one man to do the work expected of him in the given time could hold back the work of a dozen other men, and that could delay a ship in our yard long enough to withhold food and supplies absolutely necessary to the very existence of American soldiers in France.

This situation calls for a constant endeavor on the part of every individual to do his full day's work. Every patriotic man in this Company should make the Morse yard an unhealthy place for wilful slackers. If you see an employee loafing, without any apparent excuse for doing so, you remind him of his debt to the Government. A loyal American should refuse to work with any man who helps the Kaiser's cause.

* * *

Preserve the Plan of Agreement

To place in the hands of every employee a complete copy of the patriotic plan of agreement adopted by the Employees' Association at its meeting on the night of January 31, by which our loyalty is pledged to the Government, The Dial is this month publishing a special insert containing the text of the resolution and pictures of those who have signed it, as well as pictures of the officials who will represent the Company on the Conference Board.

Limited time and space would not allow the use of the pictures of those who will represent the different departments on the Conference Board, but that their names may be made familiar to all, they will appear in The Dial each month. In this issue they will be found on page 15.

It is desired that every employee read very carefully the plan of agreement so as to thoroughly understand its purpose and the manner in which any questions that may arise between the Company and the employees are to be taken up. The insert containing the resolution can easily be removed from the magazine without injury to the book by bending back the small wire staples and lifting the four middle pages out carefully. It is desired that every employee preserve the insert so as to always have at hand a copy of the agreement for reference.

* * *

Government Follows Our Lead

It is quite significant and a very great tribute to the patriotic foresight of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, that the Government at Washington recently announced in the newspapers that it had arranged an agreement with the shipyard workers of the nation, which will insure a united effort toward putting through the gigantic shipping program so vital to the success of the allied cause.

The significance of the Government's announcement lies in the fact that the plan of agreement which has been arranged is almost identical to the plan of adjustment of disputes which was adopted by the Employees' Association of this Company as early as January 31. The Government's announcement was made on March 31, two months later.

(*Continued on page* 15)



Top Row:—Treasurer Mortimer W. Mead; Former Vice-President, now President, James MacFarlane; Former President George W. McKay; Director Charles G. Hall; Secretary James Donovan.
Second Row:—Director John Nelson; Director Louis V. Schatzel; E. P. Morse, Sr.; Director John Hoban; Director William J. Perkins.
Bottom Row:—Director Alfred Anderson; Director William A. Weincke; Director S. Monson and Director Homer G. Hoover.

Plan of Adjustment of Disputes That May Arise Between the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company and the Members of the Employees' Association of the Company, Adopted in the Month of January, 1918, and to Remain in Force During the War



COMPANY REPRESENTATIVES
ON CONFERENCE BOARD

General Superintendent,
E. P. Morse, Jr.
Industrial Director, H. A. Hanbury
Assistant General Superintendent,
Albert W. Murray
Cashier, Frank B. Rose

THE United States of America is at war, and its soldiers and saliors are sacrificing their lives and fortunes in the service of their country.

Although the officers and employees of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company are not in actual war service, they can, however, coöperate with the soldiers and sailors in winning the war, by rendering efficient and uninterrupted service in performing work required by the Government to prosecute the war.

The officers and employees of the Company are engaged in repairing ships of the United States and fully realize that any interruption in the work of repairing such ships will delay the transportation of soldiers to the battlefields and of their munitions, food and equipment and thereby prolong the war and imperil the lives of thousands of American soldiers and sailors.

The Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company is organized to promote a spirit of good-fellowship among the employees and to foster a closer relationship between them and the Company.

For the purpose of avoiding any interruption in repairing ships of the United States in the shipyard of the Company by reason of disputes that may arise between the Company and its employees, the Company and its employees, with the coöperation of the Association, have adopted the following method of settling such disputes in an amicable and equitable manner.

1. PLEDGE OF LOYALTY AND COÖPERATION. The officers and employees of the Company hereby reaffirm their loyalty to the United States and pledge their sincere coöperation with the soldiers and sailors in winning the war by performing, with expedition and efficiency, the repair of any ships required by the United States.

2. WAGES AND HOURS. The schedule of daily wages now in force in the Company's shipyards shall continue without reduction, and the number of hours constituting a day's work shall not be increased.

In case the employees of any Department consider any change necessary in conditions of employment, including daily wage scales, then the same shall be adjusted as hereinafter provided.

3. ADJUSTMENT OF DISPUTES. All subjects in dispute between the Company and its employees and any changes in conditions of

employment shall be adjusted by the Joint Conference Board in the following manner:

(a) DEPARTMENTS. To facilitate the purposes set forth in this plan, the employees shall be divided into departments corresponding to those departments established by Section 2 of Article 4 of the constitution of the Employees' Association as follows:

Carpenters', Joiners' and Caulkers' Department.

Outside Machinists' Department.

Inside Machinists' Department.

Pipe Fitters' Department.

Blacksmiths' Department.

Riggers' Department.

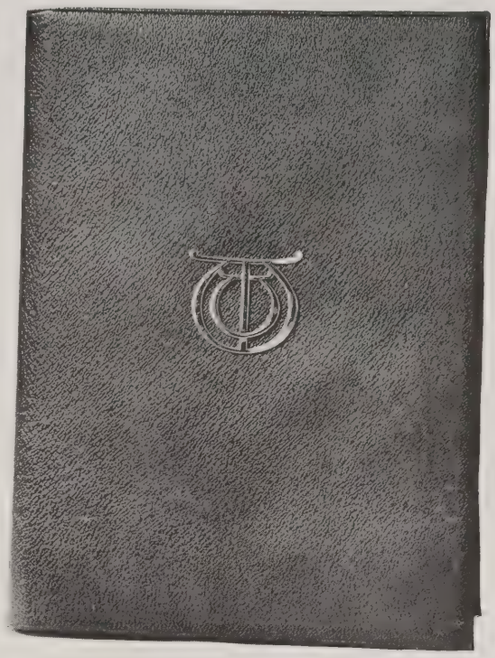
Coppersmiths', Plumbers' and Sheet Ironworkers' Department.

Boilermakers' and Iron Shipbuilders' Department.

Office Employees' Department including Draftsmen and Solicitors.

Miscellaneous Department, including dock hands, crews of launches and tug boats, watchmen, and such employees as are not employed in any one of the above mentioned departments.

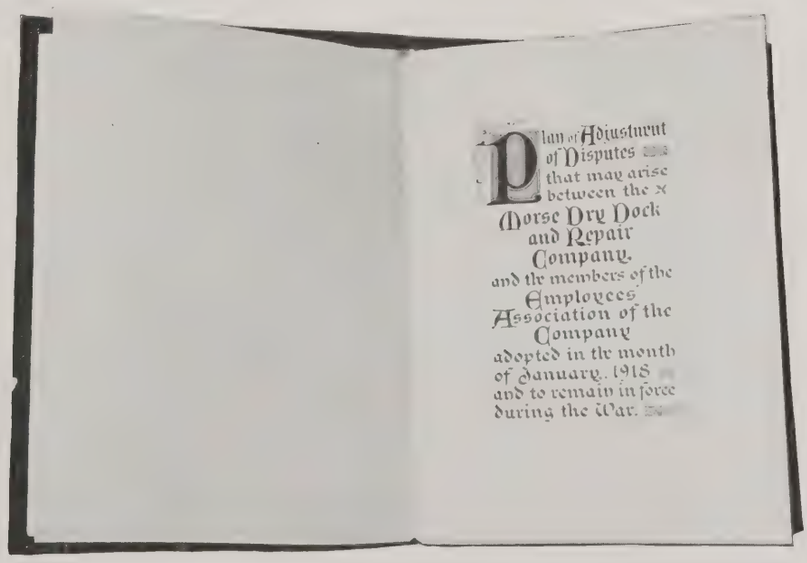
(b) JOINT CONFERENCE BOARD. A Joint Conference Board between the Company and each department shall be established, composed of three officers of the Company, and three representatives of such department.



Book Presented to President Wilson Containing Agreement Beautifully Engraved

The Company shall designate three of its officers to act as members of the Joint Conference Board.

Each department, at the same time, and by the same method that it elects its member of the Board of Directors of the Employees' Asso-


Plan of Adjustment of Disputes that may arise between the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company. and the members of the Employees Association of the Company adopted in the month of January. 1918 and to remain in force during the War.

First Page of Text in Book Presented to President Wilson

ciation as provided in Article VI of the constitution of the Association, shall elect two representatives, who, with the director, shall constitute the three representatives of the department to serve as members of the Joint Conference Board for that department.

In the event that an officer of the Company appointed as a member of the Joint Conference Board shall be unable to serve, the Company shall thereupon appoint another officer as his successor.

In the event that a representative of a department shall be unable to act as a member of the Joint Conference Board, such department shall elect, by ballot, from its members another representative as his successor.

(c) In case the Joint Conference Board for any Department shall be unable to adjust a dispute, then it shall appoint a disinterested person as an umpire. The decision of the board or of the umpire shall be final and binding upon the Company and the employees of the department.

(d) Industrial Director. The Company shall appoint a person to be known as its Industrial Director, and shall notify the director of each department of the Association of the name of the person so appointed.

(e) Procedure. In case the employees of a department desire a change in conditions of employment, which shall affect the employees of that department collectively, the three representatives of such department shall submit, in writing, the request for such change to the Industrial Director, who, with such representatives, shall endeavor to adjust the same. In the event of their failure to adjust the request within forty-eight hours after receipt of same by the Industrial Director, then the request shall be referred to the Joint Conference Board for adjustment.

In case the Company desires a change in conditions of employment, which shall affect the employees of a department collectively, the Industrial Director shall submit, in writing, the request for such change to the three representatives of such department, who, with the Industrial Director, shall endeavor to adjust the same. In the event of their failure to adjust the request, within forty-eight hours after the receipt of the same by the representatives of the department, then the request shall be referred to the Joint Conference Board for adjustment.

Nothing herein contained, however, shall be construed so as to permit the reduction of daily wages, and an increase of the number of hours constituting a day's work in the shipyard.

While this plan is in force the Company shall not declare a lockout nor shall the employees take part in a strike, but the Company and its employees will use the means herein provided to adjust all disputes that may arise between them and to maintain fair and equitable conditions of employment.

4. Duration of Plan. This plan shall take effect when it has been signed by an officer of the Company and the President of the Directors of the Association, and shall continue in force during the time that the United States shall be at war with Germany and its Allies.

MORSE DRY DOCK & REPAIR COMPANY, INC.
By Edward P. Morse,
Secretary and Treasurer.

EMPLOYEES' ASSOCIATION OF THE MORSE DRY DOCK AND REPAIR COMPANY.
By G. W. McKay,
President.
By James MacFarlane,
Vice-President.
By Mortimer W. Mead,
Treasurer.

CARPENTERS, JOINERS AND CAULKERS' DEPARTMENT.
By G. W. McKay,
Director.

OUTSIDE MACHINISTS' DEPARTMENT.
By S. Monsen,
Director.

INSIDE MACHINISTS' DEPARTMENT.
By Louis V. Schatzel,
Director.

PIPE FITTERS' DEPARTMENT
By John Hoban,
Director.

BLACKSMITHS' DEPARTMENT.
By John Nelson,
Director.

RIGGERS' DEPARTMENT.
By Alfred Andersen,
Director.

COPPERSMITHS', PLUMBERS' AND SHEET IRON WORKERS' DEPARTMENT.
By Wm. J. Perkins,
Director.

BOILERMAKERS' AND IRON SHIP BUILDERS' DEPARTMENT.
By William A. Weincke,
Director.

OFFICE EMPLOYEES' DEPARTMENT. (Including Draftsmen and Solicitors.)
By Charles G. Hall,
Director.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT. (Including Dock Hands, Crews of Launches and Tugboats, Watchmen and Such Other Employees As Are Not Employed in Any One of the Above Mentioned Departments.)
By Homer G. Hoover,
Director.

I, the undersigned as Secretary of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, hereby certify that the foregoing plan was adopted by the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company and the Employees' Association on the 31st day of January 1918, and on the same day signed by the Secretary and Treasurer of the Company and the Officers and Directors of the Association.

By James M. Donovan,
Secretary.
January 31st, 1918.

(*Continued from page* 10)

Shortly after the adoption of our pledge of loyalty a copy of the resolution was sent to the officials at Washington, so that it is not unreasonable to believe that our plan may have had something to do with the Government's action in seeking a similar agreement with other ship workers of the country.

If this is the case, and there is every reason to believe that it is, the employees of this Company deserve a great deal of credit for having led in a movement which is going to mean so much to the success of the nation's shipping program. We surely are justified in feeling proud that our display of patriotism may have been instrumental in winning for the Government a universal pledge of loyalty by the shipworkers of the nation. To lead in a movement of this kind at a time when the welfare of our soldiers in France and the success of the allied cause hinges so much on what the shipworkers of this country do within the next twelve months, is indeed a substantial indication of deep and sincere patriotism and should not be lost sight of by those who are looking to the shipyards of the nation to do their full part toward winning the war.

* * *

Conference Board Has Meeting

In fulfillment of its promise to recognize the agreement entered into with its employees through the plan of adjustment of disputes, the Company Conference Board members have sent to the representatives of each department in the yard a letter calling attention to the decision of the United States Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board, establishing new wage rates and inviting the representatives to meet with the Company representatives at 4.15 o'clock in the afternoon of April 8.

This meeting was for the purpose of considering the decision of the Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board, which not only establishes new wage rates, but also has to do with working hours and other conditions of employment for work performed on Government ships in the port of New York. To bring the matter thoroughly to the attention of the employees at the earliest possible date, the Company management sent out its invitation to the representatives of each department.

The letter addressed to the representatives of the different departments was as follows:

"GENTLEMEN: In compliance with the Plan of Adjustment of Disputes between the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company and its employees, adopted January 31, 1918, the Company hereby notifies you as follows:

" 'The Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board has just rendered a decision establishing new wage rates and other conditions of employment for work performed on Government ships in the port of New York.

" 'The Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company therefore requests that you, as representative of the ———— department under the said plan of adjustment, meet its representatives at 4.15 o'clock in the afternoon of the eighth day of April, 1918, at the office of the Company, for the purpose of considering the decision and the action necessary in view of the same.

" 'Yours very truly,

" 'E. P. MORSE, JR.,

" 'ALBERT MURRAY,

" 'FRANK B. ROSE,



Remember the new man on the job. He is a stranger within your gates. Make him feel at home. Get his co-operation by helping him to start right. Explain to him what the Employees' Association is, its object, what it has done; tell him to be sure and attend the monthly meetings, to take part in the athletic activities and to join the rest of us in making the organization all that we want it to be.

* * *

There is a noticeable increase in the number of fruit and candy vendors lining up in front of the plant, all of which reminds us that since the neighborhood rum shops were put out of business by the Government, a more healthful appetite has developed.

* * *

New Association Directors

Following are the directors and conference board members of the different departments in the Employees' Association:

Carpenter, joiners and wood caulkers; Director, George McKay, No. 9914; conference delegates, Arthur Nyland, No. 9935, and James C. McDonald, No. 6502.

Outside machinists: Director, S. Monsen, No. 316; conference delegates, William Dunn, No. 306, and Edward Ennis, No. 340

Inside machinists: Director Vincent Konop, No. 710; conference delegates, L. V. Schatzel, No. 697, and Alfred R. Walker, No. 719.

Pipe Fitters: Director, Thomas Collins, No. 1304; conference delegates, John Hoban, No. 1334, and John Murphy, No. 3302.

Blacksmiths: Director, John Nelson, No. 5302; conference delegates, Robert McQueen, No. 5301, and William McMullen, No. 5306.

Riggers: Director, Alfred Anderson, No. 8903; conference delegates, Gustaf Matsen, No. 3425, and William Lansing, No. 8918.

Coppersmiths, plumbers and sheet metal workers: Director, William Perkins, No. 594; conference delegates, Harry Holland, No. 578, and Henry Hammer, No. 528.

Boilermakers and iron shipbuilders: Director, James MacFarlane, No. 3436; conference delegates, Frederick Taylor, No. 1254, and Alexander Moffat, No. 3437.

Office employees, draftsmen and solicitors: Director, Charles G. Hall; conference delegates, Charles E. Kelly, and Alfred Todd Baker.

Miscellaneous department: Director, H. G. Hoover, No. 3406; conference delegates, Edward Knipe, No. 5701, and Samuel Potter, No. 1.

Our Monthly Meetings

By Thomas J. Plunkett

OUR March meeting, held Wednesday evening, the 27th, was a real house warmer, for it marked the initiation of the new Assembly Hall in the carpenter shop building, opposite the main office, and the installation of officers for the year of 1918. The new officers faced an audience of more than 800 and were enthusiastically received.

The new Assembly Hall was a decided improvement over the hall formerly used, the seating and lighting arrangements and the refreshment counter being more suitable. It was at first thought that the room would be too small to accommodate our meetings, but it was found fully as large as the hall previously used, and from now on the monthly meetings will be held there.

The regulation twenty-four foot boxing ring, which also serves as a band and speaking platform, makes it possible for everyone in the hall to see and hear the entertainment without undue crowding. Cy McLaurin, foreman of the carpenter shop, designed and supervised the building of the ring, and his workers did a fine job.

President James McFarlane presided over his first meeting, being introduced by the retiring president, George McKay. Mr. McFarlane explained that he had a heavy cold and was unable to make a lengthy acceptance speech, but he said he was proud to serve the Employees' Association as its president and that the members could bank on his fulfilling his duties to the letter.

He explained that there seemed to be some confusion as to the functions of his office, and that many of the members of the Association had come to him with their complaints and grievances instead of going to the director and conference board of their own department.

"You should bear in mind that all of your kicks should be made to your director and conference board and not to me," he said. "Each department has a director and two conference board members and it is their business to receive all suggestions, grievances or complaints, and then to act upon them." He then read the names of each director and conference board member, and the department they represent.



BLUE JACKET QUINTET

Standing—William M. Davis, Bass; C. Cal. Murton, Baritone; Arthur A. Du Buque, 2d Tenor; Edward Monaghan, Tenor. Sitting—R. R. Richards, Pianist.

Treasurer Mortimer W. Mead then made his annual report as follows:

Receipts to March 15

Donations	$250.00
Proceeds from smoker	354.00
Proceeds from dues	4,120.00
Proceeds from insurance	$5,223.70
Proceeds from baseball	64.30
Proceeds from annual ball	3,041.10
Proceeds from medicine and relief fund	104.55
Total	$13,157.65

Disbursements

For expenses of meetings, salary of insurance clerk, etc	$1,307.62
Insurance	5,548.10
Annual ball	1,940.94
Entertainments	760.82
Foot Ball Team	402.32
Baseball team	221.06
Bowling Alleys	195.00
Total	$10,375.86
Receipts	$13.157.65
Disbursements	10,375.86
Cash in bank	$2,781.79
Profit from ball used for war relief	1,100.16
Balance Employees' Association	1,681.63
Total in the treasury	$2,781.79

Following Mr. Mead's report, which was accepted, new business was taken up and $50 was appropriated for buying tobacco for Morse men who have gone into the navy or army.

The matter of electing a baseball manager was then taken up.

An excellent entertainment followed the business meeting. The Blue Jacket quartet, composed of members of the crew of one of the vessels laying in the yard, opened the entertainment. These boys rendered popular songs accompanied by one of their members at the piano and encored repeatedly. They sang, in excellent harmony, one of the old favorites, "My Mother's Rosary," and E. Monaghan, tenor, sang a song he and R. Richards had composed. Their work was greatly enjoyed. H. Davis, was bass, E. Cal Martin, baritone, and A. A. Du Buque, 2d tenor.

Then followed Hall and Davis, who sang select classical songs.

"Dan" Harrington, the ventriloquist, amused with his fresh boy. Other singers were Bert Heyman and Frank Tonker, with Joe Keiger at the piano. The athletic part of the entertainment followed with two corking wrestling bouts which are worth a few words of description, particularly on account of the fancy diving suits and the ferocious appearance of the tumblers. The first bout introduced Bernhof Hansen and Peaceful Peterson. The only peaceful feature of the Finn's performance was the way he was subdued after nine minutes of grappling. George Jones of the boilermakers acted as referee and made a speech before the bout barring the strangle hold which is more deadly, we understand, than the lock Bernhof used to subdue Peaceful Pete.

The next wrestling by Oscar Carlson of the Carpenter shop and "Apollo" Jim Rodgers, who lives in the same city as the writer, Brooklyn. Jim Rodgers reminded one of Fred Fulton, the Minnesota heavyweight. Both of them walk with their rubber heels very close to the ground. The way Carlson tossed his taller opponent around won the admiration of his friends of the carpenter shop, and he was applauded when he left the ring after the bout was declared a draw.

Then came the boxing. Willie Fitzgerald, the ex-professional lightweight, was introduced as the referee, with a remark from Dan Shea that he was the only man that ever made Joe Gans cry. Willie, who used to be called the "Fighting Harp," has become Americanized, and wears a regulation suit, collar and tie and all of the present day gentleman's garb. He introduced two scrappers named Young Terry and Phil Franchini, who boxed three fast rounds. Terry amused the audience by making eyes at Henry Rochelle, the handsome solicitor and bowler.

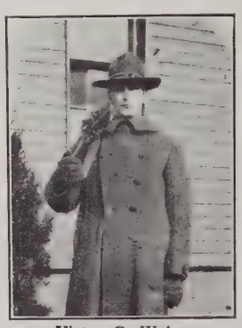
Then followed another three round bout between two members of our own club, Johnnie Graham and Battling Kid Dunn. They worked at top speed and the interest of the spectators was held until the final gong.



George Kocher

George Kocher, one of our faithful chauffeurs, died on March 1, after a week's illness, his death causing deep sorrow among his many friends and co-workers. George was liked by everyone who knew him because of his pleasant, genial nature, and the sympathy of all is extended to Mrs. Jemima Kocher, his mother, to whom George was a devoted son. He was a native of Brooklyn, aged twenty-three years, and had been employed by the Morse Company a year. He lived with his mother, at 317 Fortieth street, Brooklyn. Mrs. Kocher wishes to thank the chauffeurs and employees of the Morse Company for the flowers sent in memory of her son.

Friends of Victor C. Wolsen, who was employed in the Soliciting Department prior to his joining the United States Army, were shocked and grieved to learn of his sudden death on February 25, following an operation for appendicitis. Mr. Wolsen was one of the best known men in the Morse Company up to the time he went into the army, and his friends in the yard were numbered by the hundreds. He had been connected with the Company two years and left for Camp Upton on September 28. He was beloved by everyone who knew him, and the heartfelt sympathy of his former associates is extended to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Wolsen, and his brother and sister who survive him. Mr. and Mrs. Wolsen, who live at 196 East Thirty-fourth street, wish to express their grateful appreciation for the flowers sent by the Employees' Association and Company.



Victor C. Wolsen

Insurance Helped Them

By Charles H. Kling, Insurance Clerk

SO many letters have been received expressing appreciation of the insurance policy which is provided by the Employees' Assocation, it seemed worth while to print some of them so that other employees can know just how valuable the insurance has proved. As space is limited and most of the letters speak for themselves, further comment from me is not necessary.

I would like, however, to call attention to one way in which the foremen in the yard can benefit the men under them and at the same time boost the Association's insurance plan, and that is by pointing out to their men the value of the insurance and what it has done for the men who have taken it.

In connection with this, I wish to express my thanks and the appreciation of the members of the Relief Committee, to Wallace J. Livermore, who has just resigned, for the interest he took in the insurance and his help in bringing before the men in his department the value of the insurance. Mr. Livermore, who was foreman of the wood caulking department, pointed out the advantages of having the insurance so successfully that every man in his department is on my books. I believe his is the only department which has a 100 per cent. enrollment on the insurance books, and it is largely due to Mr. Livermore's interest in his men that I am able to say this.

Following are some of the letters I have received:

Inclosed please find statement from my doctor and reports. Thanking the company and you for the kindness and assistance I have received in my time of sickness.—OLAF OLSEN.

Just a word of thanks for the promptness of your check, which I received.—JAMES MCGOVERN, No. 3311, pipe-fitter.

In regards to insurance as carried by and for the good of the men, I want to say that in my case I am more than pleased with the treatment accorded me and the prompt way in which you have handled my case.—CHARLES F. RICHARDSON, No. 2609, carpenter foreman.

I appreciate what you have been doing for me. The payments have been prompt and have helped me when I was unable to work. I think every man in the yard should be insured. —O. NELSON, No. 2029, rigger.

I am glad that I was insured, as I greatly appreciate what was done for me in my time of need. I advise all the men to join, as it is a good thing.—HERBERT A. SMITH, No. 731, machinist.

The beneficiaries of Charles Johnson, lately deceased, wish to thank you for the promptness in paying the death claim. We wish the employees' insurance every success and think every man should provide for those who depend on him.—ALFRED JOHNSON, No. 2736, ship-fitter's helper.

Being a member of the employees' insurance, I want to speak a word for you. I have been ill for several weeks and always found my benefits ready for me at the regular time. I am not sorry that I became a member of the insurance and I wish that every employee of the Morse Company would become a member, especially under your adequate services.—MICHAEL MULLER, No. 9372, rigger.

In behalf of the employees' insurance, I wish to say that I appreciate the great help it has been to me in my sickness, and to you for your promptness in making the payments. The dues being small weekly payments are not missed when a man is working. I would recommend that every man join the insurance. —W. H. WILKINSON, No. 72, electrician.

Just a line to thank you and the Association for the kindness you have rendered me at the time I was ill.—ALEX AMUNDSEN, No. 490.

Just a few lines of appreciation in regards to the insurance. I am very glad to say that I am a member of the Association and I wish to state my thanks to you.—CHRISTIAN HANSEL, 4408 Third avenue, Brooklyn, No. 842.

These few lines to say that I am very thankful to you for having my check so prompt every week. I can thank only you for getting the same, as it was you who told me what a good thing it was to have insurance. I would advise each and every employee in the yard to join same, as one doesn't really know what $7 a week can do until they are sick. I will now close, thanking you for all you did for me. —EDWARD KLOSSET, No. 921.

I wish to thank you very much for the prompt manner in which you have paid my weekly benefits since my injury, December 11, 1917. It certainly is a great comfort when a person is disabled to receive the kind treatment I have from you. Again expressing my appreciation, I remain yours truly.—ROBERT CLARK, No. 2713.

Just a few words to thank you for the money received and to express my appreciation of the help the Employees' Association has been to me during my husband's illness. Wishing you all success in the future.—MRS. D. ASLAKSEN.

After a lapse of several weeks, during which time you have been so prompt in sending us the check from the employees' insurance, I am now taking this opportunity of letting you know that I appreciate all you have done, and hope you will accept this letter from me as one who, I am most sure like many others in time of sickness, has considered the insurance a valuable friend.—MRS. F. COLLINS, 141 Thirtieth street, Brooklyn, No. 1304.

I am writing you these few lines to let you know I am very well pleased with the insurance benefit I have been receiving since last October through the Employees' Association, and, take it from me, when a fellow is sick for a while the benefit certainly does come in real handy. As for paying the weekly dues, a fellow never misses it but will certainly know the value in case of sickness or accident. I know the value now and certainly intend to stay in the Association. Hoping others will see the benefit there is in the Association and wishing you and all the boys the best of health.—BERNARD J. LEAHY, No. 30.

Claims paid since February issue.

Dan Aslakson	$7	P. Boyle	$32
Rob. Clark	21	Stephen Carmody	7
Frank Collins	21	A. Daig	23
Christian Hansel	21	Michael Foley	42
C. Howemaaer	14	A. Kahlen	23
J. Hoban	7	P. Sterz	9
Edward Klossett	11	H. Sanders	21
Bernard J. Leahy	84	D. Horton	56
George Liddle	21	Joe Katz	4
Michael Muller	19	R. Munoz	6
O. Melson	11	C. Potenick	22
H. Plath	3	R. Kerr	7
Chas. F. Richardson	21	J. Costello	2
Herbert A. Smith	7	A. Mack	5
R. Wheelhouse	28	Dan F. Shea	5
W. H. Wilkinson	29	E. Norden	16
John Zunick	14	O. Fillicett	10
Patrick Crossen	27	C. De Groot	5
J. Folgar	8	W. Peach	7
E. Johanson	19	J. Johnson	7
J. Mailey	21		
J. McGovern	21	Total	$754
C. H. Potter	10		

Making a total of $2,049.



Richard Earl Allen, 3½ Years

The Editor happened into Room 14 the other day and spied the above picture on Mr. Allen's desk. Little Richard's smile was so captivating we just had to have it in THE DIAL, so here it is. By the way, Richard, Jr., is the youngest member of the Bay Ridge chapter of the Red Cross, which shows that he is not only a wide awake, but a patriotic youngster as well. The Editor would be glad to receive pictures of other children of the Morse employees. In submitting them be sure to write plainly on the back the name of the child or children, if there are more than one, and the name and address of the parents. The photograph will be returned if desired.

Herbert McCarthy, formerly employed as an apprentice in the hull department, has returned after being laid up by pneumonia two months, and has been given temporary employment in the office.

The February issue of THE DRY DOCK DIAL, the house organ of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, is an interesting number containing many illustrations.—*New York Marine Register.*

A Dog Fancier



William Filbert, one of our chauffeurs, is a great dog fancier and is the owner of Nigger 2d, a prize and pedigreed French bull. Nigger 2d is two years old and has taken five ribbons at different dog shows. His father was sold to the Vanderbilt family for $3,000. Mr. Filbert, whose home is at 333 Forty-seventh street, is very proud of Nigger 2d.

AFTER THE WHISTLE HAS BLOWN

Baseball Season Is Here

By Roger Moran

WITH the advent of spring comes baseball.

Our team met with great success last year under the able management of Joe Henderson, having won eleven out of fourteen games. It is regretted that we cannot have ex-manager Henderson guide our stars of the diamond this year, but he asked to be relieved because of lack of time, and besides Joe has become a Benedict recently and is himself now being managed instead.

At a meeting of the Employees' Association a successor was selected in Edward E. Knipe. Ex-Manager Henderson will assist Manager Knipe, and bookings will be made by Cy MacLaurin. And let me tell you, when it comes to booking 'em, Cy is the peaches.

Sunday, March 24, saw the first tryout and several of last year's stars were on hand in good form, and a dozen new candidates showed promise. Manager Knipe looks forward to an A No. 1 team for the coming season.

The most likely candidates thus far are Dick Rodier, outfielder; Charles Hanson, 3d base; Johnny Graham, 2d base; Mickey Damm and Matteson, catchers; Harry Banks, shortstop. Fred Dambre, Charles Fullerton, Tom Smith, Edward Dwyer and Wallaba, pitchers, are likely candidates.

All but four of these men were favorites last year. Of the new members we can say most about Dambre at present. He is a well-known Brooklyn twirler, steady and reliable, and has figured in semi-professional baseball for several years. As for catchers, they don't come any better than Mickey Damm. Mickey is there with a thousand-dollar arm, and we don't exaggerate when we say that very few catchers in the big show can whip the old pill around the bases any better than he. Matteson caught for the Pittsburgh Pirates a few years ago, and will be a valuable asset in helping our pitchers round into form.

Manager Knipe has no doubt that the entire team will work energetically to maintain the club's splendid first-year record. He is anxious to have the boys hand in their names and to turn out for practice Sunday mornings at the Morse Oval, Eighty-fifth street and Third avenue.

It is probable that we will have to cross bats with some pretty fast teams, if the proposed league of the United States Shipping Board becomes a reality. This league will be composed of teams of the shipyards of this port.



Edward E. Knipe, Baseball Team Manager

While Manager Knipe asks and hopes for the whole-hearted support of the men, he is not forgetful of the part the ladies can play in assisting him. He expects them to attend the games, for there is nothing that "will pep up a team" more than a few pretty girls in the grand stand. And allow us to remark that the M. D. D. & R. Co. is not shy of pretty girls.

And, girls, you don't want to miss seeing the boys in their new uniforms, especially at the first game on Sunday, April 21, when we cross bats with the Bay Ridge Athletics, on the home grounds. There will be everything new, even to the bats, the old outfit having been destroyed by the fire.

So, lovers of baseball, if a man and you can play, offer your services and help build up a team that is sure to be a winner. If you can't play, come out and root.

From a Worthy Employee

The Editor is in receipt of a letter from one of the employees who does not wish to have his name used, which is printed below. The splendid spirit of patriotism, the excellent example of devotion to the interest of the Company and the manifest desire to do his full share toward helping the Government in winning the war, commend the letter to the attention of every employee, and we are more than pleased to have the opportunity of putting it before you.

"EDITOR OF THE DIAL: To my fellow-workers I thought I would write a few lines to THE DIAL for the benefit of all concerned. As you know, in this business there is a leakage, and it behooves us as co-workers to do our best in every detail of our work to avoid this leakage as much as possible. The workers can make or break the concern they are working for by the waste of material and time, especially at this time of the game when our Government is interested in the work as well as the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company. So let us do our bit, so that when we are put in the scales of justice we will not be found wanting.

"I am writing to see if I can enthuse you or help to enthuse you on this question of our country's need which we are all aware of after hearing the shipping board speakers. They tell us we are considered as the second line of defense and as such are we doing our best? If not, it is high time we should and the best way is to give our employer all the time we should, plus good work. We should not be watching the clock and simply put in time and draw our money. In my mind such men are of little use to their country, but the man that will push, pull and shove, and co-operate with his employer, is the man that the country and the employer needs at this time.

"(Signed) H. P."

A Generous Gift

The Employees' Association is indebted to Harry Coleman, of 37 Bay Tenth street, Bath Beach, one of our employees, for the gift of a pedigreed Blenheim dog, which was the prize in a ticket contest held at the annual meeting, February 27, and from which $104.55 was raised. Mr. Coleman is an importer and breeder of valuable dogs. Fred Wiles, No. 3604, snapper in the plumbing department, held the lucky ticket, No. 1303. The money raised will be used as the nucleus of a relief fund to buy medicine for sick employees.

Henry C. Wiesman, of the office force, has recently taken an oath to "honor, love and OBEY."

"Why is Maude so angry with the photographer?"

"She found a label on the back of her picture saying, 'the original of this photograph is carefully preserved."—*Boston Transcript.*

New Committees

At a meeting of the Board of Directors on Wednesday afternoon, April 3, the following committees were appointed for the ensuing year:

Relief Committee: Fred Wiles, plumber, chairman; Bill Lansing, rigger; John Sweeney, inside machinist.

Accident Prevention: John Sjursen, rigger, chairman; George Hamilton, pipe shop; Carlton Barrett, burner; Robert Olsen, electrician; Edward Ennis, outside machinist.

Sanitation: William Tietgen, plumber, chairman; George Andrews, carpenter; James Struthers, pipe fitter.

Entertainment: Daniel F. Shea, employment office, chairman; Thomas J. Plunkett, employment office; William Burke, carpenter shop.

Finance Committee: William Perkins, sheet metal, chairman; Daniel P. Daniells, pattern shop; Clarence Wilson, hull department.

Welfare Committee: George Buck, inside hull, chairman; Charlie Small, blacksmith; Harry Hammer, sheet metal; Frank Whitman, office; Harry Nosworthy, rigger.

Fire Prevention: Henry Pauli, inside machinist, chairman; Louis Hohost, waterman; Fred Hocking, inside hull department.

The Busy Italian

An Italian, having applied for citizenship, was being examined in the naturalization court.

"Who is the President of the United States?"

"Mr. Wils'."

"Who is the Vice-President?"

"Mr. Marsh'."

"If the President should die, who then would be president?"

"Mr. Marsh'."

"Could you be President?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Mister, you 'scuse, please. I vera busy worka da mine."

Football Team a Winner

By Frank Pervin, Football Manager

A SERIES of victories during the past month gave a substantial boost to the standing of the Morse Soccer Football team in the Metropolitan league. The success of the team is the more remarkable because of the fact that only one of the games was played on our home grounds.

The first drawing in the Southern New York cup contest resulted in the following line-up:

First round to be played before March 31. Continentals vs. Longfellows, Referee Erskins; Fulton vs. Tyrconnell Celts, Referee Caldicott; Prospects vs. Visitations, Referee Birchall; Vikings vs. Greenpoint, Referee Gray; White Rose vs. Overseas, Referee Caldwell.

Second round to be played before April 4. LaSultana vs. Continentals or Longfellows, Referee Williams; White Rose or Overseas vs. Fulton or Tyrconnell Celts, Referee Cunningham; Prospect or Visitation vs. Viking or Greenpoint, Referee Masterton.

The Morse team which was expected to sign several fast players, was eliminated from the first two rounds with these four remaining teams entered: New York, Clan McDuff, Newburgh Tigers and the Interborough.

The drawing for the Royal Nestor cup competition, which took place on March 19, was as follows:

Fifth Avenue Coach vs. Prospects, Referee Gray, to play on or before April 7.

Fifth Avenue Coach or Prospects vs. Tyrconnell Celts, Referee McCann; Visitations vs. Morse, Referee Campbell; LaSultana vs. White Rose, Referee Walsh; and Yonkers vs. Longfellows, Referee DeGroof; games to be played on or before April 21 on the grounds of the first teams named.

Much hard training is necessary to whip the team into shape for the contests before it, and it is hoped by the management that the players will put in all the time they can.

THE Morse team played the Tyrconnell Celts on Taft Oval on February 17 on grounds that were anything but fit, but the game went off at a lively pace and our boys won by the score of 7 to 6. There was a large number of spectators, and much enthusiasm was shown. In the first ten minutes of play the Morse team scored two goals in quick succession. They held the lead but a short time, however, the visitors tying the score, and from then on it was nip and tuck until the end. The playing was fast and interesting. The visitors were penalized during the first half, and Neil O'Connell kicked a goal for the Morse team, the half ending with our boys leading, 5 to 3.

The Morse players entered the second half with a crippled team, Smollen being shifted to a new position because of an injury. The change was advantageous, however, because Smollen was Johnny-on-the-spot when two penalty kicks came his way, preventing the opponents from scoring. The Tyrconnells fought hard, and were rewarded by obtaining a lead of one goal, but their hope of a final victory was short lived because the Morse boys pressed forward with vim.

Quinn and Menzies each went "over the top" twice, and Howarth, Sandison and Parker got one goal each.

The next game was played at Taft's Oval against the Prospects on February 24, and again the Morse team won, 2 to 0. Both goals were scored by Neil O'Connell.

IN a game at Taft's Oval on March 3, the Longfellows, who hold top place in the Metropolitan league, defeated the Morse boys by the score of 3 to 0. A young gale made it impossible to play real football. The Longfellows won the toss and had the wind with them in the first half, when they scored three goals. In the second half they put up a stiff defensive fight and kept the Morse players from scoring.

RETURNING to their grounds, Morse Oval, at Eighty-fifth street and Third avenue, our boys defeated on March 17 the White Rose team, which is running a close race with the Longfellows for first place in the league. The score was 6 to 1. Maddox, who had just joined the Morse team, played his first home game with us and showed up strong. The Morse boys started scoring goals within the first minute of play, Smollen making the first and Meadowcroft getting the next two. Manager Frank Pervin played in this game after being laid up for several weeks with an injured arm. Sam Howarth got the next two goals and Maddox then scored. Menzies was out of this game because of injuries received while working on the *Santa Clara*, and Sandison was also on the sidelines because of a sprained ankle, their absence from the game being a severe handicap.



Richard Moss, President of the Metropolitan Junior League and President of the Southern New York Association, and the Royal Nestor Cup Which is the Trophy in the Metropolitan League Contest

RICHARD MOSS, whose picture we print in this issue, has been an untiring worker for the advancement of soccer football in and around New York. He was elected president of the Metropolitan and District Junior Football League in 1916, and has devoted a great deal of his energy to the success of the organization. He has had valuable cooperation from Charles Treacy, secretary of the league, and has been successful in interesting many influential men in soccer football.

It is largely through the efforts of President Moss and Secretary Treacy that the two beautiful competitive cups, the La Sultana and the Royal Nestor, were donated to the local societies. The La Sultana was donated to the New York State League by William Ziegler, Jr., and the Royal Nestor to the Metropolitan League by Nestor Gianacles, of Cairo, Egypt, and New York.

Mr. Moss was later elected president of the Southern New York State Football Association, and honorary president of the Footballers' Protective Association. Mr. Moss is employed by the British Ministry of War in the United States. As leader of the British and Canadian Recruiting Mission in Queens, editor of the Long Island *Home News*, contributing editor to the British War Ministry's official organ, *The Tank*, and president of the La Sultana Football Club, Mr. Moss manages to keep pretty busy.

Through his instigation and initiative, the La Sultana and White Rose teams were taken to Camp Upton for an exhibition game of soccer football, which resulted in the organization of several army teams there and at other cantonments, thereby sowing in fertile ground a love for the game, which is expected to blossom forth into a crop of enthusiastic players who will do much to make Association football an important factor in American field sports.

One of the New York papers recently printed the following item, which may be of interest to the members of the team: "The French Government has ordered 1,000,000 footballs for the army, to be delivered in seven months." This indicates that football is going to be more popular than ever when this war is over.

All of us have observed the tendency of the boss to be on time on the rare occasions when we are late.

With the Pin Boys

GEORGE MACLAURIN'S New Dock team continued to lead in the five-men tournament of the Inter-Department Bowling League, having won every one of the eighteen games it had played up to April 1. This gives the team the distinction of holding the greatest record of any five-man team which has ever rolled on the Germania alleys. So far as known it is the first team to win that number of games in succession on those alleys.

Captain MacLaurin, whose individual work has been a big factor in keeping his team in top place, feels very proud of the record and they tell us he is going around with a chip on his shoulder ready to roll against any five-man aggregation in the city. He declares that his team is going to continue throughout the season without a goose-egg. There must be something about those stiff breezes at the Farm which puts the right kind of pep into the boys there.

The Carpenter Shop team nosed in ahead of the Copper Shop for second place during the past month. The Pipe Shop and the Inside Machinists are tied for fourth place and an interesting race between the Carpenter, Copper and Pipe Shops and the Inside Machinists is developing.

The Pattern Makers have won one game of the fourteen played, but their "record" is a bit better than that of Gus Basil's Chauffeurs, who have lost every one of their sixteen games. However, this is the chauffeurs' first year in the tournament.

Henry Rochelle holds top place in the individual average score, with Willie White a close second. White is one of the mainstays on the New Dock team. Someone has said that Rochelle's famous war-cry: "Let's go. S. O. S." has had something to do with his strong showing.

The Hull Department team has managed to climb into sixth place, despite the fact that it is comprised chiefly of newcomers. Captain Saunders is one of those chaps who refuses to recognize defeat and keeps on trying until the last ball is rolled.

Cy MacLaurin, as captain of the Carpenter Shop team, is showing good form. They say he is getting some inside dope on the game from his father, who, by the way, was one of South Brooklyn's top-notch bowlers in the "good old days." The Carpenter Shop team, with a score of 892, holds the high team mark.

Bert Banks, of the hull department, managed to squeeze in ahead of Foster on the high individual score, having rolled a 224 game. Foster's best was 221.

Team Standings

Following are the department team standing up to date:

Team	*Captain*	*Won*	*Lost*
New Dock	George MacLaurin	18	0
Carpenters	Cy MacLaurin	11	3
Copper Shop	Albert J. Jacobsen	11	5
Pipe Shop	A. Ernest Bright	10	4
Inside Machinists	William H. Robbins	10	4
Electricians	Harry Lawton	8	6
Hull Department	Howard Saunders	9	7
Dock Hands	Lewis Hohorst	6	8
Office	Frank B. Rose	5	9
Solicitors	Henry Rochelle	6	10
Outside Machinists	Kenneth Craig	4	12
Pattern Shop	Nils Johnson	1	13
Chauffeurs	Gus Basil	0	16

Highest Team Score:
Carpenters..... 892
Highest Individual Score:
Bert Banks (hull dept.)..... 224
Highest Individual Average (14 games):
Henry Rochelle..... 182

Following are the averages of the five highest men who have rolled twelve or more games thus far during the tournament:

Henry Rochelle (14 games), 187, 182, 175, 192, 194, 189, 97, 189, 166, 186, 192, 196, 190, 213. Total, 2,548; average, 182.

Willie White (12 games), 214, 167, 147, 153, 188, 193, 172, 155, 184, 170, 164, 158. Total, 2,065; average, 180 5/12.

R. Reinhardt (16 games), 191, 168, 157, 155, 150, 156, 145, 191, 159, 170, 170, 189, 191, 157, 204, 203. Total, 2,756; average, 172 1/4.

Harry Banks (14 games), 190, 167, 133, 180, 176, 183, 155, 154, 167, 201, 184, 188, 143, 191. Total, 2,412; average, 172 4/14.

George MacLaurin (6 games), 186, 152, 166, 172, 157, 170. Total, 1,003; average 167 1/6.

Bowling Schedule

April 22—New Dry Dock hands, Carpenter shop, Hull department, Solicitors, Inside Machinists, Pattern shop.

April 29—Carpenter shop, Pipe shop, Copper shop, Office, Electricians, Pattern shop.

May 6—New Dry Dock hands, Dry Dock hands, Chauffeurs, Solicitors, Hull department, Outside Machinists.

Again Beat Foundry Team

A return match with the American Foundry and Machinist Company bowlers was played on the night of March 26, and the Morse team, captained by Henry Rochelle, demonstrated its superiority beyond all question of doubt, rolling up a score of 5,192 against 4,961, a lead of 231 pins. In the first game played against this team the Morse bowlers won by the narrow margin of five pins. The first game was rolled on the Germania alleys, where the Morse bowlers play. To even up matters, the second game was arranged on the Crescent alleys, where the foundry boys hold forth. They went into the match confidently expecting to put the finishing touches on the Morse bowlers, but their speed was not of the same kind.



BOWLING CHAMPIONS

Standing—T. Smith, Sr. E. Mitchell A. Nelson
Sitting—W. White R. Reinhart Capt. George MacLaurin J. Mulqueen
Harry Anderson

Following is a summary of the match:

Morse Team—5,192			
MacLaurin	181	170	195
Anderson	175	205	250
B. Banks	147	172	173
W. White	200	177	172
R. Reinhardt	155	155	146
H. Banks	203	186	162
T. Smith	135	159	123
Bell	167	136	125
Rose	161	180	126
Rochelle	191	213	213
Totals	1,715	1,752	1,725
American Foundry—4,961			
Bjorkman	172	217	191
Shorling	185	152	162
Bystrom	166	127	194
Carlson	184	190	164
Kaldine	146	163	124
Ostrom	143	219	145
Johnson	150	137	143
Monson	171	147	160
Neilson	151	138	174
Leary	213	179	154
Totals	1,681	1,660	1,611

Morse "Chapel" Dedicated.

The Morse "chapel," that little frame wooden building which sprung up over night in front of the private garage, and in which henceforth the payroll department will be housed, was solemnly dedicated on March 22, the Rev. Dr. T. Hume Mayston, P. F. C. D. Q., X. Y. Z., officiating. He was assisted by the Rev. Arthur G. Day, the Rev. Frederick Dean and Deacon Frank Brennan, and a choir, consisting of Thomas W. Cornell, William McCarthy and Arthur Smith, rendered that beautiful Billy Sunday hymn, "Brighten the Corner Where You Are." The altar was beautifully decorated with thistles, shamrocks and goldenrod.

Services will be held each working day with special Liberty Bond exercises Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and all supplicants can obtain information about their Liberty Bonds on those days. The plate will be passed each day and shortages will be attended to with dispatch. Reverend Dr. Mayston wishes it emphatically understood that the "bibles" are not to be taken from the chapel under penalty of severe punishment. Slaying of the fatted calf will be part of each day's services. The members of Reverend Dr. Mayston's "parish" are jubilant over having an edifice all to themselves in which to "worship." Their beautiful building was constructed, painted and ready for occupancy within forty-eight hours after the carpenters began on it, one of the quickest jobs ever turned out by the efficient workmen of the carpenters' department.

A pair of silver-rimmed toric lens spectacles, in a black leather case, bearing the trade-mark of H. Rathenberg, optician, 2168 Third avenue, New York, has been found, and can be had by applying to Mr. Plunkett at the Employment Bureau.

A few bunches of keys found in the yard have been left at the Employment Bureau, where the owners can obtain them.

HONKEY TONKEY

A Few Blue Notes

By Daniel F. Shea, Director

Members of the band wish to extend to Adolph H. Baus, trombone player, their heartfelt sympathy, because of the death of his mother on March 25.

"The Volunteers," a new Sousa march, dedicated to the shipbuilders of America, is being rehearsed by the Morse band and will be played at one of the open-air concerts soon.

The Friday Night Class of the
Riding and Driving Club
Brooklyn, N. Y., March 23, 1918.

Mr. E. P. Morse, Foot of 56th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

My Dear Mr. Morse: In behalf of the Committee, I want to express to you and the Morse Dry Dock Band, the hearty thanks and appreciation of The Friday Night Class of the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club, for the part the Band took in our exercises last night. They did splendidly and helped greatly to make the affair a success.

Wishing them continued and increasing success, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
Edward C. Osborn,
For the Committee.

The Morse Band played at the closing ride of the Friday Night Class of the Riding and Driving Club of Brooklyn, March 22, and won much praise from the members of the club. The above letter expresses the appreciation of the club for the services of the band.

A bandstand will be constructed in the plate lot in the rear of the office building, and the open air noon hour concerts will be held twice a week from now on.

On February 27 the Morse band played for a patriotic tableau at the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club of which Mr. Morse, Sr., is a member. Mr. Morse has received a letter complimenting him upon the fine appearance of the band.

The band members wish to thank Pres. James MacFarlane for the campaign cigars they did not get.

One of the United States officers stationed at the yard recently, remarked: "The Morse band would make good at the front." Frank Woods upon hearing the remark said: "Well, it would be all right for Charlie Shutter, because he could hide in the tuba horn in case of an attack."



Peter Seminara, Baritone

Morse Fire Department Organized

FIVE fire companies have been organized by the Fire Prevention Committee of the Employees' Association to man the chemical wagons which have been placed in various parts of the yard. A system of signals has been arranged, and a plan worked out, which, it is hoped, will assure prompt action upon the discovery of a blaze.

Fire badges which will pass members of the Fire Department within the police lines in case of a serious fire have been distributed. The badges are two and one-eighth inches in diameter, with gilt lettering on a red background, and are inscribed "M. D. D. & R. Co. Fire Dept." Each badge bears a different number, and they are given only to those who are members of the department or those whose presence within the fire lines is necessary.

Each company consists of five men, four being assigned to handle a chemical wagon, and the fifth to serve as a signal clerk. Each man has a particular duty to perform, and the plan is worked out so as to avoid all possible confusion.

Notices have been posted about the yard, requesting that in case anyone discovers a blaze he go to the nearest telephone and inform the telephone operator just where the blaze is. The switchboard operator will thereupon telephone to the yard engineer, who will blow a signal on the yard whistle, which will indicate to the members of the fire department the locality of the fire.

After telephoning to the yard engineer, the operator will then call up the signal clerks and instruct them as to the exact location of the blaze, whereupon they will get word to the chemical men.

The Fire Department got its first tryout on Easter Sunday, when a perilous blaze was discovered on board of the *P. T. Jones*, one of the former Great Lakes boats which was being repaired at the north pier. A mass of inflammable material in the forecastle became ignited, through combustion, it is believed, and spread rapidly. Yard Company No. 2, located in the new truck garage, was on the job instantly, word having been sent into the pipe shop before the yard whistle was sounded.

Captain J. Lowe and his men succeeded in holding the blaze in check until Companies Nos. 1 and No. 4 came up, and with three chemical streams being played onto it the fire was subdued before the city department arrived. The men of the three yard companies deserve great credit for the quick manner in which they reached the blaze and the way they handled it. The fire was a stubborn and difficult one to fight.

Following are the stations where the chemical wagons are located:

1. Inside machine shop.
2. New truck garage, north pier.
3. Private garage, under office building.
4. Carpenter shop, new building.
5. Joiner shop, new building.

The system of signals is as follows:

2 blasts. Fire on south dry dock pier.
3 blasts. North dry dock pier.
4 blasts. North pier.
5 blasts. East of machine shop.

Immediately on hearing the fire signal or the yard whistle, members of the fire squads will report to their chemical wagon and await orders from the captain of their division. They must report to their station no matter whether the signal indicates fire in a remote part of the yard, as it will be often found necessary for all of the chemical wagons to respond.

Following are the members of the different companies:

No. 1. Inside machine shop, Capt. Henry G. Pauli, Leonard Stingo and Frank Ulsamer; telephone clerk, Vincent Konop.

No. 2. New truck garage, Capt. J. Lowe, Hugh Pace, C. Davis and J. Kelley; telephone clerk, Albert MacDonald, located in the pipe shop.

No. 3. Private garage, Capt. Thomas Conk, W. Burns, J. MacCormick and Gus Basil; telephone clerk, John Engleman.

No. 4. New carpenter shop, Capt. A. Miller, B. Hart, L. Holmes and C. Johnson; telephone clerk, William Burke.

No. 5. Joiner shop, Capt. Fred Daddi, H. Andersen, E. Paulson and A. Weit; telephone clerk, A. Weit, located in the pattern shop.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Walker, Sr., are grieved to learn of the very sudden death of their two-year-old girl recently. The child died during a relapse which followed an attack of the measles.

Among Our Office Boys

By Snickers

Tommy Maguire is there strong with the classy neckties all right. How do you do it, Tommy?

Quite a number of the office employees have been laid up with grip of late. With the passing of April and the approach of the baseball season an epidemic of grandmotheritis is feared in our office boy force.

Some one asked Dan, the elevator man in the office, if he paraded on St. Patrick's Day. "No, but I did a little celebrating," Dan replied, with a chuckle.

We have a champion organ grinder in Charlie Post.

The office boy band will have its meeting every Tuesday at 3 G.M., if they can get away with it.

Solstrom thinks he can play a bugle.

Noon hour among the office boys: "Who's going over to the Maggot?"

Charlie Post got a job recently with the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. It lasted two hours; just long enough for Charlie to get back to the Morse plant and ask for his old job back again.

Some of the boys have been buying new combs and shoe polish since Mr. Miller "came on the job."

Peter Fortier is giving us special lessons in Italian.

Jim Coletti is fond of bathing. He fell overboard the other day for the second time.

Norman Overson likes "soap," but not that greasy kind;
The soap he thinks the most of, is the "soap" called overtime.

Bobbie Black is very fond of the real Italian kind of combination sandwiches.

Dan Shea has a rival in Solstrom.

It's too bad Nelligan left us. Post can't dance with him any more.

Pertinent Patter

Perniciously Purloined

By John Powell, the "Dry Dock Poet"

Santa Clara, El Sid, El Siglo, makes Morse's sound more like a cigar factory than a shipyard.

The Czar of Russia was known to his subjects as the "Little Father," and even when he was exiled he was a little father. Then came the Kerensky government, a kind of a stepfather; then the Bolsheviki, which ran out of fathers, so asked the fatherland to be a foster-father. Now they're singing, "There's a land that is father to-day."

There's a ship in the yard called *German.* Now the question is are they going to break her up or build her up.

S—hipping, shipping, shipping the cry;
O—ver the seas with the barley and rye.
A—ll night we must work, our share to be done,
P—roviding the ships, and dividing the Hun.

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main,
For every ship a U-boat sinks, we'll build three more again.
Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main,
We'll show the Hun, before he's done, we'll beat the Kaiser's game.

A Voice from the Pattern Shop After the Election:—
"The Ballot box was stuffed said one, the reason votes we lack.
"He told the truth, for they were stuffed chuck full with votes for Mac."

"Brrr, brrr, brrr, brrr-bang, bang, bang, bang-r-rrr-r-rrr-r-rrr, r-rrr. Look out below. Who's got the two-inch wrench? Come on with those rivets. What's your number? Get in the line, get in the line. Brrr, brrr, brrr, *bang, bang, bang!* Say, why don't you look what you're doing? No, this is not a riot, it's every day on the *El Sid.*

The boy stood on the burning deck, 'twas burning from the sun;
Another fifteen minutes, and his morning work was done.
He had only one ambition, that one was to be in line
As near the clock to punch his card, when it came dinner time.
But, sad, alas, a man came up, timekeeper, so he's called,
And in a voice quite gruff, he to the lad these words then bawled:
"Say you? Where are you working, on the deck or down below?
"Or have you made a bet to beat the whistle to the blow?"
The lad then spoke with voice quite low, in making this reply:
"We're waiting for the burner, and I'm only standing by."
"You're waiting for the burner, eh? You pull the same old stuff!
"I think without a burner you will find it hot enough,
"For I have got your number down; from now on you are through."
The kid said: "Good, we're even then. I've got your number, too;
"For I will get another job, and I'll get even then
For you will have to stand around, when I join Potter's men."

WANTED—Well built, handsome, six-foot slackers to shape up at any recruiting station, not Morse's. Shape up, do you get me?

There is not a hero of the Allied forces battle-scarred as much during actual warfare, as the average student of Heidelberg was, before the war, in the friendly game of preparedness for the present world's conflict. So much for culture.

One Friday night when the men were receiving their pay checks, a certain man, in conversation, happened to quote: "Brevity is the soul of wit." A boilermaker standing by, with his pay check in his hand, who had heard the quotation, turned and said: "Please, sir, what is the meaning of brevity?" The man said: "Brevity means short." "Well," said the boilermaker, "take it from me, the man that made up my week's pay is the funniest guy in Morse's."

Mark Anthony, so history claims, was forty ways at spouting,
And Cicero, another gink, was also there at shouting.
And later years came Gladstone who could argue pro and con
And Billy Bryan I know had them all beat sixteen to one,
But there is one whose voice sounds like the ripple of a rill,
That is the ripple of a stream that turns the grinding mill,
Each word is full of pathos and your heart he's sure to reach
You'll need two handkerchiefs or more when Reynolds makes a speech.
His gesture and his manner and his voice like honey flows
The only thing he fails to do is hear the whistle blow.

Bayonne

Now, men of the shipyard, you'll find as a rule
Are happy as children returning from school,
And with but few exceptions they never complain
Taking good with the bad, taking sunshine and rain.
They suffer at times tho' with never a groan,
Until they receive orders to go to Bayonne.

Now some, of Hoboken one time had a dread,
When Weehawken was mentioned, the bunch would drop dead.
With riding in rush hours then taking a Jit,
To finish their journey and do what's their bit.
With never a murmur or never a groan,
Even though four o'clock it was not old Bayonne.

Now men of the shipyard by hook or by crook,
All swear disallegiance to Constable Hook.
It's two miles to walk if you're hungry or dry,
You long for the shipyard, and you don't know why.
You think of your supper awaiting you home,
And you're on a tanker way out in Bayonne.

There was once a great poet though long ago dead,
Who thought of Bayonne when these words true he said,
"To appreciate heaven cast a man for a spell,
"To the bottomless regions, to us known as hell.
"And there let him stay for all sins to atone,"
And so it is with us when we're sent to Bayonne.

Oh, That Muse

Dan Shea says the poetic muse just won't leave him alone. He declares that when he goes home at night he feels like writing poems for The Dial and here is part of his latest effusion:

I've landed down at Morse's,
I work from seven to four,
And believe me when my day is done
I wish I could do more.

You start your day's work with a smile,
At noon you smile some more,
For they are the happiest bunch of guys
That ever walked ashore.

They have an employee's welfare league
To help a fellow out
And they're bound to make you happy
Though you're dying with the gout.

They hold a monthly meeting,
Have wrestling and some bouts;
And believe me some of those riveters
Can surely take some clouts.

Company Promotions

James Coffey has been made an inspector, and his place in Room 6 has been taken by Frank A. Maher, Roger Moran being moved up to fill the position held by Mr. Maher.

James Donovan, secretary of the Employees' Association, has been promoted from the traffic department to an inspectorship, and Paul Sheehan succeeds Mr. Donovan.

Miss Margaret P. Shea and Miss Margaret Casey have been advanced from the calculating department to the office of Auditor A. V. Miller, where they are now serving as bookkeepers. Miss Emily Casey succeeds Miss Shea in charge of the calculating department.

Miss Mary Travers has been made secretary to Mr. Morse, Sr., filling the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Frances E. McKenna.

Special Notice

The Government complains that many of our men are working on the different ships and throughout the yard without identification buttons with their numbers so that they can be seen, and they have warned us that unless this practice is stopped, those who disobey the rules must be discharged.

We must now insist that this Government rule be carried out to the letter, and the identification buttons worn on the coat so that they can be seen. Foremen, snappers, timekeepers and watchmen will be expected to have this rule adhered to rigidly, and if they find these instructions are not carried out, have the man or men sent ashore.

Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company.

Morse Employees Patriotic

"The Road to Victory" pageant, in which Mrs. E. P. Morse, Sr., was actively interested, and of which mention was made in the February issue of The Dial, was a very successful affair, and also an enjoyable one for many Morse employees. About fifty tickets were sold among Morse employees by Miss Kirsten Jensen, the hospital nurse, and Mrs. Morse wishes to express her thanks for the patriotic assistance thus rendered. The pageant cleared $9,800, and this money has been placed in the hands of a trust company to be devoted to the benefit of sick soldiers and sailors. It is very gratifying to know that more tickets were sold in the Morse plant than in any other one establishment.



Note: We would like to make this quite a column, therefore "wake up, you young white hopes."

♆

We notice a certain young lady in Room 9 and a certain young man in Room 15 with very broad smiles these days.

♆

Some of the girls in the office are anxious to see a certain young lady's ring. Why keep us in suspense, Margaret?

♆

We have with us a vampire from the wilds.

♆

A certain young lady in Room 9 would never go for a walk at lunch time, but since the good-looking sailors came we notice she hurries. Oh, you Bertha!

♆

One of our blonde stenographers in Room 9 is also fond of noon-hour tête-a-tête.

♆

"I see Henry Rochell at the club quite often since his baby came. I thought he was anchored to a home life."

"He was, but at the first squall he began to drag his anchor," with apologies to the *Boston Transcript*.

♆

Leonard Duncan was picked up by the guards recently. He got out into the yard without his button.

♆

Mr. Boyle, head porter, is a busy man these days, fixing locks and keys and doors.

♆

One has to be an athlete to talk to Mr. Murray. He's always on the go.

♆

We like the little habit Ernest Miller has of taking hold of your arm when you go to speak to him.

♆

RESOLUTIONS—A few members of the office staff have declared off all "grand birthday explosions," for the duration of the war.

♆

Roll top desks come in handy these days after big celebrations. Well, no more ducking, Jim.

♆

We are very happy to see that Jimmie Donovan, our traffic manager, has again returned to the fold, after an attack of the measles. Jim wishes to thank everyone for their many kindnesses to him during his illness.

♆

Those who failed to see Mr. Henry Rochell's "camouflage neckties" certainly missed something. Our hearts go out in sympathy to the brave soldiers in France, who are compelled to gaze at nothing but camouflage.

♆

We notice quite a few of our young ladies are very much interested in the poetical abilities of our Mr. John Powell. You certainly cause quite a riot, John.

♆

We wonder if Callahan who draws "Hon & Dearie" for the comic page of the *Evening Journal* derived his idea from Willie Dumbo of Room No. 15 and a little miss down the hall.

♆

We hear they have a vocal quartet in Room 3.

One of our fair stenographers has been absent, supposedly with a case of grip, but rumor has it that she has been suffering from a "broken heart." Never mind, the boys will soon be back from Newport.

♆

We know three young ladies in the Cost Department who are very anxious to work on Thursday nights. Peggy, Bessie and Emily can tell you more about it.

♆

Harry White, of the Efficiency Department, has an assistant. The newcomer's name is Thomas McCabe. Reminds us of a vaudeville team. Too bad Harry couldn't get a William Rock.

♆

Speaking of assistants, Joe Henderson has one named Brewer—but what's in a name?

♆

The members of the Fire Department are proud of their new red badges. Charles G. Hall, one of the chiefs, has the County Sheriff habit of polishing his badge with his coat-sleeve.

♆

Joe taking the air:

"I'd like to have a car to take me up the avenue, Frank." (A new name for home.) Basil up.

♆

Dick Allen, of Room 16, has the German measles. James Donovan just recovered from an attack of them. Dern the Huns, anyway.

♆

Of late we have not been receiving any mail from Newport. What is the matter, Marion?

♆

Two of the girls in Room 9, and two of the boys in Room 15 have been spending their "soap" money in a photographer's shop. The Morse band is rehearsing some wedding marches.

♆

Mr. Linoki received this letter the other day, and has been smiling ever since:

DEAR MR. LINOKI:

The great love I have hitherto expressed for you
is false and I find my indifference towards you
increases daily. The more I see of you the more
you appear in my eyes an object of contempt.
I feel myself in every way disposed and determined
to hate you. I can assure you I have never intended
to love. Our last conversation has
left an impression on my mind which by no means
impressed me of the extremely high standard of your character.
Your temper would make me entirely too unhappy;
and if you and I were united, I would experience nothing but
hatred of my friends added to the everlasting dis-
pleasure of living with you. I have, indeed, a heart
to bestow, but I do not desire you to imagine it
at your service. I could not give it to anyone more
inconsistent or capricious than yourself and be
capable of doing justice to myself and my family.
I think that you are aware of the fact that
I speak sincerely and I hope that you will do me the favor of
avoiding me. You need not trouble yourself about
answering this letter, as your letters are always full of
impertinence, and have not the shadow of
wit or good sense, "believe me"
I am so averse to you that it is impossible for me
to be your loving and affectionate sweetheart.

P.S. I suppose you were inquisitive and read all the correspondence. I only intended you to read every other line. Now begin at the beginning and read every other line.

Famous Sayings

"Right you are."
. . . *O'Sullivan.*

"There'll be war!"
. . . *Donegan.*

"How do I look this morning?"
. . . *Martino.*

"Ta-ta-ta-di-de-dum, dum-tididy."
. . . *Whitman, Coffey, McEwen, White, Crawford, et al.*

"Hats outside; wipe your feet."
. . . *Jensen.*

"They haven't come back from the customs house yet."
. . . *Fair.*

"When your shoes wear out, you'll be on your feet again." . . . *Nelson.*

"Don't take the payroll out of here."
. . . *Mayston.*

♆

Births and Marriages

Jake Jacobsen, of *Nepthis* fame, is the proud father of a bouncing baby boy. A boy at last, eh, Jake?

Mr. Joseph Henderson was united in the bonds of holy wedlock on Saturday, the 23rd day of March, year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Eighteen.

. . . AMEN.

Lieut. S. Cooper, of the 22nd Regiment, U. S. Infantry, now stationed at our yard, is also a benedict. This is a confirmed rumor. He slipped off to Philadelphia very much on the quiet.

Miss Jensen celebrated her 'steenth birthday the other day and her good friends in the office dining-room had a cake containing 51 candles ready for her when she showed up. The 35 extra candles were put in for good measure. She received a pretty little clock from the office force and a bouquet of pinks from ———.

Now that spring is here with the merry birds and all the bright little things nature bestows upon us at this time of the year, we are watching the marriage license columns in the daily papers very closely.

♆

The clever little poem, "I guess I'll howl awhile," which appeared in the Office Cat column of the March DIAL, was from the pen of J. C. Sims, editor of *The Citizen*, of Zenda, Kan., who has a wide reputation for writing funny "stuph." We are glad to give him belated credit for his "brain child."

♆

Their Hobbies

Bell—Lifting tool checks.
Rose—Selecting cigars.
Baker—Helmars.
Linoki—Brown derbies.
Whitman—Traveling.
Crawford—Shipfitting.
Potter—Badges.
MacFarlane—Goats.
F. Maher—Stenotyping.
Mulligan—Red Cross buttons.
Dan Shea—Symphonies.
Kling—Wednesday nights.
Fish—Organ recitals.
A. V. Miller—Income taxes.
Whitman—Fights.

♆

Just Keep On Keepin' On

If the day looks kinder gloomy
  An' your chances kinder slim,
If the situation's puzzlin'
  An' the prospect's awful grim,
An' perplexities keep pressin'
  Till all hope is nearly gone,
Jus' bristle up an' grit your teeth,
  An' keep on keepin' on.



Louis Liessie, of the boiler shop, is the boy who always comes clean. He ought to, he gets enough "soap."

I see Bill Schroder is back in the Hull department after three weeks' absence.

All foremen of the different departments kindly take notice: Mr. Rossman wants it distinctly understood that the services of George Armstrong's husky twin boys have already been spoken for. Like their dad they are to be riggers.

Dan Coyle, 1213, fell two decks, was discovered unconscious, but without a scratch. Only a Coyle could do this.

R. Ciprona and Harry Meyers, of small forging department, are smiling these days. Little Miss Ciprona is getting along very nicely, thank you, and say, you ought to hear Harry tell about that boy of his.

Roy Bernabee, superintendent of machine work of the pipe shop, and overseer that all scrap is thrown out in the alley, was threading two-inch nipples the other day when he was ordered to start on brass tubing, and as the shavings fell, I caught him singing, "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Chief inspector, campaign manager and political promoter for the campaign for the election of the "little man with the big shears" was through sheer neglect, sickness or remorse, absent four days, and then only heard the result when he came to work.

Snapper MacGregor, of the coppersmith shop, had a small week recently, only eighteen days. He had a chance to get acquainted with his family.

The wings of fancy prompted yours truly to take a fly leaf out of his book and record the following: William Bird, congenial and affable dispenser and custodian of pipe adjuster's implements, is quite proud since he has the honor of handing out brand new Stillson wrenches. Bill Bird has never worked for Crane or Robin and has never taken a trip to the Canary Islands, but he's a bird just the same.

William Dooley, weaver, general overseer and dealer in oakum in the wood-caulkers' department, has a most interesting musical family, each and every one playing a different instrument, making a happy combination of peace and harmony. He, himself, challenges to-day any man in the yard of his years, to a jig or reel contest.

O! Littlejohn, O! Littlejohn, it's you above all others,
There's only one I know like you, and that is Jimmy Struthers.
You talk alike and act alike, as much as, say, two pins,
And if it wasn't for the name, I'd gamble you were twins.
And if the kilts you once more donned, the outcome would be sad,
For when a fire-room job you'd done, you'd make a gold dust ad.

Charles Ernberg, of the carpenter's staff, has moved from the war zone; he has left the dry dock and is back in the yard.

For a sixty-second man, always on time, by the tick of the clock, it's Mr. Minett, the new foreman of the wood-caulkers.

Pete McArthur was a fireman *pro tem* of the garage and pipe-shop boiler for two consecutive nights, under the most dangerous difficulties. Eleven o'clock the lights went out and Pete couldn't see his water gauge, but worst of all he couldn't heat his coffee.

Pipe-fitter Jones challenges anyone to an open race for two miles, on a wood floor with spike shoes. Jack Doherty preferred.

John Rutledge, snapper of the copper shop, lost a rain coat last week. Now every time a cloud crosses the sun he walks over to the pipe shop, as he imagines some pipe fitter stole it to make gaskets.

Have you not ever hear of MacFarlane, of Scotia, a noble son,
Who the Morse Dock men nominated for office and won on the run.
Of course I don't want to disparage or belittle the merits of him,
But I do know and swear to the facts of the case, that a goat was what helped him to win.

Otto Marquard insists that the correct pronunciation of *Charybdis* is chiropodist; owing to the overtime he had on her having put him on his feet.

Jim Dunn, machinist's helper, had his hopes fall with a thud,
For he was happy when he heard he'd finished with the *Knud*,
He went aboard a Spanish ship, but oh, how sad, alack.
The *Knud* she went on dry dock and they brought poor Jimmy back.
And ever since the thought of her has made the poor boy sick,
You cannot even get him now, to sing that "He's a Mick."

George Petley, of the boiler shop, has informed me that work has been discontinued on the large boiler they were building to cook McFarlane's goat.

Fred Wiles, of the plumber department, is fast becoming a citizen of Jersey again. He moved from the mosquito metropolis, West Hoboken, to South Brooklyn, so as to be near work. But "Best laid plans of mice and men oft gang alaft." For his work moved back to Hoboken. *Muir* luck to you.

Gibbie Conk is in the market for a pair of pants with wide cuffs.

Paul Sheehan, acting manager of the traffic department, has a brand new pad for his office chair and also a new sign above his desk. That reminds us that Paul attended a play a few nights ago and found himself in an embarrassing position when he turned around to find all of his chauffeurs occupying seats in back of him.

Chief Bender may have been a peach,
His curves were world renowned,
But he was not the Bender great,
As I have lately found.
Of course he was the King of speed,
As far as pitchers go,
But he would be a snail compared
To pipe shop *Bender Low*.

Jim Pearson, pipe shop snapper, with joy is near insane,
No more he thinks of battleships, the *Huron's* in again.
The *Charybdis* has left us and far away has flown,
But, Jim, the ship *Hur-on*, you know, is Home, Sweet Home.

John Kenwell, storekeeper in general in the outside machinist's shanty, has a dog. Thereby hangs a tale (not the dog's). John wages the dog is a brindle, while some of the machinists claim it's a water spaniel. Now doggone it, what is it? And by the way, that reminds us that John is the proud parent of a bouncing baby boy.

There's a *period* in every man's life when he's happy, but a little *Dash* has made Reginald Dash, who is not a *hyphen-nated* citizen, the proud possessor of a *dash*ing baby girl.

Robert Tully, the Beau Brummel of Staten Island, paid an official visit to West New Brighton last Saturday night and told the natives the wonderful construction of the *Texan* and the *Alaskan*.

William Wherry, of the carpenter shop, has been placed in charge of the new machine shop elevator.

Bill Robbins, boss of the inside machinists, wants his helpers supplied with red caps and sleigh bells so that he can distinguish them from the machinists. Bill must be a great educator —Jacobson and Crawford please note.

The now famous "dog" recently raffled off by the Association has a new home—C. Murr, foreman of the plumbers, has assumed full ownership.

Mr. Pamphils, No. 325 of the outside machinists, has presented the Association with an oil painting of the plant made by himself. The painting will be suitably framed and exhibited in our Meeting Rooms. What a lot of talent—just think! Musicians, boxers, singers, poets and a "real painter," to say nothing of our "Oscar," the sign king.

Passing a certain ship I heard Eddie Griffin, of the outside machinists, singing the following:
"*America*, I love you, just like a sweetheart of mine,
"And each day I'm hoping, that soon I'll be 'soaping,'
"When you start on overtime.
"Just like the dear old *Nepthis*, no later than four we see.
"*America*, I love you and there's a lot of others like me."

Coppersmith Abie Heller is laid up with a disease called overtime. Cohen doesn't feel so well, either.

"the more gold the less blood"

—is a current saying among the French

THREE years of war have taught them its truth. Only the most efficient and costly equipment has enabled France to conserve that flesh and blood barrier standing between her and the most cruel enemy in history. Only the best and most abundant war material will return to France the men who are now her bulwark.

And how do the French assist their armies? The people buy their Government's bonds. Newsboys, school children, peasants, workmen, widows, wives, nurses, merchants, bankers, Cabinet officers—all help the soldiers by buying bonds.

And now the sons, brothers and fathers of America face the same enemy. American women will minister to them and share their perils. They go to protect you and all that makes life sweet for you.

There must be vessels to supply them, warships to guard them, food and clothing to keep them, also motors, aeroplanes, locomotives and innumerable other necessities. The most efficient protection from the enemy and the strongest assurances of victory for our troops are unlimited supplies of the best rifles, artillery and ammunition that genius, labor and money can produce.

—will America Protect her Protectors?
Say "Yes" and buy a Liberty Bond as your answer

One dollar or more will commence the payment. Your money will be repaid with interest by the United States Government.

LIBERTY LOAN COMMITTEE

SPECIAL NOTICE

The entertainment committee of the Employees' Association has arranged to hold an informal dance in Prospect Hall, Prospect Avenue near Fifth Avenue, on the night of April 23. Every employee is invited to attend and bring the women folk. Cabaret entertainers will provide a program, and the Morse orchestra will play for the dancing. COME ONE AND ALL.

"Charybdis" Job Wins Praise

Bermuda "Charybdis" Commission,
under the
New York Steam Communication Act, 1917.

Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, March 3, 1918.

Mr. E. P. Morse, Sr.,
Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co., Brooklyn.

Dear Mr. Morse:

As we are sailing for Bermuda on the 5th instant, we feel we must express our appreciation on behalf of the Government of Bermuda for the expeditious and efficient manner in which the re-construction of the S. S. "Charybdis" has been carried out in your shipyard.

By thus being able to put this ship on the New York-Bermuda route at this date the Colony of Bermuda will insure its agricultural industry from absolute disaster and will also add to the supply of fresh vegetables in the New York markets at the time they are most needed.

Bermuda has suffered heavily during the war from the loss of its principal asset, the tourist business, and the prompt manner in which this ship has been completed will to a great extent help the situation.

We recognize the fact that the circumstances necessitating the conversion of the "Charybdis" enlisted your personal interest and through you the cordial co-operation of those under you whose immediate supervision the work was done.

We wish particularly to note the excellent work done by Mr. Jacobsen and the several foremen under him, particularly Mr. W. Kane, Mr. A. Landquirt, Mr. J. Pearson and Mr. H. Anderson.

Apart from our personal interest in the work on our own ship, we should like to express our admiration for the vast amount of shipping work now being so expeditiously done in your yard, and thus assisting the Allied cause in this war by helping to relieve the tonnage situation.

We remain,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) S. S. SPURLING,
H. VETTERS SMITH,
Commissioners.

Appreciation from Furness, Withy & Co.

Furness, Withy & Co., Limited,
32 Broadway, New York, March 5, 1918.

E. P. Morse, Sr.,
Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Morse:

Our Bermuda friends were in yesterday and advised that the "Charybdis" had shifted up to dock and was sailing to-morrow on her first voyage in regular service as a converted merchantman. They were loud in their praises of the splendid manner in which you had treated them in every way. You not only gave them a cheap job, but a good job and I am advised that you put your best foremen on the work and took a great personal interest in the work.

I certainly feel under obligation to you, and frankly say that it gives me a great deal of pleasure to express to you my thanks, and I shall always be in the future most willing to sing the praises of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co. I can now understand why the Prince Line people have been showing such a preference for having repairs taken in hand by your yard.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) H. C. BLACKISTON.

Mr. Morse Replies

March 4, 1918.

Bermuda "Charybdis" Commission,
Mr. S. S. Spurling and Mr. H. V. Smith, Commissioners.

Gentlemen:

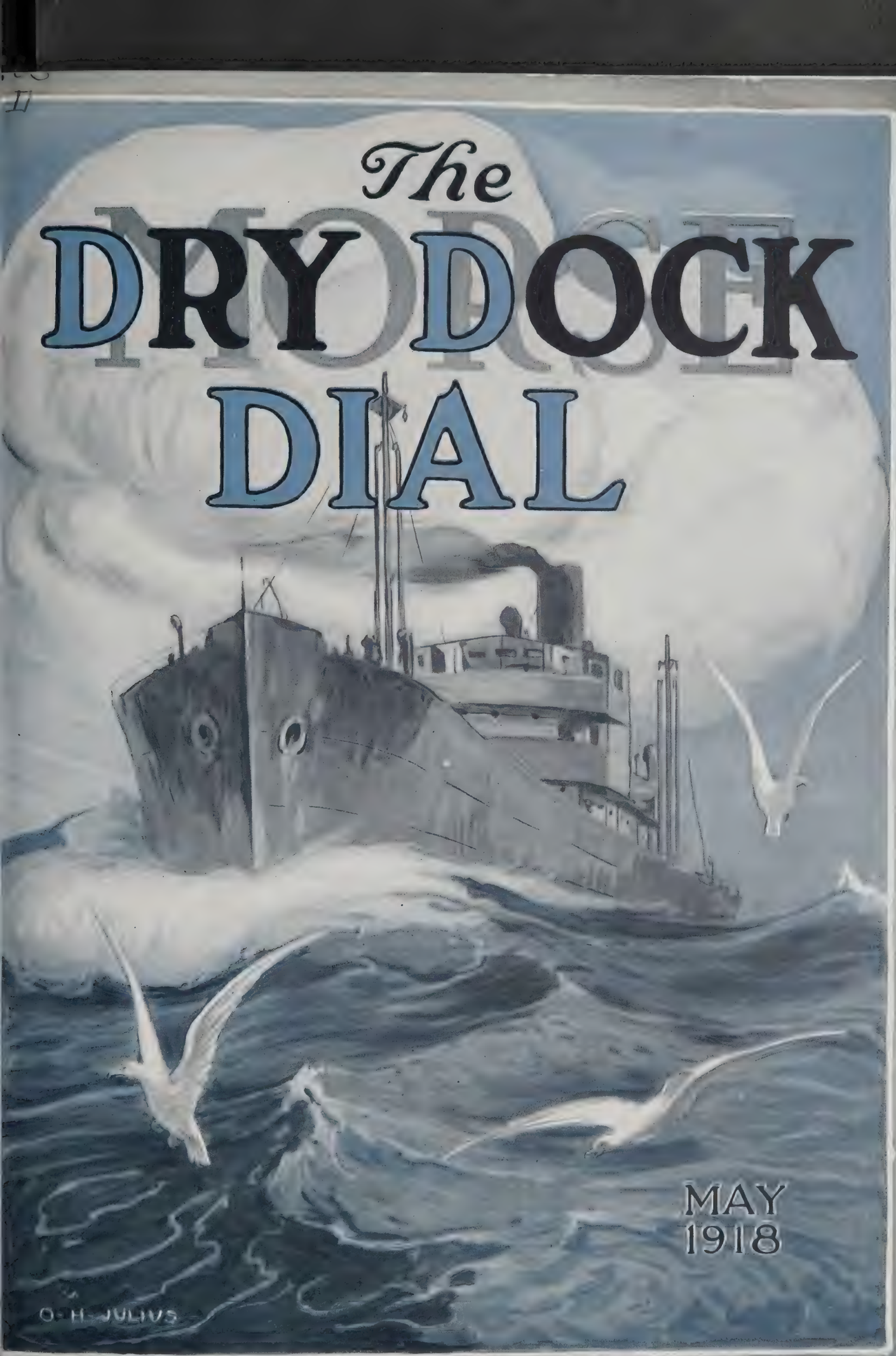
We are in receipt of your letter of March 3, referring to the conversion of the British Cruiser "Charybdis" to a freight and passenger ship, and we wish to thank you for your kind expressions.

This letter will be very encouraging to my foremen and men who have done their best to give you the ship on time. When we accepted this work I was a little doubtful whether we could complete the alterations by March 1, but by pushing the work to the utmost we were able to do so. I must say, however, that the pleasant and helpful way in which you two gentlemen assisted us had much to do with the early completion of the work.

Wishing you every success with the "Charybdis" and hoping that the clouds will soon roll by and Bermuda again be prosperous, we are,

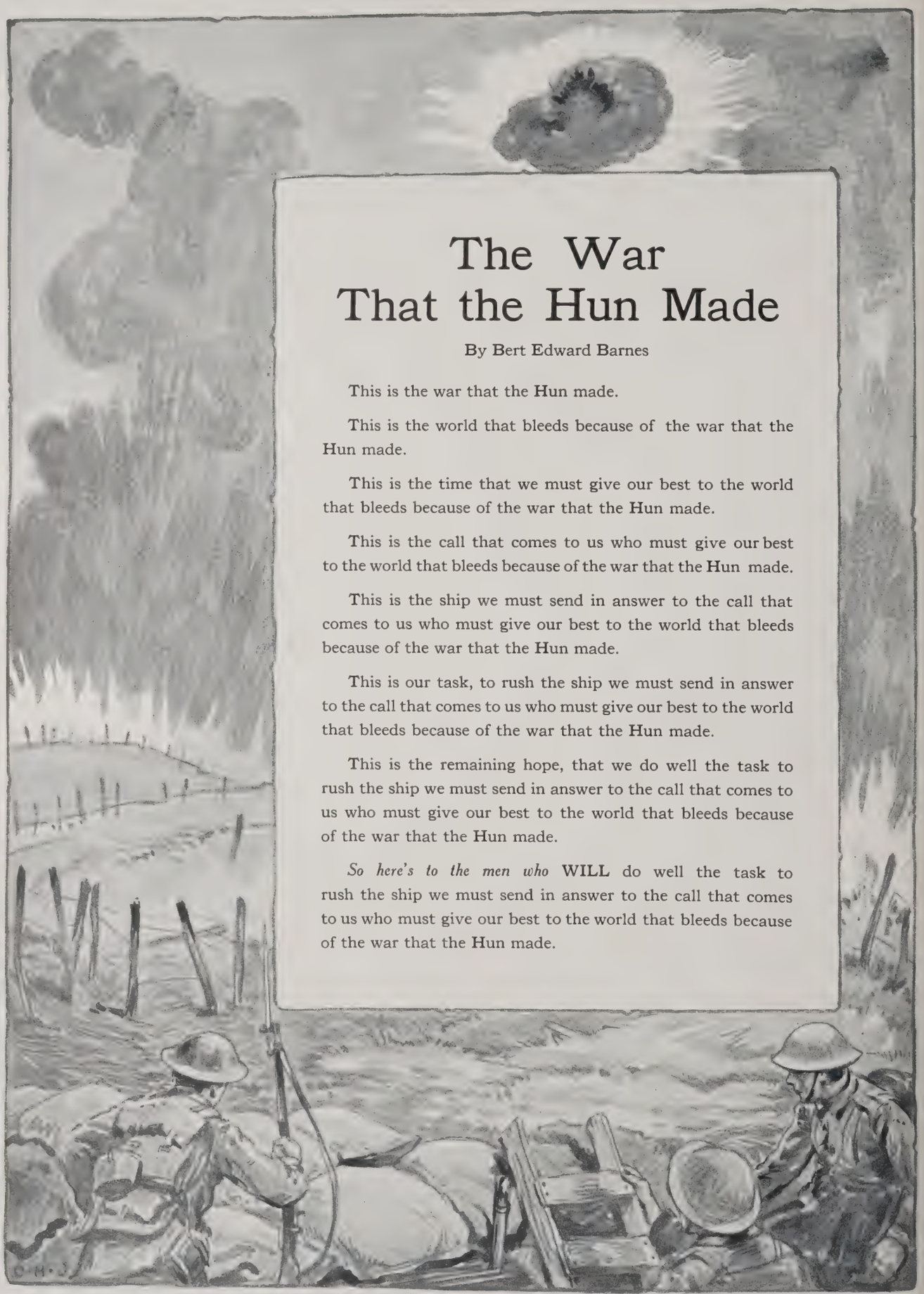
Yours very truly,
MORSE DRY DOCK AND REPAIR COMPANY.

The DRY DOCK DIAL



MAY
1918

O. H. JULIUS



The War That the Hun Made

By Bert Edward Barnes

This is the war that the Hun made.

This is the world that bleeds because of the war that the Hun made.

This is the time that we must give our best to the world that bleeds because of the war that the Hun made.

This is the call that comes to us who must give our best to the world that bleeds because of the war that the Hun made.

This is the ship we must send in answer to the call that comes to us who must give our best to the world that bleeds because of the war that the Hun made.

This is our task, to rush the ship we must send in answer to the call that comes to us who must give our best to the world that bleeds because of the war that the Hun made.

This is the remaining hope, that we do well the task to rush the ship we must send in answer to the call that comes to us who must give our best to the world that bleeds because of the war that the Hun made.

So here's to the men who WILL do well the task to rush the ship we must send in answer to the call that comes to us who must give our best to the world that bleeds because of the war that the Hun made.

THE DRY DOCK DIAL

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Vol. 1 MAY, 1918 No. 5

Serving the Soldier

By Harry R. Stringer

As this story is written the soldiers of our new army are emerging from the training camps. Clean, upstanding men they are, radiating vigor, health and a determination of purpose. Secretary Baker has said that there will be a million and a half American troops in France by summer. But it is a far throw from the Statue of Liberty to the front line trenches. To span this gap the nation must have ships and for these ships the Government is relying on every individual ship builder and ship worker in the country. Remember this and help the boys to get "over there."

The author of this article is connected with the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities. The story is published in *The Dial* with the view of giving our employees an idea of what is being done for the boys in the army camps to which so many of our own men have gone.—*Editor.*

AROUND us, dotting the country from coast to coast, sixteen military cities arose almost overnight. In these the troops that comprise our new National Army are in training. It is as if Uncle Sam, like Aladdin, was possessed of a magic lamp which he had only to rub and, presto! the cities leaped into being. Countless difficulties had to be overcome in the building of these great cities. In one instance, practically an entire forest had to be leveled and the stumps blasted from the earth with dynamite before the actual construction of the cantonment could begin, while to obtain sufficient lumber to erect the barracks and other camp buildings in time to house the initial contingents the Government contracted for the entire output of nearly every mill in the country.

To populate these cities, men were drawn from all walks of life. When he arrived at camp, the young millionaire found his messmate to be his old chauffeur, and ranged alongside the linguist in drill was the Lithuanian who acted by instinct rather than by understanding when the commands "march" and "halt" were given. The selective draft plays no favorites.

Second only to the problem of equipping these men for the struggle overseas was that of providing adequate recreation and amusement for them in their leisure hours. The soldier's day ordinarily begins at 5.45 o'clock in the morning—reveille—and continues until 4.30 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon when retreat is sounded. After that he is free to do as he chooses until 9.45—taps—when the barracks' lights are turned out and he must be in his bunk. He also has a half holiday on Wednesday and Saturday and all Sunday to himself, unless assigned to special duty or detail.

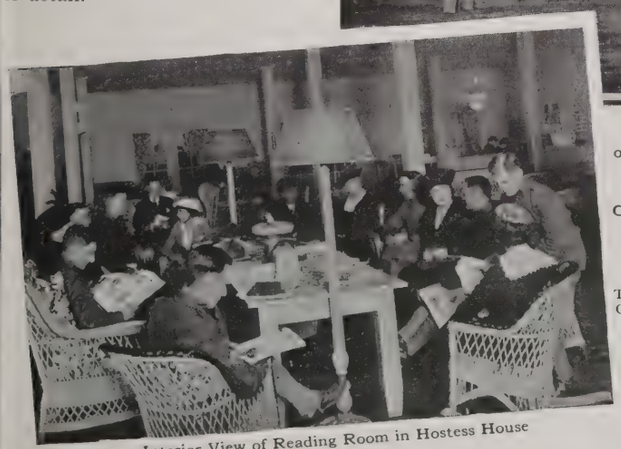
Secretary of War Newton D. Baker was quick to realize that these men, suddenly taken from the circle of family and friends, clubs, libraries, churches, theaters and the normal social relationships of life, would find difficulty in adapting themselves to the new mode of living, and would miss the home ties most in their spare moments because the possibilities of amusement in a military camp are ordinarily limited. To bring the home to the soldier he organized the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities under which he coordinated the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Knights of Columbus, the Young Men's Hebrew Association, the Playground and Recreation Association of America, and other agencies, which also had foreseen the need for healthful recreation and amusement in the cantonments and had made preparations to provide it.

The Commission on Training Camp Activities was assigned a two-fold mission. The first was to supply the normalities of life to the men in the training camps, and the second to keep the environs of these camps clean and wholesome. An army in fighting trim is a contented army; contentment for the average man cannot be maintained without the normal relations of life, was the substance of Mr. Baker's theory, so the training camp commission really became the "cheer-up commission."

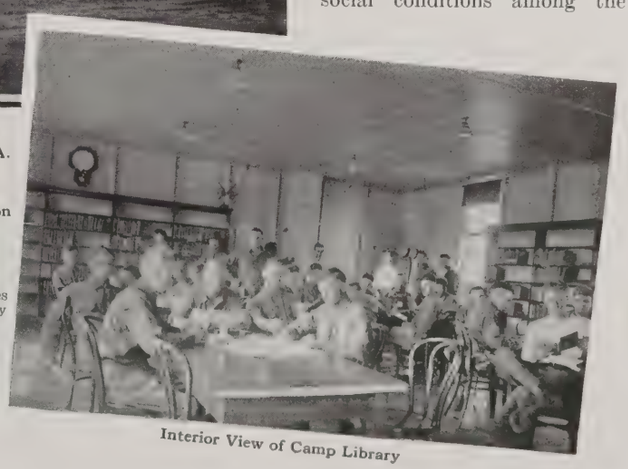
At the head of the commission Secretary Baker placed Raymond B. Fosdick, of New York. In June, 1916, when the Mexican trouble was brewing and troops had been dispatched to the border, Mr. Fosdick was sent to Texas as a special representative of the War Department to make a study of social conditions among the



Side View of Y.M.C.A. Hostess House at Camp Upton



Interior View of Reading Room in Hostess House



Interior View of Camp Library

These Pictures Copyright by Committee on Public Information

POPULAR RECREATIONS AT THE ARMY CAMPS



Soldiers Playing Push Ball



Boxing in Barracks at Camp Upton

Pictures Copyrighted by Committee on Public Information

soldiers and in the cities and communities they frequented. He arrived in Columbus, N. M., a few nights after Pancho Villa had conducted his raiding party into the town and fled back into Mexico, leaving a trail of death and destruction in his wake. In writing of his experiences to Secretary Baker, he said:

"I stood on the main street of the village and watched the soldiers as they came from the camp across the railroad tracks in the evening. Five thousand of our men were encamped there. There was absolutely nothing in town to amuse them. There were no moving-picture shows; no places where they could write letters; no library facility of any kind; no homes to which they could go—absolutely nothing at all except a red light district and a few saloons and the soldiers patronized these liberally, simply because there was nothing to compete with them."

Mr. Fosdick's report was largely responsible for what was done in the way of instituting athletics and other forms of recreation in the border camps last year, and in determining Secretary Baker that the Selective Service men would not want for amusement or relaxation in their leisure time when they were summoned to the cantonments.

The work of the commission is far-reaching in scope. Inside the cantonments it embraces the supervision of the athletics, entertainment and recreations which are supplied the soldier. Outside, it deals with the repression of vicious influences and the task of furnishing the soldier with suitable amusements when he visits the cities or communities near the camps on his days off. Most of this work is handled directly by the commission through its representatives in the camps and environs, and the remainder is left to the agencies under its direction, such as the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, and the Playground and Recreation Association of America.

In instituting athletics in the camps, Dr. Joseph E. Raycroft, of Princeton University, athletic commissioner, laid special stress on the importance of boxing, baseball, football and soccer as military factors as well as recreations. These sports, he pointed out, have their counterparts in actual warfare; boxing increases efficiency with the bayonet; football and soccer develop a poise and balance in a soldier which will aid him immeasurably in charging over the shell craters of No Man's Land; while experience has proved that the best grenade tossers in the trenches to-day are men who played baseball. But other games were not neglected for these reasons. In the list prepared by Dr. Raycroft and that supplemented by the soldiers themselves to meet local conditions, everything from Jiu Jitsu to ping-pong is included, and the latter becomes a mighty exciting game when two husky youths start slashing a rubber ball back and forth across a table with miniature tennis racquets.

Visualize a great field on which sixteen games of baseball are in simultaneous progress, or another on which twenty-six gridirons are in use at once and you will obtain an idea of the way these sports are being played in the cantonments. It is a work without parallel in history. The old order of things has been banished and in its place new rules and new provisions established to meet conditions rising from the participation of hundreds of men in a contest where formerly only a handful took part. For instance, soccer games, in which four hundred to five hundred players participate, using eight to ten balls at the same time, occur frequently at the camps.

Army leaders of the old school were somewhat skeptical about the introduction of athletics into the camps, but they have been completely won over by the results, especially those obtained from boxing. "Bayoneting is boxing with a gun in your hands," has come to be a maxim in the army, and judging from all indications, it has come to stay, for a course in boxing has been prescribed as a regular part of the military routine for every man in training. Boxing, too, is developing the *esprit de corps* of the army. This alone is a salient argument in its favor, for the *esprit de corps* is the soul of every fighting machine.

Inside the camps, the task of supplying social



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United Bands of Camp Custer in Front of Liberty Theatre, Bohemier Kryl, Director

recreation has been left largely to the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, and the Y. M. H. A. But the Government has not been inactive. Sixteen Liberty Theatres—one for each cantonment—have been erected in the National Army Camps and Liberty Auditoriums, which will be Liberty Theatres on a smaller scale, are under construction in the National Guard camps. Companies organized by the Government will put on the productions at the camp playhouses.

To finance the theatrical enterprises "Smileage" was originated. "Smileage" is a word that has taken its place along side of "camouflage" and "Blighty" in the picturesque vocabulary the war has coined. It is a term applied to the books of tickets which the soldier uses in lieu of cash to pay his admission to the camp theatre or to make purchases at the Post Exchange. A country-wide campaign is now in progress to distribute a million dollars worth of these books among the friends and relatives of men in the camps so that they will be relieved of the burden of paying for his amusement out of the meagre wage he receives as a fighter.

The Post Exchange—the country store of the camp—is another military innovation that cannot be overlooked. The Post Exchanges were first established by the Commission on Training Camp Activities but now the Government has undertaken to run them directly. It is at the Post Exchange that the soldier keeps his "sweet tooth" satisfied with candies, cookies and cakes. Here, too, he buys his smoking tobacco, cigars, towels, soap and other personal necessities.

A single day's sales at some of the Exchanges have totaled as high as $4,000. They rarely fall below $1,000. At Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich., the other day, when the Exchange was thronged with soldiers, and tobacco and candy was going over the counters in a seemingly endless stream, a negro worker employed in the camp called out:

"Say, Boss, where do all de profits of dis yere business go?"

"To the enlisted men," an officer replied.

"If dat is so, Boss, they can sure call a number any time."

The officer spoke the truth. The Government operates the Exchanges on a co-operative basis. A certain number of companies deal at each Exchange and the profits from the sales are returned to them for the purchase of equipment.

When the mobilization begun, there was a rush of wives, sweethearts and relatives of the men to the cities and communities near the camps. There was also an influx of women of loose morals and young girls attracted by the "lure of the uniform." The work of rationalizing these conditions, and stamping out vice was put in the hands of the Committee on Protective Work for Girls. So effective have been the efforts of this committee, Mr. Fosdick announced recently, that "there is not a red-light district operating within an effective radius of any camp."

Another problem was the care of women visitors to the camps, and the Young Men's Christian Association rose nobly to this occasion. The association has erected from one to five "hostess" houses in each camp and to these a woman is directed when she arrives to spend a day or so in camp. Here she may obtain food and lodging and have a nice long chat with her soldier-boy, in homelike surroundings.

But the "Hostess House" serves other purposes. It is a gathering place for men who, mess over, drop in to supplement their army meal with a piece of pie or dish of ice-cream at the cafeteria, which is an adjunct to every "Hostess House." Others come to spend a quiet moment in a big chair before the blazing fireplace or to write a letter home.

When the soldier takes his day off, the Playground and Recreation Association of America looks after him. The association has established numerous community clubs and service clubs in the cities near the cantonments, where the men may take up their headquarters while in town. The feature of these clubs are smoking, reading, writing and rest rooms, facilities for playing billiards, pool and quiet games, comfortable chairs, couches, shower baths and other bathing facilities, canteens where soft drinks, candy and tobacco are obtainable, and telephone service, pianos and victrolas are available. All these are free to the soldier.

"A singing army is a fighting army," Major General Bell has declared, and gradually our army leaders are coming to a realization of this fact through the work the commission has done in promoting singing in the camps. They have seen song leaders, appointed by the commission, take hold of groups of from fifty to five hundred men dejected and tired by the hard day's grind, and literally transformed them into happy, rollicking boys, with a catchy song familiar to all. On long hikes, too, when legs lag and spirits fag, snappy songs put new life into the men.

Mass "sings," in which thousands of soldiers take part, are held frequently at the camps.

Volumes could be written about the multifarious phases of the commission's activities. Its accomplishments have exceeded the fondest hopes, and it has shown irrevocably that military service has its compensations as well as its sacrifices, and that ours is a Government that realizes with refreshing reasoning that the soldier is not a mere cog in the military machine but that he is a human being who is serving and in turn must be served.

Pictures Taken by Our Staff Photographer



Detachment of Co. "K," 22d Inf., on Guard Duty at Our Plant and the Barracks in which the Soldiers Are Housed. Lieut. A. H. Garnjost Stands on the Left of the Group and Lieut. S. I. Cooper on the Right.

Helping to Defeat the Huns

THAT the employees of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company are playing no small part in the war was evidenced by the announcement in the daily papers a few weeks ago that sixteen of the German ships seized at the outbreak of the conflict had arrived safely in French ports with American troops and supplies.

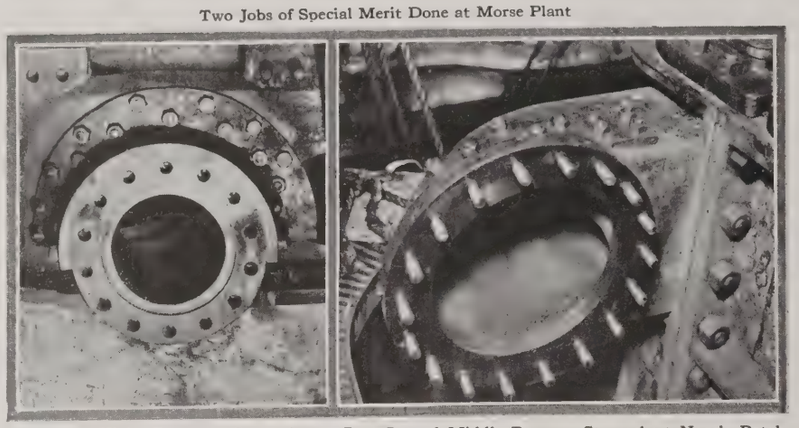
It is deserving of special emphasis to note that the arrival of some of those ships in France was made possible by the patriotic work performed on them by the employees of this Company.

When the United States declared war on Germany 109 German vessels which had been interned in the ports of this nation were seized by the Government. Every one of them, prior to their seizure, had been damaged by their German crews with the avowed object of making their use by this country impossible.

It was recently announced that all damage to the boats had been repaired and that the vessels are now in service, adding more than 500,000 gross tons to the United States transport and cargo fleets.

The Morse Company did work on twenty-four or more of the ships, completing the contracts in record time and with special skill on the part of the men assigned to the work. In fact, the contracts were so quickly and well handled, several letters of commendation have been received from Government authorities, some of which have already been published in THE DIAL.

Two Jobs of Special Merit Done at Morse Plant



Starboard High Pressure Steamchest. Main Steam Nozzle Patch on "Koenig Wilhelm II"

Port Second Middle Pressure Steamchest Nozzle Patch on "Koenig Wilhelm II"

ACCORDING to the Committee on Public Information at Washington, there is evidence that a German central authority gave an order for destruction on these ships, effective on or about February 1, 1917, simultaneous with the date set for unrestricted submarine warfare, and that the purpose was to inflict such vital damage to the machinery of all German ships in our ports that none could be operated for from eighteen months to two years.

This purpose, the Committee announces, has been defeated. In less than eight months all of the ships were in service. There is documentary proof that the enemy believed the damage irreparable. The destructive campaign cunningly comprehended a system of ruin which the enemy believed would necessitate the shipping of new machinery to replace that damaged. To have obtained new machinery would have entailed a prolonged process of design, manufacture and installation.

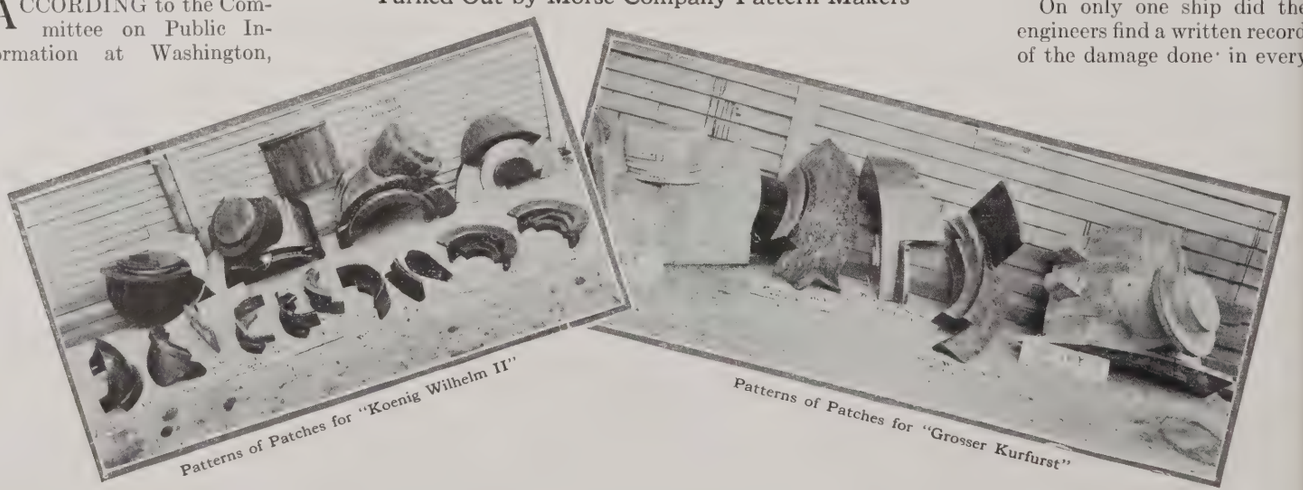
Urged by the necessity of conserving time the engineers of the Navy Department and the marine experts who worked with them, succeeded by unique means in patching and welding the broken parts and replacing all of the standard parts which the Germans detached from their engines and destroyed or threw overboard.

The German scheme of ruin was shrewdly devised and ranged from the plugging of steam pipes to the utter demolition of boilers by dry firing. At first the United States Shipping Board and marine experts believed that the repairs could not be accomplished within eighteen months. Then the plan of patching and welding was determined upon and the last of the fleet actually took her final sea test and was ordered into service as a Thanksgiving gift to the nation. More time was taken in the tedious task of dismantling all machinery from bow to stern of every ship for inspection than in making the actual repairs. Thorough inspection was necessary to eliminate the chance of overlooking concealed damages.

INSTANCES of artful pipe plugging, of concealing steel nuts and bolts in delicate cylinders, of depositing ground glass in oil pipes and bearings, of cunningly changing indicators, of filling fire extinguishers with gasoline and similar means of spoliation were common enough to make a thorough overhauling advisable. On each ship there was no boiler that was not threaded through every pipe for evidence of plugging, no mechanism of any sort that was not completely dismantled, inspected and reassembled before it was finally passed as safe.

On only one ship did the engineers find a written record of the damage done in every

Turned Out by Morse Company Pattern Makers



Patterns of Patches for "Koenig Wilhelm II"

Patterns of Patches for "Grosser Kurfurst"

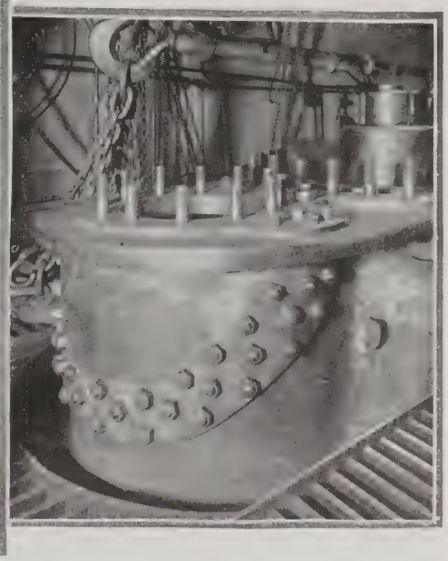
Work Done by Morse Company



Patch on Port Low Pressure Steamchest Nozzle on "Koenig Wilhelm II"



Port High Pressure Steamchest Patch on "Koenig Wilhelm II"



Patch on Starboard High Pressure Steamchest on "Koenig Wilhelm II"

other instance they searched blindly for the evidence of sabotage. A memorandum written in German was picked up on one of the vessels which gave a complete record of the destruction on that ship. Investigation revealed that the list, which had evidently been left through an oversight, was correct in every detail.

Three methods of patching broken marine engines were used: electric welding, oxy-acetylene welding, and ordinary mechanical patching, the latter often later being welded. Following the repairs, tests of the machinery were first made at the docks, where the ships were lashed firmly to the piers while the propellers were driven at low speed and later each ship was taken to sea for vigorous trial tests.

When the *Leviathan*, formerly the *Vaterland* and the largest ship afloat, which was among the sixteen vessels reported to have landed troops in France recently, was put into commission by the United States Government and sent to sea for a trial run, her commander, a young American naval officer, was ordered to "exert every pound of pressure that she possessed." The *Leviathan* stood the test.

She was one of the ships least mutilated, due to the fact that she was in bad repair and it was believed by her German crew that she would not be fit to put to sea for many months. It was found necessary to overhaul and partially redesign and reconstruct many important parts of the engines. Engineers who examined the big liner declared that inferior engineering had been practiced in her construction.

SHE has four turbine engines ahead and four astern on four shafts. All of the ahead engines were in good condition and all of the astern engines were damaged. Cracks were found in the casing of the starboard high-pressure backing turbine of such size as to make it certain that the engine had not been used on the vessel's last run. Certain documentary evidence corroborated this belief. It also indicated that the *Vaterland* on her last trip had made less than twenty knots. The forty-six boilers showed evidence of poor handling. The presence of a great amount of oil indicated poor marine practice.

Although the vessel had steam lines which in some cases extended over a length of three hundred feet, she was not fitted with proper drains and traps, such drains as were fitted being run into the bilges. The boilers were not fitted with proper internal feed pipes.

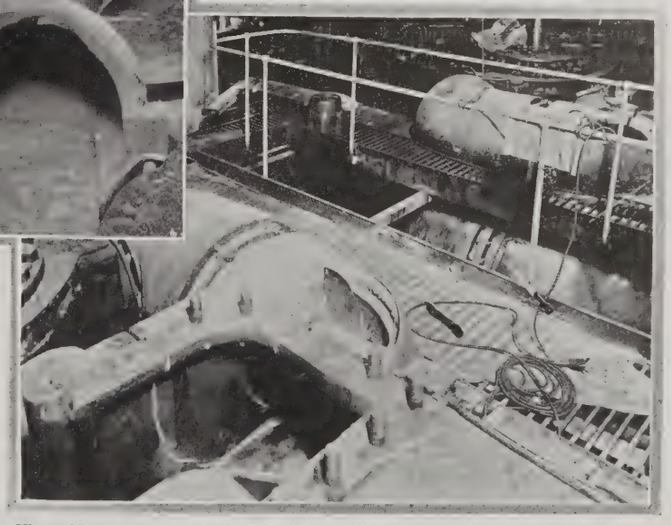
Original defects in her engine equipment were corrected, she was overhauled and in many respects refitted, and on the whole she was declared a better ship when she entered the service of the United States than when she took her maiden voyage.

The most serious typical damage on the different vessels was done by breaking cylinders, valve chests, circulating pumps, steam and exhaust nozzles on main engines, and by dry firing boilers and thus melting



Showing Destruction of a Steam Nozzle on U. S. S. "Madawaska," Formerly the S. S. "KoenigWilhelm II"

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View of Destruction on the U. S. S. "George Washington," Showing How the German Vandals Smashed Two Valve Chests and a Steam Nozzle. In the Foreground May Be Seen a Crack Through a Piece of Steel Which Was Wrought By Sledge-Hammering

the tubes and distorting the furnaces, in at least one instance probably using thermit to make the destruction complete.

THERE were many instances of minor and easily detectable destruction, such as cutting piston and connecting rods and stays with hack saws, smashing engine room telegraph systems and the removal and destruction of parts which the Germans evidently believed could not be replaced.

The most insidious sabotage was that which was concealed. In plugging a steam pipe the method was to disjoint the pipe and insert a solid piece of brass, which would be sawed off flush with the joint. The pipe would then be reconnected, showing no evidence of having been tampered with.

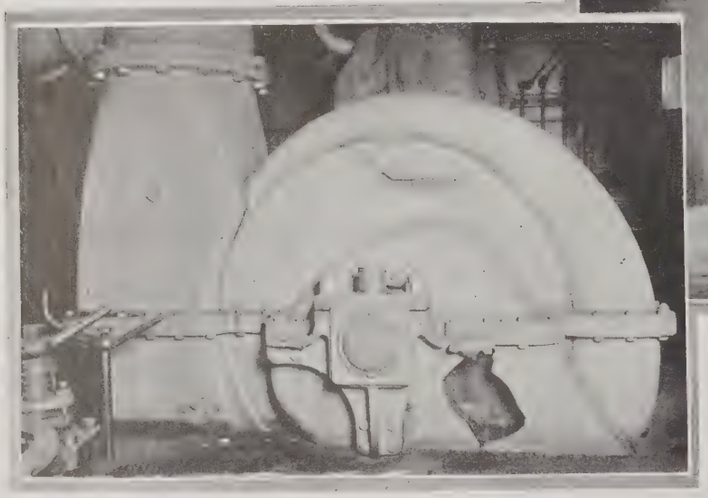
harm was done to furnishings or ordinary ship fittings.

INSPECTION developed the fact that the destruction on all of the ships was in general the same. It also appeared that the parts damaged, as a rule, were those probably on hand as spare parts in the home ports of the vessels and thus, in case this country did not enter the war, the ships could again be commissioned by utilizing spare parts which could have been

Broken Cylinder on the "Kaiser Wilhelm II" Photographed at Beginning of Welding Process

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Circulating Pump Casing Smashed by Battering Ram or Sledge; Repaired by Electric Welding Process. Photograph Shows Typical Vandalism on the German Ships



Typical Break in Cylinder. Photograph Shows Break After the Part Had Been Prepared for Welding

Rod stays on boilers were broken off, but nuts were fastened to the exposed surface for the purpose of deception. Similarly the threads of bolts in important positions were destroyed, the bolts being replaced and held by one or two remaining threads which, of course, would have given away if pressure had been put on them.

Indicators were reversed in many instances. Numerous fire extinguishers were found to be filled with kerosene and gasoline. Piles of shavings and refuse were strewn about where fires might be started, open cans of kerosene being found in several of these incendiary traps. There had evidently been a plan to burn the ships under certain conditions and it is believed that the German crews were seized and interned somewhat in advance of their expectations.

The mutilation was directed at the vital parts of the machinery, auxiliary parts, such as feed pumps, ice machines, etc., being in the main undisturbed. Very little obtained when navigation opens to the Germans.

In breaking the great cylinders of the liner's engines there was practiced a system of boring holes in curved lines and then breaking out a piece by battering the weakened point by means of a ram rigged for the purpose. Where more delicate machinery was involved there were instances of jacking parts until they were bent and broken. Many cylinders were cracked from the blows of rams. In the cases of boilers melted down by dry firing it was necessary, of course, to replace them, but in no instance did the American engineers fail to repair a broken cylinder.

Immediately on taking over the vessels the Shipping Board appointed a committee of engineers to make a survey of the damage and superintend repair. The Collector of the Port of New York also appointed a Board of Railroad Engineers to investigate with a view to recommending repairs by the use of the welding craft. Railroad men had made successful and extensive use of electric welding in connection with cast iron and they had faith in the process as applied to marine engines as well as to locomotive engines. The Board of Engineers appointed by the Shipping Board recommended the renewal of all cylinders which had been badly damaged. The report of the electric welders' committee was unanimous in stating that all damaged cylinders could be reclaimed and that engines so repaired would be as reliable after repair as when first built.

A DIFFERENCE of opinion on this question developed among engineers and this continued until the larger vessels were turned over to the Navy Department to be fitted as transports about July, 1917. A decision was then made to make use of the welding and patching processes and this principle was applied to all of the ships requiring patching.

In no case were the repairs to the propulsive machinery delayed beyond the time necessary to equip the vessels as transports.

The former German liners, sailing under distinctly American names, are now fitted as troop and cargo ships. Each is convertible to a completely equipped hospital ship for return voyage service. The vessels are manned by naval crews. Some of the larger liners are not capable of carrying much cargo in addition to troops, but the fleet of merchantmen, which the United States Government seized from the Germans at the outbreak of the war, adds a substantial tonnage available for the transport of supplies.

The most important jobs handled by the Morse Company were on the *Koenig Wilhelm II* and the *Grosser Kurfurst.*

The Way It Looked

SALESMAN (*in department store*)—Looking for something cheap, madam?

MRS. HENNING (*looking for husband*)—Oh, did you see him? Which way did he go?

PARADE, DID YOU CALL IT?

By John Powell, "The Dry Dock Poet"








"Parade," did you call it, brother? "Gorgeous," you said? Oh, no,
But just a bunch of diamonds rough who don't go in for show.
No uniforms of splendor, heedless of step or line,
Not even faces devoid of dirt, some of them covered with grime.








Men who had done a day's duty, willing with never a groan,
To show their strength as sinews of war and help on the Liberty Loan.
"Parade," did you call it, brother? Yes, one that made all slackers gape,
And made those with hearts patriotic, feel sure that the country is safe.









For men in the trenches, God's blessing is the prayer on each shipworker's lips,
And with men such as walked for the Liberty Loan, you'll never be lacking for ships.
We'll send you, we'll feed you, and those left behind, we'll care for if means they should lack.
And when all is over, and victory is won, with God's help and ships, bring you back.







GEN. MORSE LEADS ARMY OF WORKERS TO BIG VICTORY

Spectacular Parade Ends Unique Liberty Loan Drive in Which Gen. Hesitation and His Force of Laggards Are Put to Complete Rout

(*Special Wireless Despatch to* THE DIAL)

SOMEWHERE in Brooklyn, May 4, General Hesitation and his horde of laggards were put to complete rout by the army of Gen. E. P. Morse, in one of the most spectacular and furious Liberty Loan drives of the war. The wonderful victory of the Morse forces terminated with a grand parade in which General Morse and his staff, together with several notable guests, reviewed the gallant body of patriots in front of Borough Hall, from whose mast flies the Liberty Loan Service Flag, that emblem of beauty which marks the determination of the people of Brooklyn to do their full share in putting down German autocracy.

For five days the famous army of Morse workers, numbering 7,000, withstood all of the furious assaults of the enemy. combating him at every turn under the noble and inspiring leadership of their beloved general.

A bombardment of Liberty Loan literature foretold the determination of the enemy to open attack on the Morse trenches and when General Hesitation lifted his fire and sent his men into the fray with apparent disregard of the great sacrifice of life which his autocratic designs entailed, General Morse was ready.

"We shall give our all," was the encouraging message he sent back to the Rainbow Division commanders and while General Hesitation sought with every trick of the vile Hun mind to penetrate the Morse lines, he was repulsed repeatedly.

On the fourth day of the great drive a brilliant coup brought a quick and sudden victory for our army. General Morse foresaw the opportunity to outwit his opponent and hurriedly dispatched a small regiment of Bay Ridge High school girls to draw the enemy fire from the main defenses while Lieutenant Jensen and Lieutenant Tillotson prepared for a counter-attack. When the time came Lieutenant Jensen and Lieutenant Tillotson flanked the right arm of General Hesitation's army in the neighborhood of Pocketbook Woods and forced General Hesitation to withdraw his lines.

Stimulated by its wonderful success the Morse army thereupon "went over the top," causing the hard pressed enemy to retreat. Lieutenant Jensen's small body of gallant fighters brought back several prisoners and booty amounting to $141,425, while Lieutenant Tillotson's Liberty Belles gathered in booty amounting to $109,175.



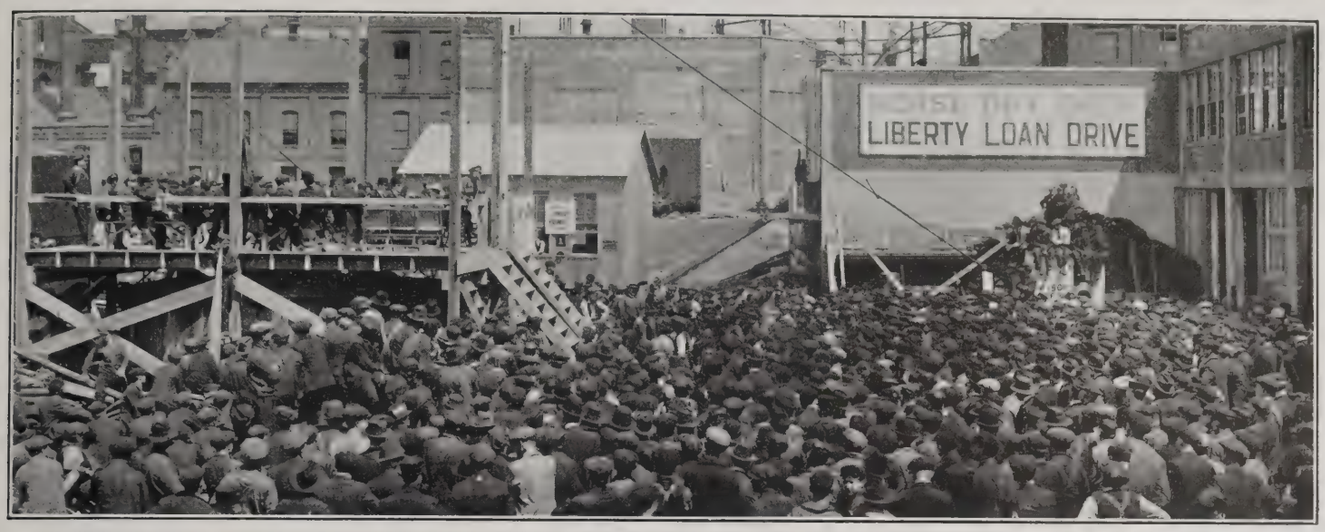
Scene at one of the meetings held in connection with our Liberty Loan drive in which subscriptions amounting to over half a million were raised in the Morse plant. Miss Kirsten Jensen, who has charge of the yard hospital, and her staff raised $141,425, and Mrs. Helen A. Tillotson and her office girls raised $109,175, a total of $250,600 subscribed by the employees of the Company. Included in this sum is $14,250 raised by girls from the Bay Ridge high school who went among the men at one of the noon-hour meetings. This sum was equally divided between the hospital staff and the office girls. The company and its heads subscribed $252,000, making a total of $502,600 raised in the Morse plant. The real big day of the drive was on April 30, at which time the hospital girls wearing nurses' uniforms and the office girls wearing special regalia circulated among the men at a special noon-hour meeting. They climbed into the riggings of ships, onto the tops of pay shanties, and into every conceivable place to sell bonds. On this day Mr. Morse extended the noon-hour until 1.30. Liberty Loan and patriotic meetings were held nearly every day, and the Morse band did its share in stirring up enthusiasm by its splendid music. The drive ended with a unique parade, in which nearly every one of the 7,000 employees marched, after doing a hard day's work, from the plant to Borough Hall, a distance of four miles. They wore their working garb, and many went with rust, sweat and grime covering their earnest faces. At Borough Hall they were reviewed by Mr. Morse and his official family, and Borough President Riegelmann and State Controller William Boardman. "Brooklyn is proud of you," said Mr. Riegelmann. "This war could not be won were it not for you and others like you who have put punch into your work." "This is one of the best regiments I have ever seen, and General Morse is one of the best officers I have ever met," said Mr. Boardman. Ovations were given to Mr. Morse, Sr., Mr. Morse, Jr., Mr. Hanbury, Miss Jensen and Mrs. Tillotson and Dan Shea, our band leader.

In his official statement to-night Field Marshal Hall reported that a complete victory had been won by the army of General Morse, and that the enemy's drive had proved a costly failure.

The violent fire which General Hesitation concentrated on General Morse's army at all points along the battle line from Hoboken to "the farm," was perhaps the most intense since the beginning of the war. The preponderance



"Big Bill" Edwards — Sergeant McNiff — Lieut. Col. F. S. Evans, D. S. O., of the British Royal Field Artillery — Rev. Dr. A. F. Campbell — Private G. N. Dimond



A Scene at One of the Earlier Meetings

of fire came, however, between the gas-house pier and the south slip, and in the vicinity of the main office where a veritable horde of Liberty Loan speakers poured forth their verbal barrage.

As the writer stood on "the hill," looking out over "the lots" and the surrounding territory, he could plainly see the brave "soldiers" of General Morse going into combat with the enemy. It was an inspiring and thrilling scene which unfolded itself, accompanied as it was by the din and noise from the "busy Berthas" in the boiler shop, the ratta-ta-ta-tap of the riveters' machine guns, the light flashes from the heater boys' forges, the flare from the burners' torches, and the deadly vapors from the gas-house.



Up into the very teeth of the enemy's guns climbed the brave fighters of Lieutenant Jensen and Lieutenant Tillotson, in their determination to get Liberty Loan subscriptions. Hundreds of General Hesitation's men went to their death in the vicinity of the Grand Stand, which was stormed and taken by the enemy early in the drive, but was recaptured and held in the brilliant counter-attacks by Lieutenant Jensen and Lieutenant Tillotson. Thus did this structure come to occupy an important place in the annals of the fighting in this section of the front. Its value lies in the fact that it dominates considerable territory, and for this reason it was a thorn in the flesh of the enemy.

Though tired and worn from their week's work General Morse's men, happy over their victory, petitioned their beloved Commander for a celebration and readily joined in a spectacular and gigantic demonstration which thrilled all Brooklyn. Headed by General Morse and their famous band they marched from the Morse yards to Borough Hall, a distance of four miles, every man appearing in working garb. To the martial strains of the Morse band and another band, which was engaged for the occasion, General Morse's men went proudly forth, imbued with the spirit of patriotism and loyalty.



The sincere smile of contentment which graced the face of their General as they went cheeringly past him, spoke volumes of thanks to each and every man in line. It was indeed a happy day for General Morse; and, indeed, it was a happy day for those who numbered in the patriotic army which enjoys his leadership.

Lieutenant Tillotson had this to say for the office girls after the battle, "Isn't it good we have 'THE DIAL' to express our thanks and appreciation to the yard men for the way in which they tried to help us 'over the top' in the Liberty Loan Drive? We didn't win, but it gave us the opportunity to get acquainted and engendered a spirit of camaraderie and good feeling which we hope to keep alive. We never knew before what fine chaps you all are.

"We wish not only to thank Miss Jensen for originating the idea of rivalry teams which helped so much in the work, but to congratulate her heartily on her own success in carrying off the honors, and we are also very grateful to her for the privilege of marching to the music of that wonderful band (any rookie could march to that), even though we are all suffering from 'trench feet,' for the idea of the big parade was also hers.

"We appreciate greatly the courtesies extended us by the officers of the S. S. *Mongolia*, S. S. *Sterling* and S. S. *Kanawha* and many, many thanks are due the sailor boys, who not only helped out in buying bonds, but loaned us their hats and marched with us on three hours of their "shore leave" time.



"Just to keep the acquaintance up, boys, there is another Red Cross Drive being planned, so save up your pennies and we'll see you again, and hope to do even better on our second meeting."

Lieutenant Jensen said:

"To the boys in the yard and the wives at home:

"The Hospital staff wish to extend their sincere thanks to you for the splendid work you all did in the Third Liberty Loan Drive. It was entirely due to you and your efforts that they were able to go 'over the top' with $141,425 and to beat the fairest of rivals, Mrs. Tillotson's Liberty Loan Belles.



"It was also due to your efforts that our Company and Association had the pleasure of being the largest Liberty Bond subscriber in this Borough.

"And last, but not least, yours is the credit for that splendid parade on Saturday, May 4, and the Hospital staff were glad to be with you.

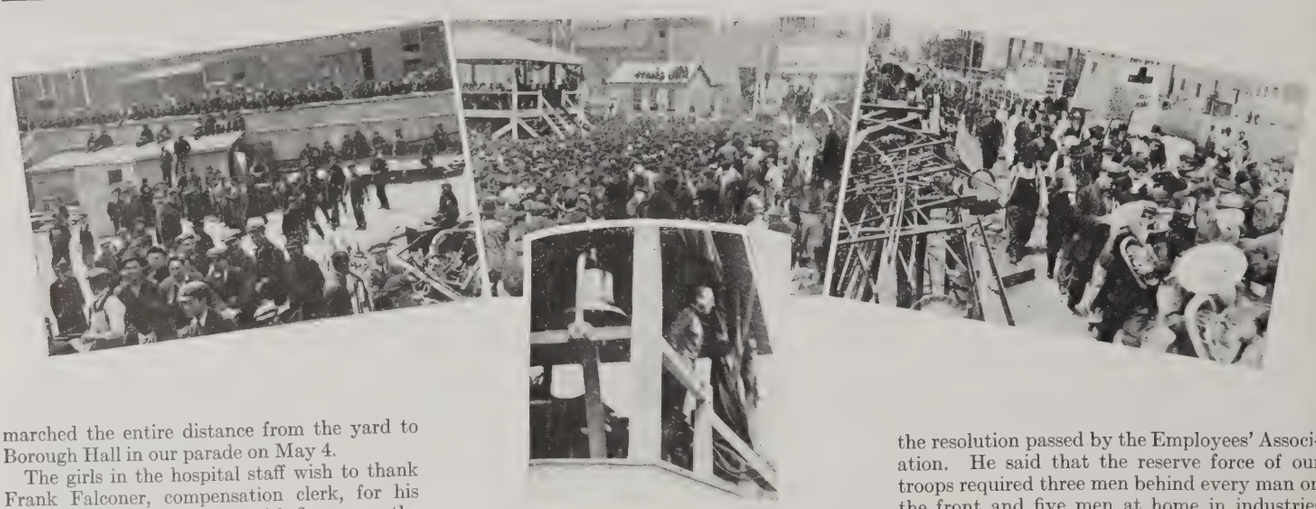
"I want to thank Mrs. Tillotson and her girls for entering into the contest with such splendid spirit. We are sure they found 'our boys' an exceptionally fine lot. I would like also to thank Lieutenant Cooper and Lieutenant Garnjost and their noble soldiers for their assistance, and Mr. Whitman and all others who so kindly helped us."



T. D. Cornell and Clarence Wilson of the boiler shop toll-room sold $6,000 worth of bonds during the drive. On April 30 alone they sold $2,600.

The Morse band turned out on April 22 in the great "win the war parade," which thrilled Fifth avenue. Our boys headed the fourth division, which took in the "Women's Service Flag Division," in that big patriotic demonstration and received liberal applause all along the line. The division was headed by Mrs. Robert Bacon, Mrs. Douglas P. Robinson and Mrs. Henry P. Davidson.

Both Mr. Morse, Sr., and Mr. Morse, Jr.,



marched the entire distance from the yard to Borough Hall in our parade on May 4.

The girls in the hospital staff wish to thank Frank Falconer, compensation clerk, for his kindness in providing them with flowers on the day of our parade. Mr. Falconer had a florist boy deliver the flowers while the girls were marching and for a long time the young ladies were unable to learn who was responsible for this very pleasant surprise.



The copper shop and the electrical department have turned the money which was thrown into the large flags they carried in the parade, over to our "smoke fund" for the boys who have gone into the service.

Some of the banners carried by the hospital and office forces were cleverly gotten up:

"Who nursed you when you were ill? Who scrubbed you when you were black? Who scolded you when you deserved it and forgot to take off your hat? The nurses, of course. Buy your Liberty Bonds of the hospital staff."

"The nurses, we know, are all right, They bandage you up good and tight, But you get the real "dope" in your pay envelope, Put up by the Office at night! We sell bonds."

"The nurses take care of your ills, They furnish you all kinds of pills, But when you're out for a time, (Oh! Don't this rhyme fine?) It's the office that pays all the bills. The talk of to-day, Liberty Bonds."

"When a fellow gets hurt how he hollers, And off to the hospital 'wallers,' but when he's dead broke and hasn't even a smoke, it's the office that hands out the dollars. Buy a Liberty Bond."

"Buy your Liberty Bonds from the Office Girls. Buy your Liberty Bonds from the Hospital Girls. But buy Liberty Bonds and cash is what counts! Have your money ready!"

The Rainbow Division of the Liberty Loan Committee provided us with speakers for the various noon meetings. On April 18 Dr. O. H. L. Mason, of California, just back from Y. M. C. A. service in France, and Sergeant Downes, of the 23d Canadian Field Artillery, who was wounded at Vimy Ridge, Ypres and Lens, spoke to us. Private Joseph S. Cassells, of the Scottish Black Watch Regiment, who addressed us on March 21, was on the platform during this meeting and spoke a few words to us again.



Hon. Fred'k F. Searing, Shipping Board Speaker



Sergeant-Major Charles H. Smith Who Addressed Us

Sergeant Downes described the abundance of ammunition at the disposal of the Allies and praised the accuracy and density of the Allied barrage fire. He declared that the American people have not as yet come to realize the horrors of the war.

Dr. Mason said he was glad to be able to visit our yard because he had heard so much about the patriotic way in which the Morse employees were backing the Government. He said he admired our loyalty and complimented us on the resolution passed by the Employees' Association. He said that the reserve force of our troops required three men behind every man on the front and five men at home in industries necessary to their maintenance. "I want you men to feel that you are just as important in this war as the men in the first line of defense," he said.

In the Liberty Loan drive on April 23, at which time "Big Bill" Edwards, Collector of Internal Revenue in the Port of New York, addressed us, about 100 girls from the Bay Ridge High School went among the men in the yard and within less than twenty-five minutes collected $14,250 in subscriptions. Mr. Edwards, who was none other than the man who saved Mayor Gaynor from assassination, said:

"Our soldiers need have no cause for worry over the men in the shipyards not doing their part if the shipyard workers of other yards will do their full duty as you men here are doing it. You men are loyal soldiers and I am pleased to come here and talk to you. Just before I came down here to speak I said to Mr. Morse: 'I have been interested to know how you handle men so successfully.' He replied: 'The men handle me.' All I've got to say is that it looks as though you were getting along together pretty well and that is just what we want in these days. I would like to know how many of

SOME OF THOSE WHO HAVE ADDRESSED US RECENTLY



Dr. O. H. L. Mason — Sergeant Downes — Private Joseph S. Cassells



Monsieur Marcel Knecht — Monsieur Godard — Mr. Hanbury — Private Tickell of the Can. Army — Dr. David Hughes of the Shipping Board



President James MacFarlane — Mr. Silk — Mr. De Rosa





Mrs. Tillotson's Liberty Belles



you men have a brother, father, relative or friend in service in France." In response to this a sea of upraised hands confronted him.

"I love to see patriotism," he declared, "and you men surely are patriotic. Now, boys, don't you forget that if we don't have ships to get more men over to General Pershing we are going to be beaten and I know you men don't want that to happen.



"Let us all help, too, by buying Liberty Bonds. I have bought one and here it is. The $50 which paid for this was found in the pocket of the suit my father wore at the time he died, and I have always held that money for a time I could use it in a way that I thought my father would like to have it used, and, by God, the time has come and here is the bond that money brought."

Private George N. Dimond, of the famous Essex troops of London, American boy, addressed us on Tuesday, May 2. Mr. Dimond lives at 352 South Fifth street, Brooklyn. He was wounded at Vimy Ridge during the great British drive last summer and has been at home the past several weeks recuperating. He told of the intense suffering of the French inhabitants and of the atrocities committed by the Huns on the women and girls. He described many acts of violence which had come to his attention.

Mr. Searing, representative of the United States Shipping Board, paid us a return visit on the same day and said that he was proud to see that we were still on the job and enthusiastic in our work. Mr. Searing had just returned from a trip to the Southern shipyards, and said that the men of every yard are speeding up their work and that the program mapped out by the United States Shipping Board is beginning to assert itself in the problem of bridging the Atlantic with ships.

On Thursday, May 4, Sergeant Eugene McNiff, who saw service in France as a member of the 165th Regiment (Rainbow Division) of the American Expeditionary Forces, made a short address. Sergeant McNiff is a Bay Ridge boy and has many boyhood friends working here. He was wounded recently and was sent back to recuperate. He told of being a member of a scouting party of four men of his company who went out into "No Man's Land" in search of Boches; how he and his comrades were surprised by a larger party of Germans, who took one of the American boys prisoner. McNiff and the remaining members of his party ran back to the American trenches and gathered reinforcements. When they returned to the spot where they had encountered the Germans, they found their comrade lying with his throat slashed and his arms off. McNiff stated that this was an example of the German methods, and if we did not hurry up and subscribe to more bonds we would have the same trouble over here.



Miss Jensen's Winning Staff

Lieut-Colonel F. S. Evans, who saw three and one-half years' service and was decorated with the Distinguished Service Order, spoke to us on Thursday, April 25. He said the war has eliminated class distinction and has brought all of the races represented by the twenty nations, which are now fighting the Central powers, closer together. He told of the remarkable spirit of the 4,000,000 men in the British army in France, who are paid but twenty-nine cents a day, and receive a ration amounting to only twelve ounces of meat or twelve ounces of flour with a small allowance of condiment. He said: "Their message to you men of America is: 'We boys over here are going to stand fast until we die if necessary. We know that you boys in America are with us and that you'll help us soon. General Haig and his men will stand until death, knowing that you are behind them."

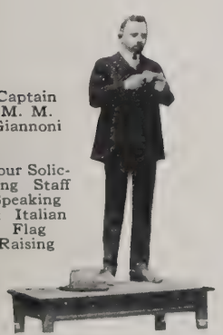


Many other speakers representing the Liberty Loan Committee and the United States Shipping Board brought us patriotic messages and helped to make our meetings successful and interesting.

Other meetings have been arranged for.



Raising the Italian Flag



Captain M. M. Giannoni

Your Soliciting Staff Speaking at Italian Flag Raising



Charles G. Hall

Our "Field Marshal"

THE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, and to the interests of the firm.

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor

The Editor's office is located in the Employment Bureau, where he may be reached by telephone or in person.

Matter intended for any given issue must reach the Editor not later than the 15th of the preceding month.

Notify the Employment Bureau promptly of any change of residence, giving old as well as new address.

The Dry Dock Dial is protected by copyright, but our esteemed contemporaries are invited to reprint from its pages when due credit is given.

All communications should be addressed to B. E. Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn.

Vol. 1 MAY, 1918 No. 5

Special Issue of The Dial Coming

The next issue of The Dial will be a combination June-July number, and will be especially devoted to the new dry dock section of the Morse plant. As one of the main reasons for the existence of The Dial is to bring all of our employees closer together, to make them better acquainted with one another, it seems quite fitting that special attention should be given at this time to those loyal workers who constitute the personnel of "the farm gang." Big things have been accomplished in that small enclosure of land at the foot of Sixty-third street, where the new dry dock has been under construction, and it is our hope to report fully and faithfully the recent activities of the men there.

Several letters have come to our desk calling attention to the fact that little or nothing has been said about the new dry dock employees. Well, if we have been delinquent in this respect the forthcoming issue of The Dial will make amends. The launching of Section 6 of the new dry dock on May 7 will be fully reported and illustrated in the next issue, and, besides, we hope to have other features about "the farm" which will prove of general interest to all Morse employees.

The object in making the next issue of The Dial a combination June and July number, is to advance our publication date so as to be able to get the magazine into the hands of our employees a few days before our regular monthly meeting, thus serving to advertise these entertainments more advantageously. Under the new plan The Dial will come from the press about three or four days before our monthly meeting, dated the succeeding month. The next number will be mailed out about June 22, and the August number about July 27.

Because of the flood of business which has been pouring into the post offices, and the crippled condition of the mail service due to the war, there are annoying delays and careless deliveries to contend with. A conscientious effort has been made to obtain the correct address of every person on the payroll of this Company, and to see that he or she receives The Dial regularly. Where an employee moves and fails to notify the Employment Bureau of his new address, naturally his copy is apt to go astray. It has come to our attention, too, that in many cases people who are not entitled to The Dial are taking it from the mail boxes, not because of any malicious intent, but because they have an idea that it is some kind of an advertisement. Every employee can help to insure his receipt of The Dial by seeing that we have his correct address in the Employment Bureau, and then keeping an eye out for the magazine around the date it is to be issued. Remember the next date of issue is about June 22.

* * *

Look to the Future

Sweating early in life will prevent suffering late in life.

Most mortals have to face difficulties, undergo hardships, toil and sacrifice at one period of their earthly journey.

The man who idles away his youth and early manhood, who chases pleasure instead of achievement, who prefers dalliance to diligence, who woos indulgence instead of industry, who seeks the nectar cup rather than the iron wine of success, is destined to pay the penalty of lost opportunity in after life.

There is an eternal law of compensation; it may *seem* to sleep, but it never does sleep.

This law was proclaimed of old in these words: "As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

The wise man will choose to do his exertion while yet he is young, while yet he can strain brain and body with zest and with impunity, while yet hardship and fatigue and self-denial sit lightly on his forehead and daunt not his spirit.

He elects to pay the price of a happy, comfortable, poverty-free old age when he is best fit to pay it.

Voluntary self-denial at the beginning of life's journey will avert involuntary poverty, stress, sweat and indignity towards the end.

Every human being must put something into the world—even millionaires' offspring are less exempt from this decree than we sometimes are tempted to imagine.

You have to contribute before you can collect.

You have to sow before you can reap.

* * *

Mr. Irving T. Bush spent twenty-five years building a plant so fine that the Government can't win the war without it. And some hundreds of thousands of men and women have spent twenty-five years rearing men so fine that the Government can't win the war without them.—*The New York Sun.*

* * *

Forget the faults of others. Put your enemies out of your mind. Banish doubts and fears. Drive away remembrances of any failures you may have had. Sweep your mind clear of bitterness, cynicism and all unworthy thoughts. Substitute faith and hope, kindness, chastity, philanthropy, ambition, determination, zeal.

* * *

The darkest day in any man's earthly career is that wherein he first fancies that there is some easier way of gaining a dollar than by squarely earning it—he has lost the clue to his way through this mortal labyrinth, and must henceforth wander as chance may dictate.—*Horace Greeley.*

An Editorial by Dr. Charles A. Eaton

To-day you hold in your hands the safety, the happiness and the hope of mankind.

If you build the ships which we must have in order to win the war, every free man and woman on earth will bless and honor your names as long as time endures.

If you fail!—no, you will not fail. You are Americans. You are free men. You love freedom. You need only to be told the truth and you will leap to your great task like true soldiers.

You are the soldiers of the second line.

You are fighting men as truly as if you were in the trenches "over there."

You cannot save the world by nibbling at this gigantic task. It must have your whole manhood—body and soul. You must work until you are weary and then work on and on to your utmost strength. As your brothers bleed for you on the battlefield, you must sweat for them in the shipyard.

Look at your babies, at your wives and mothers. Look up at the blue sky smiling upon your dear, free America and then swear solemnly before God and men that you will never quit your toil until you have made your loved ones safe from the accursed monster of lust and cruelty whose hellish hands are at our throats. Workers of the shipyards, you will not fail your America; you will not fail your fellow-workers in other lands. You will be men worthy of liberty because you are ready to sacrifice yourselves in order to be free.

* * *

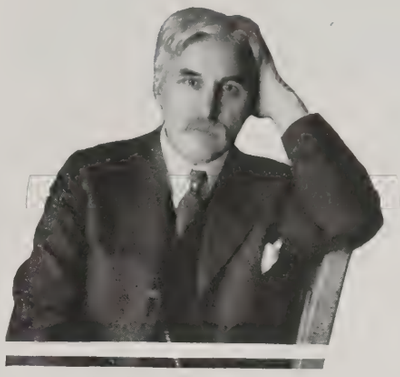
The Situation as It Was

By John Powell, the Dry Dock Poet

Said Zimmerman to Bernstorff, "Now look-a-here, old man,
"Before you leave the U. S. A., just work this little plan:
"Complain to Mr. Lansing how you can not get in touch
"With their greatest friend, the Kaiser, who relies on them so much.
"Although of no importance you must say this without fail:
"What messages you send abroad are held up in the mail.
"And messages by wireless, which you try to get to me,
"By common code, are understood by our worst enemy.
"So ask permission on your word and honor as a man,
"To send such news in secret code, on which there is no ban.
"For, Baron, you know how you stand and you can make it go,
"And once they fall, then get in touch with dear old Mexico.
"Tell Eckhardt to investigate how all those greasers stand,
"And if Carranza fails to fall, try Villa and his band,
"Just tell them how the Kaiser's got Columbia on the run,
"And if she ever mentions war, we'll show them who's the Hun.
"But being somewhat kind hearted, we only thought it fair,
"If Mexico would only help, why she should have her share.
"So make this proposition: With the U. S. in our toils,
"The border States she lost will be her share of all the spoils.
"So make it plain, for what she'll get at very little cost,
"Is vengeance on the Gringo and the country that she lost.
"Now having this well understood, get busy, my good man,
"Get in communication with our only hope, Japan.
"Forget the yellow peril, for there really is no sin
"In anything that goes to help our German Kultur win.
"Just tell them of our future plans, of what we have to boast,
"And her share of the spoils will be the whole Pacific coast."
But well laid plans, like mice and men, will ofttimes go astray,
There came a leak, within a week, Bernstorff was on his way.
So since you've heard the trickery and plots the Germans knew,
It's up to us to show them that we know a few tricks, too.
And so we have, for in the past they tried their schemes in vain,
For when they smashed their interned ships, we fixed them up again.
And strange to say that Morse's yard, has for the U. S. A.
Fixed up the Holland ships that took Bernstorff away.

* * *

As hard work is essential to success, only those who brave its trials can hope to enjoy its triumphs.



Rev. Dr. Charles A. Eaton

Association Directors

Following are the directors and conference board members of the different departments in the Employees' Association:

Carpenter, joiners and wood caulkers: Director, George McKay, No. 9914; conference delegates, Arthur Nyland, No. 9935, and James C. McDonald, No. 6502.

Outside machinists: Director, S. Monsen, No. 316; conference delegates, William Dunn, No. 306, and Edward Ennis, No. 340.

Inside machinists: Director Vincent Konop, No. 710; conference delegates, L. V. Schatzel, No. 697, and Henry Pauli, No. 2854.

Pipe Fitters: Director, Thomas Collins, No. 1304; conference delegates, James Pierson, No. 23555, and John Reynolds, Sr., No. 4244.

Blacksmiths: Director, John Nelson, No. 5302; conference delegates, Robert McQueen, No. 5301, and William McMullen, No. 5306.

Riggers: Director, Alfred Anderson, No. 8903; conference delegates, Gustaf Matsen, No. 3425, and William Lansing, No. 8918.

Coppersmiths, plumbers and sheet metal workers: Director, William Perkins, No. 594; conference delegates, Harry Holland, No. 578, and Henry Hammer, No. 528.

Boilermakers and iron shipbuilders: Director, James MacFarlane, No. 3436; conference delegates, Frederick Taylor, No. 1254, and Alexander Moffat, No. 3437.

Office employees, draftsmen and solicitors: Director, Charles G. Hall; conference delegates, Charles E. Kelly, and Alfred Todd Baker.

Miscellaneous department: Director, H.G.Hoover, No. 3406; conference delegates, Edward Knipe, No. 5701, and Samuel Potter, No. 1.



Letters From Our Boys in France

LETTERS are beginning to come in from our boys in France, and now and then the casualty lists inform us that some one of our former employees who is fighting for Uncle Sam has been wounded or killed in battle. News has been received that William G. Major, formerly employed here as a chauffeur, has been seriously wounded. Details are lacking, but we will venture the guess that if Major got half a chance he would have finished off a few Huns before he was cut down.

Dan Shea is in receipt of two letters from him, both written before he was wounded. One is dated April 1, and the other April 7. He says in the first letter:

> I am writing these few lines to inform you and the boys I arrived safe in France, and am in the best of health with plenty to eat and plenty to drink, and hoping this letter finds all the employees in good health. Also tell the boys I will try and come home the way I left. I stand a good chance I guess, don't you, Dan? Tell Paddy Fagan I will keep a nice bed for him here if he hurries over here. Tell Tom Conk we can use him here driving a twin six mule team. Give my regards to all the boys and girls in the office. Also tell them I would be glad to hear how they are all getting along; and also, how is your band. Tell Mr. E. P. Morse, Sr., and Mr. Morse, Jr., Mr. Hall, Mr. Hanbury, and Miss Jensen, the nurse, and Mr. MacFarlane, Mr. Donovan and Mr. Benner, also any one who inquires for me, that I hope to see them all soon. I suppose all the boys in the yard are too busy to write me a line. I received about three letters all the while I have been in the army, so, Dan, I will give you my address, and you can give it to them. But maybe ink is scarce in Brooklyn. I heard a fellow say one day to a friend of his, "out of sight, out of mind," and it looks that way here, Dan. Write soon, and let me know some of the news in the yard.

Here is what he says in his second letter:

> Writing you to let you know that three of the old-time employees of the Morse Dry Dock Company are in good health and doing their bit. They are Jack Finneran, Joseph Ward and William G. Major, all old-time chauffeurs. Tell Miss Jensen, the nurse in the yard hospital, we send her our best regards, and would be very glad to get a letter from her. Tell all the office hands we send our best regards. Dan, they call this place "sunny France," but they make a big mistake. All it does is rain every day. There is one thing I must say, and that is that there is certainly lovely scenery but what good is it to be away from home, and receive no letters from the boys. A fellow gets tired looking at scenery all the time, so, Dan, tell the boys to get busy and drop us a line. I suppose Conk is still looking for cigars, as usual. Tell him to hurry up and come over here; then he won't have any board to pay and lots to eat and drink. Dan, I tell you, it certainly is a great life. You don't have to worry about being laid off or the landlord putting you out, or the coal man telling you coal is 60 cents more, or the groceryman telling you milk is 26 cents a can. All we do is to eat and don't ask the price, or how many green trading stamps we get with it. They are good meals, and we eat them and say nothing; then go for a walk, and then go to bed. Dan, tell all the boys to come to life and write a letter—Filbert, Sheehan, Maloney, Rich, Conk, Donovan.



William Mittleman

Here is one of Uncle Sam's jolly tars, who was formerly employed here as an assistant paymaster. Mittleman dropped in to see his old friends in the yard a few weeks ago, and we snapped this picture of him. He is doing his bit in the Naval Reserve.

It is to be hoped that some of the boys, as well as the office girls who knew Major, or any of the others who have gone "over there," will try to find time to write to them. We cannot do too much for the boys who have gone across to fight for us. Major gave his address, and the address of Finneran and Ward as follows: "1st Provisional Company, 11th Engineers, A. E. F. Somewhere in France."



William J. Woods

The last we heard from Mr. Woods he was doing service at Camp Gordon, Ga. We suspect that by this time he is now in France, but wherever he is we wish him luck. He was formerly employed here as a machinist's helper, but left last October to fight for Uncle Sam. He remained at Camp Upton a month, and was then sent South. He lived at 1851 Coney Island avenue, Brooklyn. He is a member of the 326th Infantry, Co. D.

Miss Jensen is in receipt of a letter from Finneran, written to her from Camp Upton, before he sailed for France. He said, in part:

> Just a few lines, trusting you will forgive me for not keeping my promise to write to you after the nice present I received through you from the Association. I asked for a transfer to the auto department, and I landed in this outfit (1st Provisional Battalion, 11th U. S. Engineers) of which I am not pleased, but such is the life of a soldier. We have been ready now for the past month, and are expecting to ship any time, possibly to-morrow. I cannot say too



Harry J. Southern

Harry was in to see us a few weeks ago, and we thought we noted a happy glint in his eye, and now we know why. It seems that Cupid had been poking his little darts at him, with the result that while on his furlough Harry went before a minister and had that famous knot tied. We don't know the name of Mrs. Southern, but we want to say right here that we congratulate her most heartily. By the way, we have heard that Cupid has played the same trick on some of our other boys.

Our good-looking friend, whose picture appears below, is now in service in France, according to word just received by Austin Kennedy, of the boiler shop. Lieut. Turner and Kennedy were pals "since Hector was a pup," until the war came along and carried Turner away to one of the army camps and then to France. Both Turner and Kennedy saw service on the border during the Mexican uproar. When they got through chasing Villa they came back here and went to work in the Morse yard. Turner worked as a burner for a while, then went to Plattsburg training camp and obtained a commission. Kennedy is still doing his bit here as a burner.



First Lieut.
Chas. W. Turner

It is nothing new for Tom Conk to get the glad hand. Here we see him greeting Robert Sutter, a former Morse employee, who is now in Motor Truck Company 327, at Camp Dix. Sutter visited the yard a little while ago and, of course, he made a bee-line for the chauffeurs' headquarters. He was formerly one of our auto drivers. Says he to us: "When I get that little affair with Kaiser Bill fixed up, I'm coming back here to the Morse Company. You certainly are a live bunch here, and it sure is good to see some of the Old Timers again."



Robert Sutter and Thomas Conk



DETECTING ENEMY'S MOVEMENTS.
Members of the Signal Corps are learning the intricacies of scout duty and sending the result of their observations to headquarters.

These pictures copyrighted by Committee on Public Information.



Soldiers of Uncle Sam's lumberjack army felling a giant spruce which will later form a part of an aeroplane.



RECREATION IN ONE OF THE LOGGING CAMPS.
Otto Kistenmacher, whose picture appears below, is doing his bit in one of these logging camps.

much in favor of the army life, as it all depends on the way a fellow takes it himself. I have no complaint to make. I think it is just great, nothing to really harm a man, only lots of hard work of which I am well acquainted. I will try and give you a little information as to what we call a day's work: First call at 6 A.M., and reveille at 6.15 A.M. We have fifteen minutes to get dressed and be formed outside. All those who do not get out in time are liable to kitchen police duty, which is nothing more than washing greasy pots and pans and scrubbing the floors. At 6.30 we have breakfast, after which we are free to do as we please till 8 o'clock, when we have physical exercise for a half hour. At 9.30 we go on our little hike; not very far, only about four or five miles one way. This will take until about 11.30. From then on till mess, which is at 12 o'clock, we are free again to do as we please. At 1.30 we have what is called school of the squad and soldier till 3.30. Retreat is at 4.15, when every man stands at attention while our national hymn is played. This is really a lovely sight. It would make a fellow, in fact any American, feel like going over and clean through that whole bunch of boches. After retreat we can go wherever we wish within the camp. The Y. M. C. A. generally has a show or basketball game or something to hold one's attention for a few hours, and then there is the K. of C. buildings where a fellow may go to spend a pleasant evening. The different companies get up an entertainment, and get the use of the buildings for nothing, so you see if a fellow wants to, he can enjoy himself at little or no cost. Tattoo blows at 9 P.M., and lights go out at 9.15. Taps is sounded at 11 P.M., and there is nothing to disturb you, only an occasional automobile passing. This is what I call a day's work of a soldier's life, and as I can't think of anything else, only hoping to be remembered to everyone I know, all the girls, too, I will close, trusting you are enjoying the best of health.



Otto Kistenmacher.

We were very sorry to learn recently, that Mr. Peattie, our former compensation clerk, has been having a serious time of it in the base hospital at Camp Upton. Peattie suffered a severe attack of influenza. He writes that he tried hard to keep out of the hospital, but that he had a very high temperature. "It seems that all of the M. D. D. & R. Co. soldiers have a liking for the hospital," he says in his letter "The treatment here is fine, and I have two fine nurses. You know when they feel my pulse they put me in mind of you (the letter was written to Miss Jensen) at the hospital when all those 'cripples' come in. Remember me to the boys."

In an earlier letter he wrote that he expected to be "traveling in the near future." He added: "I feel very bad over Wolsen's death, as he was such a fine fellow. His parents should be proud of him, as he worked hard for his commission in the army."

Otto Kistenmacher, who is in one of Uncle Sam's logging camps in the Northwest, where they are turning out spruce for the manufacture of aeroplanes, writes upon receiving copies of THE DIAL:

Magazines received Friday, and I certainly do appreciate your kindness in sending them. THE DIAL, in my opinion, is a success in every detail. Anything the men of the yard undertake to accomplish is as a general rule a big success in every possible manner. I am now located in the town of Raymond, Washington, about 20 miles from the Pacific coast. I am in what is known as the spruce division of the aviation section Signal Corps. We are getting out the spruce for the aeroplanes.



Bob Everett, formerly of our rigging department, peeking around the corner at the right. Bob was at Camp Gordon, Ga., the last we heard.

Samuel G. Rothman, who is a member of the Third Company, 1st Prov. Battalion, at Camp Sherman, Ohio, addresses his "Fellow-workmen and Association," as follows:



Edward Peattie,
Co. E, 305th Inf., Camp Upton

I drop these few lines to let you know although I am at a distance from you, still I have not forgotten you. Although some day soon I will, or rather expect to, be a greater distance but the old Morse Dry Dock will always be in my memory. This is a grand place here with many beautiful suburban scenes. I am situated about two miles from a small city of about 22,000 people called Chillicothe, and we are allowed to go there as if it were part of the camp. But I would be more satisfied had it been New York instead of Chillicothe, as I certainly miss the big city. This seems to me a very lonesome place. Maybe it is just because I am not acquainted yet. I have not as yet had much military training as the barracks I am in is quarantined. Therefore I have not much to write for this time. But I certainly would be glad to hear from any of the boys around the plant, especially the tin shop and copper shop; also the blacksmith shop. I will close with best wishes to get the Kaiser, or at least his mustache.

What do you think of the pipe shop service flag? Thirty-two stars in it now and five more to be added. Those who have gone swear they will wrench the neck off every Hun they meet and though the boche says he doesn't take much stock in American soldiers, he little realizes that his life is hanging by an *English thread* and sooner or later the German *dies*. So much for German *vice*.

Conference Board Active

THE newly created Conference Board has held several sessions since the last issue of THE DIAL was distributed, at which many vital questions were brought up and satisfactory adjustments made. The most vital matter taken up was that pertaining to the new wage scale and the rearrangement of working hours ordered into effect by the Government. Inasmuch as the several matters which developed from the Government's order involved every department of the yard, the Company Conference Board members invited the representatives of each department to meet with them.

After a lengthy discussion of the question of hours, it was unanimously voted by the representatives of the departments that the day and night shift plan be adopted. This was voted on motion of S. Monson, representative of the outside machinists' department, which motion was seconded by H. G. Hoover, of the pattern making shop.

Mr. Morse, Jr., explained how the Government preferred that day and night shifts be inaugurated in all shipyards doing government work, in view of the fact that it has been found to be the most efficient and satisfactory arrangement. England, France and other allied countries have found this the only feasible plan of keeping war-time production up to the necessary mark, and here in our own country efficiency experts point to the example set by Henry Ford in his remarkable manufacturing organization, where three eight-hour shifts keep the wheels humming every minute of the day. Mr. Morse cited the advantages that would accrue to the Government, and told of how the men themselves would benefit by such a change. They will receive practically the same wages they have been getting, though working shorter hours. The arrangement means increased efficiency all along the line, and also better health for the employees, inasmuch as no employee would be tempted to work longer hours than he should.

As a result of the Conference Board sessions, the new wage scales, as ordered by the Government, went into effect April 18, as soon as it was physically possible to put the new rates into effect. The clerical work involved in the change has been tremendous and very hard to cope with, especially in these days of high pressure. It was anticipated, too, that there would be some confusion before the question of hours and wages was satisfactorily adjusted, but the situation is beginning to clear itself.

Some of the questions which the Conference Board was unable to decide definitely because of lack of information, were placed in the hands of the Industrial Director, Mr. Hanbury, who took the matter up with Washington. For instance, a ruling regarding the retroactive phase of the new wage scale was asked, the question having arisen as to whether the Company was expected to pay back pay on other than government work. The Government reported that it was expected that back pay be granted for government work only.

The question of limiting a week to sixty hours on private work was brought up, and Washington ruled that all shipyard workers were expected to be limited to sixty hours a week, except where specifically authorized by the Government to work more than that number of hours.

The heater boys regarded their rating in the original scale unfair. They protested the matter through their representatives on the Conference Board, and Mr. Hanbury, in behalf of the heater boys, sent a formal protest to Washington. This protest brought about an increase in their scale from 38 cents an hour to 46 cents an hour. The heater boys showed great patriotism by remaining at their work pending the settlement of the matter.

The joiners asked for a ruling on the question of overtime pay. According to the Government scale, inside workers were to receive double time for overtime work, and outside men double time and a half. The joiners felt that this was unfair, and asked that the matter be taken up with Washington. Mr. Hanbury communicated the grievance to Washington, and received instructions to the effect that the original ruling would stand. Joiners on outside work will receive double time and a half. This is a rule which applies to all shipyards.

Minor matters came before the Board, and all have received prompt and thorough attention.

About the "Workmen's Compensation"

By Frank Falconer, Compensation Clerk

Owing to the somewhat hazy ideas held by many of our employees in reference to "Workmen's Compensation," the following facts may be of interest:

When a workman is injured, while at his regular work, he is entitled, under certain conditions, to medical attention, and if his disability continues for more than fourteen days, to compensation.

Immediately upon receiving an injury, an employee should notify his employer that he has been injured and that he requires medical attention. Should he, however, refuse the medical attention provided by his employer and call in his own doctor for treatment, the employee is then personally responsible for all such doctor's bills, and no claim can be made on his employer for this outside attention.

If the disability resulting from an injury lasts for more than fourteen days, an employee is then entitled to compensation from the fifteenth day onward, for such time as he may be disabled.

The workman is entitled to two-thirds of his wages, the rules for computing the amount of weekly allowances, under the compensation laws being as follows: Multiply the average daily wage by 300; divide by fifty-two, and take two-thirds of it for the weekly compensation allowance.

The maximum compensation allowance is $15 a week, and the minimum $5 a week, while medical attention can be claimed for not more than sixty days.

Ye Editor Is Rebuked

The following letter was received by Mr. Morse, Sr., about Dick Burke's story in the March issue of THE DIAL, which told of an incident that occurred in another shipyard about twenty-two years ago:

187 Windsor Place,
Brooklyn, N. Y., April 20, 1918.

Mr. E. P. Morse, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sir: The hellish cruelty of one of your rivet boys in throwing a red-hot rivet into the mouth of a live alligator was most inhuman and brutal, and I regret exceedingly that you saw fit to publish the story in your excellent magazine without one word of condemnation or protest from your editor.

Yours very truly,
GEORGE FOSTER HOWELL.

At the present time no more war badges will be distributed, as the supply has been exhausted.

There's an adage that is known both here and far across the foam,
That a man without a country is a man without a home.
Now change it just a trifle and we'll all surely own,
That a man without a country is a man without a Loan.

A Washington newspaper dispatch, under date of May 8, says that Secretary Daniels commended six sailors on the *U. S. S. Ryndham* for heroic work during the fire aboard that vessel on April 20.

Red hot, red hot, he's back with us again,
And though his health's been down and out, his spirit's just the same,
I don't think you could kill him with diseases down to gout,
For when unconscious he would shout, "All clocks are ringing out."

Flynn loaned the goat to MacFarlane, so you see MacFarlane had Flynn's goat. Some kid, MacFarlane.

Mr. Harper, of the traffic department, when asked one day how chances were to get a truck to Hoboken, said: "I have a poor show-for (chauffeur) getting a truck." The man said, "Thanks, any kind will do, I don't care how poor he is." Who threw that hot rivet?

Tom Ingebrigtsen, of the machine shop, a distant relative of Rip Van Winkle, must have invested in a new alarm clock, as he has been on time in the past week. He's on night work.

Coppersmithing Classes Started

IN addition to the classes for shipfitters being conducted in the new mold loft for a selected list of employees, classes in coppersmithing have also been started under the direction of Albert E. Jacobsen, foreman of the copper shop.

Because of the rearrangement in working hours, the shipfitting classes were postponed for a few weeks, but were resumed May 14, and will continue every Tuesday and Thursday between the hours of 4 and 6 P.M. There are about sixty employees taking the course, which is under the direction of Walter Crawford, superintendent of the hull department.

Mr. Jacobsen started his coppersmithing classes May 2, and they will meet between 6 and 8 P.M. every Tuesday and Thursday. Sixteen lessons will comprise the course, which is being conducted in the copper shop. Mr. Jacobsen has had previous experience in teaching, having been instructor in the Port Richmond ship-workers classes during the winter months. There are twenty-one employees taking the course.

To show the value and benefit derived from the first shipfitting classes, the following statements by two shipfitters who completed the course, are printed:

Paul Kaye says: "Replying to the inquiry, 'What have you learned in the course on shipfitting?' my first mental response was that I had been taught many things of importance. Then it dawned on me that first and foremost I had learned what not to do, and when not to do, clearing up my mind of a mass of errors of incorrect or cumbersome ways and methods —the necessity of *thinking* had been drilled into me.

"To mention in detail the different topics and points covered would require a too considerable time, and I merely mention at random the precise, up-to-date methods of taking or laying off templates, or moulds, of laying out same, and erecting, flat and vertical keels, keelsons, margins, tank tops, frames, beams, stanchions, stringers, shellplates, deck plates, bulkheads, deckhouses, watertight and non-watertight doors, manhole covers, of where and when to put the holes, and what size, of what size and spacing for rivets, of ascertaining the camber of a deck, or the shear of shaft alleys, of the development of irregularly shaped bodies so necessary for the correct shearing on construction; of many items in ship construction, of the different shapes used and where and when used.

"Previous careful and systematic search and inquiry had failed to disclose any means or manner of acquiring this knowledge, therefore I have received a benefit by the course that I could not in any way other than by months or years of plodding, have acquired.

"It is known that the thorough knowledge of the subject by the instructor, Mr. Crawford, has made such results possible."

Joseph G. Katz said: "I look back to what knowledge I have gained in the comparatively short time I have attended the class with a great deal of satisfaction.

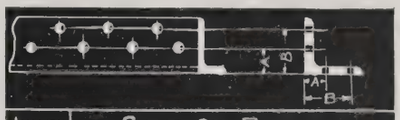
"The lessons included, among other things, the spacing, sizes, etc., of rivets; thickness of plates and angles by size and weight; bulkhead liners and where fitted; staples and where fitted; beams and beam brackets; tank tops and manhole covers; doors, hinges, dogs, etc.; development of cylinder, cone, radius, etc.; auxiliary foundations; margin plates and repair of same; frames and webs; stern post and stem, scarph of same; keels; laying out of bulkheads, deckhouse, shell plates, etc.; butt-lap-seams; shaft tunnel; longitudinals, boss plates, etc.

"We were also shown and had explained to us a ship from top to bottom, on the mold loft floor.

"The fore and aft body plan was thoroughly gone over, and we profited greatly by having any questions we asked explained in minute detail.

"Taking the course all in all, I have gained a wide range of knowledge through attending the school."

Distance from Heel of Angles to Centers of Rivet Holes.



ANGLES	SIZE OF RIVETS.											
	1⅛"		1"		⅞"		¾"		⅝"		½"	
	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	
6"x6"	2"	4 7/16"	2"	4 3/8"	2"	4 1/2"	2"	4 1/2"	2"	4 1/2"		
5"x5"			2"	3 3/8"	2"	3 1/2"	2"	3 3/4"	2"	3 3/8"		
4"x4"	2 1/4"		2 1/4"		2 1/4"		2 1/2"		1 3/4"	3"		
3½"x3½"			1 3/8"		2"		2"		2 1/4"			
3"x3"					1 5/8"		1 5/8"		1 3/4"			
2½"x2½"							1 3/8"		1½"			
2"x2"											1 1/8"	

For the benefit of the shipfitters who were unable to attend the shipfitting class, this table of distances of holes from heel of angles, as drawn up by L. Wallace of the drafting room for Mr. Crawford is reproduced.

Powell Doesn't "Dawnce"

The editor saw John Powell, "The Dry Dock Poet," at our April dance and, being always ready to "pass the buck," he asked John to furnish the write-up for that enjoyable affair. Here is what John wrote:

What was to be, as I thought, our usual social, monthly affair, which up to date has always been a success and enjoyed by all, developed into something more like our annual ball. I think our yard takes pride in surprises. Our football team, in the season, goes up against other teams with greater reputation and pulls a pleasant surprise. The baseball team does the same. But when the announcement of our April Cabaret and Dance was put up, no one dreamed of the great surprise that was in store.

One particular thing made a hit with me; the sign read: "Bring Your Families; Come In Your Overalls." I bet Danny Shea put this "Come In Your Overalls" stuff on the sign, for he was dressed like Chauncey Depew making an after-dinner speech. The ladies were there in abundance. I don't *dawnce* myself, but by observation no one had to be idle from dancing by the absence of either gender. Family groups were there; by the way, this is not a complaint, merely a suggestion: at our future social affairs where men, wives and their families are invited, why not a committee of two or three to look after those who have passed the age of dancing, or possibly do not care to; not to cater to them in any particular way, but only to make them feel more welcome, and make them feel that they're a part of our great institution, the Employees' Association.

Among Our Office Boys

By Snickers

Our new organ grinder—J. Hallstein.

Champion lightweight of the office squad—Charles Olsen.

Jim Coletti offers to wrestle anyone under 115 lbs. (net).

Our lounge lizard—Bert Hudson.

We have a new office boy
His name is Finck;
He claims that he is Irish;
But we don't think.

Another new office boy we have just enrolled;
He is not like the others, so vicious and bold.
(He is Charles Bohm.)

List of repairs on G. Sahlstrom's shoes:

1—To be dry docked.

2—Damaged leather to be removed, new leather put on.

3—Seven-eighths inch rivets must be used on new leather.

4—New beam to be laid.

"As agreed,
"Hallstein,
"Dry Dock Master."

How our office boys kill time:

Jim Coletti and Sahlstrom at the soldiers' barracks boxing.

Hallstein in the restaurant eating pie.

Bert Hudson reading Grimm's fairy tales.

E. W. Akirblon, of 343 Forty-third street, is the happy father of a twelve-pound baby girl. He said if it had been a boy he would have applied for a job for him as boilermaker. Twelve pounds, *some* girl.

An Inadvertency

Through an inadvertency it was made to appear in the last issue of THE DIAL that Mr. Hanbury, the industrial director, was a member of the Conference Board representing the Company. Mr. Hanbury represents the Company as industrial director, and in case of any grievances arising in any department in the yard the matter is taken up with him by the Conference Board members of the respective departments, and if he is not able to adjust the matter, he then submits it in writing to the Conference Board representing the Company, which comprises Mr. Morse, Jr., Mr. Murray and Mr. Rose. There are only three members on the Company's Conference Board, and each department is represented by three members.

To those who have one ounce of pity, and love the dear land of the free,
To those who pay homage and honor the flag, the emblem of liberty,
To those who are Morse shipyard workers, who as patriots always can brag,
To those who are willing—*contribute* to buy a new boiler shop flag.

Have you noticed the fine display of flags of the Allied nations flying from the roof of the carpenter and joiner shops? The men in these two departments chipped in and bought them. Perhaps you have noticed, too, that the flags do not fly over the pattern shop. It's a carpenter's business to chip in and you can't expect a pattern maker to be a joiner.

Likes Our Insurance

By Charles H. Kling, Insurance Clerk

THE following letter received from George Liddle, formerly a watchman here, who has been sick since last November, is such an excellent testimonial of the real worth of insurance policy provided by the Employees' Association, we are using it herewith:

PROVIDENCE HOSPITAL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Charles H. Kling, Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: I received your very welcome letter in the first mail Monday, and was much pleased to receive the enclosed check so promptly. I know of no other insurance in which one may receive such prompt service, and I am sure it is owing to your personal efforts along with your interest in every member of the Morse D. D. & R. Co., Employees' Association. I am sure that if every member felt as I do they would join the insurance even though already a member of some other, as it would be a token of appreciation of what the firm has done and is doing for every employee. I have worked for a living for over fifty years, thirty-five of which have been spent in the shipbuilding industry and have worked for the largest firms in the country, and in none have I seen that unity of spirit displayed or the cardinal principle of the brotherhood of man so strongly exemplified as is being done by E. P. Morse & Co., and every member of his official staff, and I, for one, should be ungrateful if I did not so testify. To yourself I am deeply grateful for all your kindness to me and the prompt manner in which you have remitted the amounts due me.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE LIDDLE.

Mr. Liddle, we are happy to state, has recovered from his sickness and has returned to work. He had been recuperating after his long siege in the hospital, in the Soldiers Home in Dayton, O.

Following is a complete list of those who have received benefits from the insurance and those who are now receiving benefits:

Name	Yard No.	Name	Yard No.
G. Aberle	1,573	W. Hirschfelt	2,740
A. Amundson	490	M. Haukins	9,941
D. Aslakson	2,227	A. Holland	9,801
J. Auty	1,432	C. H. Havenaaer	1,834
J. C. Ballis	8,907	E. R. Homewood	Office
F. A. Boyle	9,036	H. Johnson	1,941
J. Banks	3,547	C. Johnson	2,736
E. Beyer	652	E. Johanson	2,822
J. Benson	9,262	E. Jorgenson	2,406
J. Bloom	9,218	M. Karp	3,591
P. Boyle	1,298	C. Klinger, Sr	81
J. Bumby		G. Kester	9,275
A. Buck	1,244	A. Kaelin	529
J. Costello	4,436	J. Katz	998
V. Caizza	1,051	A. Kennedy	1,840
W. Colburn	3,920	J. Keating	3,016
W. Culbert	2,341	E. Klossert	1,933
G. Cossey	2,613	W. Kerr	1,937
A. Carlson	9,201	T. Lind	2,965
E. Carlson	936	J. Larson	9,136
R. Clark	2,713	M. Leoard	1,297
O. Carlson	2,674	O. Landsness	
L. Chastain	1,775	M. J. Leonard	
J. Coffey	1,533	H. Matroni	1,235
P. Crossen	1,498	M. Mulligan	4,273
S. Carmody	3,313	J. Mailey	1,532
P. Crosby	2,845	M. Mulligan	2,791
F. Disianna	7,145	J. A. Moore	3,978
C. DeGroot	1,701	R. Munoz	2,534
T. DeFrance	1,943	A. Mack	1,863
A. Doig	2,864	A. Moffatt	
V. Fredrickson	9,157	J. MacLellan	6,595
M. Field	2,110	G. Maurer	1,935
D. Fidel	1,714	M. Muller	2,009
O. Fillicett	2,814	J. McAleer	8
G. Fossing	6,591	W. McCree	4,606
E. Flynn	5,721	C. McGovern	186
J. Fenning	7,369	J. McGowan	9,212
M. Foley	1,510	J. McGovern	3,311
J. Folgar	317	J. McLaughlin	3,420
P. Farrell	453	A. Nordan	2,937
J. Golding	3,358	O. Nelson	2,029
T. Gregg	223	G. Olander	4,426
F. Gustafsen	9,287	W. Olsen	159
G. Griffen	2,649	O. Olsen	1,122
E. Hamilton	1,545	C. Potenick	818
J. Hoban	1,334	C. H. Potter	250
M. Houberg	6,627	S. M. Pasterfield	9,263
F. Pervin	498	O. T. Craig	3,064
J. Perez	4,397	L. Curtis	945
J. Powell	3,357	A. D'Anna	3,560
W. F. Peach	1,907	B. Fein	916
M. Pagnatta	7,138	A. Ferrare	7,132
S. Printz	847	A. B. Friedman	1,972
H. Plath	1,263	L. J. Hallock	5,322
W. Reeves	885	C. Hansell	842
J. H. Raven	2,803	C. Heitler	5,745
P. Reddy	9,188	J. Higgins	1,545
J. Ringswald	3,567	J. Hoban	1,334
J. Rupp		D. B. Horton	702
W. Robinson	9,254	W. Hutton	9,162
F. Ramondi	3,515	B. Ison	7,179
W. A. Ross	1,513	E. Johnson	7,216
N. Rizzo	507	J. Johnson	2,687
S. Schneider	1,737	R. Jones	1,810
H. Sanders	5,514	F. Kehoe	4,354
W. Schneider	1,792	M. Kennedy	2
P. Sterz	4,224	G. Kocher	9,806
W. Stewart	7,615	B. J. Leahy	30
D. Shea	Office	G. Liddle	11
J. Sill		J. Lubrano	7,617
C. Simonsen	6,582	A. Mack	1,863
H. A. Smith	731	E. Martin	290
S. Sabdgren	3,455	H. Mason	7,261
H. Tew	500	M. Maulucci	156
C. Thorsen		F. Moger	5,101
R. Tyman	3,674	M. Mulligan	4,206
F. Van Keuran		J. Griffen	5,519
W. H. Wilkinson.		M. J. Mansfield	4,384
J. Wixted		M. Marchintilli	7,157
F. Waite	1,879	J. Mancusso	2,739
R. Wheelhouse	1,348	W. Reilly	1,941
G. Yonker	913	J. Sundby	8,920
F. J. Young	979	A. Torregrossa	6,780
A. Young	6,578	J. McDonald	6,524
N. Zito	1,535	W. McGill	1,323
		L. McGraff	1,288
		F. Nemerick	1,929
		G. Parrilla	7,259
		F. Parsons	2,400
		I. Person	10,626
		F. Reilly	2,609
		M. Ryan	1,967
		E. Singer	1,302
		H. P. Smith	7,278
		C. Stecker	188
		J. Toppian	1,836
		A. Vance	2,838
		S. Van Dunk	11,510
		O. Wengstrom	990
		J. Zunick	1,080

Now receiving benefits

Name	No.
C. Amundson	7,177
A. C. Black	6,561
Z. Benjamin	7,381
H. S. Blake	1,563
E. Brophy	778
W. Coffey	7,117
F. Collins	1,304
D. Cameron	9,105
W. E. Conlon	2,365
D. Craig	428
O. Craig	104



By A. Pagano, Our Official Photographer

View from Office on Morning after the Fire of December 3

MUST FILE REPORT

There has been a good deal of laxity on the part of those insured in reporting promptly when they have been taken sick or injured. From now on every man who takes out our policy will receive a report blank, to be filled out by himself or a member of his family, on the day that he is taken sick or meets with an accident. He will also receive a self-addressed envelope in which to mail the report to the insurance clerk, who will then be in a position to take action on the case at once, and thereby save delay in having the claim adjusted. *No claim will be paid unless this report is filed with the insurance clerk within ten days from the first day of sickness or accident.* Every man who has taken out a policy is asked to call at the Employment Bureau and receive the report blanks and envelopes.

AFTER THE WHISTLE HAS BLOWN

Baseball Season Opens

THE Morse Dry Dock baseball team opened the season auspiciously on Saturday afternoon, May 4, by trimming the Bliss team, 1 to 0. The game was played on the grounds at 85th street and 4th avenue. On the following day the Morse team journeyed to St. Gabriel's Oval, Linwood street and Blake avenue, and was beaten by the fast St. Gabriel's team, 6 to 4.

On May 12 our boys played for the first time on their new home grounds, Second avenue and Fifty-second street, crossing bats with the fast Danbury, Conn., club. The game was a warmly contested one from start to finish, but due to a run of hard luck in the last few innings we lost, 7 to 6.

Mangers Eddie Knipe and Cy MacLaurin have gathered together one of the fastest semi-professional teams in Brooklyn, and when the season gets under way big things are expected from them. Use of the grounds at Second avenue and Fifty-second street for every Sunday afternoon of the season has been arranged for, and plans have been made for putting the field into first-class condition. Bleachers will be erected and everything done to make the field one of the best in the city. At the present time the grounds are too soft for speedy baseball playing. They will be rolled and put in a more desirable condition.

It was largely due to the condition of the grounds that our boys lost in the game with Danbury. The Danbury team trailed our players for seven innings and the game seemed clinched for us with the score 7 to 3. Then a streak of hard luck wiped out our lead and brought the score to a tie and in the ninth inning one of the Danbury swatters knocked in the winning score.

Gans pitched for the Morse team up to the fourth inning. Dambra then went in and held the visitors down pretty well until the seventh when Smith replaced him. Smith's work was not up to his usual form and the Danbury boys found him within a short time.

One of the features of the game was a home run by Doder, first baseman for Danbury, in the second inning.

In the game with the Bliss team Dambra pitched the Morse team to victory, proving very effective against the opponent batsmen. In the game with St. Gabriels Raddy Damm held the mound and did splendid work until he was spiked in the second inning. The middle finger of his right hand was gashed and it was necessary for him to quit the game, Dambra being sent in. Dambra's condition, due to having pitched on the previous day, made it impossible for him to hold the St. Gabriel swatsmen in check. Smith would have been sent in to replace him, but Ford was sent in as a pinch hitter and the St. Gabriels protested that Smith could not be used, so Dambra had to continue.



Dambra, Who Won His First Game

Among some of the old-timers in the Morse team are Bunny Dwyer, Mickey Damm, Walter Burke, Hy Myers, Lefty Muller, Dambra and Tom Smith and R. Summers. All of these players are well known in Brooklyn. Dambra and Summers formerly pitched for the Farmers B. B. C. Muller was one of the stars on the D. S. C. team last summer and turned down an offer from one of the International League clubs this year. Dwyer also played with the D. S. C. team last season and also in the Southern league. The other players hale from the Sunsets, St. Agathas, Mapletons and Suburbans.



Riordan and Tom Smith

Football Season Ends

THE soccer football season is over so far as the Morse team is concerned, it having been decided by the committee to discontinue the schedule for the rest of the season. This decision was reached following a ruling made by the officials of the Southern New York Football Association over the game which the Morse team played with the White Rose team. The game was originally scheduled for April 28, but because there was difficulty in securing grounds to play on that date due to the advent of baseball, the game was played on May 5. The Morse team won, but the White Rose team protested on the claim that certain rules were disregarded and the protest was upheld. This was regarded by the Morse team as an unfair decision and it resulted in putting a damper on the interest in the remainder of the schedule.

In the game played on April 7 with the Visitation team we lost by the score of 2 to 0, despite hard playing, and on good grounds. Groundkeeper W. H. Tyers deserves credit for his interest in our organization. The game was a fast one from start to finish, the teams being evenly matched. Davidson and Walsh both scored for the Visitations in the first half.

The game on April 14 with the La Sultana team also resulted in our defeat by the score of 5 to 1. The visiting players were able to use their strongest team against us, whereas we had to use four substitutes. Maddock was easily the star of the game for our side. He made our only goal. Duffy shot all three goals for the La Sultanas in the first half, and in the second period Shaw and Scott added one apiece.

With the Pin Boys

The bowling season has been concluded with George MacLaurin's new dry dock team finishing in top place in the inter-department league. The new dry dock team ended the season without a single defeat. It won eighteen straight games.

Gold watch fobs were presented to the bowling champions on the night of our April dance, Edward Donegan making the presentation. Cy. MacLaurin's carpenter shop team finished in second place with eleven victories out of the fourteen games played. This quintet received silver watch fobs for having made the highest team score.

The pattern shop bowlers, captained by Nils Johnson, finished last in the league, having won only one game out of fourteen. They received bronze watch fobs.

Henry Rochelle was awarded a beautiful gold fob for having won the highest individual average in fourteen games. His score was 182. Bert Banks received a silver fob for winning the highest individual score, 224, in fourteen games.

Coming Events of the Employees' Association

Meeting of Entertainment Committee, 4 P.M., the second Monday of every month.

Meeting of Finance Committee, 4 P.M., the last Tuesday of every month.

Meeting of Board of Directors, 4 P.M., the last Wednesday of every month.

Meeting of Employees' Association, 8 P.M., the last Wednesday of every month.

Meeting of Association Football Committee, at noon, on Wednesday of every week.

Band rehearsal, 4 P.M., every Wednesday.

June 2—Ball Game—Crescent Athletics and Morse Team.

June 8—Band concert by Morse band at Crescent Club.

Jackson Leaves Us

On May 1 the staff of the Navy Cost Department presented their chief, Paymaster Jackson, a gold navy signet ring, as an evidence of their sincere regard and respect for him. The presentation was made on the occasion of his departure to take charge of the cost inspection department of the second naval district. Paymaster Garst succeeds Mr. Jackson here.

Metropolitan League Standing

(Up to and including April 14)

Team	Played	Won	Lost	Draws	Goals For	Goals Against	Points
La Sultana	12	11	1	0	42	9	22
Longfellows	13	11	2	0	47	13	22
Tyrconnell Celts	11	7	4	0	28	24	14
Morse D. D. & R.	13	7	6	0	31	35	14
White Rose	10	5	3	2	23	24	12
Visitation	12	4	6	2	16	21	10
Yonkers Rovers	12	4	7	1	23	33	9
Prospects	11	3	7	1	21	23	7
Fifth Ave. Coach	10	0	10	0	5	38	0

One on Rochelle



Mrs. Rochelle came near getting a sealskin coat last winter. Her illustrious husband, Henry, was returning from Boston with the tugboat *DeWitt C. Ivins*, and the vessel got stuck in an ice jam. The next morning Henry saw a herd of seals basking in the sunlight. "Holy smoke," says Henry, "I'm goin' to get one of those," and away he went with a barrel stave in one hand and an iron rod in the other. Somehow or other Henry had gotten the idea that a seal was a nice tame sort of an animal. We don't know what the seals thought of Henry, but we do know that Henry suddenly changed his mind about getting one of 'em and started hotfooting it back to the ship with the seals chasing him. Our picture shows a few of the seals in the act of making life interesting for Henry. We couldn't get a better picture of them because the camera man wasn't taking any chances.

Alfred Daddi, a Genius

There isn't much about motor boats that Alfred Daddi, foreman of our joiner shop, doesn't know. Mr. Daddi, about ten years ago, built one of the nattiest launches that was ever floated in New York harbor. He later made the model shown in these pictures. The model, which is one of the most skillful pieces of work of the kind ever turned out, was built according to scale and is complete in every detail, even having a real motor which propells it at the rate of four miles an hour. Mr. Daddi constructed even the motor. The model is built of white holly and mahogany, and is a very pretty little affair. The original boat was twenty-five feet long and made thirty-five miles an hour. Mr. Daddi learned his trade in Italy. He has been in this country twenty years and has been foreman of the joiner shop seven years, and there aren't many in the business who can handle marine work any better. Mr. Daddi swears by his adopted country and when Uncle Sam sent out the call for fighters, Mr. Daddi made the greatest sacrifice he possibly could make by giving his son, Bruno, who is now serving the American flag as a motor mechanic in France. Bruno Daddi was formerly employed here as a painter. He and his father were inseparable companions before he went to war.

Some Prize Winners





Dog raising isn't only a hobby with Harry Coleman, one of our outside machinists, it's a business as well. Mr. Coleman before coming to America from his home in London, was the owner of large kennels, and there isn't much he doesn't know about canines. He came to the United States seven years ago and about fourteen months ago became one of our employees. He and Mrs. Coleman are enthusiastic dog fanciers and dog lovers and they devote their spare time to importing and breeding fancy pets, which they exhibit in dog shows and also sell. The ribbons shown in the above picture were all won by the dog lying in front of them, whose value Mr. Coleman places at $300. The little boy is Mr. Coleman's grandson. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman live at 137 Bay 10th, Bath Beach. It was Mr. Coleman who gave to the Employees' Association the dog which was raffled off at the annual meeting and brought in $104.55, which is being used as a relief fund.

To Our Fellow-workmen

Let us all stand together and do our daily work.
This is no time for nonsense or for any one to shirk.
Our brothers are at the front, boys, and we must help them fight,
By working when required, morning, noon or night.
It is our solemn duty, boys, and we must do it well,
And any man who shirks his work had ought to go to hell.
If you are tired or exhausted, just say so to your boss;
There isn't a foreman or a snapper expects you to be a horse,
So let us all pull together and do the very best we can,
To win the fight for humanity and our fellowman.

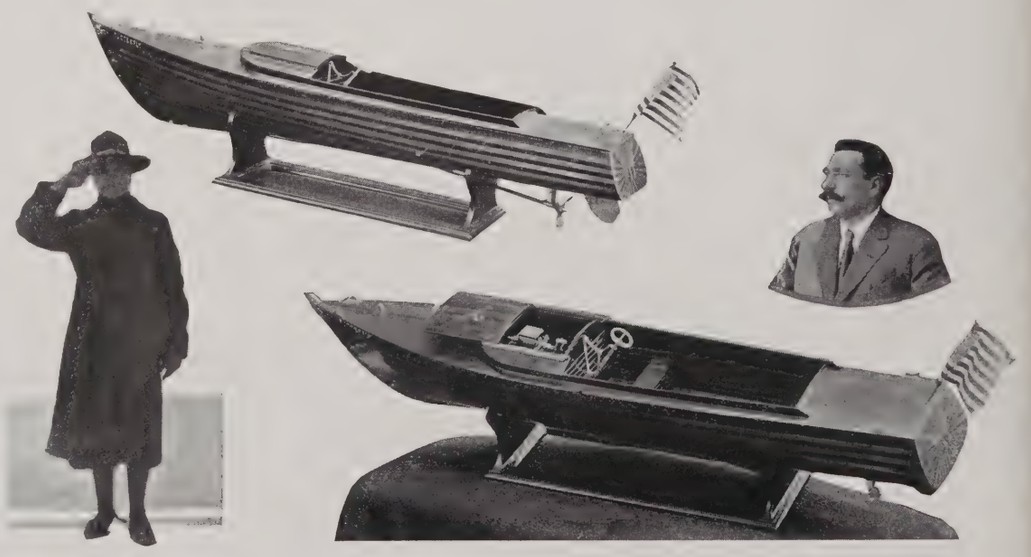
The above piece of poetry was submitted to us by the painters, and speaking about the painters, they are a live crowd. There are about a hundred of them and they all swear by their boss, Herman Andersen. They tell us that the painters are so loyal they have a hard time keeping from daubing red, white and blue paint all over things.

Wallace Says!!!

When you have to work from a blue print all the information will be found on the blue side. To be sure that the blue print is right side up, twist it a round a bit until the title is at the lower right-hand corner.

For those who do not know, a few common abbreviations are here explained:

N.W.T. means Non-watertight; W.T. means Watertight; O.T. means Oiltight; F.W.—Fresh Water; S.W.—Salt Water; B'H'D—Bulkhead; D'K—Deck; L—Angle; C—Channel; Z—Zee Bar; T—Tee Bar; I—I Beam; RIV.—Rivet; D. or DIA.—Diameter; R. or RAD. Radius; CIRC.—Circumference; HEX—Hexagon or 6 Sided; SQ.—Square; H. to H.—Heel to Heel, as with Angles, etc.; C'K—Countersunk; TRANS.—Transverse or Athwarthship; LONG'T'L—Longitudinal.



"Just Like Atlantic City"

An authority on foodstuffs and diet has made the remarkable statement that half of the nourishment derived from food is due more or less to the condition under which it is served, environment and hygenic surroundings being main factors. Now, this is no prearranged write-up and the writer doesn't eat there as he lives close to the yard, so they have not handed anything to him for this. We thought all the pleasures had been exhausted, what with monthly meetings, band concerts in the yard and other pleasant affairs and surroundings, but we think one of the greatest pleasures would be to sit in the spacious dining-room of the new restaurant in the yard, where with its twenty-five windows, towering above any other building, you get the breeze, if there is any, from the north, east, south or west. Possibly the location is not as convenient for the men working on the south pier or the dry dock, but this will be remedied in the future, as a clock will be placed at the foot of the stairs in the restaurant and each man will be allowed to ring in there after he has eaten.





Interior View of Yard Restaurant and Mr. Burlingame and His Efficient Staff

H. E. Burlingame, the genial host, and his corps of able assistants are equal to meet all emergencies. And at the same old price of thirty cents a meal and in an atmosphere "of Atlantic City" surrounding it, you can't beat it. Success to you, Mr. Burlingame—in season. Music is furnished there twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays, a new piano having been installed.

Company Promotions

Charles A. Small has succeeded Thomas MacKay as foreman of the blacksmith shop. Mr. Small was formerly Mr. MacKay's assistant. William McQueen is now Mr. Small's assistant. William McMullen is now foreman of the light forgings department, having succeeded Samuel MacKay. The MacKays resigned. Under the management of the new foremen the blacksmithing departments have been making exceptional progress and improvement.

Henry Dobles has been made foreman of the garage, succeeding William C. Quinn, who resigned.

Frank Whitman, head of the timekeeping department, has been placed in charge of the payroll department as well, succeeding Hume Mayston. Mr. Mayston has taken charge of the payroll extension department.

Lewis F. Smith, who comes from the Fore River shipyards, has succeeded Billy McEwen as foreman of the riveting department.

Harry J. Harper has been made foreman of the traffic department, succeeding James M. Donovan, who is now an inspector. Paul Sheehan has been transferred to the burners' department, and is succeeded by Harry England as assistant to Mr. Harper. The night traffic manager is John Bestercy.

George Hickman, formerly a night foreman at the Federal shipyard, Alec R. Boyce, a marine engineer, and Jacob Harsen, formerly connected with the City of New York bridge department, are new yard foremen.

Richard Maddox, formerly of the hull department, has been promoted as an assistant to Lloyd A. Noble, in Hoboken. George Holland, formerly a timekeeper, is also an inspector under Mr. Noble. Carl Peterson, a member of the estimating board, has joined the navy. Mr Peterson was brought up with the Company, serving as an apprentice.

John Costello has been placed in charge of the employment bureau on the night shift.

A Rivet-driving Record

Bertram Bieber, No. 21036, riveter, and his holder-on, Eddie Hesse, No. 21031, with four heater boys, made the remarkable record of driving 1,480 rivets in four hours and ten minutes on May 13. Despite the handicaps of having to travel thirty-four feet to get every eighteen rivets they drove, and working on girders in which the rivets were spaced twelve inches apart, the gang is believed to have come pretty close to smashing all other records made in this country. One of the highest records for a nine-hour day was made at Baltimore recently, when a riveting gang drove 2,720 rivets, an average of 303.3 per hour.

The average per hour of our riveters was 358.75, or 55.45 points greater than the Baltimore record average per hour. The exact number of rivets driven each hour was 352 for the first hour, 360 for the second hour, 361 for the third hour, 362 for the fourth hour, and 45 in ten minutes.

Mrs. E. P. Morse, Sr., desires to thank the employees of the Company who so heartily contributed to the success of the entertainment, "Little Fairy Sister," held in the Academy of Music on Monday night, May 20, for the benefit of the ambulance fund of the Motor Corps of America and the patriotic fund of the Urban Club.

Miss Daley and some of the other young ladies of the office force would like to know where and how in the world a hen's egg came to be in Mr. Donegan's car on the night they went to the *Rhyndam* to sell Liberty Bonds. Mr. Donegan kindly conveyed them in his machine to the *Rhyndam* and back and the egg was found on the floor of the tonneau. Donegan couldn't see the yoke (I mean joke), but the girls cackled egg-actly as a hen would on discovering her own.

Rev. Dr. Whitman on the Job

The Rev. Dr. Frank Whitman has assumed the pastorate of the Morse "Chapel," and will henceforth preside over the services in that edifice. The Rev. Dr. Whitman is no stranger to his congregation. He was ordained in this community about eight years ago, being invested with the ministerial functions of the timekeeper's department from the first. He has always been one of the most devout and active members of our parish, and has assisted in the administration of the sacrament of baptism on many occasions.

A reorganization of the entire personnel of the "Chapel" has resulted from the Rev. Dr. Whitman's appointment. Fred Lemere has been made assistant pastor, and the choir has been enlarged, and augmented by several mouth organs, it is now prepared to sing on an afternoon from 12 to 1 the following "hymns": "What's your rate?" "How many hours have you got?" "You're not on the pay roll," "Close that door," "See Mr. Morse," "You're docked two hours," "Where's your card for Monday," "Who told you to work dinner hour?" and many other beautiful selections.

All those wishing to attend these special services need only to drop their shortage slips in the cardbox and call the next day.



A farewell party was held in the Chapel on Sunday, April 28, for Danny O'Connell, one of the altar boys, who has joined the colors. The above picture shows part of the parish assembled to give Danny a cheery send-off.

Church Notes

It looks kind of funny that they moved the *Little Church* nearer to the hospital. Too many boiler makers being short these days and Whitman's altar boys are not taking any chances.

A fellow named Mayston, they say,
Was the pastor of this church one day,
But the sermons he used
Got the parish confused,
So they sent him far, far away.

One of our deacons, Rev. Dan O'Donnell, has joined the colors. When Dan gets at the front there will be some shortages in the Kaiser's Army.

Old Mr. Birch
Went to the church,
Short four hours and ready to fight.
But when he got there
He found out in despair,
He was docked four hours by White.

Remember

The hoe is mightier than the word.

Change notion to motion—turn patriotic impulse into real backyard service.

Are YOUR garden tools repaired and ready for use?

HONKEY TONKEY

Salvatore Nastase, of the sheet metal department, has been drafted. He is the first member of the band to be called into the national army. The best wishes of every member of the band go with him.

Scene: Poolroom. Two members of our band playing pool. Shutter: "What's the matter, Nolan, you look nervous?" Nolan: "I'm not nervous, Charlie, but every time the balls get down to three I think of my cornet."

I wish to thank the band members for their good behavior and splendid appearance in the Liberty Loan parade in New York; also the sailors, soldiers and employees of the yard who travelled all the way up town to applaud us.

We noticed that the New York papers did not mention anything about our band in the Liberty Loan parade in New York. All we can say is that good music speaks for itself. We don't need cheap notoriety.

Mike Leonard: "Say, Woods, why does Pete Muller remind you of a Bay Ridge trolley car?" Woods: "I'll bite, spring it!" Mike: "Why, he's always about an hour late."

Old saying: "I guess I'll stop at the corner and have a drink."

New saying: "I guess I'll stop at the bank and pay a few dollars on my Liberty Loan."

Henry Gallucci was married to Miss Danabella Anobile on the afternoon of April 23 in the Thirteenth District Assembly Hall, 106 Powers street, Brooklyn, and a number of the band members attended the wedding. Henry sure did make them feel at home, too.

Frank Grecco went home after working a big "soap" week. When he put his arms around his wife and kissed her as all true husbands are wont to do, she asked: "Do you love me as much as ever?"

"Sure I do," he replied, "what have you got for dinner?"



Steve De Rosa, Flute Player

Three great things in music; B natural, B sharp and C sharp.

Some fellows would rather go to a dentist than attend a band rehearsal.

When you go into a gin mill and ask the bartender to have a drink it is like paying a conductor's fare. Save that quarter and buy a thrift stamp.

Popular sayings: "Someone stole my band book."

Why Dick Boyle Smiles

We often wondered why Dick Boyle, head porter, always wears a smile. Anna Mae is one of the reasons. Mr. and Mrs. Boyle live at 462 Lexington avenue and among their neighbors are Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Delahunty, parents of the little fellow who is holding Anna Mae's hand. Mr. Delahunty is employed here as a rigger.



Anna Mae Boyle and Freddie Delahunty

Events in Morse's yard have been quite numerous of late,
But one unheeded thing passed by, I'm very sad to state.
A ship came from the upper lakes to be repaired somehow.
Her name stood out in letters bold, 'twas *German* on her bow.
But ere a man, his work began, another man there came,
With brush and paint, wiped out the taint, now *Yankee* is her name.

Working on the *Mongolia* does not necessitate sending your laundry to a Chinaman, and if you see a sign on an officer's door, "Private," it's wrong to *Pe-kin*. That's your *que* to laugh.

Card of Thanks

413 48th Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.,
April 20, 1918.

To all the friends and fellow-workmen of Mr. Archy A. Black we wish to extend our sincere thanks for the many beautiful floral tributes and the kind expressions of sympathy offered by you all. We are deeply grateful and thank you all most sincerely.

From the family.

Our "Chapel" Baby

How do they do it? Well, perhaps this is the answer. What's the worries and trials of a big payroll in a large shipyard like ours, when you have 36 pounds of smiles and good nature, a pair of blue eyes, red cheeks and pretty blond hair like Ruth's to cheer you up at the close of each day. Fred Lemmere, Ruth's papa, who is "Assistant Pastor" of the Morse "Chapel," says there's nothing like it. Some of our eligible young members please take notice.



Mabel Ruth Lemmere, 10½ months old, 36 pounds

They Help Daddy

These cute little tots are two of five children of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scarlett of 856 50th street, Brooklyn. Mr. Scarlett is employed in the outside machinist department. He is not only helping Uncle Sam by working here with us, but when he gets through he goes home and works over a "war garden," a very worthy enterprise. Little Sexton and little Grace are helping Uncle Sam by keeping the neighbors' chickens out of their Daddy's garden.



Sexton Scarlett, aged 4 and Grace Scarlett, aged 5 years

Caught Escaped Huns

Charles Romer, No. 10,534, of the hull department, was responsible for the recent apprehension of three Germans who escaped from the German U-boat 53, and had been at large three years. He overheard a conversation between two women which aroused his suspicions, and being a red-hot patriot, he immediately put the right authorities wise, with the result that the three Germans, who had been working at the Downey shipyard, were arrested and held without bail for a hearing.

Fire Fighters Alert

A small fire in the engine room of the ship *America*, about 11 o'clock Thursday night, April 18, gave our newly created fire department a lively time. The boat was on the dry dock, which made it difficult to get the chemical wagons aboard. Chemical No. 1, of the machine shop, was the first to respond. The city fire department and the fireboat *William J. Gaynor* arrived after the blaze was extinguished by our own fire fighters. Charles G. Hall was on the job early, giving his new badge a baptism of smoke. Our scribe noted Frank Maher, Jim Donovan and Frank Whitman on the sidelines as spectators. Whitman, we are informed, was at home in bed when he heard the alarm, and arrived on the scene with his pajamas under his arm.

In Case of Fire

Call telephone operator, give exact location of blaze.

Signal System on Yard Whistle:

Two blasts: Fire on South Dry Dock Pier.

Three blasts: Fire on North Dry Dock pier.

Four blasts: Fire on North Pier.

Five blasts: Fire East of Machine shop.

Chemical Engine Stations: Inside Machine shop; New Truck Garage, North Pier; Private Garage, under Office building; Carpenter shop; Joiner shop.



Mr. Linoki has asked The Office Cat to say something about *Mr.* Somebody keeping company with *Mr.* Who'sthis. We don't dare to do it, Mr. Linoki, because we are sure Mr. Who'sthis wouldn't like it.

The speed of our Office Elevator simply takes one's breath away. Dan is some Speed King.

Ernest A. Rottach of the Navy Cost Department has been promoted to chief petty officer and now wears a beautiful new uniform.

Well, here's hoping, Ernest, the Government will give you a uniform full of stripes.

We fear Mrs. Tillotson will soon develop a severe case of diphtheria, if we continue to forget our requisitions. We suggest Mrs. Tillotson have a special phonograph record made, entitled "Did You Bring Your Requisition?"

William Jennings Bryan, one of the World's greatest Orators and Grape-Juice Kings, had better keep a sharp eye out for our Charles G. Hall.

Charlie is some little orator, not speaking of grape juice (and Swedish breakfasts).

Why did a few of our young men insist upon leaving the line of march and stop "at the corner a few minutes"?

Just to mail a few letters, we presume.

There was a rumor circulating around the yard that our Dan Shea had been shot.

Will someone please explain how they classified the word "shot."

We have a regular Ty Cobb in our midst. Every day between the hours of 5 P.M. and 6 P.M. our Roger Moran exhibits his wonderful skill in the baseball line.

As Roger would say, "I can't be beat."

Joe Henderson has developed into a very serious young man.

. . . AMEN.

Something is wrong in Room No. 6 lately. Little "Jeff" is cultivating a very sweet, high-pitched voice. Well. that's what you get for eating onions, Roger.

Dominick Bondoue, one of our porters, is a real loyal Ally. If you don't believe us, ask him what he thinks of the Germans.

WARNING: If you don't care for "French," wear ear-laps before he replies.

We regret to say that one of our young ladies has a severe attack of "fluttering eyes and gentle sighing" all on account of Tony.

Whoever thought Cupid was promenading the yard on last Tuesday, our Liberty Loan Day?

The Office Cat overheard this conversation in Room 9 a few days ago:

One of our fair stenogs: "When is she thinking of getting married?"

Another stenog, looking toward Margaret: "Constantly."

Frank Whitman doffed his hat the other day when our band was playing the "Star-spangled Banner," and Dan Shea had all he could do to keep the musicians from switching over to the "Garibaldi" march, when they saw Frank's shiny pate.

While scouting for news for the Office Cat column, I happened to ask Sid Burns if he knew anything funny about the chauffeurs.

"Funny," he replied, "why there're 'all funny.' I could fill a book as big as a Bible with funny happenings."

P. S. Our chauffeurs are noted for their good, sweet, sunshiny dispositions.

Miss Frances Daly has discovered an old graveyard at 61st street and First avenue, and visits it every day at 12.30 P.M.

Leave it to Frances to find something dead. What a wonderful sense of humor!

Who would think a locomobile required gas?

Mr. Kirkaldy's beautiful new locomobile "balked" the other night and he was stunned to learn it required a little gas to run it.

Don't get excited on your first cruise, Kirkaldy!.

We notice quite an extended change in re the "understandings" of our office boys. Perhaps it's due to wearing father's shoes.

We see where we will be compelled to lengthen the Hall in order to give them plenty of room.

Is he a descendant of Herman the Great? Well, he sold over $6,000 worth of Liberty Bonds in the rigging loft for the office girls. We think he is.

"When the Black Sheep Return to the Fold." Miss Mary Travers has returned after two weeks of illness.

We all welcomed her back with broad smiles, for Mary does not scout for graveyards.

Since the news reached Brooklyn that the Spartanburg boys are leaving from Newport News without the expected furlough to New York Florence Fenk has been going around with a face like "Grandfather's Clock."

The tugboat, *Anson N. Bangs*, of the Morse fleet, has been making some notable trips of late. She towed two schooners, the *Ada F. Brown* and the *Edith*, from anchor in Red Hook flats to Norfolk, Va., recently, making the voyage in record time.



It takes our Jimmy MacFarlane to start things around here.

He was seen promenading around the yard on May 8 with a beautiful Straw-Katy crowning his smiling face.

Famous Sayings

"I'll be down in a minute." . . . *Rose.*
"Gee whiz, what do you expect for a day's work?" . . . *Nelson.*
"If you don't mind, please." . *D. Costello.*
"This way out." . . . *Plunkett.*
"No matter how high it goes we'll have to have it." . . . *Baker.*
"Do you like honey?" . . . *Bell.*
"Follow the boy to the store room." *Fish.*
"Come get your mulligatawny."
. . . *Gus Hageland, chief cook of the good ship "Solicitor."*
"Aye." . . . *Murray.*
"Hello, squire." . . . *Kirkaldy.*
"How's the Pampa, Joe?" . . . *Jacobsen.*

Four Wise Men in Room 3

Old Man Experience—W. Linoki.
Old Man Efficiency—H. White.
Old Man Income Tax—G. Hutton.
Old Man Exemption—B. Bowman.

Chain Gang Soliloquies

"I am with you, boys; I'm a regular fellow."
. . . *R. Stiers.*

"Hello, how are you? Give me a cigarette. Got a match? What time is it?"
. . . *Joe Burns.*

"Hurry up, fellows, you know I have got to go home, and I live in Cypress Hills."
. . . *J. Nelson.*

"Come on, gang, shake it up; take it off the hull and put it on the burners."
. . . *Moe Shea.*

"Who's snapper of this gang, you or me?"
. . . *J. Costello.*

"Shoes, I got you. I'll do that little thing for you." . . . *H. Weismann.*

Them There Wimmin

The modern girls have the queerest ways;
They wear straw hats on wintry days,
They wear low shoes when it's raining cats,
On muddy days they wear white spats;
When it's ten below their necks are bare,
They say they're roasting and want fresh air;
When it's eighty above they're sure they'll freeze,
And put on sweaters that reach to their knees;
On sunny days they're always late;
When it rains they're at work at a quarter to eight.
But it proves the old-time saying is true:
You never can tell what a woman will do!
Yonkers Herald.

A Timekeeper's Plaint

Leo sends us the following plaint in behalf of the hardworking timekeepers. We're not going to reveal Leo's last name because we want to spare him. Here's what he wrote:

Now the day is over; night is drawing nigh,
And the thoughts of marking time will have all passed by.
Soon I'll be a-sleeping in my little bed,
Through continually marking time I feel very near dead.
There's no home for timekeepers, one where they can find rest,
Not even for those timekeepers that mark time their very best.
But there is one good cure for them, if they are suffering pain,
That's to die and get buried; sure they'll never mark time again.



To begin with, there are a lot of our boys claiming they have given in their name and address, but as yet have not received THE DIAL. Now, if your name and address has been handed in you are on the mailing list. THE DIAL is sent to you. Of course, if you have moved, it is up to you to move again, that is move over to the Employment office and report the change of address. 'Nuff said.

The night of the dance at Prospect Hall, is one
I'll remember for years,
Not only I, but Tom Coppinger, too, when he
thinks of it, sheds many tears.
For after the dance, Tom flipped up a coin, to
see who would pay for the lunch,
But being out of luck, he was very soon stuck,
and it cost him a few for the bunch.
Now what information I have came from Slim,
if what he told me should be true,
Without any doubt, the truth will leak out,
and "you've got them all laughing at
you."

Lynch, McMann, O'Hara, Walsh, Maher and McDonald reads more like the batting order of the Giants than the purchasing office staff.

Charley Brightsen, foreman of the new machine shop, wants it distinctly understood he is open for business. He blames location for lack of trade.

On May tenth last, during a severe wind storm, the new section of the dry dock tore loose, but with the promptness of the riggers, the loss of a pair of glasses and the aid of a political pull, Mr. H. A. Hanbury reports all safe.

Did you know that Charles Minett and his brother George of the wood caulkers are two of the oldest boatmen around the bay from childhood up? They built the old *Village Belle*.

They say that Cy MacLaurin obtained exemption from the draft on the grounds that he was the sole support of an aged flivver.

Frank O'Neill, heater boy, is back at work after two months' absence due to injuries.

Miss Campbell, the new nurse in the yard hospital, when asked why she didn't attend our April dance said: "I wasn't able to get a pair of overalls. I had ordered them, but they didn't come in time." Any of the boys in the yard an extra pair? If so, please send them to Miss Campbell so she can attend our next party.

We haven't heard or seen much of our friend Lloyd Nobel lately. Wonder if this little jingle, which appeared recently in the *New York World*, explains his case:

"He's joined the silent majority.
But please don't be misled,
He merely went out and got married.
I'll bet you thought he was dead."

One of the employees came into the hospital the other day with his leg badly discolored by an injury. When he uncovered the injured member he exclaimed: "Oh, Lord! my leg is camouflaged."

William Tietgen, plumbing snapper on the *Rhyndam*, was certainly one busy man on that ship, and he wasn't alone. I would suggest if the Goverment intends changing her name, call her the Rush Riot. What do you say, Tietgen?

If you want to see the boys in the main store room on the jump, it's when Jack O'Hara shakes them up. Tommy Lynch says Jack ought to be called Simon Legree. Outside of Daley, I don't know who's boss, but there's a little action when O'Hara's on the job.

One can notice improvement on improvement in the yard every day. One, for instance, putting Kelly in the machine shop to keep an inventory of all work to be done and recording it when completed. Some system, some Kelly.

John Sundbry, of the rigging force, wishes to thank all those who aided him during his long lay off, following injuries received in the boiler shop. All right, John, I'll voice the sentiment of the bunch. You're welcome, John.

That bird of joy, the stork, has been passing over the copper shop very frequently of late. Somebody told us that five of our worthy employees in that department are the "proud fathers" of new babies. The more power to you, boys!

When Old Glory is seen flying from the mast on the band stand it is an indication that a patriotic meeting will be held during the noon hour of that day. Be sure to get around and hear the message which the speakers have to give you, and don't forget that our band is always on the job with good music. These meetings should be well and enthusiastically attended. Hustle out.

They tell us that the tin shop boys miss "The Sleuth."

The *Noble* assistant to the superintendent of the work done on the *Rhyndam* was by name Holland, and coming from one of the earliest American families was naturally proud of it. So when he signed his name, it was always Holland American. But since the *Rhyndam* reformed and was converted, it is now American Holland, again very Noble.

Coney Island is open for the season. Starkey, of the outside machinists, predicts a blonde season. That's what I call light-headed guess work.

We would like to inform John Kelley, Louis and Lansing that the bowling season is over, and Professor William Dunn is giving no more lessons until the fall season.

Robert Tully, the idol of Staten Island, says the mud was so thick there last week that his auto car sank two feet. Now he wants to call his car the Emerson.

A few men in the light forging shop were instructed to throw all scrap in a pile to be carried away. By mistake their new flag-pole got mixed up with the scrap and was about to be thrown in the discard when Bill Tolan with a Kerry yell sprang out and saved the Flag—pole. Just break the news to mother.

Danny Shea is having trouble with one of his tuba players. Ever since this certain musician went to work on a certain ship this tuba insists on playing, "Um-Pampa, Um-Pampa, Um-Pampa."

Jack Boland of the Burners is singing a new song these days. "Not my heart, but my foot's at ease." *Toe* bad, Jack, *toe* bad.

Tommy Hale wants to burn his way to success. Tommy says give me the torch any day and let George do the snapping.

William Griffin is certainly some hustling carpenter, especially when he's so anxious to finish the *America*.

Sinners, if you are down-hearted and you want to rectify your shortcomings, see Elder McCarthy at the Church.

Talk about ambitious. I caught Fred Rask, a timekeeper, helping to unload gas bottles in New York. Rossman, keep your eye on him, another rigger in the field.

What do you think of this; every male member of the Maresq family are wood caulkers. A *corking* family.

A double launching will take place some day this week. Admiral Abramsen's new flag ship, the *Pontoon*, will take the water, although Harry's hoping she doesn't take too much. A bottle of ink will be broken on her bow.

Arthur Carson is bemoaning his fate in regards to his not receiving THE DIAL. He says if he doesn't get it next month, he'll subscribe for *The War Cry*. He likes to read the sporting page.

Alexander Russell Ingraham, of goodly name, ex-choir singer, might, as he stands at the gate, warble:

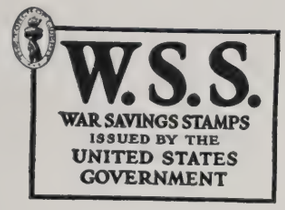
"I'm the old Turnkey, you see. I do my duty well,
"'Midst sobs and tears, for years and years, I've locked them in their cell, etc."

Whitey Grandon of the pipe shop has bought a machine. Ford, you say? Oh, no, I said a machine. For the last two weeks he has been taking road lessons, but I would suggest that he take tree climbing lessons. There is no danger in Whitey being hurt while he's learning, but wait until he gets confidence, then comes speed fever, then the hospital, then flowers. As the villain says, "Have a *car*, Whitey, have a *car*."

It was two days before pay day, at ten in the
morn,
Not a nickel in sight; but, ah! a sucker was born.
The clerk at the desk got him a five to shed,
Then picked up his heels and alas has fled.
Then word went to Rheinhardt, who was asked
to see
If he couldn't borrow another V.

KINDLY TAKE NOTICE: Anyone premeditating inviting Bill Dunn, of the outside machinists, to an evening party, had better have a pair of loose slippers for said Bill to wear, as he is sorely afflicted with an old complaint, tight shoes. Poor *sole*.

Is There a Thrift Card in Your Pocket?



When you gather 'round with your friends in a little group and tell them what the Government ought to do to win the war—is there a Thrift Card in your pocket?

You are helping the Government by your work in this yard, but of course you want to back up the boys at the front in every way you can. Then express your willingness by having a Thrift Card in your pocket.

A quarter's all it will cost you to start—and you can get your first Thrift Stamp on a Thrift Card at any Post office, bank, department, drug or cigar store, or any of the hundreds of other places showing the W. S. S. agency sign.

Put a Thrift Card in Your Pocket To-day.

SPECIAL NOTICE:

Your Entertainment Committee has arranged for a grand Patriotic Review on the night of May 29, to be held at our assembly room on the top floor of the Carpenter Shop. In addition to a unique patriotic program in which the Morse band will figure, there will be boxing and wrestling bouts and many other good things. A battle royal between four colored gentlemen in barrels will be one of the features. Don't miss this meeting. It is going to be a corker.

United States Navy Yard,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

No. 127-82-a.

April 9, 1918.

Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co.,
Foot 56th Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sirs:

I desire to commend the work performed on the U. S. S. Huron, notably while lying at the Army Docks, Hoboken, N. J., during the current week, by men from your works under the direction of Foremen Robert Sleigh and Sidney Munson.

I have especially to commend the excellent spirit of the men concerned who continued to work overtime, although the matter of payment therefor was unadjusted, in order that this Transport then loaded with troops might be enabled to leave her pier at the time set. The industry and the fine patriotic spirit of all the men named is well worthy of official thanks.

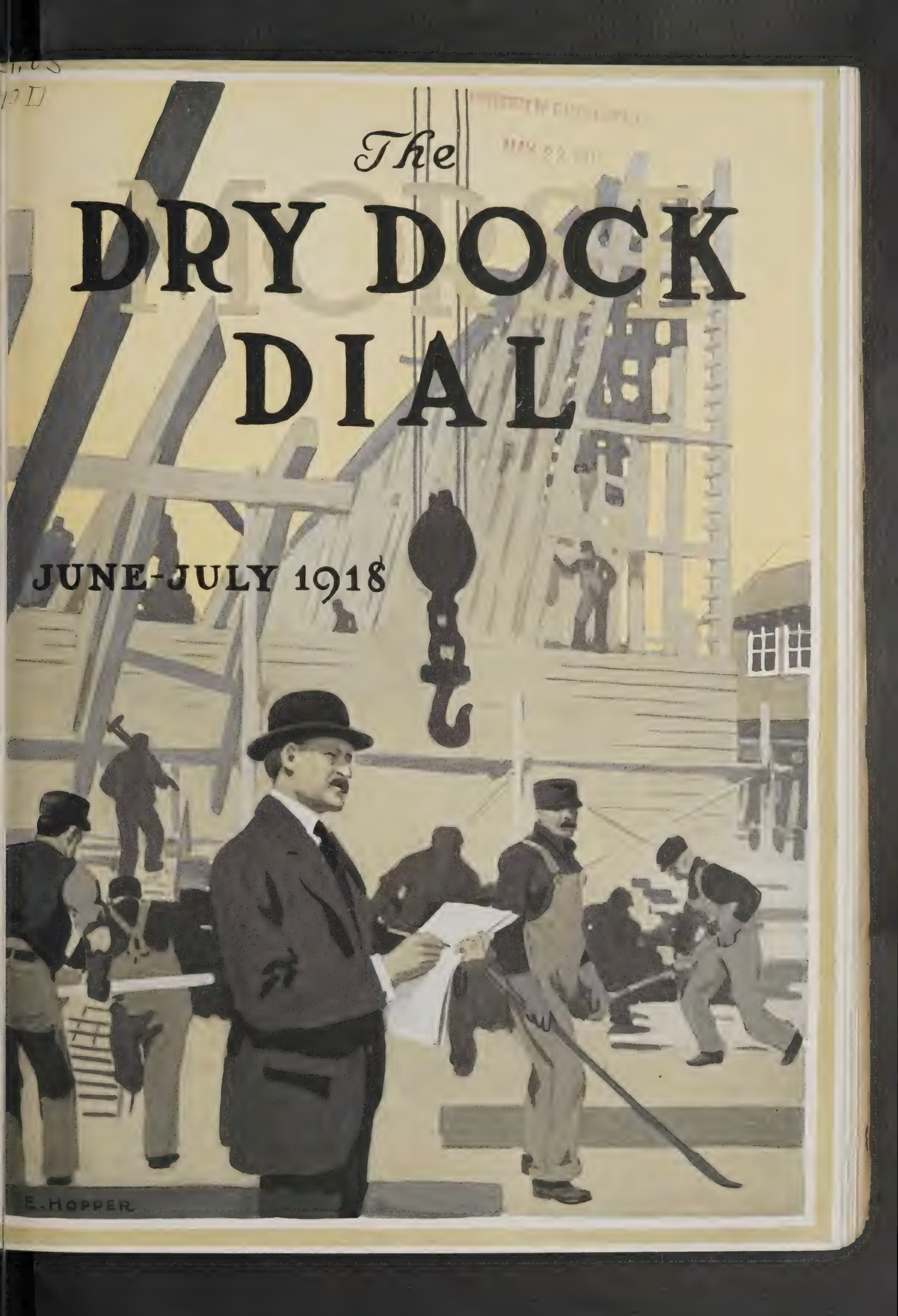
Yours respectfully,

G. E. Burd,
Rear Admiral, U. S. N.,
Industrial Manager.



The DRY DOCK DIAL

JUNE-JULY 1918



An Appeal by Belgian Workmen

(This stirring plea, made by the laboring men and women of poor Belgium, has been circulated throughout the world in one form or another. W. J. Robinson, one of our riggers (No. 9254) came across it in reading a pamphlet containing "Their Crimes," a translation from a French account of German atrocities, and brought it to our attention. We agree that the appeal ought to be fixed on the door of every factory, every workshop; that every worker, every citizen, should study it; and, to place it before the Morse workers, we are giving this prominence to it, hoping that every individual who receives a copy of this magazine will take time to read it.)

"WORKERS—In the name of the international bonds that unite all workmen, the working classes of Belgium—threatened, without exception, with slavery, deportation, and forced labor for the enemy's gain—send to the working classes in other lands a supreme appeal.

"Germany, as you know, attacked and terrorized Belgium in 1914 for having defended her right to neutrality and her faith and honor.

"Germany has been martyrizing Belgium. She has from that moment onwards turned the land into a prison: the frontiers are armed against Belgians like a battlefront . . . all our constitutional liberties have been abolished. There is no longer safety anywhere; the life of our citizens is at the mercy of the policeman—arbitrary, limitless, pitiless . . . Belgian industrial idleness has been the creation of the Germans, maintained by them for their own profit. By levying on Belgium a war contribution which already exceeds $200,000,000—by transporting to Germany food, merchandise and various products to the value of more than $1,000,000,000—by seizing and despatching to their own country the greater portion of our raw material, machines and accessories—by issuing threatening edicts to prevent localities from using the unemployed on their own important works of public utility.

"To these 500,000 unemployed they have for the last month been saying: 'Either you will sign a contract to work for Germany, or you will be reduced to slavery.' In either case, it means exile, deportation, forced labor in the interests of the enemy, and against the interests of our country; formidable punishments, the cruellest ever invented by tyranny for the punishment of crimes—and what *are* the crimes alleged? . . . On the western front, Belgian workmen—your brothers and ours—are being forced to dig trenches, to build aviation camps, to fortify the German lines, and when the victims, in spite of everything are firm in their refusal to take part in work forbidden by International Law, they are starved and beaten into illness, wounded, and sometimes even *killed.*

"In Germany, they are turned on to work in mines, and at lime kilns, quite regardless of their age, profession, or trade. Youths of seventeen, old men of seventy, are deported in haphazard masses. *Is not this a revival of ancient slavery with all its horrors?* . . . Do you know, brothers, what the Germans throw to their victims by way of pay? Thirty pfennigs (about 6 cents) a day!

"Workers: *Never forget that the soldiers who are acting as the torturers of our Belgian workmen are themselves German workers!*

"In the depths of our distress we count on you. It is for you to act! For ourselves, even if brute force succeeds for the moment in reducing our bodies to servitude, we shall never give our consent.

"A final word: Whatever tortures we may undergo, we do not wish for peace except with the independence of our country and the triumph of justice.

"The Workmen of Belgium."

THE DRY DOCK DIAL

Copyright, 1918, by Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company

Vol. 1 June—July, 1918 No. 6



Our New Dry Dock

"MIRACLE SHIPS!" What a happy phrase, and how resonant of those days when the telephone, the telegraph, the steamboat, the locomotive, the sewing machine and other "wonders of the age" were given to the world by Yankee genius. The launching of that wonder boat, the *Tuckahoe*, which came into being and set her brow into the whirling waters of the Delaware River within twenty-seven days, one hour and forty-eight minutes, caused a thrill that must have wafted itself beyond the banks of the Rhine. Kaiserism is indeed nearing its doom. The flaming spirit of the American people is reaching the Imperial throne. Ships the nation needs, and ships the nation will have.

To better comprehend the magnitude of America's achievement in the last few months let us consider a few facts and figures. When the nation took hold of the job of building ships old shipyards were as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth. The yards then in existence were filled to capacity. There were thirty-seven steel shipyards and twenty-four old wooden shipyards when America entered the war. The steel ship yards had 162 ways, the wooden yards, seventy-three ways. To-day there are eighty-one wooden shipyards with 332 ways completed or nearing completion, and sixty-seven steel shipyards with 398 ways. Thus we have already in use or nearing completion a total of 730 berths upon which to build steel and wooden ships, 521 more berths than England has at present.

America is going to be, if she isn't already, the greatest maritime nation in the world. What then are the provisions that are being made to keep these vessels in repair? This is the phase of the nation's ship program that interests us most in this yard.

So long as ships are built and set afloat upon the perilous waters of Neptune's highways, ships are going to need repairs. Read then about our latest and most important contribution to the nation's shipbuilding program.

Just as Old Sol was dropping behind the Western horizon in the evening hour of May 7, a huge pontoon slipped gracefully from the ways over in the "New Dry Dock Yard," which was then at the foot of 63d street, and came to rest peacefully on the blue-capped waters of the bay. The next morning three sturdy little tugboats hitched lines to the "float" and towed it to a temporary anchoring place alongside of a similar structure, which had left the ways several months earlier. In a few weeks these two sections will be towed to a channel now being dredged in the main yard of the Morse plant and thus will be added to our equipment a dock capable of lifting an ordinary vessel. With the addition of four other sections, which will be built as fast as it is possible, this company will have the largest dry dock afloat.

THE building of a 33,000-ton floating dry dock is a task not to be compared with the building of a ship. It involves infinitely more preparation, study and thought before the actual work of construction beings. For six years Mr. Morse, Sr., and Mr. Morse, Jr., labored with their assistants over the task of designing a floating dry dock that would be superior to anything in use. When the final plans were decided upon, water-front property at the foot of 63d street was leased and graded, preparatory to erecting buildings and installing a plant suitable for the construction of the enormous pontoons.

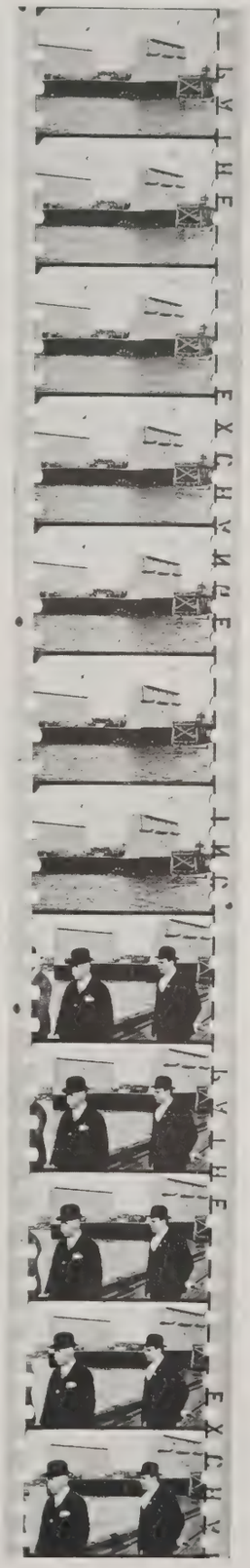
At first the Company management thought of placing the building of the plant and the construction of the dock in charge of an outside superintendent. After further consideration, however, it was decided to put in charge of the task George MacLaurin, who had been carpenter and joiner foreman for a number of years. He was instructed to build the most efficient plant that could be devised. In this he was imminently successful, keeping the cost of labor down to a minimum and fulfilling in every way the expectations of those who had put their confidence in him.

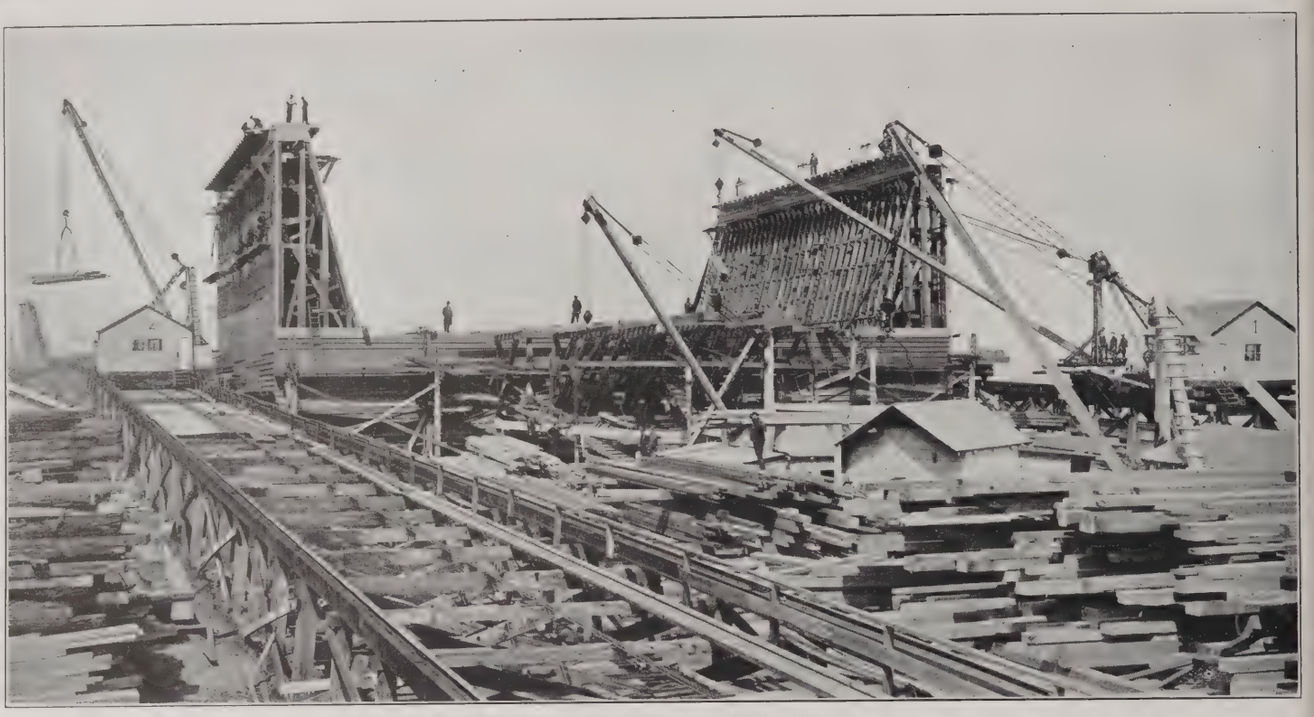
Foundations for the building of the pontoons were made by driving piles. Stringers were laid and covered by four-inch yellow pine planking and heavy launch ways were built. On each side of these an elevated railroad structure was erected and two heavy electric traveling cranes were installed, each with a heavy boom of sufficient length to handle timber from the center of the property to the center of the pontoon while building.

The elevated rail structure was extended out into the bay in order to facilitate the unloading of vessels and lumber rafts as they delivered timber alongside. These traveling derricks unloaded barges and distributed lumber to the different parts of the yard with remarkable efficiency. The saw and planers were supplied in one third the time it would have taken in the ordinary way of handling lumber.

An incinerator was built for burning the debris in the yard and a very complete blow pipe system was installed to carry shavings and dust from the different machines. A large air compressor was built, run by electricity, to furnish motive power for the necessary boring and driving machinery.

A cut-out saw, capable of cutting at any angle required, is part of the equipment. This saw was especially designed by Mr. MacLaurin, and so far as is known it is the only saw of its kind in the country. It actually does the work of twenty men. Stationary derricks, one to feed the planer and move lumber from the feed saw, and another to take





SECTION 6 NEARING COMPLETION

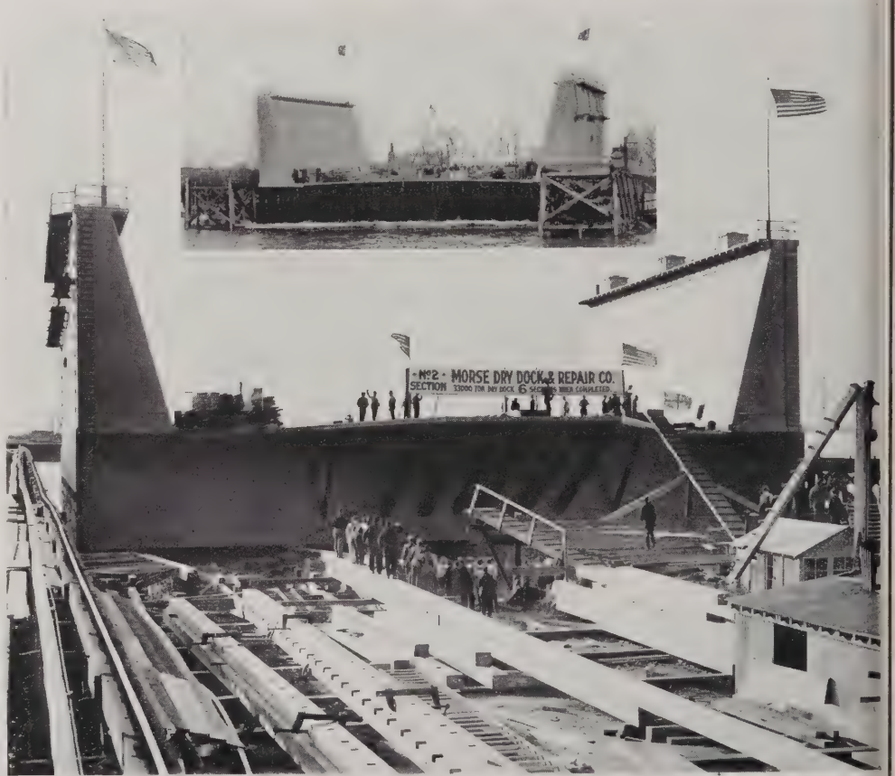
lumber from the planer and feed the different saws, were also part of the equipment.

THE immensity of the task of constructing a new dry dock can better be appreciated when it is understood that each section or pontoon requires considerably over one million feet of timber. Every seam has to be caulked with special care so that the pontoon is made absolutely watertight. The large motor-driven pumps, which operate the dock, are of special design and are expected to raise or lower the dock in record time.

A few months ago, when the Government took over the property facing the "New Dry Dock Yard," it became necessary for the Morse Company to vacate the lot at the foot of 63d street. Mr. MacLaurin has just completed the moving task and has well under way the building of a yard on the south side of the Edison plant, opposite the Bliss estate, a spot particularly suited, because of the excellent water front, for the construction of the remaining four sections of the new dock. Here we will find from now on "the farm gang," the boys who are putting through one of the biggest undertakings in the shipping industry, that of building a dry dock large enough to take care of the vessels which Uncle Sam is sending forth to carry defeat to the Kaiser's hordes.

The development of the new dry dock yard and the construction of the two sections that have been completed has not been the work of any one individual, or of even two or three, but of the many. Every man upon being assigned to work in the "farm" immediately becomes a devotee to its environments. Of the many happy "families" in the Morse Company the "farm gang," so called, is perhaps the most compact. The spirit of good-fellowship to be found there has been the subject of comment more than once, but more important even has been the spirit of loyalty, patriotism and willingness to perform well and efficiently the work in hand.

One can readily trace the reason for this splendid spirit to Mr. MacLaurin and his able assistant, George MacKay, ex-president of our Association. Both men have endeared themselves to the "farm" employees by their constant striving to make working conditions there congenial and satisfactory.



SECTION 6 SLIDING FROM THE WAYS

Powell Visits "The Farm"



In the above pictures first we see the machinists and their helpers, headed by Andrew Christie. Next comes the sawmill crew, Dennis Place, Andy Anderson and Patrick Neary, of whom the muse says: "There's three men, robust and healthy; shows the new farm air is good; see them smiling, just like children, they say nothing, but saw wood." In the third picture we see H. M. Johnson and Harry Smith, who have charge of the air compression plant, and, last but not least, are the riggers.

I BELIEVE when the Editor became imbued with the idea of issuing a "New Dry Dock edition" of THE DIAL, he had in view what was the new dry dock and its environments, but is now called the "Old New Dry Dock." The "New Dry Dock," taking its place,puts the "Old Dry Dock" among the things that were, but still there are to those who have been associated with the building of the two sections of what will be the largest floating dry dock in the world, pleasant memories.

As a casual observer, the "Old New Dry Dock" reminded me of a coastwise hurricane that had devastated what was once the busy Mecca of the ship-building craft. The only thing left with a new aspect was the two new sections of the new dry dock and these shortly will be removed. We can hear those who live for years to come, saying: "I remember right back of that Government building Morse built the largest dry dock we now have."

So that is one reason why we have called this the "New Dry Dock Edition." George MacKay looked wistfully on the old scene and heaved a heavy sigh, and as ye scribe asked him why such a sigh of such a size he said, "I hate to call this the old farm, but I guess I'll have to." Then he brightened up and said, "But wait till you see our new farm."

AMONG the familiar faces there one will find Sam Loring, George Webster, Walter Kenny, Edward Warden, Russell Planche and others familiar well known to those in the yard.

Just as we were about to leave that section of the yard one of the men came up and said, "You forgot to take the picture of 'Rags.'" We inquired who "Rags" might be, and was told that he was the most important one in the yard. "He's only a dog, but he's the yard mascot," said our informant. So we said, "Trot him out," and we took the picture of "Rags," who, indeed, looks the part.

After an interview with Mr. MacLaurin and Mr. MacKay, in which they grew reminiscent of the early days of the "Old New Yard" and the good work done, with the many drawbacks of delayed material owing to the hard winter, we started on our way to see the "New Farm," which is about three blocks nearer Sandy Hook. Arriving we were surprised to find such a pretty spot right in our own neighborhood. Sloping down from the embankment of the Shore Road and then to the water's edge,with spacious ground on either side and backed with foliage and woods it would be a paradise for a landscape painter.

IT was only will power that kept us from taking pictures of nature, instead of taking pictures of the pioneers in the building of the various shops essential to the modern shipyard.

Walking toward a three-winged building, we were accosted by the congenial and affable gentleman in charge of the machinists, Andrew Christie, who informed us that in this building were the machine shop and the air plant, the latter being a very important plant. Knowing that the speedy progress of the work was due to the untiring efforts of the aforesaid Mr. Christie, we were moved to remark:

"Now, Christie, when your plant's complete,
I ask you have a care,
"Don't stand in with the ice-man and take
all South Brooklyn air."

If you will look at the picture of the machinists among the familiar faces you will notice: Charles Simmonds, Horace Smith, Olaf Pritchard, Alexander Stokes, Louis Cornell, John Johnson, Willis E. Stiles, John Fraser, Joseph Syron and A. Christie. I admire these very much.

"All due respect to fireman, the same to engineer,
But these men are the ones who keep machinery in gear."

(I'm abusing the muse to express my views, my reputation soon I'll lose.)

And now comes the most essential body of men in the birth of a new plant or the rebuilding of an old one, the carpenters. Posing with the importance of their calling, we snapped a few of them, among whom you will notice: Louis Thompson, the snapper, Frank R. Williams, Adolph Hanson, Edward Morris, Theodore Petersen, John Larsen and Marius Syvestsen.

The camera had no more than clicked, and the deed done, than once more the poet pest's prolonged patience pursued the muse with the following more or less (mostly less), outburst of ragged rhyme:

"We are *awl* a jolly crowd, as *plane* as you can see,
We *brace* ourselves for work, and do our *bit* most cheerfully,
We do not wish to *bore* you, when we say we're on the *square*,
Which *adz* to our good name, and proves that we can do our share."

Next our gaze rested upon a hardy lot of men, who were wrestling with what appeared to be one of the identical pillars that Samson overthrew in the temple.

Let us mention a few of their names: William A. Miller, Martin Ruppert, H. J. Christensen, Charles Enberg, Mike Lynch, Frank Winther, and Charles I. Brown, and last, but not least, the Honorable Peter Balling. Now Pete has lived so long on the waterfront, and in the shipyard locality, that he can point to a tree that would appear to have been planted by one of the early Dutch settlers, and say: "I remember when that was a shrub."

And so from him I gleaned a little history of the ground, where now stands the "New Farm." Thirty years ago, so Pete says, a creek ran from the beach up to where the Shore Road is now, and boats used to come as far up as the bridge, all along the shore. In these early days there was a beautiful stretch of beach. A man named Langley owned most or all the property facing it until the Edison people came along and built their plant. Then came the Long Island railroad improvements with the subsequent rush of industrial activity all along the front. I am safe in predicting that in time to come, with its waterfront facilities, and the pleasant ground back of it, and Morse back of that and the men back of Morse,out of what, as Peter said, was a beach, will be one of the greatest shipyards in America.



HERE WE SEE:

First the crew which wrecked the "old new yard," of whom MacLaurin says: "This is the gang that wrecks the yard, a willing, hardy crew; whose might and main, will build again, the yard in quarters new." Then Albert Esbornsen: "The watchman, who with watchful care, sees that none who doesn't belong, are there." In the center is "Rags" and some of his friends:

"This is the dog whose name is Rags.
Though hardly tail at all, it wags,
When men with dirty hands in haste
At quitting time use Rags for waste."

Sam Olsen, alone: "Too late for picture with the bunch, we hope that Sam's not late for lunch." And last, Thompson and his carpenters and joiners.

"New Farm Yard Ballads"

No, sir, decidedly no, Martin Ruppert is no relation to Jacob of the same name, although he is willing to (B Ehret) bear it. Who tied that bowling?

———

Paddy Neary, assistant to Mr. Andy Anderson, as planer in the new sawmill, says things are running smooth.

———

Pete Balling, one time custodian, steward, and general overseer and historian, has been honored with the degree of M. D. D. A. R. R., which means Morse Dry Dock and Repair Rigger.

———

Mr. Edward Warden, an old-time saw maker, is now in the new mill as head sawyer. He promises to make things hum, and you will hear things buzzing, since he has filed his name in that department.

George Webster, erstwhile chauffeur, says a saw travels faster than an auto, but doesn't get anywhere.

———

Gus Olson says that the swing saw is the only thing that goes back and forth, and still accomplishes something.

———

Dennis Place places all men, all things in place, and they placed a good man when they placed *him* in the place.

———

Eddie Morris is doing all that can be done as rigger, carpenter, machinist. He also digs trenches. He even believes that if he wasn't there the yard would never be finished.

———

John Burns from the West wants to know if the same sun that shines on us, shines out there, if so he's here for life.

Snapper Louis A. Thompson, of the carpenters, says he's got to have an increase in pay. The outdoor exercise and the atmosphere of the new yard is a big drain on his weekly pay as steak is pretty high now.

———

We regret very much to report that two men were too late to have their pictures taken: Albert Saunderson and Thomas Thompson, the latter would have been too tall for the camera anyway.

———

Deer, Oh! deer, Stagg of the electricians, was also missed in the pictures, and he is in charge of the work going on in the power house, a most important branch of the "New Farm."

———

George Ahearn needs no Yaphank instructions as to how trenches should be built, as his *conduit* shows. (This joke is too far fetched. I brought it from Bayonne.) By the way who eats his sandwiches?



How About It, Boys?

The following letters appeared recently in the New York *Evening World.* The editor would like to have some of the Morse men answer them in the next issue of THE DIAL. Write on one side of the paper, and mail all replies to B. E. Barnes, editor, the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, South Brooklyn.

Calls Shipyard Workers Slackers

To the Editor of the Evening World:

May I be permitted to invite attention to a condition which at this time is nothing more or less than outright treason? In all the shipyards doing navy repair work, and in the Navy Yard itself, are thousands of workmen getting paid at a rate far in excess of anything they received before or will get again, for less than one-half of the work they should do. It is a common sight at any time of the day to see scattered throughout the ships large numbers of men killing time by the hour. In view of the extremely high pay they receive, and, what is more important, the utmost need of our army for troops and supply ships, this is a condition that is certainly far from right. The writer is a petty officer in the navy, who gave up a good position voluntarily at the outbreak of the war, and is at present receiving only a little more a month than he did in a week in civil life.

We are expected to give up our homes and all we hold dear, and many of us our lives, for $30 or $40 a month, while men who stay at home, earning three or four times as much, are deliberately making it harder and more uncomfortable for us and, without a doubt, causing the war to be prolonged and adding to the casualities suffered "over there."

SAILOR.

More About Shipyard Slackers

To the Editor of the Evening World:

The letter in your paper from a petty officer of the navy, signed "Sailor," telling about the shipyard slackers, is only too true. I wonder why the United States Government permits such conditions? This slacking has been going on since the United States entered the war, and it is getting worse all the time. Thousands of big, able-bodied Scandinavians are putting in overtime for work they never do, and, just as "Sailor" said, are prolonging the war. Before the war they were paid from $18 to $25 a week. Now they are making from $40 to $100 a week. Even the foremen are Finns, Swedes and Norwegians, and very few of them American citizens, although they have been in this country for years. The majority of them are pro-German. It is common talk in Brooklyn that they are the men who have all the money and are buying up the two-family houses, with our grand young men "over there" fighting for the like of them. Surely someone is responsible for these conditions. I suggest that they should be made to work for their board and keep, or sent back to where they came from. It is enough to infuriate an American citizen to see these slackers getting rich over night. The few who have taken out citizenship papers are ridiculed by their countrymen now because "they have to go to war."

J. R.

———

Employees' Association, Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company:

The family of the late Otto Kloppert acknowledges with grateful appreciation the kind expression of your sympathy.

———

Many letters addressed to yard employees remain undelivered at the main gate. Employees expecting mail should make inquiries at Mr. Porter's office.

———

Jacob Moses, of the electrical department, was married recently, and we are passing our congratulations along to him in this way. Mr. Moses, by the way, is a "man of letters," and devotes most of his spare time to writing stuff for magazines and papers.

———

John Nelson, a member of the board of directors of the Employees' Association, representing the blacksmith department, has left the employment of the Company. His successor will be appointed by the board of directors.

Promotions

Frank B. Rose, who has been with the Company over fifteen years, starting as cashier, has been appointed assistant to the treasurer, Mr. Morse, Sr., and will have charge of collections, and will perform such other duties as the treasurer may assign to him.

R. R. Piper, formerly cashier and paymaster of the Delaware & Hudson, has been made cashier and paymaster, having charge of all the monies and disbursements. Mr. Piper comes to us with long experience in auditing and accounting. He was chief clerk to vice-president in his former position, having had charge of the treasury and accounting departments, and serving as assistant treasurer in the subsidiary companies.

Francis Stuart, who has been with us several months, has been appointed assistant cashier, and Lucian T. Bell assistant paymaster. R. C. Wakeman has been transferred from the accounting department to the cashier's office.

———

Letters of Thanks

235 27th Street,
BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 16, 1918.

Employees' Association, Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co.:

GENTLEMEN: Accept our heartfelt thanks for the beautiful emblem that was sent by the Association. The expression manifested by the floral offering was appreciated, and made things easier to bear.

Sincerely, FRED ALLEN.

227 Union Street,
BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 14, 1918.

To Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co.:

GENTLEMEN: I am the wife of Angelo D'Anna, and my husband died about two months ago, and they have collected in the shop the sum of $76, and I thank you and all your men for that kindness. I hope that God will keep you all. The money was received from Santo Zito and all of his men.

Yours very truly,
SANTA D'ANNA.

Our Red Cross Drive

IN the Red Cross drive held during the week of May 20-27 the employees of the Morse Company contributed liberally to the funds raised by the Industrial Division of the Red Cross campaign committee. Miss Kirsten Jensen and her staff in the hospital, and Mrs. Helen D. Tillotson and her office girls worked very hard against discouraging odds to raise a substantial sum. Following close upon the Liberty Loan drive, and coming as it did at a time when work in the yard was somewhat slack, the solicitation did not meet the ready response which characterized their success in the Liberty Loan campaign.



Plans for the Red Cross campaign were made on short notice, and there was little opportunity to arrange for more than one yard meeting. This was originally scheduled for May 21, but a last minute shower made it necessary to wait until the next day. Despite the many discouraging features of the drive, something like $8,000 has already been turned over to the Red Cross, and there is promise of an additional $2,000.

Of the amount thus far sent in, $1,000 was contributed by the Employees' Association, and $1,000 by the company management. Several of the departments in the yard have the honor of showing up 100 per cent. in their contributions, including the pattern makers, the timekeepers, the burners, the tinsmiths and the electricians. A great deal of credit is due those employees who so patriotically responded to the call for funds and have been living up to their pledges with regularity.

Governor Whitman Our Guest

"YOUR work in this shipyard for the cause of humanity, as it is represented by France, by Great Britain, by Belgium, by Italy and by this country, is appreciated by the boys who are fighting our fight across the water, and in behalf of the great State of New York I am here to-day to thank you men."

Thus spoke Gov. Charles S. Whitman in addressing us in the noon hour of June 7 at a very enthusiastic patriotic meeting, which, despite a downpour of rain, was attended by a large number of employees. Governor Whitman, who had been on a speaking tour in Brooklyn, came here in response to an invitation to give us a patriotic talk. He was accompanied by his military attaché, Major Hoppin, and D. Harry Ralston, Deputy State Commissioner of Excise.

The Governor and his party were met at 56th street and 4th avenue by the Morse band, and a delegation of French marines from a crusier then in our yard, and the soldiers from the detachment of infantry which is stationed here.

The Governor after receiving greetings from Mr. Morse, Sr., was introduced by Charles G. Hall, of the executive department.

"I wish to tell you men how much the people appreciate the great work you are doing in the cause of patriotism and for your country. I am not going to keep you men long, for I realize what it means to stand in the rain. Your work for the cause of France, of Great Britain, of Italy and of Belgium, for the cause of the entire civilized world, is recognized by the people of this State and nation. Mr. Morse has a right to feel proud of your work, and you have a right to feel proud for the service you are performing for the United States in this, its hour of need.

"Some good is bound to come from this war, and I am reminded to speak with a feeling of gratification that in this great crisis class distinction has become a thing of the past. We are all brothers, and every inhabitant of this great State is working hand in hand, the men in the factories, those in the shipyards, and those on the farms. All are giving their best to help win the war. The time has come when there are no more party lines. We are not Republicans or Democrats, we are all Americans, and we are going to stand back of the Navy, the Army and the Government because it is our Government. We are going to stand back of the President of the United States.



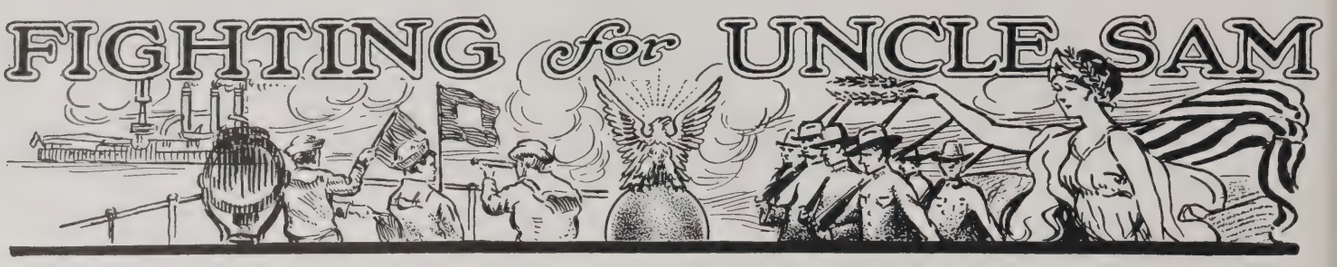
Governor Whitman and Staff Accompanied by Mr. Morse, Sr., Going to the Speakers' Stand from Which Governor Whitman Addressed Us

"I want to congratulate you on behalf of the State of New York. You know the Governor speaks in the name of the people of the State. I am speaking for them now, and will as long as I can stay in office.

"Speaking for our people I want to thank you men for the great thing you did in connection with the Liberty Loan, and for the part you played in the Red Cross drive. You have a right to be proud of it. I thank you on behalf of the people for the work you are doing here in the shipyards, getting boats ready and repairing them and sending them across with food, munitions and men to bring the emperor of Germany to his knees."

At the conclusion of the Governor's speech Mr. Hall called for three cheers for "our Governor," and the men responded lustily.

FIGHTING for UNCLE SAM



MANY youths who have mingled among us here in this yard sharing with us the hardships and pleasures of everyday life, have left us to respond to Uncle Sam's call. A few weeks ago the various draft boards throughout the city sent away to the training camps hundreds of more youths and not a few of them went from this plant. To them every employee wishes God-speed and good luck, and to the loved ones left at home we all wish a buoyant spirit and success in meeting the sacrifices they are called upon to make.

It was the happy privilege of our band to escort the boys who left from the Local Board 41 to the railroad station. Among those in this contingent of new soldiers were Eddie Shea, of the time-keeping department, brother of our band leader, Dan Shea; Frankie Crossen, one of our chauffeurs; Fred McDowell, of the office, and many others whose names were not obtainable.

The following letter was received from the members of the Draft Board the day following the parade:

WAR DEPARTMENT
Local Board
for Division No. 41
P. S. 140, 60th Street
Bet. Third & Fourth Aves.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

OFFICIAL BUSINESS OF P. M. G.

May 28, 1918.

Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co., Foot 56th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN: This Local Board wishes to convey to you, and through you to the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company Band, their sincere appreciation and heartfelt thanks, and to publicly thank you for the splendid manner in which they escorted the boys from this Local Board through the neighborhood and to the railroad station this morning.

The impression which it has made on all the good people who gave their sons for the Service will long be remembered, and we feel, as a Board, that you have done much to cheer our brave boys in this hour of our country's need.

Again thanking you for your efforts in this direction, we beg to remain,

Very truly yours,
LOCAL BOARD FOR DIVISION NO. 41,
CHARLES C. WAGNER,
Chairman.
LOUIS F. STEIN,
Secretary.
M. T. LEWIS,
Examining Physician.



P. J. Kelly

Mr. Morse, Sr., is in receipt of a letter from Harry E. Shelby, a former employee, who is a member of the British army. Mr. Shelby writes:

"Yours of the 2/14/18 just at hand. Some time for a letter to reach me, yet down here in a dugout 'somewhere in France,' your letter has cheered up a soldier who once worked for you and still remembers with pleasure and gladness that, though humble his position, he was indeed glad to be called a Morse workman. Well, sir, since I last wrote to you two other workmen from your yard have come over here—my two brothers, Walter and Frank; also my brother-in-law, John Weston, also of the yard, and I can assure you we all wish the war was over and we were back in the yard. In your letter you state you sent over one of the yard magazines. To date I have not received it, though I should very much like to. In this 'no man's country,' why, we can't even get newspapers unless someone sends them along. I wish the members of the yard club would think of us in reading their daily news. Why, over here every Sunday is like every other day. Half of the time we can't remember the day of the week. My address is H. E. Shelby, 72 Batt., B.E.F., France 1030461. I trust your yard is having all the work it can handle; also the men to do it."







Some of Our Boys on Their Way to the Army Camps, Headed by the Morse Band



Herman Friedman

James Farren, whose picture will be found on this page, is a member of Battery D, 59th Art., A. E. F. He formerly worked in the main store room. His brother John is still employed here. James writes that he enjoyed the trip over to France, though his going happened rather suddenly. Corporal Vanderreer Knipe, Co. C, 501 Eng., A. E. F., whose picture we are using in this issue, writes to his brother, Ed Knipe, of the electrical department, that he is in the best of health. Since his enlistment his mother has died. He did not hear the sad news until after he had arrived in France. "I tell you it broke my heart to hear it," he writes. "I am very sorry that it happened when I was so far away." His letter comes nearer to showing the true American spirit than any the Editor has received for a long time. Though downcast by the sad news of his mother's death and suffering such hardships as go with army life in France, he does not dwell long on his own discomfort but starts right in to add a cheering word to his brother and father here. "But brace up, Ed, and be cheerful, because this is all in the game of life and we must take the bitter with the sweet," he writes. He adds a plea for more frequent letters and discusses some of the news he has heard from back home. "I heard that Morse's had a fire, but am glad that everything is all right now and that you have plenty of work," the letter says. "I don't think the war will last much longer. We are having good times over here. We have a Y. M. C. A. and opera now and then and movies three times a week, so you see we are not bad off. The farmers are planting the spring supplies and we are playing ball and picking violets, and it is warm in the day and cool at night and we get three square meals a day and a good place to flop at night, so you see we are living right. Don't forget, we eat candy and smoke. We can speak French pretty good. We are playing ball to-day and I am going to pitch."



Eddie Knipe's Brother



Lieut. James F. Tolson

George Francis Tolson, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Tolson, of 4509 Fifth avenue, who enlisted last June, has recently been made a first lieutenant his father tells us, and has been doing service in France. His father is employed here.

P. J. Kelly, who used to heat rivets here, is aboard the U.S.S. *Ozark*. He writes: "I surely do wish for the time to come when I can return to Morse's and heat rivets again," he says. "Those were the good days. I always see that steamship *Aztec*, on which I heated rivets, and I think often of those days. Some of my old friends will be glad to learn where I am."



John Ohman, Going Over the Top



James Farren (on the right)

A Rattling Good Meeting

By Thomas J. Plunkett

A RATTLING good program was provided at the May entertainment of the Employees' Association; in fact, one of the best since the monthly meetings were started. In the absence of President James MacFarlane, Edward McGibney, of the boiler shop, was elected from the floor to serve as president pro tem, and showed himself a master hand at the game.

During the business session, which preceded the entertainment, various matters were taken up, and the different committees made their monthly reports, the more important of which will be found elsewhere in THE DIAL.

The entertainment was greatly enjoyed.

Eddie Clark, the well-known tramp juggler, amused with his comedy. Prof. Joe Small's revue, including five pretty little girls all under sixteen years of age, was warmly applauded. One of the prettiest was the niece of our heavyweight harmonist, "Bill" Lansing, of the rigging department. The girls danced and sang and the entire act was thoroughly enjoyed.

Tommy Coppinger, of the pipe shop, sang a few of his popular selections, accompanied by Frank Shear, of the timekeepers, and was encored enthusiastically.

The next attraction was a lively wrestling bout between Young Munday, the "Italian Terror," and Jean Bruce, of our carpenter shop. The two battled furiously every minute. The spectators, at the end of fifteen minutes, shouted for more, but Munday refused to continue. He did accept Bruce's challenge for a return match at the next meeting, to be fought to a finish. Be on hand for it, fellows, for the next is bound to be a "corker."

Three boxing bouts were then staged between Jos Sullivan and George Gilbert, Young Tack, of Bay Ridge, and Johnnie Keyes, of the Ghetto, and "Cowboy" Shands, of the outside machinists, and Henry Pauli, of the inside machinists. Following these bouts came a spectacular three-round mix-up, better called a "Battle Royal," between five colored gentlemen. Dan Shea called them "Gladiators," and believe me, they were. They hammered away at each other until they could stand no longer. When the final bell was rung they were strewn all over the floor of the ring. It was some evening, boys, and one that will never be forgotten. If you can see better entertainments than ours at double the price (five cents a week), we don't know where. Speak to the newcomers about attending the next affair, which will be held June 26, in the assembly room on the top floor of the carpenter shop.



Miss Daly Taking Red Cross Subscriptions

Walter K. Crawford, for four years superintendent of the hull department, has resigned. Howard Saunders, of the Estimating department, another old timer, has also left the employment of the Company.

A Word from Miss Jensen

Since the beginning of the war prices of glass, bottles, and all surgical supplies have jumped 200 per cent. Some articles have gone even higher, and others are not obtainable at any price. We have always given our hospital patients free medicine and supplies, and have loaned to many of them such things as ice-bags, hot-water bags, crutches, bottles, etc., on condition that they be returned to us. Unless some of the men who have received these articles and are now with them . . . turn the articles to the hospital, we will not be able to supply patients in the future. As the Government needs all the surgical supplies it can obtain for our boys over there, this step will be necessary.



How We Looked in the Red Cross Parade on May 20

Unique Concert

As a benefit for the French sailors and marines who have been with us, a unique concert was held on Saturday, June 9, on the Morse Oval, the famous Republique Garde Band from France playing a program of unusual merit. The concert was arranged as a special attraction at the ball game between the Morse team and the Submarine Boat club. It is to be regretted that a more liberal patronage was not accorded the affair. The band, which is touring this country by special permission of the French government, has attracted very large crowds wherever it has appeared, and the tickets for its entertainments have sold as high as $5. Every effort was made to bring out a large attendance at the concert, but there seemed to be more interest in the ball game than in the concert, and the affair did not bring in as much as it was hoped would be raised. However, through the liberality of several individuals, the French sailors and marines were supplied with tobacco.

Outing Is Abandoned

UNPRECEDENTED conditions have made it advisable to abandon the annual outing of the Morse employees this year. The outing committee has canvassed the situation thoroughly, and found it impossible to make arrangements for such a gathering as was contemplated.

The main obstacle was the inability of the committee to find a pleasure park large enough to accommodate the great crowd which would turn out. Witzel's Grove, College Point, L. I., which has hitherto served the purpose, is not available, because the management of that park cannot obtain waiters, cooks, supplies and materials enough to handle a big gathering. The managers of all other parks are in the same predicament.

Another obstacle was the lack of excursion boats to convey the Morse picnickers to the park. The committee found that it was impossible to arrange accommodations for more than 1,500 persons, and, much to the regret of all concerned, it was finally decided to give up the idea of holding a joint outing of all the departments this year.

In place of the joint field day, there will be several outings conducted by the different departments.

One of the biggest will be the carnival and picnic under the management of the shipfitters, at Ulmer Park and Athletic Field, at Bensonhurst-by-the-Sea, on July 20. Michael J. Leonard is chairman of the committee of arrangements. Having seen over 18 years' experience in the show and amusement business, Mr. Leonard knows the game, and plans to put across one of the best affairs of the season. The park and grove will be opened at 10 o'clock in the morning for the reception of the women and children and other guests. Special attention has been given toward providing a good program for them. Games are planned and there will be free distribution of toys to every child under twelve years of age. Dancing will be held from 3 P.M. until 1 A.M.

An attractive program of sports has been announced. There will be running races, and several freak contests, including a fat man's race, in which Tom Cavanaugh and George Honeyman are expected to shine as particular stars. A potato race for women and a shoe race will be other events. Loving cups will be given as prizes.

A special feature will be the tug-of-war between the carpenters and joiners against the riggers. In the evening the Morse band will furnish a concert, and there will be a cabaret of high-class vaudeville. A special revue at midnight will end the day. The tickets are 25 cents, including war tax, for adults, and 20 cents for children.

The pipe shop boys held an outing at Mariendale Park, in Maspeth, L. I., on June 22; the machinists and blacksmiths at Midland Park, Grant City, Staten Island.



Miss Barton Helping Some of the Boys to Do Their Bit for the Red Cross

THE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, and to the interests of the firm.

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor

The Editor's office is located in the Employment Bureau, where he may be reached by telephone or in person.

Matter intended for any given issue must reach the Editor not later than the 15th of the preceding month.

Notify the Employment Bureau promptly of any change of residence, giving old as well as new address.

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All communications should be addressed to B. E. Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn.

Vol. 1 JUNE—JULY, 1918 No. 6

We Must Prepare Ourselves for Greater Sacrifices

The stern command of Uncle Sam has gone into many Brooklyn homes of late, and we are beginning to realize more fully the true seriousness of the task that confronts us. Several days ago little bands of sturdy youths marched away from their families to enter the draft camps, replacing those who had been called to the colors earlier, and mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, paused in their daily routine to bid them good-by.

It is blood-curdling to read of the atrocities of the Kaiser and his infernal gang of murderers, and it stirs the heart deeply to hear of the suffering which has been spread over the world by the ambitions of a degenerate monarch, but nothing has more effectively borne home to the average American family the true meaning of the war than the draft. When Uncle Sam says "I want you," and takes from the home a youth who has been the pride and joy of a mother's heart, we can then best understand just what this war means. And now that we are beginning to understand more fully, let us all steel ourselves for the greater ordeals that are to come; let us all prepare for the day when even greater sacrifices are called for.

To the neighbor whose son has been called to the colors, let us give a helping hand and a cheery smile. For the son who has gone, let us give our prayers; and to both the neighbor and the son, let us here in this shipyard give our best in our daily tasks, so that we can make easier the lot of both. This war will not be won until a spirit of real sacrifice invades every home in the land, every industry, and every patriotic heart.

* * *

Chairman E. N. Hurley, of the United States Shipping Board, does not favor riveting contests carried to the point of speeding up one man's work at the expense of the general efficiency of the plant. "The record for a month is much more important than a record for a day," said Mr. Hurley, speaking in public recently, and we are inclined to agree with him.

* * *

Courtesy is the eye that overlooks your friend's broken gateway, but sees the rose that blossoms in his garden.

Selected.

Innocent Women and Children Need Our Help

One of the employees in the yard showed the Editor a letter he had rereceived from his wife, who is in England. In the letter mention was made of the German air raids in which innocent women and children are usually the victims.

"Thank God we are still safe," wrote this worried mother, speaking of herself and her little boy, "but bombs have fallen very close to us, and we never go to bed at night but what we think of how uncertain is life in this war-ridden world."

When we read those words the thought came to us of how it remains for every one of us to do his full share in trying to break the German menace. Even though we have no relative or friend across the water in imminent danger, here in our midst are fellow-workers who have, and whose welfare should actuate us to work in their behalf. That means driving home two rivets instead of one, or three instead of two; it means that the more we can do on the ships the Government so badly needs, the more we help the wives and children of our co-workers, and don't forget we are also helping to keep the Hun from our own shores.

* * *

Patriotism

I MEAN to stand upon the Constitution. I need no other platform. I shall know but one country. The ends I aim at shall be my country's, my God's, and Truth's. I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American; and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career. I mean to do this with absolute disregard of personal consequences. What are personal consequences? What is the individual man, with all the good or evil that may betide him, in comparison with the good or evil which may befall a great country in a crisis like this, and in the midst of great transactions which concern that country's fate? Let the consequences be what they will, I am careless. No man can suffer too much, and no man can fall too soon, if he suffer or if he fall in defense of the liberties and Constitution of his country.

—*Daniel Webster, July* 17, 1850.

* * *

A Helper—a Giver—a Man

By Estelle Barene

My sorrow that I am not in "The Yard,"
Near the blue waters that cap in the bay
And the sound of the workers whose strength and skill
Send many a ship upon its glorious way,
For there I see, what I wish I might be—
A helper—a giver—a man,
With God to uphold me—my work to enfold me
And my heart for my native land!
My sorrow that I am not in "The Yard,"
The impaired ships to help make anew
For what could be finer,
Or what could be kinder,
Than a worker and patriot, too?

"Church" Has New Bell

A new parish house has been added to the Morse "Chapel," or "Church," as it is more popularly called, and thanks to the main office, a new Bell (Lucian T.) has been installed there. Great doings are expected from the edifice from now on, and among other things, we hear talk of a big revival being planned.

Rev. Dr. Frank Whitman will continue throughout the month of June and July the splendid sermons which have made the "Church" so popular. His preachment on "How do you get that way?" has attracted widespread interest.

CHURCH NOTES

There was a mysterious 'phone call from a young female for a fellow named "Bill," recently. Will the guilty "Bill" kindly come forth.

Talk about Fifth avenue and Forty-second street for business, I guess Church avenue and Bell street is some crowded little corner between twelve and one o'clock each day.

This department sure has a pair of gold-dust twins in J. Weldon and W. McCarthy. Their daily trips to the carpenter and pipe shops respectively, remind one of an Erie R. R. schedule.

V. E. Burke, our smallest member and biggest kicker, has another grievance. Vinnie says everybody picks on him. Just as he gets the troublesome hull department pay roll all straight, the employment bureau starts changing numbers again.

J. Weldon has just blown himself to a vacation, and turned the carpenters' pay roll over to John Reddy. We always thought those boys were good friends.

We wish to express our thanks for the new water cooler. May its sparkling waters always flow in abundance, and drown our shortage sorrows.

Rollo Stiers is a new member of the choir.

Final Notice

Will all men carrying cards around in their pockets for the month of May kindly turn them in? We do not care very much for ancient history.

The Reasons

S Slips for inefficiency.
H Holding cards up.
O Omitting distribution.
R Ringing out on a wrong clock.
T Taking cards home.

A Sermon in Rhyme

This little church
We want kept clean,
In word and deed and thought,
So please beware
And do not swear
When you come here short.

Was Gassed Twice

Gassed twice and wounded permanently in the right leg, Frank Gaisford, one of our new burners, tells an interesting story of life in the front-line trenches of France. Gaisford, who is twenty-seven years old, and a former Decatur, Ill., youth, joined the 19th Battalion of the Canadian army four years ago. He has seen about all of the horrors of war, and has experienced practically all of the hardship. Being still under military jurisdiction, he is not able to write an account of his experiences.

A Worthy Organization





Pictures Taken by our Staff Photographer



Mrs. E. P. Morse, Sr., Is the Lady in Civilian Clothes in the Middle Picture

MEMBERS of the Brooklyn chapter of the Motor Corps of America, an organization of women who have patriotically offered their services to the Government, paid us a visit on May 14 to interest us in their work. Mr. Hall, of our office staff, spoke about the corps and appealed to the employees to give their support to an entertainment held in the Brooklyn Academy of Music on the night of May 20, the proceeds of which have been used for the purchase of an ambulance. Many tickets for this entertainment were sold among the men and the Morse Company was well represented in the audience that witnessed the delightful performance. Members of the Motor Corps have sent through Mrs. Morse, Sr., an expression of thanks to the Morse employees for their generous response.

The Ocean Publishing Company, of New York, has in preparation a textbook for beginners in shipfitting, of which Walter K. Crawford is the author. The book will be ready for distribution at an early date.

Among Our Office Boys

By Snickers

Bert Hudson really helped Hallstein run off a work-list, but there is fear that he may have to stay home a week to recuperate.

While strolling past the dry dock the other day, I noticed several carpenters repairing it. The weight of Sohlstrom's shoes must have proven too great.

We notice a slim young lady in Room 3 with a keen disposition for stout timekeepers.

Did you notice Mr. Leonard Duncan lately? Take a look at his new handmade shoes.

Some of us office boys are going to ask Mr. Miller if he won't provide us with uniforms. With so many sailors around it is hard for us to get any attention from the girls.

Will someone kindly inform our Marion as to the whereabouts of the *USS. Canonicus*, as she is planning her vacation.

John Hanley (Room 12) claims his father is an alderman of this district. Don't feel so bad about it, John; we can understand perfectly well how you feel about it.

French Sailors Entertained

On Sunday, June 2, the famous Republique Garde Band paid a visit to the French sailors on board the French cruiser which was in dock over here. The band came over in two Fifth Avenue busses, and gave a concert aboard the cruiser. Jules Gerneay, of the superintendent's staff, was host for the band, and a dinner was served at the completion of the concert.

Plan Safety First Week

The Accident Prevention Committee, of which John Sjursen is chairman, has plans under way for a safety first week to be held at an early date. It is believed that if the importance of being careful can be emphasized, and the men in the yard can be made to realize that taking unnecessary chances is dangerous, a step toward reducing the number of yard accidents can be made. Nine out of ten accidents which occur in the yard are due to the carelessness of some person or persons. The committee already has in hand the matter of providing better doors for the boiler shop and signs at the hatches on the various ships, and shields have been purchased and distributed in the blacksmith and burning departments. If anyone can offer suggestions of help to the committee, it is asked that they do so. The other members of the committee are: George Hamilton, pipe shop; Carleton Barrett, burner; Robert Olsen, electrician; Edward Ennis, outside machinist.



Mr. and Mrs. John Griffin and Children of 5809 Third Avenue

In this picture we see four good reasons why Miss Jensen and her hospital staff won in the Liberty Loan drive. Mrs. Griffin and children came all the way to the plant to buy Liberty Bonds from Miss Jensen.

Headed for the Pacific Coast

THE shipyard baseball league hinted at in the April issue of THE DIAL has become a reality. Eight clubs comprise the league, and a splendid start has been made in developing a baseball alliance that will rival some of the professional organizations. Already the major league magnates are beginning to howl for fear of lost patronage.

The idea of a shipyard baseball league originated with A. R. Parkhurst, secretary of the National Service Section of the U. S. Shipping Board, and through his efforts the "Shipyard Baseball League of the New York District," has come into being and, if you please, the Morse club, at the present writing, holds top place in the league standing.

The league is conducted under the supervision and with the full support of the United States Shipping Board, which has organized leagues in other sections of the country. In the league for the New York district, the following shipyards are represented: Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company; Robins Dry Dock Company; Downey Shipbuilding Corporation, Staten Island; Staten Island Shipbuilding Corporation, Staten Island; Standard Shipbuilding Corporation, Staten Island; Submarine Boat Corporation, Newark Bay; Federal Shipbuilding Company, Newark, and the Newburgh Shipyards, Newburgh, N. Y.

Ed. Ruelbach, employment manager of the Submarine Boat Corporation, of Newark Bay, N. J., has been elected president of the league; H. Benner, of the Morse Company, vice-president; Edward Hartnett, of the Staten Island Shipbuilding Company, secretary, and J. Taylor, of the Robins Dry Dock Company, treasurer. Each club has put up a substantial guarantee, which binds it to remain in the league and complete its schedule. which calls for fourteen games, seven at home and seven abroad. The winners of the league championship will play the winners of the Philadelphia and Boston districts to decide the Atlantic Coast championship, and the team which wins will be sent at the expense of the U. S. Shipping Board, it is expected, to the Pacific coast to play the shipyards there.

With the splendid start that the Morse team has made, we have high hopes that our boys will be the ones to cross the continent. One thing which will help a whole lot is the support which the team receives from the employees of the yard. It remains for everyone to turn out for the games, and to do some real rooting.

AT the last monthly meeting of the Employees' Association, the resignation of Ed. Knipe as manager was announced, and Cy. MacLaurin, foreman of the carpenter shop, was elected his successor. MacLaurin had previously been elected booking manager. Following MacLaurin's election the Association voted to purchase two flags, one an American flag, and the other a Morse Oval pennant. A flagpole has been placed in the field of our new baseball diamond, at Fifty-first street and Second avenue; new stands, with a seating capacity of 4,000, have been erected and fences built. With the aid of an experienced groundkeeper, it is hoped to make the Morse Oval one of the best athletic fields in the city. Shower baths have been installed in the dressing-room in the carpenter shop for the accommodation of the players.

WITH the promise of something worth while to fight for, Manager MacLaurin started out to organize a club that would hold its own with the best.

In addition to the regular league games, the Morse team will play independent clubs, having arranged a series of games for Saturday or Sunday afternoons. The home league games will be played on Saturday afternoons, and the away games on Sundays. Among the strong independent teams which will be taken on are the Lincoln Giants and the Royal Giants, Farmers and such teams.

MUCH to the delight of everyone concerned, the first league game scheduled for the Morse club was with the Robins club. The keen rivalry which has always existed between these yards helped matters along, and a real clash was anticipated by everyone. The game was played on Saturday, June 1, it being necessary to depart from the regular schedule because of previous bookings. Word was wafted from down Erie Basin way that the Robins crowd was going to do us up so badly nothing more would be heard from the Morse team for the rest of the season. Stories went the rounds that the Erie Basin bunch had signed up the best baseball players between here and kingdom come, and it was avowed with a vengeance, so we were told, that the Robins didn't care a worm whether they won another game so long as they gobbled us up in the right way. "Why they've got Joe Lake, the old Brooklyn club player, down there organizing their team," we were informed, and so the "dope" was passed along. To hear the curbstone gahoots talk, the Morse club was going to get an awful drubbing.

Something like 8,000 persons turned out for the game, the Erie Basin crowd bringing along a good number of rooters. This is the biggest attendance ever recorded at any base ball game in Bay Ridge. The Morse band was on hand to liven things up, and Mr. Morse, Jr., threw out the first ball.

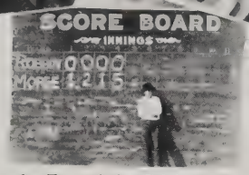
The visitors went to bat with Pennington twirling for us. The only dark clouds of the whole game came in that very first inning. Robins filled the bags, with not a man down, and Pennington found himself in a tight hole. The Robins rooters began to holler their heads off. Oh! boy! they had the game won right then and there—but, wait a minute, something happened. One of the Robins batsmen hit a liner out to right field. Sacks covered it in a jiffy, and before one could get their eyes twisted in the right direction, Lobee had tagged a base runner out at second on Sacks's throw in. It was a snappy double-play. Mudhenk then



How They Turned Out for the Robins Game



Some of the Distinguished Personages at the Game on June 1



Robins Rooters as They Looked Before the 4th Inning

Pennington who Turned the Trick and What the Score Board Looked Liked in the Fourth

put down at first the next man up, and the Robins rooters became silent.

The score almost tells the rest of the story. The Morse players landed right and left on the ball for five straight innings, polling five runs in the fourth inning and six in the fifth. They got nineteen hits during the game. Robins used three pitchers in an effort to hold our sluggers down. Pennington pitched air-tight ball, keeping the hits he allowed well scattered. A single by Speers, a double by Joe Lake, and a one-base hit by Campbell brought in the only two runs the Robins were able to get.

THE next league game was played with Ed. Ruelbach's Submarine Boat club on the Morse Oval. Ruelbach's boys made a worse showing than did the Robins team, but in all fairness it should be explained that the Submarine Boat club is greatly handicapped in not having a baseball field to practice on. Besides that, they had played but one game before coming up against the Morse club. Their first game was with the Federals, in Jersey City. They won by a score of 5 to 2, and came to Bay Ridge the following week quite hopeful. Their confidence was short-lived, however, when it was discovered that Pennington had something on the ball which made it impossible for them to connect. He held the visitors in hand throughout the day. Lowe pitched for the visitors, and had he had better support might have been more effective. Ruelbach replaced O'Malley at first base after the first few innings, during which O'Malley frittered away



Mr. Morse, Jr., and a Party of Morse's Rooters

half a dozen chances, aided and abetted by the poor throws he had to contend with. Ruelbach let the very first man by him, and got a lot of good-natured jeering, but tightened up after that and held the sack firm.

THE third game played by the Morse team in the shipyard series was the best, the Downey team putting up a better fight than the two teams previously played. Our boys won by the score of 5 to 1, but the outcome of the game remained in doubt up to the sixth inning. Pennington pitched a splendid game, walking only one man, allowing but two hits and striking out nine. There were three thousand spectators on hand at Alaskan field in West New Brighton where the game was played. About five hundred Morse employees made the journey to back up their team. The Morse band and also the Downey band livened things up considerably. The ragged umpiring of Johnstone, a National League umpire, was one of the sad features of the game. In the ninth inning Bunny Dwyer slid home as safe as anything could be, but Johnstone called him out. Burke and Dwyer objected to the decision and were ordered off the field. Bonguro, Downey's short stop, grabbed a hot liner which Dwyer sent his way from out of the air and stepped onto second base, making a snappy double play, unassisted.

Speed-Up, the magazine published by the Submarine Boat Corporation for its employees, lays the defeat of the Submarine team to the fact that a "Morse photographer," took a picture of the team before the game. Of course a poor excuse is better than none, and it really doesn't do any harm now and then to work that old jinx stuff.

GAMES played with independent clubs were as follows:

May 18—Morse, 12; Chathams, 6.

May 25—Morse, 4; Sunsets, 3.

May 29—Morse, 9; New York Colored Giants, 3.

June 2—Morse, 3; Crescent Club, 8.

June 9—Morse, 11; Ridgewood A. C., 4.

WE hear it said that the Standard club is a mighty strong one. They put over a surprise on the Siscos in their first game, winning, 6 to 2. The Sisco boys are known in the league as "the millionaires." They had done considerable practicing and were quite confident. Downey trimmed Newburgh in the first game, and beat Standard in the second game.

Where played, Alaskan Oval, Staten Island; Date, June 16, 1918.

Following are the box scores of the three games played thus far in the shipyard league as furnished by George F. Keenan, our official scorer:



ROBINS DRY DOCK.

	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Knox, 2d b.	4	0	0	4	5	1
Kane, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Speers, 3d b.	4	1	2	2	2	1
Lake, 1st b.	4	1	3	8	0	0
Campbell, c. f.	4	0	2	1	0	0
Wilder, l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Busher, s. s.	4	0	0	3	2	0
Cullen, c.	4	0	2	3	1	0
Dunn, p.	1	0	0	2	0	1
Baumann, p.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Quinn, p.	2	0	0	0	1	0
Hazel, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.	36	2	10	24	11	3

MORSE DRY DOCK B. B. C.

	A..B	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Dwyer, l. f.	4	2	3	0	0	0
Meyers, c. f.	6	2	2	0	0	0
Sacks, r. f.	4	3	2	2	1	0
Lobee, 2d b.	5	0	1	2	2	1
Mundhenk, 1st b.	4	2	2	8	0	0
Reimann, s. s.	5	1	2	2	1	0
Burke, 3d b.	4	2	1	0	0	0
Damm c.	4	1	3	12	2	0
Pennington, p.	4	2	3	0	0	0
Harter, r. f.	1	0	0	0	2	0
Totals.	41	15	19	*26	7	1

*Cullen out, hit by batted ball.

Robins	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	—2
Morse	1	2	1	5	6	0	0	0	x	—15

Two-base hits—Dwyer, Sacks, 2, Lobee, Damm, Lake. Sacrifice hits—Dwyer, Burke. Sacrifice fly—Burke. Stolen bases—Lobee, Mudhenk, Reimann, Burke, Speers. Double plays—Sacks and Lobee; Knox unassisted. Bases on balls—Off Dunn, 4; off Baumann, 1. Struck out—By Pennington, 11; by Dunn, 1; by Quinn, 1. Wild pitch—Baumann. Hits—Off Dunn, 8 in 3 innings; off Baumann, 6 in 1⅔ innings; off Quinn, 5 in 3⅓ innings. Umpire—Mr. Neuer.

SUBMARINE BOAT B. B. C.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Mayer, s. s.	1	0	2	1	1
J. Cull, l. f.	1	1	1	0	0
G. Cull, c. f.	1	2	1	0	0
Grinnell, c.	0	1	6	2	0
Gracie, 2d b.	0	1	1	3	0
Green, r. f.	0	0	0	1	1
O'Malley, 1st b.	0	0	3	0	2
Thevant, 3d b.	0	1	3	1	1
Lowe, p.	0	0	0	6	2
Reulbach, 1st b.	0	0	7	0	1
Totals.	3	6	24	14	8

MORSE DRY DOCK B. B. C.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Dwyer, c. f.	2	3	1	0	0
Mundhenk, 1st b.	0	0	8	1	0
Burke, 2d b.	0	1	2	3	0
Sacks, l. f.	0	2	2	0	0
Brill, 3d b.	2	0	1	2	1
Reimann, s. s.	2	2	2	2	1
Meyer, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Damm, c.	2	0	11	3	0
Pennington, p.	0	1	0	0	0
Totals.	9	9	27	11	2

Submarine Boat Co.	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	—3
Morse Dry Dock	0	3	1	2	3	0	0	0	*	—9

Left on bases—Submarine, 1; Morse, 8. Two-base hits—J. Cull, 1; Sacks, 1; Three-base hits—Grinnell. Sacrifice hits—Mundhenk, 2, Meyer, Damm, Pennington. First base on errors—Submarine, 2; Morse, 4. Stolen bases—Dwyer, 2; Mundhenk, Sacks, Brill, Thevant. Double play—Thevant, unassisted. Bases on balls—Off Lowe, 8. Struck out—By Lowe, 5; by Pennington, 11. Passed ball—Grinnell. Umpire—Mr. Lewis. Time of game—2 hours.

One of the most enjoyable gatherings participated in by members of the executive force of the Company was held on the night of May 14, when a dinner was given in honor of the thirty-seventh birthday anniversary of E. P. Morse, Jr., the attendance being limited to those who have long been associated with Mr. Morse, and affectionately referred to by him as his "old staff."

MORSE DRY DOCK B. B. C.

	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Dwyer, c. f.	5	0	1	3	0	0
Mundahk, 1st b.	4	1	0	8	0	1
Burke, r. f.	3	2	2	2	0	0
Grant, 2d b.	4	0	1	3	2	1
Sacks, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Brill, 3d b.	4	1	1	0	1	0
Reimann, s. s.	2	0	1	2	5	0
Damm, c.	3	0	0	9	3	0
Pennington, p.	3	1	2	0	1	0
Gans, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Meyers, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0	0
*Gans batted for Burke in 9th inning						
Totals.	33	5	8	27	12	2

DOWNEY SHIP

	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Bonaguro, s. s.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Main, c. & l. f.	3	0	0	8	3	1
Hauck, 3d b.	4	0	0	0	3	0
Geiser, c. f.	4	0	0	0	1	1
Hayes, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Campbell, 1st b.	3	0	0	11	1	0
Manning, 2d b.	3	1	1	2	2	0
Nested, c.	0	0	0	2	0	0
Holborrow, p.	2	0	0	1	4	0
Mattern.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Totals.	29	1	2	27	14	2

Morse D. D. B. B. C.	0	1	0	0	1	0	2	0	1	—5
Downey Ship	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Left on bases—Morse, 8; Downey, 3. Two-base hits—Mattern, Grant, Pennington. Three-base hits, Burke. Sacrifice hits—Damm. First base on errors—Morse, 1; Downey, 2. Stolen bases—Dwyer, 1; Reimann, 2; Grant, 1. Double plays—Bonaguro, unassisted. Bases on balls—Off Holborrow, 6; off Pennington, 1. Struck out—By Holborrow, 7; by Pennington, 9. Hit by pitchers—By Holborrow—Grant. Hits—Off Holborrow, 8; off Pennington, 2. Sacrifice fly—Holborrow. Umpire—Mr. Johnstone. Time of game—2 hrs. 30 min. Attendance, 3,500.

Here is the standing of the shipyard league:

Team	*Won*	*L.*	*Pc.*
Morse	3	0	1000
Downey	2	1	666
Submarine	1	2	333
Standard	2	1	660
Robins	1	2	333
Federal	1	2	333
Staten Island	1	2	333
Newburgh	1	2	333

SHIPYARD LEAGUE SCHEDULE
With Results up to June 23

First Round

Saturday, June 1—Morse, 15; Robins, 2.
Sunday, June 2—Standard 6; Sisco, 2.
Sunday, June 2—Submarine, 5; Federal, 2.
Sunday, June 2—Downey, 5; Newburgh, 1.
Saturday, June 8—Morse, 9; Submarine, 3.
Sunday, June 9—Downey, 3; Standard, 0.
Sunday, June 9—Federal, 6; Newburgh, 5.
Saturday, June 15—Robins, 11; Sisco, 8.
Sunday, June 16—Morse, 5; Downey, 1.
Sunday, June 16—Sisco, 8; Federal, 3.
Sunday, June 16—Standard, 11; Submarine, 1.
Sunday June 16—Newburgh, 6; Robins, 4 (ten innings).
Sunday, June 23—Morse vs. Sisco, at Brooklyn.
Sunday, June 23—Newburgh vs. Submarine, at Newburgh.
Sunday, June 23—Standard vs. Robins, at West New Brighton.
Sunday, June 23—Federal vs. Downey, at Newark.
Sunday, June 30—Morse vs. Newburgh, at Newburgh.
Sunday, June 30—Downey vs. Sisco, at Port Richmond.
Sunday, June 30—Robins vs. Submarine, a Brookly .
Sunday, June 30—Federal vs. Standard, at Newark.
Sunday, July 7—Morse vs. Federal, at Brooklyn.
Sunday, July 7—Standard vs. Newburgh, at West New Brighton.
Sunday, July 7—Downey vs. Robins, at Port Richmond.
Sunday, July 7—Submarine vs. Sisco, at Newark.
Saturday, July 13—Morse vs. Standard, at Brooklyn.
Sunday, July 14—Sisco vs. Newburgh, at Port Richmond.
Sunday, July 14—Submarine vs. Downey, at Newark.
Sunday, July 14—Robins vs. Federal, at Brooklyn.

Second Round

Sunday, July 21—Morse vs. Standard, at West New Brighton.
Sunday, July 21—Federal vs. Robins, at Newark.
Sunday, July 21—Downey vs. Submarine, at Port Richmond.
Sunday, July 21—Newburgh vs. Sisco, at Newburgh.
Sunday, July 28—Morse vs. Sisco, at Port Richmond.
Sunday, July 28—Submarine vs. Newburgh, at Newark.
Sunday, July 28—Robins vs. Standard, at Brooklyn.
Sunday, July 28—Downey vs. Federal, at West New Brighton.
Sunday, August 5—Morse vs. Newburgh, at Brooklyn.
Sunday, August 5—Sisco vs. Downey, at Port Richmond.
Sunday, August 5—Submarine vs. Robins, at Newark.
Sunday, August 5—Standard vs. Federal, at West New Brighton.
Sunday, August 12—Morse vs. Submarine, at Newark.
Sunday, August 12—Downey vs. Standard, at West New Brighton.
Sunday, August 12—Newburgh vs. Federal, at Newburgh.
Sunday, August 12—Sisco vs. Robins, at Port Richmond.
Sunday, August 19—Morse vs. Federal, at Newark.
Sunday, August 19—Robins vs. Downey, at Brooklyn.
Sunday, August 19—Sisco vs. Submarine, at Port Richmond.
Sunday, August 19—Newburgh vs. Standard, at Newburgh.
Sunday, August 26—Morse vs. Robins, at Brooklyn.
Sunday, August 26—Standard vs. Sisco, at West New Brighton.
Sunday, August 26—Submarine vs. Federal, at Newark.
Sunday, August 26—Downey vs. Newburgh, at Port Richmond.
Sunday, September 2—Morse vs. Downey, at Brooklyn.
Sunday, September 2—Federal vs. Sisco, at Newark.
Sunday, September 2—Standard vs. Submarine, at West New Brighton.
Sunday, September 2—Newburgh vs. Robins, at Newburgh.

Save Your Dials

For the accommodation of those who desire to preserve their copies of The Dial, a number of binders have been purchased, and are being sold at exactly what it cost to buy them, $1.25. The binders are made of maroon colored cloth, made to hold from one to twelve copies of The Dial. The words "Morse Dry Dock Dial" are printed in gilt on the outside cover, and the book is so arranged that the magazines can be inserted in it without damage to them. Anyone interested in the binders can buy them at the office of the Editor in the Employment Bureau. Call in and see them.

"Morse used Herb Pennington, the former Newark International Leaguer, in the box. Pennington pitched good ball, but we'll get him next time."—*Speed-up* (*Submarine Boat Magazine.*)

His name is George, brothers, and we don't think you will "get him next time" unless you bring along a much better team.

Fire Prevention Plans

FIRE prevention is such an important matter the Association committee, which has been seeking some means of providing satisfactory protection, has engaged the services of an experienced fire-fighter. James Devlin, for many years a member of the Brooklyn Fire Department, is now with us, and will perfect the organization of the chemical companies, which have done such splendid work, even in the short time of their existence. It will be Mr. Devlin's task to see that the fire-pails that have been distributed in the different shops are kept filled, and that inflammable rubbish and material is properly cared for, and to look after other phases of fire protection.

Henry Pauli, chairman of the fire prevention committee, states that the committee desires every employee in the yard to coöperate with Mr. Devlin in his work. "If anyone can give him or the committee a helpful suggestion, we would appreciate it, he stated."

Mr. Devlin says that the plan of handling fires, which has been in operation the past several weeks, will be continued for a short time, until a more satisfactory alarm and bell system can be installed. The old arrangement of whistle signals will continue until then. Another chemical wagon or two will be purchased and placed in service.

Written reports of all fires in the yard are to be submitted by Mr. Devlin. One of the most disastrous fires that has occurred since the big fire of December 3, was on June 5, when a hot rivet, thrown, or accidentally dropped, into the oil-covered water between the ships *Pampas* and *Irytsh*, set fire to the oil and caused the death of two employees, Otto Kloppert, No. 26,589, aged thirty-two years, of 1330 Herkimer street, and Edward Ruddy, No. 26,551, aged thirty-one, of 365 Hoyt street. Mr. Devlin reports that the five chemical companies, upon receiving the alarm, responded quickly and extinguished the flames without the aid of city apparatus, with the exception of a small blaze, which floated away from the pier beyond reach and was extinguished by the fireboat *William J. Gaynor*. The flames flared up so quickly the clothing of Kloppert and Ruddy was set afire before the two men could gain safety from the scaffolding on which they were at work. The scaffolding ropes were burned, dropping the men into the flaming mass below them.

How to Get Your Pay

CHARLES G. HALL, of the executive department, speaking in behalf of a committee which had been chosen to assist the Company management in the task of arranging better paying-off conditions, reported at the May meeting of the Employees' Association the progress that has been made in this direction. He said that an attempt had been made to remedy some of the unpleasant features of the past by the introduction of a new system.

The committee was chosen from among members of the Board of Directors of the Association to confer with A. V. Miller, the auditor, and R. R. Piper, paymaster, and a conference was held which resulted in the following arrangement, as announced by Paymaster Piper.

On Saturdays during June, July and August, the entire yard will be paid at twelve o'clock. Employees will be paid for the full five hours worked.

The Paymaster's office will be closed on Saturdays from 9.30 A.M., until 12 NOON, and no payments of any description will be made during that period.

Employees who have had no time since Wednesday will be paid at the "Church," but must go to the Employment office to be cleared as to buttons and tool checks before obtaining their pay.

Employees working Saturday who did not work Thursday or Friday, will not be required to go to the Employment office, but must have their Saturday's time card properly punched by the timekeeper, and will obtain their pay by presenting time card at the "Church."

Employees must lay their buttons on the window ledge at the pay booths where they can be plainly seen by the paymasters.

All time orders, shortages, unclaimed wages, button refunds, etc., will be paid at the "Church."

Work like Helen B. Happy.

Improving Insurance Plan

THE Relief Committee of the Employees' Association, under whose charge the insurance plan is operated, reported at the May meeting of the Association that there were up to that date, 1,400 employees insured. It was stated that a more satisfactory policy was being prepared, and that there were plans ahead for an insurance drive, in which an effort would be made to enroll a greater number of employees. The insurance company, through which our insurance is provided, has given our insurance clerk, Charles H. Kling, clerical assistance, in order to avoid delays in paying claims, and the company has also given a new policy document. These can be had upon application at the Insurance Clerk's office in the Employment Bureau.

He's His Daddy's Boy



Harry A. Holland, Jr., 4½ months

When Harry Holland, Mr. Jacobsen's valuable assistant in the copper shop, isn't motor boating, he is toddling this bright little fellow on his knee-eh! that is, when he is at home. He sure is Daddy's boy. Just notice the glint in little Harry's eyes and the interested look on his face.

Revising "Mother Goose"

A. Wood, of Room 15, spends his spare time in revising "Mother Goose," and here is one of his latest jingles:

"There was a young woman named Maud,
Who at meals was a terrible fraud.
She never was able to eat at the table,
But out in the pantry—Oh, Lord!"

Do You Know Him?



Harry A. Hanbury

When Mr. Hanbury, the new industrial director, sees this we can imagine an explosion of something to this effect: "Where in thunder did they get that?" Of course, we are not going to tell him, because half the fun of being an Editor is keeping the other fellow guessing. The picture is quite apropos of Mr. Hanbury's new title, that of Industrial Director. It shows that he knows something about industry. The photograph was taken when Mr. Hanbury operated a machine and blacksmith shop on Third avenue near Fortieth street, Brooklyn, in 1884-1902. In the early part of the twentieth century he went into politics and was elected to Congress, as representative of the Bay Ridge district. Next he was appointed Shipping Commissioner for the Port of New York, but after four or five years in that office, the call of industry became so insistent he again embarked in a business career as proprietor of a foundry.

Tango Heels

By Al B. Genovese, Room 15

The lad who used to travel on tango heels,
With his neatly polished shoes, never used to the mud,
Is now hiking for old Glory—while Victory he *sees*,
To serve his country with the rest, in blood;
For his name must be counted in the khaki ranks,
And let everybody know who's who,
To give him all his duty's deserving thanks;
For the things this lad will do;
While marching to democracy with a Yankee Doodle air;
To send all the Huns to a world of despair.

Powell's Pertinent Patter

Perniciously Purloined

By John Powell, the "Dry Dock Poet"

Someone has said the world is growing worse and man more unjust to man each day. I don't believe it—listen to this. After the long drill from the Morse shipyard to Borough Hall and the heat of the day, a bunch of the pipe shop crew sought out a café to quench their thirst. Ten of them occupied one table. Just as they were seated a young pipe-fitter's helper still carrying one of the banners, came in to get a drink of soda and to rest himself, but feeling in his pockets to pay for same, he found his pay, twenty dollars, missing. After a diligent search without success, he came over to our table and inquired if we had found any money. To make a long story short, we soon found out he was the sole support of a mother and in less time than it takes to tell it, $19.50 was collected by the ten men, and the boy went on his way rejoicing. Who said the world is growing worse?

By the present mode of rating, I am very safe in stating, the experiment is one, the best on earth; For if a man is willing, he is capable of filling any rating and receive just what he's worth. Of course there'll be contention and I need not stop to mention, that over-estimation is no crime. But still there's this much in it, that rating puts a limit, and from the skilled and unskilled draws a line. Say, for instance, that you're working and your duty never shirking, and accomplish what's expected every day, while the other fellow's stalling, who as cobbler missed his calling, but still he draws the same amount of pay. But if he shows improvement, his third to first class movement, will be as speedy as he shows the class. And so I'm safe in stating, the present mode of rating is the finest thing that ever came to pass.

A man can be the meanest and the grouchiest
on earth,
He may have been a scoundrel since the first
day of his birth,
His principle may be so small, he'd steal the
widow's mite,
His character stands out as plain as do the
stars at night.
But if he works at Morse's—as mechanic—then
he can
Be rated in his line of work, a first rate man.

I love to hear the older poems, though some-
what changed in rhyme.
The favorite one just now I love, is Bing-em on
the Rhine.

Meet Little Marie

This is little Marie. Her daddy, Otto Rochelle, brought her down to the yard a short time ago to see us, and when the men gathered for one of the noon-hour meetings she asked him all about it. "They are having a parade and a man is going to speak," Otto told her, and ever since then Marie has wanted to come to work with her daddy. Marie was two years old on May 15. She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Rochelle, who live at 648 56th street, Brooklyn. Her papa works in the machine shop and has been an enthusiastic Morse employee for a long time.



I had the pleasure of making the maiden voyage of the protected cruiser Truck 38, commanded by Commodore Porter and Vice-Admiral Davis. The launching was from the garage, from whence we proceeded to the gas house pier, sailed gracefully to First avenue, then to McMahon & Taylor's, and from there to Pier 8. Glad to say there was no engine trouble and the steering gear was in perfect working order. The following week Navigator Fred Harbeck took charge, and with the exception of a few gales, landed the ship for the first time, in the port of Hoboken. Speaking of Vice-Admiral Davis there is this much to say:

"For material, with Davis, ships never are
stuck,
"Unless he's unlucky and can't get a truck."

Here's the way my boy bounds Morse's Ship Yard:

"Morse's shipyard bounded on the north by the war zone desert, the only visible oasis, Sixty-first street and Third avenue. On the south by Staten Island, Bayonne and Belgian Relief ships, waiting for cargoes for Germany. On the east by gas works, torpedo works and long shore work. On the west by an open space of land with a new pier, the Bay Ridge Yacht Club and then more Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co."

I think if the man in war service fully realized the evil effects on his children and future generation a complete Hun victory would bring, the more welcome would be the sound of the whistle announcing the hour when his efforts are called upon for a few hours each day, to make the world safe for democracy for all time.

Liberty Forever

These two patriotic youngsters are the bright children of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy F. Downes, of 188 Sixteenth street. Mr. Downes is employed in the pipe shop. The older boy's name is William. He was six years old when the picture was taken. His brother's name is Timothy, and from all accounts at the age of two and one-half years he was a "chip off the old block," as neighbors are apt to say. This picture came to us with the quotation: "Liberty forever; down with the Huns; buy a Liberty Bond."



Benjamin Duggan, No. 2,606, was coming back from Hoboken on the day the newspapers reported the activity of U-boats in American waters, and found sitting next to him on the subway train a man reading a newspaper printed in German. Now, Ben is little, but oh, my! Snatching the paper from the man, Ben shouted: "If you can't read English, go back to Germany where you belong," and before he was through with the stranger a young riot was fairly well under way. It ended by the Teuton making a hurried getaway at the next stop. Ben's hair has been on ends ever since. "I don't like those d—— Huns," he says.

We Three

The nights are not half so dreary
When Daddy is away,
For a booklet comes to our house
That interrupts our play.

Mother reads such witty things
Which really makes us smile,
This magazine of pleasure
Is Morse Dry Dock Dial.



So here we are,
Our pictures you see.
We are very happy,
Just we three.

We watch for Daddy's coming
By the ticking of the clock,
And know he is all safe and sound,
For he works at Morse Dry Dock.

By Mrs. James Sweithelm.

Praise for John Powell

The following gladsome tribute to our "Dry Dock Poet" was received in the mail the other day from Estelle Barene, wife of Otis E. Barene (No. 9108), and we are passing it along, because we hold the same sentiments about "our John" that Mrs. Barene does; we agree with her that John's election poem was a regular Tiffany beaut. Here is Mrs. Barene's tribute:

TO "HON" JOHN POWELL
"The Dry Dock Poet"

We humbly bow our heads to you
In admiration mute,
Your poem on the election was a gem,
A regular Tiffany beaut.

So welcome to those marble halls,
And take your place among
Those celebrated poets whose names
Are honored and loudly sung.

Miss VanDunk

This young lady is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley VanDunk, of 5803 Fifth avenue. Her daddy is employed here as an outside machinist's helper and has been with us for a long time. Mildred likes ponies, as the picture indicates, but apparently she likes birdies too, because she was looking very sharply, you will note, for the birdie children are told to watch when they have their picture taken.





A handsome reward has been offered for the person or persons who can raise a smile out of "Dean Mayston."

⚜

We hope that that "choir" in Room 3 gets beyond the embryonic stage some day.

⚜

Since Weismann joined the draft army he has been sending cards to his friends urging them to enlist. We wonder what kept him waiting so long.

⚜

Rottach, in Room 3, is now bringing his lunch every day. Perhaps he is trying to make up the price of that fine new uniform he is wearing.

⚜

Marion Hayes was seen hanging on the side of a ship, crying very heartily, the day of the Red Cross drive. We wonder if she thought she was climbing to the side of dear old *Canonicus*, and that her tears were those of joy.

⚜

The office girls extend their congratulations to Margaret Shea. We notice her sporting a new diamond ring on the third finger of her left hand.

⚜

J. Whalen, who is one of Mr. Linoki's valuable assistants, is preparing an essay on "The Value of Experience."

⚜

They tell us that Frank Whitman dined at the "Hawvard Club" in his working togs a few nights ago. Some class to Frank.

⚜

John B. MacDonald, one of the navy cost inspectors here, has been promoted to chief petty officer, with yeoman's rank, a promotion well merited by Mac, who is one of the most popular boys in the department. By the way, Mac, how did Blanche like the good news?

⚜

Why is Vic Foley, of the traffic department, so forlorn of late? Someone has said that it is because Louise, "the beautiful Harlem heiress," has gone to her summer home at Long Beach.

⚜

Miss Jensen, the hospital nurse, received a note the other day signed Helen D. T., proposing a party. We'd like to know what kind of a party that is going to be.

⚜

Mac, our night operator, was some whistler before he lost his teeth. At least that is what he tells us.

What happened, did you blow them out, Mac?

⚜

Marion Redmond proves to be an extra good fore-lady. She handles that bunch in Room No. 3 almost as well as the famous Bill Snyder, animal tamer at Central Park Zoo.

⚜

A man is known by the company he keeps. How about it, Linoki?

⚜

We are wondering what next Willie Dumbo will spring on us in the line of hand-embroidered art goods.

Willie must either be a very devout church member or saving money to furnish a flat.

Henry Rochell has joined the army of jazzers and jazzes every jazz rehearsal on Tuesdays and Fridays.

⚜

Mr. B. Simpson of Room No. 16, is the original incurable comedian. Do you know any more jokes?

⚜

When speaking of our "Sweetest Boy," one of the regular guys uttered these harsh woids, "Will I kiss it, or kill it?"

⚜

It is a wonder Jack Martino wouldn't carry his little "MOON DEVIL" to work with him.

Pretty tough walking to Bush docks these warm days, Jack.

⚜

Some fair damsel has at last fallen for the dashing Tommie McGuire. This is all due to his flying colors (neckgear.)

⚜

Chicken to right of him and chicken to left of him, but he can't give 'em a tumble.

Well, boils will be boils, Al.

⚜

Sid Burns reminds us of the old wooden-faced Indian who hangs outside the cigar stores.

Cheer up, the first ten years is always the worst.

⚜

It's a pretty cold day when a Bronx boy has to travel all the way to Bay Ridge for a girl.

How do you like Bay Ridge sodas, Frank?

⚜

We see that our old sea pirate, Captain Roach, is some one-stepper. Dave was jazzing it the other day at band rehearsal, and he made everyone sit up and take notice. Go to it, kid!

⚜

The office girls soon learned that Frank Brewer was a married man, for no matter how charming the girls were, he insisted upon dodging them.

⚜

The following young ladies of the office have volunteered to give one night a week to Red Cross work, under the supervision of Miss Jensen: Miss C. Olson, Miss Wilson, Miss Mazari, Miss Fenk, Miss Mattfeld, Miss Daley, Miss Barry, Miss Jones, Miss Pierce, Miss Redmond, Miss Mahon, Miss Harris, Miss Donohue, Miss Campbell, Miss Sternberg, Miss Lind, Miss E. Olson, Miss M. Casey, Miss E. Casey, Miss M. Shea. Miss Wilde, Miss Travers, Miss Hayes and Mrs. Tillotson. The night is yet to be chosen.

⚜

Camouflage for Half Holiday

. . . Keeping the baseball score on Saturday afternoons. Go to it, Keenan!

⚜

OBITUARY: Mr. Robert Schadd was married on Sunday, the 2d of June, 1918.

Cheer up, Bobbie, the first five years are terrible, but after that you get accustomed to it.

⚜

Ask Jim Coletti why he likes to eat on the *F. P. Jones*, and he will answer:

"I love to eat on the *F. P. Jones*,
"Because they don't give me a lot of bones;
"They give me coffee, fruit and cake,
"The only thing missing is a nice broiled steak."

—*By Hallstein.*

Famous Sayings

"Why do you antagonize my knowledge?"
. . . *Joe Burns.*

"You heard me, didn't you?"
. . . *Paul Brandes.*

"Come awn" (meaning, come on)."
. . . *Hamilton Johnston.*

"Don't look at me or I'll laugh."
. . . *Genevieve Moran.*

"When I make rules I keep them."
. . . *Mayston.*

"Hey, don't all leave at once." . *Dan Shea.*
"Whose goin' ta buy a drink." . *Joe Sill.*
"What are you having, boys?" . *Jack Bauer.*
"I'll have a little whisky for my lips."
. . . *Frank Greco.*

"I can't buy a drink, I have to get a new suit." . . . *Gene Durnan.*

For clothing, consult Willie Panasci.

"Oh! sure, sure." . . . *A. Smith.*
"Lend me a dime." . . . *Bert Hudson.*
"Frank, can I have a Packard?"
. . . *Mrs. Waterman.*

"I'll let you have one as soon as one comes in."
. . . *Mr. Harper.*

From the Roof Garden

Arthur, "the recognized boss" of the "roof garden," is a very intelligent fellow. He was sent out for apples, and brought in apple pie. "It all tastes the same," he said. The kid's clever, you have to admit.

———

Paul, Beau Brummel of the "roof garden," has such fascinating ways that on Thursdays, when the fashion show is going on, one of the models can't keep her eyes away from him.

———

"Noah was 400 years old before he knew how to build a ship. Don't lose your grip." This is a motto displayed in the Washington office of the United States Shipping Board.

A Few Dead Ones

The other day at lunch-time, Dan Shea told a story about a dead man with his eyes open.

———

Mr. Dry Dock Fair sprung this cuckoo: "Whi-le my uncle was trave-l-ing in Europe (Fair did not say what part of Europe) through a lonely road with a mule, a 'young' boy stepped out of the bushes and asked him for a lift. After putting the boy on the mule the animal refused to go. He was coaxed, cajoled and teased, but nothing could move him, not even the lash. My uncle said to the boy: 'Who the devil are you?' Without answering the boy disappeared, and without a bit of hesitation the mule started to run away." Joe's batting average is now 310.

P.S.—We can't see anything funny in the above items, but they may serve to amuse some persons.—*Editor.*

———

Another Version

Jack Spratt enjoyed a smoke,
His wife enjoyed her candy,
But both bucked up and cut them out
For Yankee Doodle Dandy.

———

How About It, Miss Campbell?

If there's anything worries a woman,
It's something she ought not to know;
But you bet she'll find out, anyhow,
If she gets the least kind of a show.
Now we'll wager ten cents to a farthing,
This poem she's already read.
We know that she'd get it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head.

—*Exchange.*



Young McDonald, in the pipe shop office, has more than his share of work these days, owing to the fact that he has been asked to officiate as recording secretary to the pipe shop picnic committee, and he says: "It might be a picnic for you, but it's not for me."

Some new pipe fitter's helper, working at the Bush dock, was sent ashore to get two unions. After being gone two hours he came back with a couple of *Brooklyn Eagles*.

Jimmy Weldon, of the "Church," has been on a two week's vacation. He says he enjoyed Atlantic City and the Catskill Mountains very much, but he was seen at one of our Sunday ball games.

Dan Lohman of the "Church," is in sackcloth and ashes, and one passing by can hear the wailing and lamentations for help. Most any time you can hear, "Give me the rigging loft"; "What about cards?" Then over the 'phone may come the answer, "I've got three of a kind."

Ben De Bar says there is no such a thing in a machine shop as a revenue cutter.

Spring cleaning is over at the pipe shop. Reynolds and a score of able assistants, to say nothing about the wagon, made the place look so different, that the next day Bright walked into the new machine shop, mistaking the place for his own. Now this wagon is different than any other. When you want to go to the left, you turn to the right, and the wagon is liable to go any way, but anyway it did the work.

Charley Davis, of the pipe shop, says there is no place like Ridgewood to live in. Of course it would be handier to live close to the yard and his work, but. . . By the way, Charlie, what's her name?

Richard Mehling was hurt one day last week by falling in the bilges of some ship, but we are glad to say he broke nothing but the ten commandments.

Mr. Jack Reynolds invited quite a few of his friends to the opening of the Bay Ridge Yacht Club, of which he is an officer and a very active member, and to say we had a good time would be putting it mild. In fact all enjoyed themselves.

Harry Illion is thinking of taking naturalization papers to become a citizen of Hoboken, as he says he very seldom sees Brooklyn any more.

Say, when they wrote up all the heroes on the *Rhyndam*, at the time of the fire, they overlooked one of the bravest, Tom Coppinger, who was overcome by smoke trying to save Fitzgerald, the fitter, from drowning. He certainly did do as much as any of them there.

Charles Brightsen, foreman of the new machine shop, says he has an awful time keeping the men from fighting as to who's next on drill No. 126. He also says he is working full force since he advertised, and he believes it pays. Mr. Ryden, his assistant, thinks so too.

Mr. Moffat of the burners says every time a fire starts, someone hollers burners.

There is one man burning his way to fame, and that is George Buck, of the boiler shop. If it's a rush job, it's going to be done, no matter what he's working on, and he can write his name with the torch. This is coming to him and he's going to get it.

The Loop brothers say that looping around Staten Island with a launch, no matter what it costs (I mean the launch) is one round of pleasure, but as long as they don't try to loop the loop around Sandy Hook, and loose too much time fixing up the launch, why no doubt they'll have a good time this summer.

H. Johnson, welder on the *De Kalb*, says he'll be through in a minute.

Canning, of the welders, got a base for an overflow from the pipe shop to weld. After looking it over closely, and seeing the condition it was in, he said: "There is only one man can fix that, and he's in the pattern shop; take it there, and have another made."

The two American Macs, McPherson and MacFarland, are rehearsing a new song: "Keep the torches burning brightly, so we'll see our way to France."

Wallace Livermore is back with the wood caulkers again, and in the meantime is leading a farmer's life on Long Island. He says he is glad to get away from city life, and, by the way, what are you going to name the new arrival, Reuben or Cynthia?

McNeil of the wood caulkers is worried. He saw a notice last week to the effect that the Star Theatre will soon close for the summer.

Jack Rinaldo, of the caulkers, is certainly with Uncle Sam. He's been more than generous to the Red Cross, has $1,000 in Liberty Bonds, and insists that he will marry none other than an American girl.

Frank Costello has invested in a boat house at Howard Beach, and is going to get married and take a vacation for a month. In other words, he is going to take a voyage in the sea of matrimony. Let us all hope there are no shoals or rocks of discontent to wreck the happiness of Captain Costello, and his first mate.

The last meeting of the Association in the month of May was presided over by none other than the Hon. Edward McGibney. Though I wasn't there, others said he reminded them very much of Patrick Henry, when the famous patriot said: "Give me Liberty, or give me death!" although I don't believe they ever heard Patrick Henry.

The boiler shop is going to have a flag raising, THE DIAL certainly does a lot of inspiring.

Thomas Cavanaugh, of the boiler shop clerical force, had the misfortune to have his vest split up the back, but he believes in safety first, and resorted to this to adjust matters, and all is well.

Creek, creek, creek! When I asked George Petley what that noise was he said, "Oh, Frank Malley bought a pair of new shoes, and he wants to make a noise about it."

Harper, England, Traffic, all go hand in hand,
From seven to eight each morning, there are trucks to beat the band.
But when a helper comes along, with an elbow and a tee,
And says, please, Mr. Harper, have you got a truck for me?
Then Harper says, "What have you got, besides what's on your back?
Is there something at the pipe shop, is there something at the rack!
How far do you expect to go, that you're in such a rush?"
The lad then makes reply: "I want to go to pier two Bush."
Then "*$%&'()," is the answer, from England; Harper, too.
So have an ounce of pity for the much worked traffic crew.

How is this for some suggestion: Paint the new shops on the north pier according to the nature of their output, or something suggestive of the place; the blacksmith shop, a dark, smoky grey; the pipe shop, a galvanized tint; the mould loft, green; the machine shop, an oil painting; the electricians, welders and burners, a zigzag blue streak.

During a big rush on the new blacksmith shop, in which every pipe-fitter was waiting for hangers, a helper rushed up to one blacksmith and said: "Have you got any hangers for the pipe-fitters?" "No," the blacksmith replied, "but if I knew where there were any, I'd like to see a few of them hung."

Say, did Roy Carter, carpenter, ship on the *El Siglio?* I haven't seen him since she left.

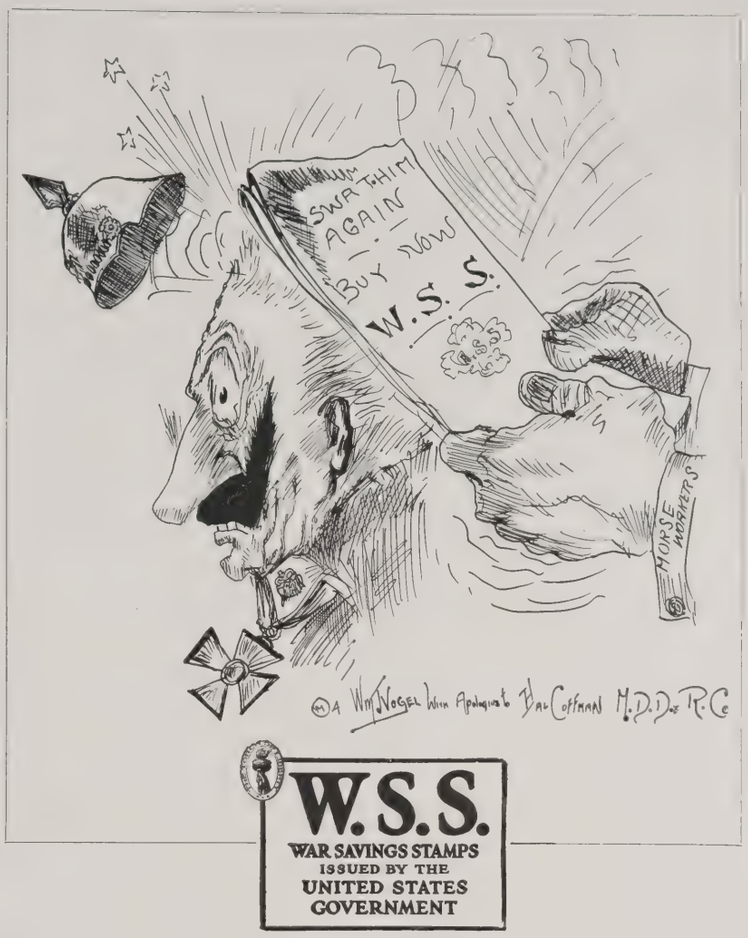
On Saturday, June 1, somewhere between First and Second avenue, South Brooklyn, on 51st street, the Robins hatched out an idea that they could enter the nest of the Morse cuckoos and put them to flight. It was a bird of an idea, but they themselves were trimmed, and their feathers plucked to the tuneful score of 15 to 2. The main feature of the game was winning it, but the game itself was so loose on the part of the Robins, that a summary is not necessary. Quite a few Cranes were there also to see the Morse birds plucked to the bone. Even after two pitchers had been used up, some unconscious wit shouted, "Can you sparrow (Spare a) few more pitchers?" The Morse band started to play "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," but changed the tune to "When the Robins Nest Again." One stout, oval-shaped, wise looking Owl, threw out the bird seed to the Robins, but the pecking was wild and a Damn Bird picked them away from them. They were in danger of starvation until the sixth inning, when one lonely Robin picked a stray seed, and this was about the only excitable thing that happened in the game, as far as the Robins were concerned.

Another Dance Coming

The Entertainment Committee has arranged to hold a dance on the last Wednesday of July, probably in Prospect Hall.

The attendance will be restricted to the employees of this Company and their friends and families. There will be no charge.

Watch the bulletin board at the Main Gate for definite announcement of place, date and program.



W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

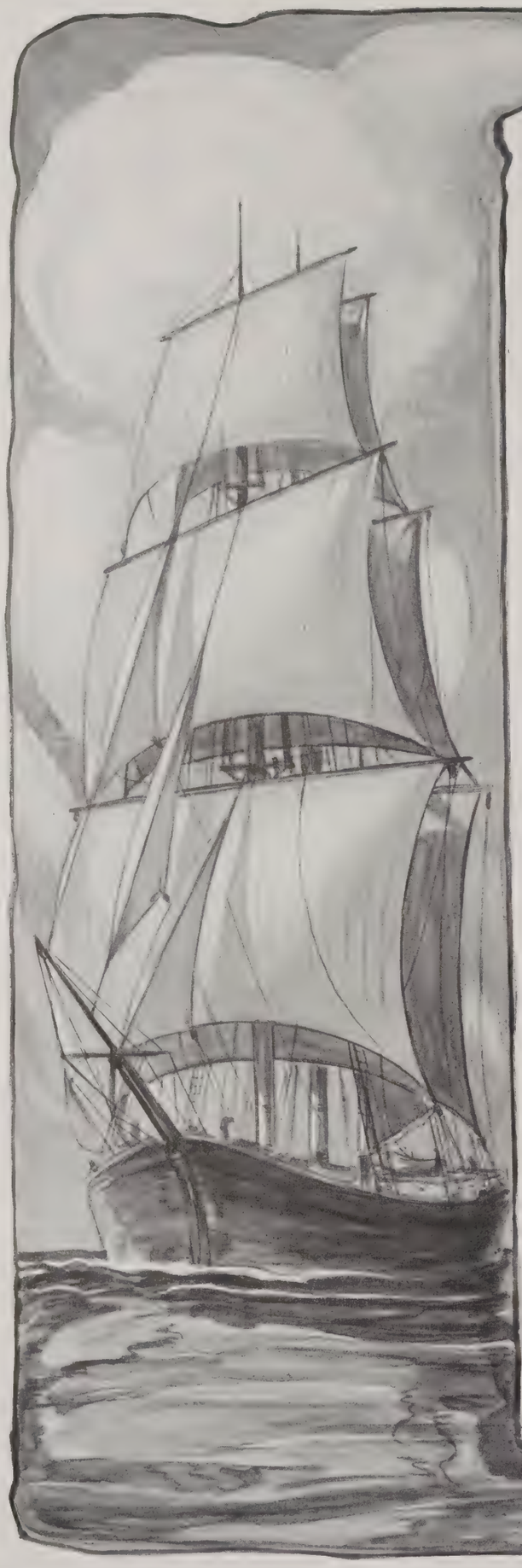
Can You Draw?

The United States Shipping Board Wants Shipyard Posters. A Contest to Speed Up the Shipbuilding Program is in Swing.

If you have an idea and can work it up into an effective drawing make a try for the prizes that are offered.

There are four classes of contestants. You would come under the third class which is restricted to workers in shipyards. $100 is the first prize, $75 the second and $25 the third.

It would bring you fame to produce a prize-winning poster. We have all kinds of talent in this yard, why not show what you can do? Write to the U. S. Shipping Board Poster Competition, Care of the New York Sun, 150 Nassau Street, New York City, for entry blank and further particulars.



UNITED STATES NAVY YARD

New York, N. Y.

May 17th, 1918.

Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company,
Ft. 56th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—

I take pleasure in forwarding with this a copy of a commendatory letter from Captain Sellers of the "Agamemnon," in regard to the work done by your Company on the gun foundations of his ship.

I wish also to tender my thanks for this excellent result to your company and to Messrs. Noble, Brann, Brinkley, Kaye and Hyman.

The spirit shown in your works is most creditable both to the management and to the workmen.

Very sincerely yours,
E. E. BURD,
Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy,
Industrial Manager.

U. S. S. "AGAMEMNON,"
U. S. Atlantic Fleet.

May 16, 1918.

From: The Captain

To: Industrial Manager, Navy Yard, New York.

Subject: Construction of gun foundations and installation of two 6-pounder guns by the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co.

1 The construction of two 3" gun foundations, and the installation of two 6-pounder guns by the Morse Dry Dook and Repair Company in 5 working days, together with the satisfactory completion of our list of repairs, is an accomplishment which in my opinion merits some special consideration.

2 The credit for this work is due to the efforts of Charles Brann, shipfitter; to Richard Brinkley, Paul Kaye, his men; to Thomas Hyman, riveter, and particularly to the direction of Mr. Lloyd A. Noble, who was foreman in charge of the work.

3 When it is realized that this work was done at the Army Transport Piers in Hoboken, several miles away from the Morse Company's Yard in Brooklyn, the value of Mr. Noble and his organization can best be appreciated.

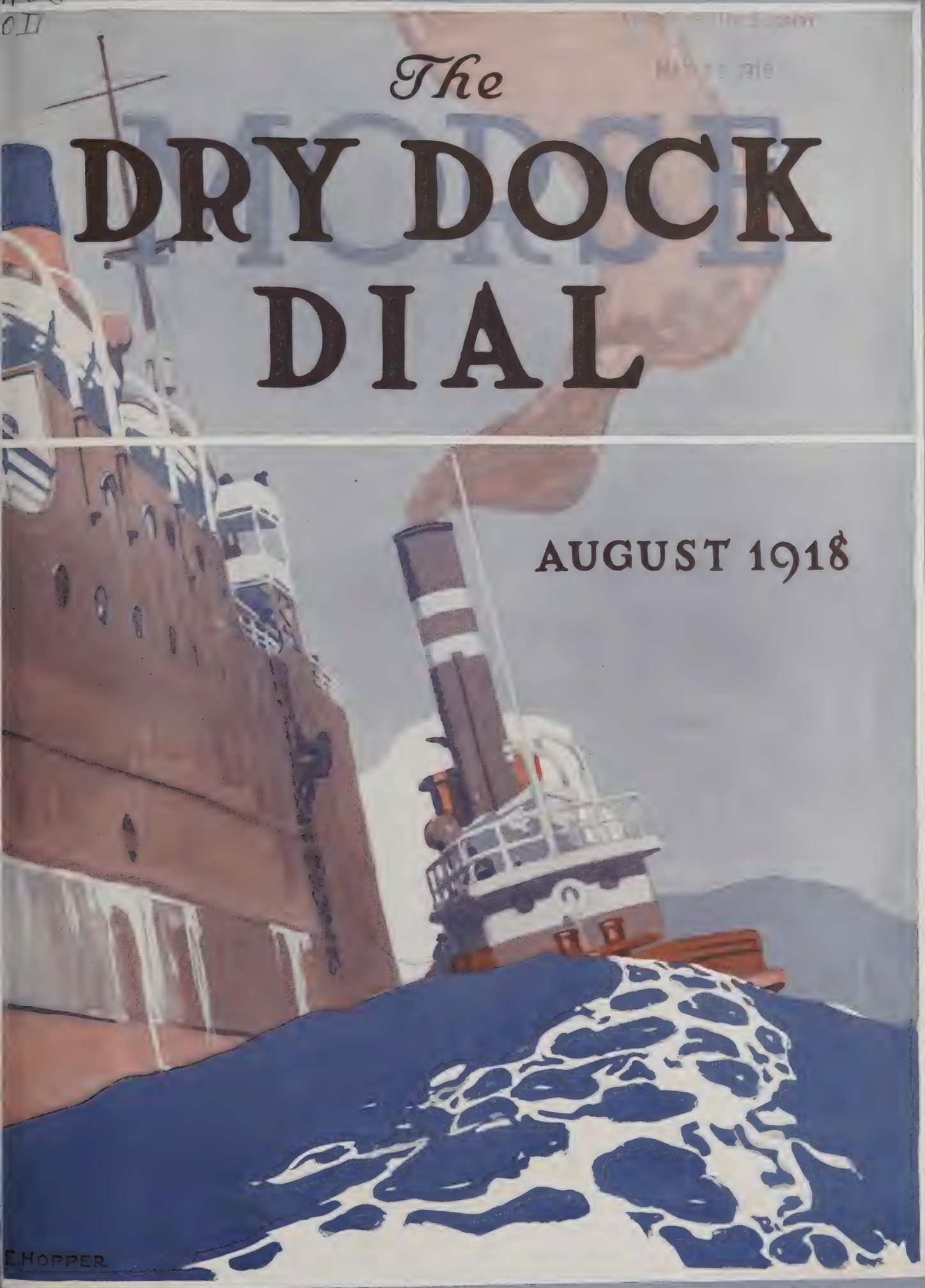
4 I trust that you will extend our thanks for this work to the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company.

(Signed) D. F. SELLERS.

O.H.J.

C II

The DRY DOCK DIAL



AUGUST 1918

"The Second Line of Defense"

By John Powell, "Dry Dock Poet"

The "Second Line of Defense" you're called, men of the shipyard clan;
Live up to the name and honor conferred on you by Uncle Sam.
And when the close of day finds each man's work is nobly done,
'Tis then you are the men behind the man behind the gun.
To those who call you slacker, to those who even dare,
Just point with pride to overseas and speak of troops that's there;
Just mention German interned ships left crippled by the Hun,
Now when they're steaming down the bay point to the work you've done.
You've taken battered hulls of ships that looked beyond repair,
And through your efforts now they carry foodstuffs *over there.*
The bit you've done with modesty, betray no outward flash,
Your deeds will not belie you as it showed the last big splash.
Wilson calls you *Comrades*, greater honor can there be?
For coming from a man like this, is good enough for me.
So do your bit to show that you are worthy of the name,
Comrade to the man who does not know the word of shame.

THE DRY DOCK DIAL

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Vol. 1 August, 1918 No. 7

Piloting Since 1870

By Roger Moran

"The Pilot is thinking of dangers to shun,
"Of breakers that whiten and roar,
"Little he cares if in shadow or sun,
"They see him who gaze from the shore."
O. W. Holmes.

THERE are very few of us "who gaze from the shore," who stop to consider just what a pilot is and what he does. We don't realize when we see the ocean liner wend its majestic course through the heavy inland water traffic that the man at the helm is not the captain, but one whose sole business is to see to it that after the long journey over the broad expanse of the sea, nothing shall go amiss and that the liner shall dock in safety.

It takes more than a casual knowledge of inland waters to be able to guide the helm aright. The "guiding hand" must possess knowledge borne of experience, nerve and courage. He must think and act quickly, for his responsibilities are heavy and his task not a light one.



Captain David Roche

Is there a man better qualified to take the helm and steer the ship aright in New York Harbor than Captain Dave Roche, who has charge of the Morse fleet of tugboats? We'll stake his capabilities and experience against any.

That he should know these waters so well is not at all surprising when you consider that he was born along the shores of the Upper Bay, at about the spot that is now known as Battery Park in—we'll whisper it—1859.

SMALL wonder it is that he should follow the call of the sea. His family is undoubtedly the oldest family in the towboat business, his grandfather having followed the same manner of livelihood.

Captain Roche started steamboating in 1870, at the age of eleven years, shortly after his father was blown up in his own tug, the *Wm. N. Wells*. Four years later he obtained employment as a deck hand, and after that his rise in the ranks was rapid and steady. He has been master and pilot for forty years and in all this time has been employed by only two concerns. His first position as master was on the tug *Palace*.

During these years he has had many interesting adventures, perhaps, not the least exciting of which was the bringing safely into port of the S.S. *Labrador*. Captain Roche was towing the bark *Stillwater* at sea when he sighted a fire in the distance. He cast off from the *Stillwater* and soon reached the blazing ship. He did not hesitate over what he should do. He did it. He towed the *Labrador* with its 2,500 passengers to Bay Ridge, landing all the passengers in safety. The fire was extinguished and the vessel saved. This was a bit of real heroism, for which he was rewarded by a salvage prize of $16,000.

The rescue of the bark *Livoker* was another feat he accomplished. This vessel was afire off Barnegat Shoals. He succeeded in pulling her off and bringing her safely to shore, rescuing the captain, wife and daughter, who were aboard.

There are many rescues to Captain Roch's credit, and if we were to recite all we would have an endless story.

MANY honors have come to him during these forty years. Probably one of the most notable was his selection during the Hudson Fulton Celebration, which most of us remember, to pilot the Holland Fleet up the Hudson as far as Newburgh and return, firing a salute at West Point, which echoed throughout the hills. This indeed was some distinction, for the occasion was a most auspicious one.

The tug boat business was much more profitable in the old days than the present time according to the old sea salt.

"One of the biggest salvage rewards I ever received was when the *Beaconsfield* and a French steamer came together in the East River between Governor's Island and the Battery," said Captain Roche in speaking of the thrilling days of his past.

"The Frenchman struck the *Beaconsfield* amidship and put a hole seven feet wide and fourteen feet long in her. The *Beaconsfield* was loaded with grain and bound for England. The Frenchman was loaded with general cargo from France. The crew of the *Beaconsfield* jumped aboard my tug as soon as I pulled close enough. I went aboard their vessel, hitched a line to her and pulled her to the Erie elevator. We reached there just in time



and saved $40,000 worth of grain. I got $4,500 salvage money.

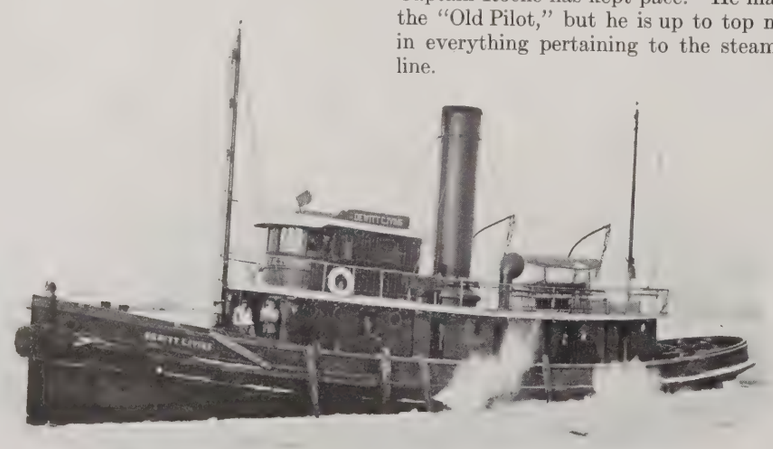
"Another exciting time was when a steamer owned by Bucknell Bros., caught fire in Erie basin. The crew of the vessel was coming down one ladder and I was going up another. I succeeded in getting the boat to Governor's Island where I beached her. A reward of $7,000 was made in that case and I got a special award of $250."

IT was Captain Roche, who towed into port the Italian-Lloyd steamship *Florida* which rammed and sank the White Star liner *Republic* in 1909 off Nantucket lightship. "We left in a thick fog at one o'clock in the morning with the tug *John J. Timmons*," said Captain Roche. "We fell in with the *Florida* the next afternoon about three o'clock well to the south eastward of Fire Island. The steamer was down by the head with dead passengers in the bow. One of the first cabin passengers of the *Republic* was aboard, with crushed legs. We got the *Florida* safely into dock and received $5,000 salvage. I was awarded $400 for my part."

One of the most treacherous tasks Captain Roche ever had to perform was at the time of the Black Tom explosion last year. Captain Roche steering, led a fleet of tugboats right into the danger zone, hitched up to a Brazilian ship while debris from the explosion was flying about and succeeded in rescuing the boat and her crew.

"We have better boats to-day," Captain Roche says in comparing the new with the old days. "In the early days the boats were our only home and we lived outside most of the time."

According to Captain Roche one of the greatest men that ever lived was John L. Sullivan. Captain Roche had the honor of being host on the tug *Vulcan* when Sullivan went into training for his fight with Kilrain.



One of Our Sturdy Tugboats

To Captain Roche we owe most for his work last winter. The thoughts of the extreme cold and the attending difficulties still linger. During the hardest part of the winter when the ice blocked up all the water traffic, thanks to him our tugs met with no delay. The tugs *Anson M. Bangs*, *Ivins* and *Arthur Kill* opened up Bay Ridge Channel to navigation as far as Bush Docks. This gave the Government an opportunity to ship troop supplies that might have otherwise been held up indefinitely. At this time all other tugs in the harbor were tied up.

During these trying days Captain Roche added more than one rescue to his already long list. He brought to safety the steamship *Rondo* and *Nord Alexis*, the former having been thrown up on the Bay Ridge sea wall in a terrible gale and the latter had broken adrift.

In telling of his adventures the Captain does not take all the credit himself. The other fellow usually gets a show. So when you hear him tell how quickly the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company repaired such and such you need not be astonished. He seems to take unusual pride in relating the records for repairs which the Company has made.

THE repairing of the steamship *Florida* in the record time of twenty-four days is one of his everlasting boasts—or shall we say boosts? Much has been written about the *Florida* but few people know who brought her into port. Captain Dave, of course, who else!

There have been many changes in the steamship business since 1859, and with each forward step the industry has taken, Captain Roche has kept pace. He may be the "Old Pilot," but he is up to top notch in everything pertaining to the steamship line.



Burmese Prince Aground at Foot of 69th Street after Gale Last Winter. Captain Roche Pulled Her off

He has seen Bay Ridge grow from farmland and he has witnessed the wonderful progress of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, in whose interest he has always worked.

Captain Roche has handled all of the towing for Mr. Morse for over 34 years and during all that time they have been close friends. It was always understood between them that if ever the Morse Company decided to operate its own tugs, Captain Roche was to have charge of the fleet. With the rapid growth of the company since the war broke out a tugboat fleet became very essential and Captain Roche received the commission which had been promised him.

Attend Our "Block" Party

MRS. WATERMAN, who has charge of the office dining room, is arranging for a "block" party to be held on the night of Tuesday, August 6, on 56th street, between First and Second avenues. Proceeds will be devoted to Red Cross work being done by the girls in the office and hospital, under the supervision of Miss Jensen. The Brooklyn chapter of the Red Cross has agreed to furnish 24,000 pairs of woolen socks for soldiers and sailors before fall. Our girls have volunteered to do "their bit," and the street carnival has been arranged to raise money with which to buy the wool to knit the socks. Dan Shea has promised to furnish music for the party and everybody in the yard is expected to turn out and help the young ladies raise a substantial sum. There will be fortune tellers, side shows of all kinds, pageants, acrobatic stunts, dancing and all manner of amusements. Peanuts, pink lemonade, ice cream cones and other refreshments will be on sale and a real good time is assured all who attend. It is especially hoped that the men in the yard will bring their families so that we can all get acquainted. Remember the proceeds will provide comfort for the soldiers and sailors and aid our girls in their desire to help the Red Cross. If it rains on August 6 the party will be held the following day.

New Officers and Committeemen

William McMullen has succeeded John Nelson on the Board of Directors of the Employees' Association, Mr. Nelson having resigned from the Company. Mr. McMullen will represent the blacksmith shop. George Drew, of the inside hull department, has succeeded Fred Hocking as a member of the fire prevention committee. Eugene F. McMahon, of the storeroom, has been appointed to fill the vacancy on the finance committee made by the resignation of Daniel P. Daniells, of the pattern shop.



Don't forget that a letter to your soldier friend will be appreciated. Drop him a line or two to keep him reminded that your thoughts are with him.

IF there is any employee in the yard who doesn't feel that his work counts in a big way toward helping to beat the Hun we would like to have him read the following letter from Daniel Forman, who is a member of the United States Navy air forces, training in England:

"Just a few lines to let you know that although I am a good many miles away from the yard I still have a longing to be with the boys. When we think of what good you are doing for us boys in getting the ships ready for us to get our food I know that the men and the Government must be well satisfied. It may seem funny to say that I came across in one of the ships repaired by your men and everything ran smooth so you have got a great deal of credit coming to you and I hope you keep up the good work for the sake of democracy. I know that our boys must have done their share in the Third Liberty Loan for the reports we get of it show that it was a big success. Dan Shea must be away up with his band. Oh! how I wish I could hear it now."

Private John J. Finneran writes from "Somewhere in France," one of the most interesting letters we have received from France:

"Just a few lines to let you know that I am enjoying the best of health and having a pleasant time with due consideration to all the trials and tribulations that are bound to happen in a soldier's life. I have no cause to complain, which is about the best attitude one could really assume if he intends to do the right thing. This life is entirely different from civilian life and it's a question of what you get, not what you want, and if this does not please you, well you're out of luck, which is a practical army phrase. I could not begin to tell you what a pretty country France is *i.e.*, to explain in full detail its beautiful cities, each one with its own ancient and artistic places or even its people, who have proven to be the opposite of what I anticipated. The way they bear their troubles and sorrows is remarkable. They merely say it's war and let it go at that, which in my estimation, makes them all the more admirable. I would like to tell you something exciting, but the censor forbids, and I do not like to conflict with him so will have to save it till I get home, and by the way, speaking of home, that just reminds me of an article I saw in the paper about a riveting contest, and how the Camden yards employ the man who holds the record. Now what I want to know is why doesn't Morse get on the job and have some of the boys beat that record. You know Morse Dry Dock has led the rest in every other way where competition was concerned so why not get that record too."



A. J. Chisholm Seated on the Extreme Right

Edward M. Peattie, former compensation clerk here, writes from "Somewhere in France," a letter to Miss Jensen, one to Mr. Bell, assistant paymaster, and one to Mr. Morse. In his letter to Miss Jensen he says:

"Not having heard from you I thought it best to write again. The mails travel very slow here, and I have only received one letter direct from America. I have not even heard from my folks at home and can't understand it, as I have written about twenty-five letters. We have been kept very busy training and are out every day with full packs. When our day's work is done the boys all look forward to a good night's sleep. The weather has been very warm through the days while the nights are cold. The regiment moves every week to a different village, so by the time the war is over I guess we will be through about every village in this section. We are now located in another village and it has been our worst place yet for it is very hard to get water to wash with. This place has many fruit trees on it. They have plenty of cattle, too. By the time I get back to Brooklyn I will be looking for a job as a farm hand as I get plenty of experience while watching the people here. Things are very high and we can't buy anything to eat as they just have enough supplies for themselves. They have plenty of beer, wine and champagne, but I am keeping away from the drinks. Every time we move to another place we move further away from the firing line. Things were quiet on the front, but I guess it will not be long before something will be doing. Then I think the war will be near its end The boys all want to see the firing line, and many of the companies want to go right away so to have it over with."

In his letter to Mr. Bell he says:

"No doubt you have heard that I am stationed in France and have been here over a month. We had a wonderful trip across and sighted a submarine, but I guess they got it for we did not see any more of it the rest of the trip. The trip across England was beautiful, as everything was in blossom. They kept us there one day and then shipped us to France, but while there we passed through the three largest cities. Coming across the English channel all the boys were hanging over the rail as it was some rough. Of course, I was there with them. After we came to France we camped in what they call a rest camp, but we did not get any rest. This so-called rest lasted five days, then they treated us to a sweet little hike of twelve miles to a small village, where we put up in billets (barns) for two weeks. Then I was sent to a machine gun school for two weeks. When I came back I found the company had moved to another place. This meant more hiking. France is a beautiful country and I hope I can see the southern part, for the opposite part is mostly hills and farm lands. When you are on the top of some of these hills you can look for miles over the country and it reminds one of being on the top of Mt. Beacon looking over the old burg. Everything you buy here is very high, and they sure do soak us Yankees. They think we are all millionaires. Have seen many air raids here, and I just heard them bombing a town not far from here. I think all the boys will see the front soon, as we expect the word soon. We have put in some hard days training. You fellows at home don't know what work is until you get a pack on your back and hike about ten miles when the sun is about 88. The days here are very hot, while at night you need an overcoat on. I wish you were over here to see some of these towns. They are a thousand years behinds us. The people are very old in these villages, but you should see them work, especially the women."



Richard Richardson, Formerly a Chauffeur Here, Now at Fort Meyer, Va., Seen on His Knees Scrubbing the Pavement.



Edward R. Wight, Now in France.

Mr. Peattie writes to Mr. Morse as follows:

"This is my first oppor-

tunity to write to you since we left Camp Upton. We had a wonderful trip across the Atlantic, having but two bad days in all. While passing through England we received a grand welcome and the people served us hot coffee at many of the stations. They did not leave us in England long. We stayed but one day and were then shipped to France. At present our company is stationed in billets at the small villages along the route to the front. The trenches are about thirty-five miles from here and we can hear the roar of the big guns. This part of France is beautiful, as it contains nothing but farm lands, and we do our training in among the hills nearby. The boys are all in fine health and the best of spirit."

Harry Southern, formerly a heater boy here, writes from France that he is in the best of health. He says:

"The crew treated us great. I met some of the boys from Bay Ridge on the ship and I sure was glad when I saw that some of the boys from home were taking us over. We are stationed in a village in France, and it is nice and quiet and the weather is fine. I have met some French and English soldiers and they have told us some interesting stories about the trenches and they sure can tell some good ones, but I can't tell you what they tell us. I have seen some nice sights over here and France sure is a beautiful country and the wine is fine, but we don't get much chance to get it. I am sending my best regards to Dan Shea and his family and hope the band is making all the noise they can and give my best regards to Mr. Morse and Tom Cavanaugh and tell them I wish them all the best of luck. I was reading in the paper that they have launched the new port of the dry dock. I suppose there was a big time and I wish I could have been there. I think I will be closing now as it is getting near time to hit the hay, and don't forget to send me THE DIAL as we don't get much news about home over here."

Miss Jensen and Miss Campbell are in receipt of a letter from Miss Gladys R. Tuttle, formerly employed on the hospital staff, who has gone across in a hospital unit. She writes:

"We had a very nice trip over, the weather was most delightful. The last day or two was quite exciting. We had a very exciting experience, but came through on top. We fired five times at a submarine and got it. We landed on Friday last and traveled all night to Southampton, thinking we were going direct to France, but were ordered up here to Hursley Park Camp, instead. We understood they are not sending any more nurses to France for the present on account of the recent bombing of so many hospitals. This is a very old and historical part of England, in fact the country around here is just reeking with historical things. We spent Monday in Winchester and went to see the Winchester Cathedral. It is a very beautiful church, the second largest in the world. Mary Tudor, Queen of England, was married there. Then we had tea in the house in which William the Conqueror lived and went to see the old palace where King Alfred III lived and saw King Arthur's round table. Also this little village of Hursley is very quaint and interesting. Just a little way from our camp are the ruins of old Murden Castle, and a well that Oliver Cromwell's men sunk; also Oliver Cromwell's old home is now the home of Lady Cooper, who has turned a large part of her immense estate over to a camp. She surely is doing a noble work for her adopted country. You see she is an American girl from Chicago. You would feel very proud of the English women if you could see them. They do all manner of work, drive cars, wagons, milk carts, work in the field, etc., in fact every kind of work, and do it so willingly too. Of course, we are having it rather hard in learning to do without things. I suppose though we will come home better women for it. Some things you cannot buy at all like candy, sugar, tea, bacon. You see all our food is rationed out to us. We saw by the paper this A.M. that there had been a number of boats sunk in New York Harbor, but the papers did not say a great deal. I wish we would get some mail. We have not had any yet. At times I feel very lonely and homesick, but hope it is all for the best."

Alexander J. Chisholm, who used to work in the electrical department, writes to Thomas J. Plunkett of the employment bureau, from Charleston, S. C., where he is a member of Co. 2, Sec. 2, Third Regiment at the United State Navy training station. He says:

"Have been here now for about six weeks and while we work 'soap' we don't rate it in our pay check. However, that's one way to beat the Hun, so we don't mind a little thing like that. We just returned from the rifle range last night after ten days' rifle and machine gun practice. I was shooting with a Lewis gun and believe me, that is some gun. It works like a clock and tears the targets to pieces. I qualified as marksman, but fell down when I tried for sharpshooter. At that I came within three points of it. Well, how is all the gang? 'Soaping' it up, I suppose. I hope they keep it up, because that is what will bring us home a little quicker. Enclosed find picture which is the only one I have at present. This was taken in front of our bungalow, where we sleep sixteen men in each bungalow, all in (sea going beds) hammocks."

A Happy Launching Party



The Launching of Section 6 of the New Dry Dock Was the Occasion of Many Happy Gatherings. In This Picture We See Mr. MacLaurin's Party; Which Included Mrs. MacLaurin, Miss Florence B. MacLaurin Miss. Della Ijoe; Floyd MacLaurin and Others, Just Before Their Departure After a Delightful Afternoon. The Heads of Various Departments Entertained Their Friends Serving Sandwiches and Liquid Refreshments and in Addition to That the Other "Farm" Employees Entertained Their Friends Royally. The Morse Band Livened Things Up, Making Its First Appearance at the "Farm."

Old Timers Play Ball

The baseball fever has hit many departments of the yard and some very exciting contests have been staged. The foremen and old timers lined-up in an amusing clash on July 9, Jacob Jacobsen's team defeating Henry Rochelle's outfit by the score of 18 to 12. Some of the features included the base running of Craig, Chambers, Baker, Rose and Noble. They all had to be pushed around and the umpire had a difficult time in trying to distinguish between the runner and his aids. Charles G. Hall was great at striking out. His great catch in the ninth inning however saved the day for his side, whichever that was. There were many aching limbs at the end of the contest. The Morse pipe fitters on July 6 beat the Downey pipe fitters 6 to 5, and the navy cost department in the main office trimmed the payroll department.

The employment bureau team would like to hook up with Jacobsen's team.

Letter of Thanks

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 17, 1918.

Mr. Morse.

DEAR SIR: On Saturday afternoon Mr. Anderson, the boss painter at your dry dock, called here to express his sympathy at the sad death of my dear husband.

He also gave me $50, receipts of a collection taken up among the painters.

I was deeply grieved and I know I did not thank the man properly at the time, so I am taking this opportunity of thanking both Mr. Anderson and the painters through you.

I greatly appreciate their kind thoughtfulness.

Sincerely,
ELIZABETH RUDDY,
365 Hoyt Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Famous Sayings

"I only lead one life, and that life has to please only one person, and that's myself."
. . . *Linoke.*

"Fine, fine." . . . *Dobbles.*

"I've been disintegrated from the office force." . . . *Whitman.*

"I've taken a picture of your back."
. . . *Miss Jensen.*

Leading the League

By George F. Keenan, Official Scorer

OUR baseball team, by reason of its notable defeat of the Standard Club on Morse Oval, Saturday, July 13, has demonstrated its superiority over every club in the shipyard league. The Morse team, at the time this is written, has yet to meet defeat in a league game, and has won sixteen out of the last seventeen games played.

With this remarkable showing the club has become recognized as one of the fastest, if not the fastest, semi-professional clubs in Brooklyn and New York. No little credit is due to Manager Cy MacLaurin and Captain Bunny Dwyer, who have worked untiringly to organize a club which would merit the enthusiastic support of everyone in the yard.

George Pennington, who has been our mainstay in all of our league games, has proven himself an invincible pitcher, and with Mickey Damm behind the bat, we believe we are justified in laying claim to having the best battery to be found in any semi-professional outfit in the country.

From the standpoint of attendance and enthusiasm, the game with the Standard team led all the rest. The visitors brought the largest crowd of outside rooters that has been seen at the Morse Oval, and all of them were imbued with confidence in their own team. Walter Crawford, formerly superintendent of our hull department, and Billy McEwen, a former Morse foreman, headed the delegation, and received a lusty greeting from the Morse bleacherites.

With big Dan Griner of the Brooklyn club on the mound, and a star collection of minor leaguers behind him, the Standards were sure of putting the kibosh on our happy romp through the series of league games. Dan was unable, however, to stop the Morse swatsmen, and was knocked out of the box in the fifth inning, when Marty Walsh took up the burden.

There was wild cheering in the Standard bleachers in the second inning, when the first run of the game was brought home by Damrau. The next few innings were very exciting, especially when the Standards went to bat in the third. Griner fanned, Martin flied to Dwyer, who made a wonderful running catch. Emmerick hit over center field for two bases, Brackett singled to right, Emmerick going to third, and Damrau walked. Pennington is at his best when he has the bases full, and with his customary smile of confidence he went to work. "Strike one, strike two, strike three," called the umpire on Dietz, and the Standard's bubble was busted.

Notes of the Standard Game

The Standards had about the best team obtainable without invading the big leagues. Martin, Brackett, Braun and Krichel are all members of the Bridgeport club of the Eastern League. Krichel managed the Bridgeport club when it started the season by winning the first twenty games it played. These twenty games enabled that club to get a big handicap on the other seven clubs.

Dan Griner last month pitched a no-hit game against the Philadelphia Nationals for eight and two-third innings. Cravath, hitting for a pitcher, spoiled Dan's chance for a no-hit game. Taking all these facts into consideration, it must be admitted that the Morse club is entitled to be ranked as a Class AA club, in not only defeating Dan, but chasing him to the showers in five innings. The Morse club, as it stands now, would give any big league team in the country a pretty stiff argument.

Dwyer made four brilliant catches in center, his catch of Martin's Texas Leaguer back of short being nothing less than marvelous.

Brackett's catch of Dwyer's long fly in left was a corker.

Damerau, who recently came back from the Southern League, where he was considered one of the best hitters, hit one of Pennington's fast ones a mile in left. Very fast fielding held it to a triple.

Krichel hit the air four times.

Marty Walsh is a brother of the famous Ed. Walsh, former iron man of the Chicago White Sox.

Mundhenk made many brilliant pick-ups, and started our rally in the fourth.

Crist, our new third sacker, is one sweet hitter, and will win many a game for us.

Pete Grant showed pluck by sticking throughout the game with a very badly bruised hand, which he has had ever since Holborrow, of Downey's, hit him with a fast one.

The Standards showed that they had high regard for Damm's whip by not taking any chances.

Pennington fanned ten and struck two blows for the good cause.

Umpire Johnstone, who officiated behind the bat, was formerly an American League umpire. Owing to a serious accident, which caused him to slow up in getting around the bases, he would still be up there.

The score:

MORSE

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Dwyer, cf	0	0	4	0	0
Mundhenk, 1b	1	2	7	0	0
Crist, 3b	2	2	0	0	0
Grant, 2b	2	1	3	6	0
Sacks, lf	2	4	0	0	0
Burke, rf	0	1	0	0	0
Reimann, ss	0	1	2	1	0
Damm, c	0	0	11	0	0
Pennington, p	0	2	0	0	0
Riley	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	7	13	27	7	0

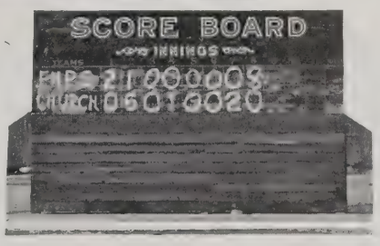
STANDARD

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Martin, rf	0	0	0	0	1
Emmerick, cf	0	2	2	1	0
Brackett, lf	0	1	3	0	0
Damrau, 2b	2	2	4	3	1
Dietz, ss	0	1	2	1	0
Braun, 3b	0	1	2	1	0
Krichel, c	0	0	3	0	0
Fitzhenry, 1b	0	1	6	1	0
Griner, p	0	0	2	2	0
Walsh, p	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	2	9	24	9	2

Morse	0	0	0	4	1	0	2	0	*	—7
Standard	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—2

Left on bases—Standard, 8; Morse 7. Two-base hits—Emmerick, Mundhenk. Three-base hit—Damrau. Sacrifice fly—Braun, Fitzhenry. Stolen bases—Dwyer, Sacks, Reimann. Double plays—Reimann to Grant to Mundhenk; Grant to Mundhenk. Bases on balls—Off Griner, 1; off Walsh, 1; off Pennington, 6. Struck out—By Griner, 1; by Walsh, 1; by Pennington, 10. Hits—Off Griner, 10 hits in 5 innings; off Walsh, 3 in 3 innings; off Pennington, 9 in 9 innings. Umpires—Johnstone and Duffy. Time of game—2 hours.





The Employment Bureau beat the Church Ball Tossers in an interesting game, July 2.

See page 14.

"And the Runner He Says 'Damn'!"

By JOHN POWELL, the "Dry Dock Poet"

You've heard of mighty Casey, and the day that he struck out,
And how the Boston team with him put other teams to rout.
Well, we've a "Boston" team called Morse, a "Casey" too, we claim,
The only difference I can see, is "Casey's" not his name.
He's nothing but a youngster, but a tall one for his age,
And as for knowing what is what, why he's a base ball sage.
The rival teams soon get to know and paste it in their hat,
That they can't steal a second base with him behind the bat.
For when they try it there's an arm shoots out, and then a slam,
The umpire shouts "You're out," and then the runner he says "Damn!"

IN the game with the Federals, played on Morse Oval, Saturday, July 6, we won by the score of 6 to 4, our boys scoring three runs in the first inning on Mundhenk's double, Burke's walk and Grant's terrific home run swat. The last wallop knocked Wheery off the mound, and McLaughlin pitched good ball the the remainder of the game. The Feds scored one run in the second on a single by Ulfers and errors by Mundhenk and Brill. Morse scored another run in the third, when Sacks hit for the circuit, and in the seventh added two more on Pennington's double, Dwyer's safe bunt, a double steal by Pennington and Dwyer; Dwyer's steal of third and Burke's sacrifice fly. With one out in the eighth, the visitors made a game rally, but were not quite up to the task, In this inning Sheehan's bunt and successive singles by Martin, Swartout, Green and McCloskey registered three runs. Pennington then put the brakes on, and there was nothing more doing in the scoring line.

The score:

MORSE

	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Dwyer, cf	4	1	3	0	0	0
Mundhenk, 1b	4	1	2	6	2	3
Burke, rf	2	1	0	0	0	0
Grant, 2b	4	1	1	2	3	0
Sacks, lf	4	1	1	4	1	0
Brill, 3b	2	0	1	1	1	1
Reimann, ss	4	0	2	1	1	1
Damm, c	4	0	3	12	2	0
Pennington, p	4	1	1	1	1	0
Totals	32	6	14	27	11	5

FEDERAL SHIP B. B. C.

	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Sheehan, cf	4	1	1	3	0	0
Martin, lf	4	1	2	2	0	0
Swartout, rf	4	1	1	0	0	0
McGovern, 1b	3	0	0	6	0	1
Green, 2b	4	0	1	7	3	1
McCloskey, ss	4	0	1	1	6	0
Ulfers, 3b	4	1	2	2	2	0
Berman, c	4	0	1	3	3	1
Wheery, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
McLaughlin, p	4	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	35	4	9	24	15	3

Morse . . . . . 3 0 1 0 0 0 2 0 x—6
Federal Ship B. B. C. . 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 3 0—4

Left on bases—Federal, 5; Morse, 5. Two-base hits—Mundhenk, Pennington. Home runs—Grant, Sacks. Sacrifice hits—Swartout, McGovern. Sacrifice fly—Burke. First base on errors—Federal, 5; Morse, 3. Stolen bases—Dwyer, 3; Mundhenk, 1. Double plays—Damm to Mundhenk to Damm; McCloskey to Ulfers, McCloskey to Green to McGovern; Pennington to Mundhenk. Bases on balls—Off Wheery, 1; McLaughlin 2. Struck out—By McLaughlin, 3; Pennington, 10. Hits—Off Wheery, 2 in one-third inning; off McLaughlin, 13 in seven and two-thirds innings; off Pennington, 9. Umpire—Mr. Brown. Time of game—2 hours. Attendance—8,000.



Reimann, ss, Burke, rf, Brill, 3b, Who Have Been Playing Good Ball

Here Are Our Boys



Sacks, lf; Pennington, p; Dwyer, cf; Reimann, ss; Munhenk, 1b; McGarry, p; Burke, rf; Grant, 2b; Meyers, Utility; Brill, 3b; Damm, c.

Notes of the Federal Game

That wallop of Grant's was the longest made on Morse Oval. For a little fellow this man can surely ride them far.

Sacks pulled a neat fall-away slide on the Feds catcher when he hit that homer. Berman had the ball in plenty of time, and was all smiles waiting for him, when Sacks pulled the fall-away and made him look foolish.

Dwyer stole three bases and got three safe hits. Two of his hits were bunts which he beat out. Bunny is a specialist in the bunting art. We also claim he goes down that first-base line as fast as any man in the league.

Mickey Damm also hit three, and played a stellar game behind the bat.

Pennington fanned ten of the visitors and issued no passes. His control was uncanny.

Berman, of the Feds, was up with the Washington Club of the American League a few years ago.

Our usually reliable first-sacker had three boots, but as they didn't prove costly we excuse him.

The Feds brought their band along to cheer them up, but funeral marches were the order of the day so far as the visitors were concerned.

A certain party connected with the Feds tried to entice a few of our boys to their club, by telling them their contracts were mere scraps of paper The Kaiser said the same thing, and is awfully sorry now.

ACCOMPANIED by our band the Morse team went to Newburgh on June 30 with a large delegation of rooters. We beat the Newburgh club, 5 to 2, in a rather lively game. Most of the Morse rooters went by boat and enjoyed the Hudson River trip greatly. Whatever enthusiasm there was in the game came from the Morse side of the bleachers, due largely to the fact that for some reason or other the Newburgh crowd was a slim one. Newburgh was the first club to score. This tally came in the very first inning, when old reliable Pennington uncorked a wild pitch, advancing a runner to third, from which place he scored on a sacrifice fly.

Robinson, for Newburgh, pitched a grand game for five innings, when he went to pieces. He walked Brill, Damm and Pennington in succession. Dwyer then bunted safely after two strikes were called. This upset the morale of the Newburgh club, and Mundhenk and Burke both singled, scoring Damm and Pennington. Newburgh scored its second and final run in the sixth, on singles, by Robinson Foster and Inch. Morse came back with one in the seventh and one in the eighth. In the seventh Pennington singled, Dwyer sacrificed, and Burke's single accounted for a run, and in the eighth Brill scored from first on Catcher Hueston's wild throw to the centerfield fence.

The score:

MORSE

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Dwyer, cf	0	1	2	0	0
Mundhenk, 1b	0	1	13	0	0
Burke, rf	0	2	2	2	0
Grant, 2b	0	2	2	2	0
Sacks, lf	0	1	2	0	0
Brill, 3b	2	0	1	1	0
Reimann, ss	0	0	1	3	0
Damm, c	1	1	4	1	0
Pennington, p	2	1	0	4	0
Totals	5	9	27	13	0

NEWBURGH

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Foster 3b	1	2	2	3	0
Inch, 2b	0	3	3	1	0
Sanger, lf	0	0	1	0	0
Scott, rf	1	1	2	0	0
Barton, rf	1	1	2	0	0
Hueston, c	0	0	6	1	0
Robinson, p	0	2	0	2	0
Wilson, 1b	0	0	12	0	0
Wendell, lf	0	1	0	0	0
aCampbell	0	0	0	0	0
bLeary	0	0	0	0	0
cRennell	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	2	9	27	7	0

a Batted for Scott in the ninth.
b Batted for Leary in the ninth.
c Batted for Hueston in the ninth.

Morse . . . . . 0 0 0 0 3 0 1 1 0—5
Newburgh . . . . . 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—2

Left on bases—Morse, 5; Newburgh, 3. Two-base hit—Grant. Sacrifice hits—Mundhenk, Dwyer. Stolen bases—Grant, Brill, 2. Pennington, Wendell. Double play—Barton, Inch and Wilson; Brill, Grant and Mundhenk. Bases on balls—Off Pennington, 1; off Robinson 6. Struck out—By Pennington 4; by Robinson, 5.

Notes of the Newburgh Game

Prof. Dan Shea's band rendered patriotic selections on the boat, and received warm applause and much attention.

When the boat passed the American, French and British warships in the river, a most impressive and inspiring greeting was extended by all on board, the band playing national anthems, while the sailors on the warships stood at attention and saluted.

Dwyer was badly hurt by a pitched ball in the first inning, but refused to quit.

Grant and Burke continued to hit the old pill. Both got two hits. One of Grant's was a long double.

Inch, of the Newburgh team, connected for three safe blows; this fellow looks like a pretty sweet hitter.

Burke nearly got beaned when he lost a fly ball in the sun in the sixth inning. Somebody suggested that he borrow Damm's mask.

Newburgh tried desperately to score in the ninth, using three pinch hitters, but it was no use.

Robinson had something on that old apple for five innings, but he seemed to be straining every ounce of energy with each delivery, which caused him to falter momentarily in the fifth inning.

The players on the Morse club appreciate the support given them by the loyal band of rooters that made the long journey to Newburgh. Ball players, like actors,have a touch of professional vanity, and love applause when they make a good play. Take a tip, and give the boys a hand when they deserve it.

THE game with Sisco on June 23, at Morse Oval, was some hitting bee. The score was 9 to 2, the Staten Island players putting up a good but useless scrap. The visitors were first to score, their run coming in the second inning. Our club came right back in their half of the inning and tied it up. From then to the fifth inning it was anybody's game. In this inning the Morse sluggers got the range of the fence, and pounded out four singles and two two-baggers, which netted five runs. Pennington had the game well in hand, and eased up toward the finish. Morgan, of the visiting club, who left the Jersey City club of the International League to join Sicso, played a star game at short, and his two errors were excusable. Grant starred in the field for Morse.

The score:

MORSE D. D. & R. CO.

	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Dwyer, cf	5	0	2	2	0	0
Mundhenk, 1b	4	1	2	11	0	0
Burke, rf	5	0	0	1	1	0
Grant, 2b	5	2	3	7	3	0
Sacks, lf	2	3	2	1	0	0
Brill, 3b	5	1	1	1	2	1
Reimann, ss	3	1	3	2	2	1
Damm, c	4	1	2	1	2	0
Pennington, p	3	0	1	0	4	0
Meyers, c	0	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	36	9	16	27	14	2

SISCO B. B. C.

	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Browne, 3b	4	0	2	1	4	0
Morgan, ss	3	0	0	5	4	2
Smith, c	5	0	0	6	3	0
Worth, 1b	4	0	1	9	0	0
Bailey, rf	3	1	0	0	0	0
Sheckard, cf	4	1	0	0	0	0
Richards, 2b	4	0	3	1	4	1
Holden, lf	4	0	0	2	2	0
Kinsella, p	3	0	2	0	2	0
*Pepple	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	35	2	8	24	19	3

* Batted for Kinsella in the ninth.

Morse D. D. & R. Co.. 0 1 0 2 5 1 0 0 *—9
Sisco B. B. C..... 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—2

Left on bases—Sisco, 9; Morse, 10. Two base hits—Brill, Reimann. Sacrifice Hits—Morgan, Sacks. Stolen bases—Mundhenk, Grant, 2, Sacks, 3, Reimann, Damm. Double play—Morgan to Richards to Worth. Bases on balls—Off Kinsella, 5; off Pennington, 2. Struck out—By Kinsella, 6; by Pennington, 7. Umpire—Mr. Vroom. Time of game—1 hour 45 minutes.

Notes of the Sisco Game

The Sisco players put up a much better game than they did with Robins, when Kinsella passed about fifteen men.

Smith, Sisco's catcher, came all the way from Binghampton in the International League to play against us. This fellow was up with the Yankees a few years ago and is a very fine catcher, but doesn't seem able to hit.

Kinsella was dangerous in a pinch. He drove home both runs made by his club.

Dwyer caught Buster Browne flat-footed in the fifth, and beat out a bunt easily. He evidently fooled Buster by taking a heavy swing at the first one.

Grant and Reimann were the hitting stars, with three apiece.

SINCE the inauguration of the Shipyard League there have been many changes in the personnel of the different clubs. The Standard and the Robins clubs have practically entirely new lineups. Every minor league in the country has been combed by the Staten Island teams to secure as fast a team as possible. The slogan of the league seems to be, "Beat Morse and we all have a chance." When the Standards invaded Brooklyn on July 13, they admitted that they had the fastest aggregation that ever left the Island. The Staten Islanders came over in force, with the utmost confidence, believing that it was all over but the shouting.





Morse Company Well Represented in New York Parade July 4th, By a Float, Its Band and the Newly Organized Yard Police Reserve

THE Robins club, after getting away to a bad start, is now in a position to give any club in the League a lot of trouble. They have two very reliable pitchers in Archer and Von Essen, who are capable of making any club extend themselves to win. Von Essen was with the Cincinnati's a few years ago, and still retains all of his cunningness.

It looks to us now as if the race had narrowed down to the Standards and the Morse team, with Sisco and Robins the choice for second honors.

AT a recent meeting of the board of directors of the Shipyard League at the Hotel McAlpin, the following rules were adopted:

All umpires in the League are to stamp out any rowdyism and the use of profane language

(*Continued on Page* 13)

THE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, and to the interests of the firm.

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor

The Editor's office is located in the Employment Bureau, where he may be reached by telephone or in person.

Matter intended for any given issue must reach the Editor not later than the 15th of the preceding month.

Notify the Employment Bureau promptly of any change of residence, giving old as well as new address.

The Dry Dock Dial is protected by copyright, but our esteemed contemporaries are invited to reprint from its pages when due credit is given.

All communications should be addressed to B. E. Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn.

Vol. 1 AUGUST, 1918 No. 7

An Editorial By George Liddle "Watchman Poet"

In looking over the May issue of The Dry Dock Dial I was much impressed with the fine description of the Liberty Bond parade and the raising of the Italian flag, and remembering that I was a spectator on that occasion some thoughts occurred to me that may interest my fellow-workers.

I wondered if all those present realized the spirit of patriotism displayed by Mr. Morse and the sacrifice made in giving some three thousand hours and from $1,500 to $2,000 so that his employees should have their chance to hear arguments in favor of Liberty Bonds.

And while they listened to the ladies who asked them to buy bonds I wondered if they saw another appeal in their eyes, though unspoken.

I seemed to see the following appeal. In the name of right and justice, in the name of God and humanity, save American Womanhood from the grasp of the German beast, save your mothers, wives, sisters and daughters from being sacrificed on the altar of German lust and kultur. Make it no longer possible for German brutes to stamp out the lives of nursing babes or to chop off at the wrist the hands of noble women, whose only crime was to nurse the sick and wounded. What red-blooded American can see or hear that appeal and not answer it by doing their bit?

There are more ways than one of doing it, if you can not fight, buy Liberty Bonds or War Savings Stamps. You may do your bit in the work you are engaged in by devoting every minute of your time that you are paid for to your work. By being careful, prompt and efficient you will not only help to "Win the War" but you will also help to maintain the Morse Standard, than which there can be none higher for carefulness, quantity, quality and promptness of production.

So do your bit and help grind into the mire of oblivion the Kaiser and Kaiserism so deep that even the memory of them shall never rise to reproach you and peace shall come again. Many of you shall have passed away, but the deeds and work you have done for humanity's sake will be held in grateful remembrance in the great heart of the American people, while the idlers, time wasters, slackers and clock watchers will be dead and forgotten.

War Editorial Written by a 15-Year-Old Boy

Not since the Civil War have men been so disturbed as to-day. All things vital to democracy, independence, freedom and self-government are now at stake.

During the past years there has been two forms of Government—Democracy and Autocracy. The time has come to recognize that the two are deadly antagonists. At all costs and hazards we must fight this war to a successful finish. When Germany is beaten to her knees and offers to make restitution for her crimes then, and not till then, can this war stop.

Germany has suffered no vital hurt in this war as yet. Three years of battle have lessened the wealth of the Allies considerably but vastly increased the wealth of Germany. There has been no financial return for the Allies for the billions of dollars expended, while Germany has reaped a rich harvest. She has carried away gold, silver, stocks, bonds, copper, iron and steel. She has stolen horses, cattle, sheep. She has spoiled the granaries of their rye, wheat and barley. She has looted the Belgian and French factories of their machinery and carried away the looms from the mills for cotton, wool and silk.

In the face of her solemn treaties she has carried away thousands and thousands of freight trains loaded with furniture, agricultural implements, goods from the merchants stores and art treasures from public galleries. Each attack made by Germany has been against a rich people she could loot, while every attack made by the Allies has been to recover a land already devastated, poor and helpless. The peril to the Allies is greater because of the vicious methods used by the Germans. They have used poisonous gases and have committed countless numbers of atrocities to terrorize the Allies. Whenever she has been short of food she sends an expedition into Belgium, Poland or Rumania.

Whenever she takes a million men from the fields she forces a million slaves from Belgium, Poland or Rumania and forces these to plough her fields and reap her harvests, all without pay. She has compelled them to build ships while she pays them nothing. We build our iron ships with seven-dollars-a-day labor and our wooden ships with six-dollars-a-day carpenters.

Brutality and savagery have an enormous advantage over civilized States. To win this war our women must join the world movement. The army is the cutting edge but the millions behind lend driving power to it. If our Government should commandeer ten thousand luxury-making plants for munition factories, throw them open to millions of women, by next winter, we should be doing our part in this war. To-day the clouds are thick, but better days are coming. For a time it may seem kind of dark for us, but liberty is stronger than tyranny, humanity stronger than savagery, and at last peace must prevail.

The above editorial was written by the fifteen-year-old son of Samuel J. Marryatt, No. 6536, of the carpenter shop, and received high praise in a school competition.

* * *

Now I get me up to work,
I pray the Lord, I may not shirk;
If I should die before the night,
I pray the Lord, my work's done right.

—*L. McLuke.*

We Are Not Slackers

THE so-called "slacker" letters which were printed in the last issue of THE DIAL, have brought many spirited answers from the employees in the yard. The majority of those which reached the Editor's desk in time for this issue, appear below.

The letter signed "Sailor," and the one signed by "J. R." were given circulation in the daily press, and must surely have created a tremendously bad impression about shipyard workers as a class. We were set down as slackers in a way that reflected a great injustice on every man engaged in the important task of turning out ships for Uncle Sam. To offset this harmful publicity, and to point out to the workers in this yard what mean things were being said about shipyard workers, we printed the letters with the request that they be answered.

The Editor could have undertaken to answer the unfair attack, but would that have been as effective as a series of letters from shipyard workers themselves? We think not, and the following letters will attest to this more than anything we may say.

"*Editor Morse Dry Dock Dial:* Would like to say a few words regarding the article addressed to the 'Editor of the *Evening World*' by J. R., regarding shipyard slackers, and published in THE DIAL. To begin with, it is very evident that J. R., in singling out for his shameful accusations a distinctive people, is doubtlessly striving to satisfy some foolish desire for revenge. And if such be the case, and he harbors within him some petty grievance, he should think twice before laying open to ridicule a people who are known wherever they may be, to be a peaceful, law-abiding people, and who will strive to the utmost of their ability to assist Uncle Sam to bring this world war to a successful termination.

"And I can dauntlessly say that everyone who is laboring in Uncle Sam's shipbuilding army, although they may not have been accustomed to such strenuous work are straining every sinew to turn out the vessels which will eventually spell victory for the U. S. A., and permit all peoples to live their allotted time in peace, without constantly feeling the clammy hand of the 'Battle God' at their backs.

"Very Respectfully,

"C. E."

"*To the Editor:* Complying with your request for an answer to a couple of letters which appeared in the *Evening World* accusing shipyard workers of being slackers, I wish to state as my opinion, that said accusations are nothing else but rot, most probably an outburst of hatred by a couple of jealous individuals who themselves are incompetent or unable to do any useful work in a shipyard, thus being deprived of an income satisfactory to keep on an even keel during the present high cost of living. Jealousy in this respect, however, is rather unpatriotic in these days, especially if suffered by a petty officer in the navy. 'Sailor' evidently knew what he was up against when he gave up a good position to enter the navy for a far smaller pay. 'J. R's' hatred toward 'big, able-bodied Scandinavians,' the majority of them being 'non-citizens' and 'pro-Germans,' and who are 'buying up all the two-family houses in Brooklyn' may be genuine. But in view of the numerous intrigues resorted to by the Kaiser's agents over here, it may be permissible to suggest the possibility of another ill-designed effort by said agents to create disharmony between shipyard workers and the Government. The pro-German stuff is an infernal lie. There never was in this country a more true, loyal and law-abiding people than these Scandinavians, and that they are saving their earnings for an eventual title to a home of their own should be proof enough that if they are not citizens already they intend to become so before long. The high standard of work produced by these men is highly appreciated everywhere. Even the foremen, as J. R. says himself, are Scandinavians. Certainly, no intelligent American could have written such rot, and it ought perhaps to have been ignored. It clearly shows, if composed by an American, how deep some patriots are buried in mental mud.

"SHIPYARD WORKER."

"*Dear Editor:* In answer to 'J. R.' I would suggest his letter shows much inconsistency and mental confusion. No man is permitted idleness in any yard. Such talk is founded on mere heresay. At present the men are working day and night. As for being 'slackers,' that is up to the Government's jurisdiction. Someone, it seems, has to do that work. For every man in the trench or on the sea, there are five men working to make existence possible for the man in the trench or on the sea. The high wages he speaks of are the direct cause of his ability to earn it, and his willingness to work double time to enable Uncle Sam to get ships out quicker. Only recently Mr. Schwab congratulated the men who built the *Tuckahoe* in twenty-seven days—Some idleness! There are more ways than one to serve one's country. Patriotism is a thing of the heart; it cannot be judged by ostentation. As for the men being pro-German, I think if it were true they would work in other directions. Fifty per cent. of the men in the yards have sons serving over the seas. I know several 'Swedes' whose sons at present are in battle. Just what does he mean by 'our grand young men'; are they not composed of all nationalities and creeds? Such talk is not creditable to any young man. A great many men have been rejected for various causes who have tried their utmost to enlist. What would you term these? In justification of these I pity the man who cannot feel the force of taking everything into consideration.

"In conclusion I quote from Dr. Jefferson's *Ethical Questions:* 'Early in the war it was discovered that munition makers are just as indispensable as the men who use munitions. In a few months it became apparent that mechanics in shipyards are likewise indispensable. . . . Every month for nearly three years some new class of population has come to the front to be acclaimed before the world as absolutley indispensable to the further progress of the campaign? No one man has so gotten the start of this majestic world as to bear the palm alone.'

"O. E. BARENE."

"*To the Editor:* May I be permitted to answer someone who put an item into the *Evening World*, and was so much of an American that he could not use his name only as a 'Sailor.' Calling we men who are working in the shipyards slackers! Let him try our work of burning or in any of the shipbuilding departments in all kinds of tempers of men, and the different kinds of weather, and if he is a man he will say he is the real slacker by putting in a public printed paper any such false statements, when he knew better at the same time. What timekeeper, foreman or Shipping Board man would tolerate the conditions he wrote of. I will answer as a burner. None of them in the Morse Company, as I have been with the Company long enough to know his statements are false. He should have been on the several ships this Company had, namely the *El Cid*, *Grosser Kurfurst* and *Elcigalo*, and to hear the words of praise our Government gave to this Company would be evidence enough of his false statement. Several of us shipyard men work all day and then some at nights and all night, if we are needed, and never a grumble. Besides doing our bit in shipbuilding this Company's men have loaned their monies, what they could spare, into every appeal the Government has made, by buying War Saving Stamps and Liberty Bonds, besides giving very liberally into the Red Cross Fund. I must say that all of the men of this Company that I have come into contact with are 100 per cent. Americans, and if the man 'Sailor' will consider just a few things I think he will agree with me that he made a very bad error in his statement. Our records are contrary to his views.

"O. M. BUNTING, No. 2368, Burner."

"*To the Editor:* In answer to the letter published in the *Evening World*, calling shipyard workers 'slackers,' I wish to express my personal experience and view in regard to the complaint made by one signed 'Sailor.' In answer to the following lines in the letter signed 'Sailor' (which are as follows) 'In all shipyards doing navy repair work, and in the Navy Yard itself, are thousands of workmen getting paid at a rate far in excess of anything they received before or will get again, for less than one-half the work they should do. It is a common sight at any time of the day to see scattered throughout the shipyards, large numbers of men killing time by the hour.' Did not the navy also receive an increase in pay in all grades ranging from 1 to 100 per cent.? It did. Shipyard men have received far less, but should be entitled to just as much consideration as the navy men, because we are both brothers in arms against autocracy, in our cause to uphold democracy for the world. As to seeing large numbers of men killing time by the hour in the Morse Yard, if you don't know, consult our 'Efficiency Department,' and you will find that many innocent men have been called up to remove all doubt as to their actually being at work, or loafing. Loafers are promptly discharged, as the men of the Morse Dry Dock do not associate with such criminals and traitors. As to other yards, they must speak for themselves. Now, my dear reader, I also want to call your attention to the fact that I have been a military man for seven years, and was unable to continue as such on account of a physical disability, which accounts for me not being in the trenches to-day with the '*Flower of the Nation*,' the United States Marines or '*The President's Own*,' as they are often known. From a military and patriotic point of view, to me, this man signed 'Sailor' plainly shows his lack of being diligent (which is one of the first essentials taught, and necessary, to become a military man in time of peace, much less in time of war) in the fact that he does not have these men promptly brought up before his superiors as traitors to the cause of democracy and their brothers in the trenches. *Patriotism* consists of action and not words, my dear 'Sailor,' so give us action and not words.

MENNO MILLER,
"A Shipyard Workman."

"*To the Editor:* In reply to your request that the two letters on slackers in the last issue of THE DIAL be answered, would like to quote the following from the life of the late Bob Evans. A short time before the death of Admiral Evans, he was lecturing to a large audience at Carnegie Hall, when he was asked whether it was true that naval officers had in their rooms aboard ship large quantities of

rum, and if officers were not full most of the time at sea. Fighting Bob smiled, and replied that it was true officers sometimes had rum in their closets, and that there may have been instances of an officer taking a wee drop too much, but that it was a damn lie that naval officers were drunk all of the time while at sea. Now this is equally true of our shipyards. There may be instances of a man resting a wee bit too much, but that shipworkers are slackers is a gross misstatement of facts. To habitually be a slacker in a yard with the efficiency experts would require genius far beyond that class commonly known as slackers. As to the dissatisfied writer signing himself 'Sailor,' he probably has neither the imagination nor the mathematical ability to realize how much he really is paid a month. To his $40 a month should be added $25 for lack of worry as to how to make both ends meet, with beefsteak at 50 cents a pound. He should add three square meals a day, outer clothes, under clothes, shoes and free dental and medical service, free movies aboard ship, and no possible way of spending any money for long periods at a time. Would venture to say that as a sailor he had more cash on hand at the end of a month than ever he had left over after paying his monthly bills as a civilian. In reference to the letter about Scandinavians in shipyards, would think this only a natural condition, as the Scandinavian people are a seafaring race, and are expecially skilled in the shipwright trades. Most of them are fellow-citizens, and all of them are good loyal workers. If they like to buy two-family houses in Brooklyn, they pay their share of the taxes, and show better judgment than if they invested their money in automobiles. My advice to the writers of the two fault-finding letters is to walk to the nearest dock, say 'Here goes nobody,' and jump overboard.

"A Shipyard Worker,"
(Name withheld by request.)

"When a person writes in a free column and signs himself 'Publico Verstas' or 'Constant Reader,' he's living in a past decade; but when a person writes an honest complaint and signs his honest name in full, he's justified. But when a man writes under the non de plume of 'Sailor,' criticizing his fellow-men, who are doing just as much as anyone to bring this war to a successful Allied end, I take issue with him. To begin with, I love and honor the flag as much as he does (if he is a sailor, the name is all the proof we have); the uniform I respect, the country I love, but this man signing himself 'Sailor,' criticizing shipworkers, seems to be out of keeping with his calling, because as he says he has seen a group of shipworkers standing idle he forgets to menton how many he has seen working, and by this broad assertion criticizing the few, he discourages the many and sows the seed that makes slackers of all shipworkers. He mistakes bile for patriotism, and until he can honestly sign his own name in full and show he's a bona fide sailor, we will have our doubts as to whether it's facts or propaganda, or else he's afraid his identity might become known when he enters civilian life, and he himself might be caught hanging around. There is but one thing he says I can place confidence in. He says he's a 'Petty Officer'. I don't know about 'Officer' but 'Petty' is right.

"John Powell, Shipworker."

"*To the Editor:* May I be permitted to answer the letter about Scandinavian Shipyard slackers published in your last issue? The letter shows that the writer is dictated by the meanest kind of jealousy. His statement is entirely superfluous to discuss seriously. He is one of those know-nothings who expects to land a good job on his knowledge, and, of course, he cannot understand why a man with twenty, thirty or forty years' experience at one trade sometimes gets to the very top of the ladder. 'Scandinavians are buying up the two-family houses, with our grand young men over there.' The very fact that they are buying their own homes shows that their interest in this country is permanent, and that they intend to stay here. No official report showing the correct amount of boys of Scandinavian birth or descent in service can be obtained, but it is a fact that among the first Brooklyn soldiers to be wounded on the French front was a Scandinavian boy; that one Scandinavian society can display a service flag with 867 stars, and the Chicago Danes one with 1,412 stars. Out of the seventeen boys who so far received the Distinguished Service Cross were two Scandinavians. Scandinavians subscribed over $1,000,000 to the Third Liberty Loan through their local societies, and besides that, how many did not subscribe at the place where they work? More than eight Red Cross societies are formed by Scandinavians in Greater New York, besides all the 'knitting societies,' and Scandinavians have also three or four patriotic societies with members all over the country. Compared with any other nationality, Scandinavians have sent the largest number of boys 'over there' each one, I can assure you, as eager to help Uncle Sam as we Scandinavians at Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company.

"No. 26515. (Name withheld by request.)

Machinists' Outing

THE inside machinists and blacksmiths are still talking about that outing they held on Saturday, June 22, at Midland Beach, Staten Island, and we don't wonder at it, because it was indeed "some time," despite disagreeable weather. Assembling at the main machine shop at 9 o'clock the picnickers formed a line and marched to the 69th street ferry, headed by Dan Shea's band and escorted by Charles G. Hall, of the executive department, and Mr. Murray, general superintendent.

Arriving at the park they found a hearty breakfast awaiting them in the main dining hall. During this feast there was one notable feature we must not forget to mention. Of course, we have reference to the clam-fritter eating contest between "Charley-the-midget-babbitter," and John Honeyman. The contest developed keen interest with Honeyman the betting favorite at the outset. Those who were reckless enough to lay wagers doped it out that Honeyman had a bigger place in which to store the fritters. Charley beat him, however, despite his seeming handicaps. He ate the fritters so fast that four husky waiters were kept on the jump supplying him.

After this exciting event came the baseball game. In attempting to describe this the writer is taking a risk of bringing the libel law down upon his head. The game was between the inside and outside machinists. The outside machinists are said to have won, but as yet we have been unable to learn definitely just what was the score, because someone lured the score keeper away at a critical moment and several tallies were lost. Bob Kingston was the goat—that is to say he was the umpire. With the aid of six waiters Bob managed, however, to pull through five innings. Then the waiters, perspiring from the ordeal through which they had been, deliberately refused to carry any more refreshments to Bob and Bob had to do his own waiting. This he did with little interference in the progress of the game, as he would chase to the refreshment counter while the players were running bases. At such times there was no need of an umpire.

To even things up the inside machinists came back at their opponents in a bowling match, winning this contest without dfficulty. It wouldn't do to speak of the fatman's race or the growler-rushing race, or any of the other sporting events of the day, except perhaps the debate between Ben DeBar and Charley Holmberg on "Why men drink." Ben DeBar won this contest by a big margin. He had the crowd with him from the very beginning. We are told that his argument would not look well in type, so we cannot attempt to say just what points he brought out. We would suggest that if further information on the subject is desired Ben DeBar can be communicated with. We forgot to say that the debate followed a very sumptious dinner, which concluded the day's program.

For the success of the outing the members who participated in it are indebted to the untiring efforts of these officers and committeemen: President, William Robbins; Vice-President, William Ritchie; Treasurer, Vincent Konop; Financial Secretary, Charles Holmberg; Arrangement Committee, Charles Brightson, Eric Anderson, John Sweeney, Otto Rochelle, Louis Privitera, Robert Kingston, Charles Small, Samuel Monson, John McMullen and W. Dunn; Sergeant-at-Arms, Ben DeBar, Louis Schatzel and Henry Pauli.



Off for a Day's Outing

One Way to Lose Your Job

Fire Marshal James Devlin in making his rounds several days ago happened into the assembly hall on the top floor of the carpenter shop and discovered a battle-royal in progress, the weapons being wads of paper that had been soaked in the water from the fire pails. One of Mr. Devlin's duties is to see that the fire pails located throughout the different shops are kept filled with water. This is impossible if the pails are tampered with. Any one found guilty of disturbing the fire pails will immediately be discharged from the employ of the Company.

While we are on this subject it might be well to state that the assembly room privileges which have been extended to the employees are being abused by a certain few. If this continues it will be necessary to close the room. The management of the Company hopes that this step will not be forced.

Italian employees of the yard held a very enjoyable banquet at the Villa Masaniello at Coney Island, on the night of June 15, at which Philip M. Rossman, superintendent of riggers and laborers, was a guest of honor. The gathering was a very patriotic affair and a voluntary collection for the benefit of the Red Cross was made, $58 being subscribed. This was in addition to the subscriptions made during the week of the Red Cross drive.

Many of the yard foremen who attended the Morse-Standard baseball game on July 13, dined some of the foremen from the Standard plant that night at Consumers Park Hotel, Coney Island. The party was a most enjoyable affair for those in attendance.

Matty Matthews' Ring Days

THE Brooklyn *Eagle* and some of the New York newspapers recently published a list of some of the old time boxers of Brooklyn and New York and what they are doing to-day. "Old Timer," in his comment in the Brooklyn *Eagle* gave a very glowing account of Matty Matthews, who is "doin' his bit" for Uncle Sam by working in the Morse Yard, and we are glad to use the following extracts from the article because we are proud to have Matty numbered among us:



Matty Matthews

"Brooklyn has never known a more hardy boxer than Matty Matthews, who was looked upon as invincible at 138 pounds ringside, and became the recognized welterweight champion of the world by knocking out Mysterious Billy Smith at 142 pounds ringside. He is now doing his bit as a shipbuilder in Morse's Shipyard.

"Matthews was born July 18, 1878, in the old Seventh Ward of New York, but has spent most of his life in Brooklyn. He is the father of six children, the oldest of whom is twenty-four years of age, and the old scrapper seldom attends a boxing show. His full name is William Robert Matthews.

"On April 17, 1900, at the Broadway Athletic Club of New York, Matthews acquired the welterweight championship when he knocked out Mysterious Billy Smith in the nineteenth round of one of the fiercest ring battles on record, with a straight right punch to the jaw, before an audience wrought to the highest stage of excitement. Smith was a regular bearcat and had fought Joe Walcott, the giant killer, on three occasions, winning once on a foul and twice getting a draw. He had also defeated Matthews the year previous in a twenty-five-round bout at the Lenox A. C., in Manhattan.

"The match of 1900 had created wide-spread interest, as neither Matthews nor Smith had ever drawn the color line and the winner was to be the undisputed champion.

"When the gong sounded Smith leaped to the corner occupied by Matthews and, notwithstanding that Matty had been warned by Dunn that Smith would throw all science to the wind and seek to make it a quick bout, Matthews was caught napping and was knocked down by a right hand swing to the eye and temple. The din could be heard for a mile as the referee started to count off the ten seconds. But Matthews shook the cobwebs from his brain and was on his feet and in a defensive position before the ninth second was reached.

"He cleverly avoided Smith's rushes and outpointed him for the remainder of the round with straight lefts to the nose and mouth. Matthews continued these tactics, under orders, in the ensuing rounds, but at times forgot his instructions and stood toe to toe with his powerful opponent, regardless of consequences.

"Smith's ill temper and his inability to hit Matthews an effective blow was slowly weakening him, and as he turned his head to resent a remark by an occupant of a ringside seat in the nineteenth round, Matthews stepped in and flashed a haymaker that knocked the mysterious one cold. The count was particularly slow, but Smith never moved as he lay stretched on the canvas, and it was some time before he was thoroughly restored to consciousness.

"Matthews had previously defeated Bobby Dobbs, the negro champion at 138 pounds, who had knocked out Dick Burge in England and had not only acquired the 142-pound championship of England in that fight, but had met all the contenders in the welter and light-weight divisions. Dobbs had been treated like a Fiji king upon his return to New York from London and the negro race set a vast amount of store upon him winning the welterweight championship of the world.

"Billy Brady, the showman, who was interested in the Coney Island Sporting Club, had tried his best to secure an opponent for Dobbs, but they all sidestepped the black man until Matthews volunteered. The bout took place in 1899 and it went to Matthews in the twenty-fifth round on the decision of foul by Referee George Siler of Chicago.

"In the same year Matthews defeated Hugh McWinters, one of the toughest of negro welterweights, in twenty rounds at the Pelican A. C., Brooklyn. Persistent efforts were made to induce Joe Gans to meet Matthews, but A. Herford, manager of Gans, finally admitted to Johnny Dunn that Gans would not box Matty unless the latter weighed 133 pounds ringside, which was two pounds lighter than it was possible for the latter to make and be physically fit, so that match was never made.

"The undaunted courage possessed by Matthews was put to the critical test in his bout against Jack Bennett on McKeesport, Pa., in Cincinnati on January 15, 1900, and with Eddy Kennedy, of Pittsburg, at Toronto, Canada, on September 28, 1901. Bennett had closed Matty's right eye with a vicious left hook and it had swollen like a toy balloon when he returned to his corner after the fourth round. John Dunn, seeing his condition, and fearing that he might lose the sight of his eye, asked Matty if he wished to stop, but Matty insisted that the eye be opened with a pen knife, as he intended to continue.

"Matty took the knife and made the cut himself, and he opened the next round with a bad wound, but he knocked Bennett down with a straight right punch and eventually won in seven rounds.

"Matty defeated Kennedy in the thirteenth round in Toronto, although he had undergone an operation on his nose a few days previous and was breathing through a rubber tube which he had been warned not to remove. He had such confidence in himself that he fought Kennedy entirely with the left hand, using the right to protect his face.

"So it went with Matthews. He fought them all as they came, and never stopped until it was physically impossible for him to go any further. He began to slip and to lose in 1902, and his active ring career came to a close when he lost to Honey Mellody, who was long welter champion, in Boston on January 13, 1904. This was the last bout of importance for one of the stanchest boxers who ever lived in Brooklyn or anywhere else."

One of the boys in the machine shop went over to the hospital for the treatment of a lame foot. When he got back he was telling how they put his leg in an "incubator and baked it." A heater boy who stood nearby asked: "Will you get a new foot now, like they hatch chickens?"

The night shift in the boiler shop should worry about the high cost of living, when they can get lobsters at $1.25 a dozen.

"A Yankee's Duty"

A man from Kalamazoo
Signed up with a shipyard crew;
He worked all his might
To help win the fight;
What else could a real Yankee do?
—*Emergency Fleet News.*

Another went in from *Peru
A tuba or brass horn he blew;
He played in the band
That Sousa made grand;
What more could a real Yankee do?
—*Presto* (*Music Trade Weekly*).

*Indiana.

We have a man true blue,
Who knows a thing or two
About a riveting gun;
He's out to beat the Hun.
What else could a real Yankee do?
—*Speed Up.*

And here in our yard, too,
We are pushing the work through,
Helping Uncle Sam
The Kaiser to "can,"
What else could real Yankees do?

A Captivating Kiddie

If this isn't a captivating little youngster we'd like to know. His name is John and he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Pinto, of 415 Bay Ridge Avenue. Mr. Pinto is a member of the outside machinists' department and has been a Morse employee for s'o m e time. He is mighty proud of John, and indeed we would be ourselves if we had a kiddie with a smile like that.



To Our Employer

By Dan Cameron, No. 9,105

There is a man you all know well,
A self-made man is he,
Who's promised Uncle Sammy his urgent needs to fill.
That man is our employer, E. P. Morse, his name;
A man who is efficient and well versed in the trade.
He has called to our attention a fact we all know well,
That if Uncle Sam's to win this war,
It's ships that are going to tell.
So, men, don't be slackers, but work with might and main,
To get those ships in readiness to sail the seas again.

Smiling Lloyd

How's this for a smile, boys? The other day when we felt a little blue we happened by accident to look at this little chap's picture, and the effect was like magic. There's nothing like a good, cherry smile to help things along and Lloyd MacLaurin, whose dad is the "big boss" over in "The Farm," is just one great big fifteen year old smile.



Lloyd MacLaurin

Our June Meeting

By Thomas J. Plunkett

OVER 1,000 were present at the June meeting of the Employees Association, held Wednesday evening the 26th. This was by far the largest attendance on record and from the comments the writer has received, it was the best in respect to entertainment and enthusiasm. President MacFarlane was on hand early and while waiting for his brother officers danced a "Highland fling" to the music of our orchestra. Under the head of new business, Charles G. Hall addressed the members in connection with the newly organized Morse Police Reserve unit. Speaking for the athletic committee Mr. Benner called upon the men to support the Mr. Benner called upon the men to support the baseball team. The soldiers and sailors tobacco fund was voted an additional $100 to buy smokes for our boys in the service.

Following the business meeting we were entertained by two old vaudeville favorites, Lee and Keeler, Hebrew comedians, who in addition to their rapid fire wit, sang some good parodies.

The next act introduced Edward Apples, who gave a unique travesty on a Western card game. This burlesque ended in a grand fistic encounter with a confederate, who shouted at the performer from among the spectators.

The "spectator" was invited into the boxing ring to fight and the mixup resulted in Apples, as well as the man from the audience, hitting the canvas several times.

Following this the Universal films, picturing the launching of the new section of our Dry Dock were shown. The pictures were very interesting and the final scenes showing Mr. Morse inspecting the dock before launching were roundly applauded.

Following the movies came the much advertised dog raffle. James Greenfield, chief electrician held the winning number, 121.



Office Girls Doing Their Bit

Next came the bouts. Young Jack Sharkey and Willie Spencer, bantams, exhibited some of the latest in pugilism. These men were introduced by Billy Grupp, their trainer, who is training manager of Fred Fulton, heavyweight contender. Joe Wagner, who used to be a favorite bantam acted as referee. There were bouts between Bobby Hansen of the carpenters and Billy Metz of the electrical shop, and Packey O'Gatty and Victor Ritchie, featherweights, who are sparring partners for Bennie Leonard and Joe Welling. Then came the return wrestling bout between Young Munday and Jean Bruce. For seventeen and one-half minutes these two squirmed and tossed about. Bruce finally got a scissors and head lock, which pinned Munday's shoulders to the mat. The crowd swarmed into the ring and carried Bruce on their shoulders amid loud cheering.

Three more bouts followed this. The principals being Jim Bailey and Harry Mack, Benny Volger and Herman Callahan and Frankie Fay and Young Grover with Frankie Callahan as referee.

The verdict of the crowd can be summed up in these words overheard by the writer: "That was some show. I didn't think the Employees' Association was such an organization. Lead me to the next."



Band Concert Days are Popular





Scenes at One of Our Patriotic Meetings

War Heroes Address Us

By Thomas J. Plunkett

ON June 20, at a noon meeting held under the auspices of the National Service Section of the United States Shipping Board, two very interesting speakers addressed the men. Charles G. Hall of the office, introduced them. The first speaker, Dr. Thomas Travis, a Y. M. C. A. field secretary, told of his experiences during fighting around Ypres and Armentieres, and of the atrocities of the Germans. He called upon our men to do their utmost in their daily tasks and sustain the boys in France, who are so gallantly defending the cause of the civilized world. He described the wonderful fighting of the "Anzacs," the title applied to the British soldiers from Australia and New Zealand. Mr. Travis has been through all stages of modern warfare from being chased by submarines to bombing from the air. For his pluck he has been nicknamed the "fighting parson."

The second speaker was Corporal Paul Iogolevitch, of the Russian army, who is but sixteen years of age. He enlisted in the Russian army when only twelve years of age. He was wounded four times and has been crippled for life. The corporal told of capturing 2,000 Germans with the aid of two comrades and a machine gun. He was captured himself and made prisoner and kept four weeks in a German camp. He wears four War Crosses for heroism, two of the Diamond Cross, an International insigna of courageous work. He also has two Crosses of Saint George.

At the conclusion of his address the corporal played the "Star-Spangled Banner" on the violin, and was roundly applauded.

After this Mr. Hall called for three cheers for the speakers and the boys responded lustily.

How to Get Your Pay on Saturday

By R. R. Piper, Paymaster

THE management of the Company is doing its utmost to eliminate all delays in paying the employees on Saturdays. The employees can do their share by following instructions closely.

It is necessary that the Company keep a close check on the buttons and tools, and in order to do this it is the practice on Saturday of each week to pick up the buttons and tool checks of all employees who have no time on the new payroll to be paid the following Saturday. In other words, employees who have not worked any of the three days, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, must give up their buttons and tool checks, but may obtain same at the Employment Office when they are again put to work.

It was formerly the practice to have the paymasters at the pay booths lift the buttons and tool checks, but as it was necessary for the paymasters to count the number of checks on each ring, it resulted in holding up the pay line. To avoid this delay, after conferring with the Employees' Association Committee, the Company management adopted the present plan of having the pay envelopes of employees who did not work Thursday and Friday kept in the Paymaster's office in the "Church," and requiring that employees who did not work these two days, go to the Employment Office for a clearance slip for their buttons and tool checks on which they could obtain their pay at the Paymaster's office. Employees working Saturday who did not work Thursday and Friday to go direct to the Paymaster's office and obtain their pay by presenting their Saturday's time card properly punched.

To avoid delay at the "Church" a clerk from the Employment office is stationed at a window in the timekeeping office in the front of the building on Saturdays after 12 o'clock, noon, to pick up buttons and tool checks and give clearance slips.



Our Nurses Enthusiastic Red Cross Workers

Employees can aid in carrying out this plan, and also obtain their pay more quickly, by carefully observing the instructions posted on the large sign at the main gate.

To avoid shortages it is important that all time cards be filed promptly.

You can help yourself by helping us.

Leading the League

(*Continued from Page 7*)

on the ball field. Any ball player put out of a game for using profane language is to be given a cash fine, and is not eligible to play until said fine is paid.

All big league ball players must be bona fide members of the shipyards for which they play, and must be employed for at least twelve working days in their respective yards. Minor league and semi-professional players are eligible to play at any time if they are employed in the yard, providing consent of the advisory board is obtained.

OUT of five games with independent clubs, our boys have won four, the game they lost being with the Farmers B. B. C., of Brooklyn, and the score being 8 to 7. The game was played on Sunday morning, July 7, after a long and tiresome journey, which followed their game with the Federal shipyard team the previous day. In the afternoon of the same day, the Morse club went up against the fast Highbridge B. B. C. team at Morse Oval, trimming the visitors by the score of 3 to 2.

The Royal Giants, the fastest colored team in the country, went down to defeat before our boys on Saturday, June 22, by the score of 4 to 3. They trimmed the Ironsides of New Jersey to the tune of 11 to 4 on the Fourth of July, and finished up the Tarrytown club from up the Hudson on Sunday, July 14.

One of the hardest scraps the Morse club has had during the season was with the Federal Rendezvous, on Saturday, June 29. We won by the score of 11 to 9. Up to the eighth inning the outcome was uncertain, with the score a tie. We made three runs in the eighth, and in the ninth the sailors came back with two runs, threatening another tie.

League Standing up to July 20

Team	*W.*	*L.*	*Pc.*
Morse	7	0	1000
Standard	5	2	714
Robins	4	3	571
Sisco	4	3	571
Downey	3	4	428
Submarine	3	4	428
Newburgh	1	6	143
Federal	1	6	143

SHIPYARD LEAGUE SCHEDULE

With Results up to July 14

FIRST ROUND

Saturday, June 1—Morse, 15; Robins, 2.
Sunday, June 2—Standard, 6; Sisco, 2.
Sunday, June 2—Submarine, 5; Federal, 2.
Sunday, June 2—Downey, 5; Newburgh, 1.
Saturday, June 8—Morse, 9; Submarine, 3.
Sunday, June 9—Downey, 3; Standard, 0.
Sunday, June 9—Federal, 6; Newburgh, 5.
Saturday, June 15—Robins, 11; Sisco, 8.
Sunday, June 16—Morse, 5; Downey, 1.
Sunday, June 16—Sisco, 8; Federal, 3.
Sunday, June 16—Standard, 11; Submarine, 1.
Sunday, June 16—Newburgh, 6; Robins, 4 (ten innings.
Sunday, June 23—Morse, 9; Sisco, 2.
Sunday, June 23—Submarine, 5; Newburgh 3
Sunday, June 23—Standard, 3; Robins, 2 (ten innings).
Sunday, June 23—Downey, 6; Federal, 3.
Sunday, June 30—Morse, 5; Newburgh, 2.
Sunday, June 30—Sisco, 7; Downey, 0.
Sunday, June 30—Robins, 7; Submarine, 1.
Sunday, June 30—Standard, 10; Federal, 6.
Sunday, July 7—Morse, 6; Federal, 4.
Saturday, July 13—Morse, 5; Standard, 2.
Saturday, July 13—Robins, 3; Federal, 0.
Sunday, July 14—Sisco, 9; Newburgh, 0 (Game forfeited, Newburgh refusing to play on account of rain).
Sunday, July 14—Submarine, 7; Downey, 3.

SECOND ROUND

Sunday, July 21—Morse vs. Standard, at West New Brighton.
Sunday, July 21—Federal vs. Robins, at Newark.
Sunday, July 21—Downey vs. Submarine, at Port Richmond.
Sunday, July 21—Newburgh vs. Sisco, at Newburgh.
Sunday, July 28—Morse vs. Sisco, at Port Richmond.
Sunday, July 28—Submarine vs. Newburgh, at Newark.
Sunday, July 28—Robins vs. Standard, at Brooklyn.
Sunday, July 28—Downey vs. Federal, at West New Brighton.
Sunday, August 4—Morse vs. Newburgh, at Brooklyn.
Sunday, August 4—Sisco vs. Downey, at Port Richmond.
Sunday, August 4—Submarine vs. Robins, at Newark.
Sunday, August 4—Standard vs. Federal, at West New Brighton.
Sunday, August 11—Morse vs. Submarine, at Newark.
Sunday, August 11—Downey vs. Standard, at West New Brighton.
Sunday, August 11—Newburgh vs. Federal, at Newburgh.
Sunday, August 11—Sisco vs. Robins, at Port Richmond.
Sunday, August 18—Morse vs. Federal, at Newark.
Sunday, August 18—Robins vs. Downey, at Brooklyn.
Sunday, August 18—Sisco vs. Submarine, at Port Richmond.
Sunday, August 18—Newburgh vs. Standard, at Newburgh.
Sunday, August 25—Morse vs. Robins, at Brooklyn.
Sunday, August 25—Standard vs. Sisco, at West New Brighton.
Sunday, August 25—Submarine vs. Federal, at Newark.
Sunday, August 25—Downey vs. Newburgh, at Port Richmond.
Sunday, September 1—Morse vs. Downey, at Brooklyn.
Sunday, September 1—Federal vs. Sisco, at Newark.
Sunday, September 1—Standard vs. Submarine, at West New Brighton.
Sunday, September 1—Newburgh vs. Robins, at Newburgh.

Excitement!

By Margaret McCharty

When we came back from lunch to-day,
We heard a lot of noise,
And looking out the window,
We saw all the girls and boys
Dancing to their heart's content,
While the band played loud and clear.
Then as we stood and watched them,
We heard a mighty cheer.
The cause of all the merriment
Was a very funny man,
Dancing with an office girl,
Miss Dorothy Moran.
His face was black as blackest coal,
His hands were just the same,
And on the back of Dotty's waist
He could have traced his name.
So we are waiting for the day,
When to the church he'll take her,
And they'll be happy all their lives,
Dotty and her Boiler Maker.

Joe Maher, the boy fireman, got an awful soaking recently when he tried to repair a leaking hose. When he sees a leaking hose now he runs in the opposite direction.

The other day a car went afire in the big garage. Louis got so excited he jumped over board.

Bill Voge, of the electrical shop, bought a motorcycle a few weeks ago, and the next morning showed up with his face scratched up so badly he looked like one of the camouflaged ships out in the harbor. Now he wants to raffle the blamed thing off at our next meeting.

Plan New Fire Alarm System

A new fire alarm system has been agreed on by the Fire Prevention Committee. The system will include alarm boxes distributed about the yard, on the piers, in each story of the carpenter building, in the lumber yard, and in the first and second story of the tinsmith's building. An alarm bell will be located where each fire chemical wagon is stationed.

It will be a purely local system and have no connection with the city fire department except for night alarms. The apparatus, such as alarm boxes, bells, batteries, switchboard, etc., will be installed by Mr. Greenfield, of the electrical department.

The alarm boxes will transmit their signal number four times to each fire company when the hook on the alarm box is pulled down.

Each box (about eighteen in all for the present) will have a different signal number which will indicate its exact location to the different fire companies. Signs will be posted throughout the yard showing location of nearest alarm box.

A station board will be placed in the quarters of each fire company with the number and location of each alarm box and all members of fire companies should familiarize themselves with same.

A new hose wagon is to be provided and will carry about 300 feet of one and one-half inch hose for use along the waterfront.

Noon Hour Gossip

An interesting hunting story was told the other day by Bob Mahr, of Room 3. Bob says he was out in the woods one time and came upon a large flock of game, but he didn't have his gun along with him, and the salt he had with his lunch didn't do him any good because he couldn't get near enough to them to use it with proper effect.

Our worthy president, MacFarlane, is now a special cop. Likewise, Henry Rochelle. When you see either one of them ask them about the arrests they made recently, involving a pail of beer.

Whitman will not keep a good man down. At any rate that's the way Johnston looks at it, so he got transferred to the timekeeping department.

Mrs. Tillotson won the prize for getting a smile out of Dean Mayston of the roof garden.

The other day Otto Rochelle and Ritchie, of the machine shop, were scouting around the dry dock. Says Ritchie to Otto: "I'll show you that 16 decker without a bottom, that just came in; come over here." Otto, somewhat surprised, looked quisically at Otto and asked most seriously, "What 16 decker?" "Why, you know, she's just like a mud-scow that opens and shuts."

Jim Colletti, who has graduated from the office boy staff to an apprenticeship in the machine shop, received this letter from Gunnard Sohlstrom the other day, and we are printing it here to bring it to the attention of Mr. Miller:

"Dear Jim: I haventn't seen you in 3 days I am very discusted with the fellows over here. I wish I were back in Morse Dry Dock again Remember how we were happy together. I am sorry I treated Mr. Miller the way I did I knew I was wrong all the time he was very nice to me I am now closing my letter I will see you saturday at 4 oclock jimmy old boy send my best regards to the boys. God bless you. Respectfully yours, Gunnard Sohlstrom."

Oh! You Sinners!



On Tuesday, July 2, the church and the employment bureau indulged in two hours of camouflage at Morse Oval. So good were our efforts that no one would ever suspect that it was a ball game. It took eleven innings of comedy, drama, acrobatics, with a little baseball to give the Emps the decision 16 to 12.

The above-mentioned exhibition contained fifty-seven different varieties of how the game shouldn't be played and produced enough laughs to make a Keystone comedy look like a Quaker prayer meeting. One need only mention the fact that Tom Plunkett played first base to know that the game contained two things: baseball and otherwise, mostly otherwise.

Tom's graceful defense of the initial sack was a feature long to be remembered. In the third inning he sprung something entirely new. It even astonished the oldest followers of the game. A hook slide from right field to the grandstand after a wild throw! Just think of it in this advanced stage of baseball.

Joe Burns served the old pill for the Emps and, in spite of his antiqueness, proved equal to the task. He was ably assisted by Fair, whose batting proved the undoing of the Church.

Jim Weldon and Burke was the battery for the Church until the eighth inning, when a shower of hits, errors and passes forced Jim to seek refuge at short stop and Roth finished in such a manner that there can be no doubt as to the winner.





The Rev. Mr. Whitman, His Church and Some of the Choir Boys.

The score:

Emp...	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	8	0	1	4—16
Church	0	0	6	0	0	0	2	0	3	1	0—12

Did anyone see our Donkey in center. Soneone hit a fly to McCarthy and away went the old ball game.

After the game with the Emps the church team has decided that on account of the war all games should be cut to seven innings.

The Emp team can boast of having Barnes, the only outfielder who winds up before throwing the ball, while Osterlie, the Church right fielder, needs a compass to chase a fly.

Church Items

One of James Weldon's carpenters suddenly walked in on us the other day, and announced that he was short. An investigation revealed the fact that one of his time cards was missing, and when asked what he did with it, he replied: "I gave it to the butcher."

The whole gang has been invited out to Patchogue, L. I., to spend a week-end at a camp kept by our own Buffalo Jack.

Rollo Stier sneaked a party over one Thursday night without inviting the bunch. Shame on you, Rollo. Therefore we quote thusly:

There was a man named Rollo,
Who gave a little lunch
One evening at his residence
And didn't invite the bunch.

Did anyone see the Wild West show staged around the Church one afternoon in June? Roarin' Sam started to shoot up the yard, but someone said it was only a Keystone comedy or a fat man's race.

The Church has adopted a family of its own. Papa, Mamma and Baby Cat. All well. Thank you!

Fred Lemmare is the proud possessor of a new camera and he has the fever bad. He brought in some pretty pictures of little Baby Lemmare.

Notes of the Game

A Little Argument

PLUNKETT—Oh! I'm sure he was out.
WHITMAN—What the - - - - C ! X —

Among the most boisterous spectators were Dan Shea, F. Whitman and McBright.

Pipe Fitters Up in the Air



Left to right: Charles Soloman, Benjamin Price, Michael Morrell, Thomas Coppinger, Snapper (on the ladder) and Harry Mansfield.

"Double Benefits"

By Charles H. Kling, Insurance Clerk

THOSE who really appreciate insurance are the men who have received benefits while they were disabled and they found that although $7 a week helped them, $14 would have been better.

I have, therefore, arranged to "double up" the insurance for any of our employees who may desire it, whether they are at present insured or not, making the benefits $14 a week or sickness or accident and $200 for death by accident. The benefit derived from death by sickness, however, will remain the same ($100).

Unless directly advised, those at present insured will retain their $7 policy.

The premium on the double insurance is $1.70, payable monthly in advance to the insurance clerk, who will issue a payment book in which each payment is marked and receipted.

It will greatly strengthen our organization if every man will bring to the insurance clerk at least one application for insurance signed by a fellow workman.

The foreman and "snappers" are asked to help make this insurance a success, and to those who have helped the Relief Committee extends its thanks.

Clean Trucks Win Prizes



Phillip Van Gelderen and His Helpers, John Radviak, Anthony Rich and James Colletta



Percy C. Shear and His Helper, Herbert C. Shear

An automobile is as good as its keeper. With this truth in mind, Henry Dobbles, who has charge of our fleet of motor trucks, has established a monthly prize for the cleanest truck in the Company's service, and the pictures above show the winners of the first prize, which was split up between the two crews. The prize was $10. Mr. Shear, No. 9821, and Mr. Van Gelderen, No. 9878, ran such a close race in the competition, it was decided to split the prize. While we are on the subject of motor trucks, we would like to hand a bouquet or two to Friend Dobbles. A new spirit has found its way into the truck garage of late, directly traceable to the enthusiasm which Mr. Dobbles has aroused among his men. He has driven home to them the importance of their work in helping Uncle Sam, and when you see a Morse truck on "the go" you usually see a trail of dust behind it. "The speed with which the men turn out the ships depends largely upon how quickly they receive the materials with which to do their work," Mr. Dobbles has told his men. "Don't let any delay on your part delay the repair on the ship the Government needs so badly. Every minute of advantage represents one step toward the triumph of our soldiers in the trenches. The trucks will not run if the motor is not in condition. Keep your machines in order, and avoid delays."



"When Men Betray"

Two-Reel Film

As they entered their sumptuous limousine (trolley car), after the dance, he turned to Maude and breathed these sweet words into her little shell-like ear. "Dear, do you know where there is a good restaurant?"

And she heaved a gentle sigh, for the word "Eats" was like heaven to her.

"Yes, dear, right on the corner there is a dandy restaurant," she lisped in her most coquettish manner.

And then—and then—the Brute uttered these cruel words: "Thank you, Maude, I'll stop in there on *my* way home!"

Oh, Fate, Fate, what a cruel blow. Ever since then Maude has lost all faith in men. The Insects!

⚜

We saw Frances Daley scanning a map of the Atlantic Ocean the other day, trying to locate the *President Grant* or the *Canonicus*. Look out for the submarines, Frances!

⚜

A few of the girls in Room No. 9 contemplate paying a visit to Steeplechase. We are anxiously awaiting for the main event of the evening, *i.e.*, to watch Maude Wilson come down that big slide at 160 miles per minute.

⚜

Have you lamped our sporty inspectors, Joe Henderson and Jack Martino? Tough on the Sunday clothes.

⚜

Did you see Linoki rooting for the Standards at the game last Saturday? Ugh!

⚜

Tommie Conk has been drinking "Aviation" lately, which is a new form of "Bevo." Gosh, some walk to Fourth Avenue, Tom!

⚜

Oh, scissors, boys, we have another "Hon and Dearie" around here now. This epidemic is becoming real contagious. Ask Jack Martino about it.

Oh, well, all the world loves a lover.

⚜

The following is for Linoki after the Morse vs. Standard game.

"Stand aside shallow waters, and let the deep sea roll by."

⚜

Say, Kirkaldy, is your car still alive? We haven't heard any noise around lately, so thought it might have gone the way of all other Hupmobiles.

⚜

What on earth has happened to the S. S. *Burmese Prince?* Miss Nieman has been going around lately with a very long face.

Is it the wireless operator, or the candy?

⚜

Say, Krummy, what about the new yeolady? How the uniform attracts—even the men.

⚜

About the Coming Dance

Tommie Maguire would like to have his name inscribed on one of the silver cups beforehand. Tom is sure he will capture all the prizes.

Go to it. "Uncle" is giving a lot for silver lately.

It certainly is too bad the officers and crew of the U. S. S. *Kanawha* can't hear all the lovely things the girls in Room No. 9 are forever saying about them.

⚜

We thought Mildred's heart went with the *Canonicus* when it sailed. But it seems that she has forgotten those poor fellows since she vamped the chiefs of the *Kanawha*. . . . Poor "Sparks".

⚜

Every time you want an inch (of talk), he gives you a mile—(Red Hot).

⚜

General Morse must fear an attack. All we can see down the Yard for the last week is men digging trenches. Go to it General, clean 'em up!

⚜

Have you read this season's best seller, "The Trials and Tribulations of a Traffic Manager," by Captain Kirby? Eugene O'Sullivan, late of Tralee, County Kerry, is co-author. Good stuff, boys!

⚜

Will someone kindly ask Charlie Hall to repeat what he said to Captain Kirby, when said person told him that the gang were ripping apart the *Panuco* for the installation of guns, etc. Charlie sure did maltreat the English language.

⚜

Dan Shea spent his vacation at Peekskill, and someone asked if Dan was going to the Rifle Range to get shot. What d'ye mean, shot?

⚜

Captain Dave Roach is another victim of the "Gimme's".

⚜

Charles Gilner is the *silver* toned tenor of Room 3. Heavy on the silver.

⚜

Did you ever see Roger Moran dance? Talk about Anna Pavlowa or Mollie Williams (Casino). Oh, boys! And when Roger starts swinging around—well, he certainly can kick! You are divine, Roger, dear!

⚜

Say, Frank, why don't you move to Brooklyn, or else marry the girl?

⚜

We never knew there was any talent in the Basil family. Well, say, Gus's Dad certainly can rattle those keys. As far as Gus is concerned, well, he is a pretty good poker player.

⚜

Dan Shea, our band leader, went up to Peekskill for his vacation. Two days after he had gone away Dan wrote back: "This is some place. I know every cow here by its first name."

⚜

Joe Burns, whom Dan Shea calls the "chief streak in the lightning gang," passed his thirtieth birthday on June 12. In conversation with one of his old friends, Joe brought up the subject of the first cabaret in Brooklyn. He claims that the first cabaret was twenty-five years ago, at Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street. "I remember it well," said Joe. "They had wild cherries on the bar for free lunch. A cherry tree grew in the back yard." The subject then got tangled up when somebody began to relate that story about GeorgeWashington's hatchet.

The Pipe Fitters' Outing

By John Powell

Oh, by the way, I almost forgot, but like a good many more it's something I can never forget: The Pipe Fitter's Outing at Mariendale Park, Maspeth, L. I. Yes, our wives were there, our sweethearts were there, some of the old folks were there and, last but not least, the kiddies were there. And the prediction of some of those that didn't go as to the rough house doings that would take place were like themselves missing. It was just one grand family affair. And it was too much of a success to try to describe by writing.

To enumerate all the good things we will start by saying we had a good committee, which provided special cars leaving Fifty-eighth street at nine o'clock in the morning. We might have had a little better weather, but even that cleared up in the vicinity we were in while other parts of Greater New York were drenched with rain.

We had running matches and sports of all kinds with useful presents dispensed to those lucky enough to win the events. Late in the afternoon we adjourned to the hall, where we were treated to a first-class vaudeville-show provided by our own talent, and we've got some talent, if I do say so myself.

Supper being served with all the ice cream and cake that the kiddies could eat, to say nothing of bags of candy.

Later in the evening the chairs were removed in the auditorium and the night was given up to dancing, which was indulged in by young and old alike. Most of the credit for the successful issue of this affair should be given to Joe Lowe, whose untiring efforts, with the aid of the rest of the committee, has made them a permanent committee for all future affairs.

Promotions

Albert W. Murray has been made superintendent, succeeding E. P. Morse, Jr., who has resigned to go into business for himself, as president of the National Dry Dock and Repair Company.

Mortimer W. Mead has been placed in charge of the New York office of the Company, succeeding Miss Mary McClafferty, who has resigned.

Charles Hallock has been made assistant superintendent, succeeding Mr. Murray.

E. J. Donegan has resigned his position as solicitor and is now connected with the National Dry Dock and Repair Company.

⚜

Both the school for shipfitters and the school for coppersmiths have been discontinued until the fall.

⚜

FOUND: A watch charm, engraved T. F. C. Owner may recover same by calling at the Employment Office.

⚜

Just as we were about to go to press, we heard that Thomas Lynch, of the purchasing department was taking unto himself a wife. We would dwell upon this subject more, but as we said, we are going to press.

⚜

Some one cut the whiskers off Ignatzy Bunzo, the employment bureau cat, thereby greatly depreciating the beauty as well as the usefulness of said cat. Joe Powers, Ignatzy's caretaker, is trying to find out who did the catish trick and promises a good walloping to the culprit, and they say Joe is the boy who can wallop.

⚜

Before Tom Plunkett, of the employment bureau, went away on his vacation he bought a rubber stamp worded "Having a fine time; wish you were here" for use in sending out postal cards to his numerous friends.



The eleventh of July will be a memorable one for the storeroom, as a flag-raising took place and a more beautiful display would be hard to imagine. Ensign Jack Byers seemed to be the leading figure in the art of decorating, while Schwartz seemed to be the second. But each and every one of the congenial staff of supply dispensers lent a ready hand, and to make a more patriotic showing the band and a trio of singers mounted the platform in front of the storeroom just as the whistle blew twelve o'clock. And so with the usual good music of our good band and an unusually good singing program, it seemed more like a festival in the storeroom,than our usual noon hour concert.

———

There's a movement in the West called "Flowers for the living"; in other words "Give credit now; don't wait for the obituary notice and then say he was a good fellow." I have now in mind a young man who links business with affability, does his duty, and still holds the good graces of all he comes in contact with. I refer to William Perry, of the timekeeper's staff.

———

Ben de Bar was hunting for a pipe stretcher the other day, they tell us.

———

Henry Cole, of the wood caulkers, has a son, and he thinks so much of the new arrival that he is going to bestow the honor of calling him Henry, after himself, as he says he is a *corker* already.

———

I thought a fellow was crazy when he said to me: "Say, I didn't see Kingston on the Hudson the day the team played Newburgh." I told him it was farther up the river. He said, "No, I mean Kingston, of the machine shop. I'll bet his son was there."

———

A certain helper, who had stuff to load for Hoboken, was told a truck would leave in five minutes, so he got his material out and started to load it on what he thought was a truck in front of the storeroom, when M. McMann, of the receiving department, came out and seeing him, shouted: "Take those six-inch elbows out of my touring car." Some car, Mac.

———

If you want to win your way in the line of getting material, and win the good graces of those who send you after same, see Wynn, of the storeroom, not forgetting that if it happens to be around six o'clock and you want stuff out for the morning, see that scion of King Wallace and Bruce of Scotia, and your stuff will be placed and tagged, and all you have to do is to holler "Traffic." Do you *ken* Lambert?

———

Buck Reid, of the old machine shop, has lofty ideas, and is the highest paid man in that department. He runs the electric crane. John, blow the whistle.

———

A solicitor by the name of *De Witt Ivins*, hailing from *Utica*, met a strange lady by the name of *Panuco* whom he asked to take a walk, and she said, *"Let's Go,"* and asked *"Why Not?"* He said it kills time, so she replied, *"Say When,"* and they boarded the palatial steamer *"Game Cock"* and took a trip from Pier One to Pier Two.

The Battle Hymn of the Reserves

As Sung by the Traffic Cop

Paul Sheean

We are a jolly gang of men, the peace we will preserve,
And we will show the world in face of danger we've got nerve.
And when it comes to trouble it's a duty that we like,
But the only thing we hate to do is hike, hike, hike.

———

A Jingle of Last Winter

Mr. Bright, Reciter

Littlejohn, you make Hoboken, Struthers, you go to Bayonne,
Wheelhouse, you go on the *Wilmot*, you can do that job alone.
Tully, there's a job this morning on the *Emerson*, a tank,
You go there. Oh, never mind, I just forgot that she has "sank."

———

The *Church* in the yard is certainly doing some good; even some of the paymaster's staff, with all their sins, have moved into it.

———

When a man gets so crazy that he admits stalling at his work and getting away with it he's a fit subject for the Dry Dock; in other words, a wheel job.

For the benefit of those who have had an unusual and interesting life from boyhood up, an opportunity will be given for them to relate their life's story. John Powell, our own "Dry Dock Poet," is going to handle this feature, so see him and tell him your story. He'll do the rest.

This is on the level. I happened to be in a store on Third Avenue when a ship-fitter's helper came in and said with a hoarse voice to the lady back of the counter: "Have you got any cough drops?" The lady replied, "No." He then said: "All right, give me a pack of cigarettes."

———

When the *Roepat* was being overhauled an argument sprang up among some men in the yard as to the origin of her name, when Paddy, the fireman on the *Game Cock*, said: "I'll tell you. When that ship was making her maiden voyage she sprang a leak. I was aboard of her and five of us took to the boats, and just as we were pulling away from her one of the men shouted to me, 'Row, Pat, or the ship will sink.' And I didn't see a dead horse in the water that time, either."

———

Lo, the poor Chinaman! If only poor Bret Harte were alive again to re-write *"The Heathen Chinee."* Ostracised and denied the right of American citizenship, accused of belonging to the Hong Wong and the Long Tong Society, and restricted in their pleasure to spitting starch on a hard boiled shirt, they lately had the humiliation of serving two chop suey suppers to two timekeepers, who paid five dollars apiece. This was more than the chop suey was worth, because the crafty Chinaman made a certain *Judge* their *Cashier* for a day.

Police News

WARNING—There will be non-com's warrents issued in the ranks of the Police Reserves soon, and the qualifications to fill same are drill, steady attendance and proficiency, and last but not least, discipline. So if you want to make good, fill these. Pull doesn't go with the *Reserves*.

———

The Police Reserves, under the leadership of Capt. Jack Reynolds, want it distinctly understood they will be a constant menace to all evildoers. Ben Molkie, of the plumbers, is determined to make Mariner's Harbor sit up and take notice since he's got a shield and club. In other words, he is going to utilize his trade with his calling, and *wipe* out all *joints* not in accord with the Government and he claims it is a lead pipe cinch.

———

Frank Abrams, of the burners, would make a good commanding officer, as he has such *talking* ways with him.

———

I wonder what the trouble was with Jack Lancing, of the air plant. Was the hike too long, or was it a case of tender feet?

———

It's all right for Samuel Beer, of the Hull Department, but where, oh, where, can we get beer on a hike? He needn't think he's the *hull keg*.

———

I've heard it said that Richard Ulmand, boss driller of the Hull Department, is a very good driller in the yard, but it's bum drilling on the street with a Ham on your back.

———

Ed. Palmer, Tom Thornton, T. Hyatt, Tom Collins, W. Hunter are thinking seriously of getting transferred to the heavy artillery of the Police Reserves, as they think there is not the same amount of hiking, but the six, eight, twelve and sixteen inch guns around the yard will keep them in good condition, and that's a pipe.

———

Jim Greenfield and Rob Olson claim that platoons should be called *batteries*, and each member be a live wire, as the *current* opinion is *charged* with having a different opinion. If it wasn't for these two members being electricians, we would *switch* off and *re-fuse* to publish this item.

———

Big Chief Jim Collins claims he knew a stationary engineer who was on the move all the time, so he thinks he'd be a great man for a hiking festival.

———

J. H. McDonald, of the carpenter force, is the only one in that department who is a member of the force. More power to you, Jim. We hope to see more of you.

———

Mulligan, Fagin, Cantwell and Whitman, I hear, are the best drilled and the most military appearing men that Miss Jensen ever saw at a distance. What distance, Miss Jensen? Did you wear your smoked glasses?



Buy a Binder for Your "Dials"

Requests for some sort of a binder in which to preserve "The Dial" were made and, as a matter of accommodation, the Editor has bought a small supply of them. They are sold for exactly what they cost—$1.25—and to those who come early we are able to provide back numbers of the magazine. The binders are of maroon colored cloth and will hold twelve issues, making a book that will not look out of place on any library table. Your friends will be interested in Your Magazine. Why not preserve the copies for their entertainment when they call on you? The binders can be had by applying at the office of the Editor in the Employment Bureau. Remember the supply is small.

You are cordially invited to attend the Summer Nights Dance of the

EMPLOYEES' ASSOCIATION

To be held at

PROSPECT HALL

Prospect and 5th Aves., Brooklyn

Wednesday Evening, July 31st, 1918

at 8:30 P.M.

Three Handsome Silver Loving Cups Presented to the Best Old Fashioned Waltzers

Music by our own Orchestra

Songs by the Morse Trio Your button admits you

Bring the Ladies *A Jolly Time for All*



PRINTED BY WILLIAM GREEN, A CORPORATION, NEW YORK

June 11, 1918.

Workmen,
Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

We received the following letter from Rear Admiral G. E. Burd, United States Navy Yard, New York, N. Y., dated June 7th, 1918:

> "Lieutenant Mason, of the Overseas Transportation Force, has reported to me that certain of your men who were working on the 'ROEPAT' last Saturday voluntarily continued work on that vessel during the afternoon even though told that they could receive no pay for the afternoon's work.
>
> "May I ask that you convey to these men my appreciation of the fine and patriotic spirit shown by them in this action.
>
> "I am sure that your Company appreciates this spirit in your men as I do, and I want to congratulate you on the fine body of men in your employ and their loyalty to you and to the country."

This letter is very encouraging and on behalf of the Company I wish to thank you for your loyalty to the Government and this Company.

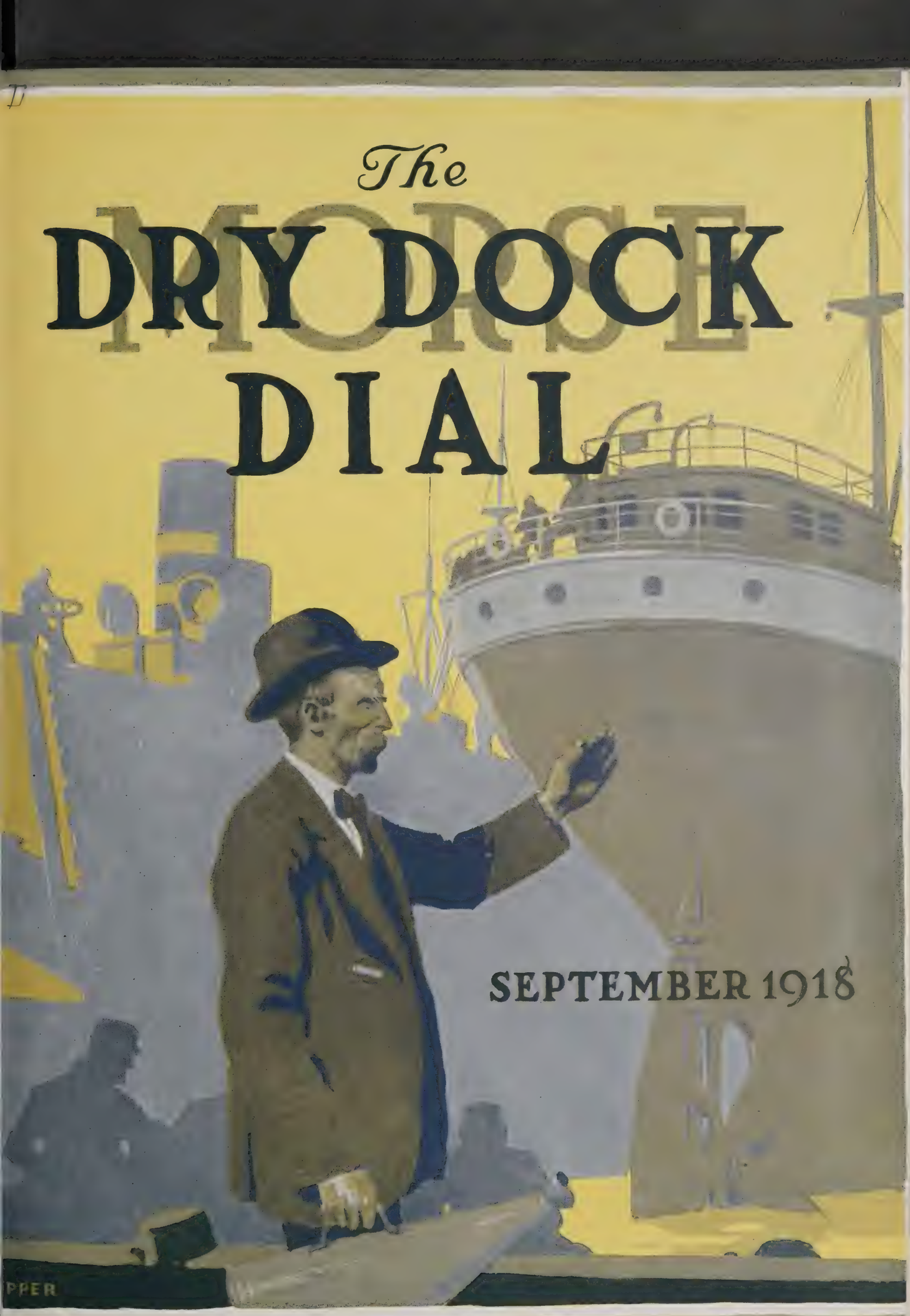
Yours very truly,

MORSE DRY DOCK AND REPAIR COMPANY.

E R Morse

The

DRY DOCK DIAL



SEPTEMBER 1918

Being On Time

By Bert Edward Barnes

IT seldom happens that a man has to do much worrying about how to get out of this life.

His biggest problem is how to get the greatest measure of good out of this life.

Those who have solved this problem, those who have made a success of themselves, are usually the ones who inspire the rest of us.

And there is always something in the career of these men which is worth while learning about.

In our main office is a record of the exact time every individual in the administration building reports for duty at the beginning of the day.

The writer had an opportunity recently to look over this record.

Heading the list of names was this notation: "Mr. Morse, 6.50."

The same notation appeared on each day's record as far back as we went.

It means that Mr. Morse, our employer, reports for duty every work-day morning at 6.50 o'clock.

Of course, we were interested because punctuality means a disciplined mind.

Likewise it means the possession of certain ideals.

Year in and year out Mr. Morse has seldom varied a minute from his working-day schedule.

And why?

Because Mr. Morse believes very earnestly in punctuality as one of the fundamental principles upon which success is builded.

He believes that the early hours are the best part of the day.

Very ardently does he believe that no man can make a success of his business unless he practices what he preaches.

In Rabbinical tradition, King Solomon wore a ring in which was set a chased stone which told him everything he desired to know.

Not being in Solomon's class or luck, Mr. Morse believes in knowing his business.

To know your business you must apply yourself diligently.

Punctuality and diligence go hand in hand together.

When Mr. Morse reaches the office he goes direct to the yard.

He visits every department; he knows who are the responsible men in his employ because the responsible men are the ones who report for duty on time.

Those who are not responsible he doesn't know because they seldom stay here long enough for him to become acquainted.

They are the slacker type of help and Mr. Morse doesn't like slackers.

Slackers set bad examples; they demoralize an organization, and that applies as much to the administration department as it does to any other.

In the first issue of our magazine, the January, 1918, number, we gave a short account of Mr. Morse's career.

In looking over this account it would appear that punctuality and right living are two of the keynotes of his success.

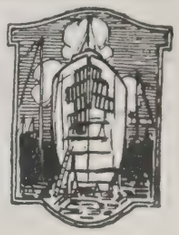
THE DRY DOCK DIAL

Copyright, 1918, by Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company

Vol. 1 September, 1918 No. 8



John Hallock, D. D. M.



THE writer was browsing around the yard for a human interest story. A boat was being raised on the dry dock, and bobbing in and out of the shadows like a cork on the white-capped waters of a lake was a little man wearing a well-battered derby hat.

As nimble as an old salt in a four-rigger he dodged here and there, never saying a word, but watching everything and issuing commands by the wave of a hand.

"That's John Hallock, our dock-master; oldest in the business," we were told.

Nothing is more demoralizing to character than to think one way and act another. John Hallock always speaks and acts as he thinks. This is another way of saying that John Hallock is genuine.

A tourist traveling in the West found three middle-aged men working as hired "hands" on a big sheep ranch. One of the men was a graduate of Harvard; another came from Yale and the third from an English university, while the owner of the ranch was an unlettered sheep-raiser.

The quotations of poetry and Latin and Greek and the discussions of theories and philosophies of his hired men were "Chinese" to him. He knew nothing about books or theories, but he knew sheep and made a fortune out of them while the others could scarcely make a living.

John Hallock knows nothing about books or theories, but he does know more about the operation of a floating dry dock than any other individual in the business.

For thirty-five years he has been a dock-master. Half of that time he has been on the same job that he holds today. Of the thousands of vessels which he has lifted out of the water he has never had a serious accident.

The nearest approach to an accident was fourteen years ago, and we are going to mention this incident because it brings Mr. Morse into the story. A boat named *McPherson* had sat upon a rock somewhere along the coast and was brought into the yard with practically her whole bottom stove in.



Being built with a bow which had a long sweep, it was no easy task to block her safely, and, sure enough, when the dock was emptied the forward blocks were "squeezed" out, and it looked very much as though something serious was going to happen.

Mr. Hallock acted quickly and saved the day, but Mr. Morse, who was in close proximity to the boat, wasn't able to jump quick enough and came out of the affair with two very badly skinned shins.

Nine dock hands and an electrician assist Mr. Hallock. Three of them, John Kelly, Billy Lutz and Ed Schwedfeger, the later known as "Sore Fingers," have been with him since the dock was built. Most of the others are old-time employees. All of them swear by their boss and sometimes with him and sometimes at him, for Mr. Hallock has his ideas of discipline.

In no other department in the yard can greater team-work be found. When a boat is ready for dry docking each man is in his place. During the whole operation Mr. Hallock seldom speaks a word, but his hands and arms are going in a manner that tells volumes. A curb-broker in Wall street has nothing on *our* dock-master.

The megaphone, which we see in the picture, Mr. Hallock uses to direct the towboat men when to cast off, but when Dave Roche or some of the other old-timers are on the job Mr. Hallock doesn't even resort to this.

WITH the exception of a five-weeks sick spell four years ago, Mr. Hallock has never been absent from the yard on a working day. He comes in at seven in the morning and stays as long as necessary, sometimes until midnight or the next day.

Back in the less strenuous days, he has been known to go a dozen feet away from that dry dock of his, but those were in the pre-war days, of course.

He thinks as much of that dry dock as an old sea captain thinks of his boat. One reason for this is that he helped to make it. When Mr. Hallock joined hands with Mr. Morse in the dry docking business, the dock was being planned.

It was Mr. Hallock's suggestion that the dock be built in sections. "It'll be easier to handle and, besides, we can get more than two boats onto it at a time," he argued, because the original plan was to build it in one section.

There have been as many as seven boats on the dock at one time. The largest vessel ever raised on it was the *San Georgio*, 15,000 tons gross, 550 feet long.

It is interesting to know how Mr. Hallock first came to be associated with Mr. Morse, and especially interesting to hear Mr. Hallock tell the story.

"I was running the dry dock of the Brooklyn Warehouse and Dry Dock Co., at the foot of Twenty-sixth street, when Mr. Morse had his shops down there," he says. "That was a steam dock and much

(*Continued on page 2*)

Our Artist Wins Prize

IT is very gratifying to be able to announce that Edward Hopper, the artist who has been making cover designs for THE DIAL, won first prize in the poster competition conducted by the United States Shipping Board. This is especially so because Mr. Hopper used a Morse employee as his model, and obtained "atmosphere" for his drawing by visiting our plant.

The poster, which has brought such decided distinction to Mr. Hopper, and, of course, a measure of credit to THE DIAL, was one of 1,400 passed upon by the Shipping Board judges. It received unanimous vote as being the best one in the large collection and within another week or so it is expected that every shipyard in the country will receive copies of the poster for display.

Peter Shea, formerly employed here as an angle-smith's helper, but who has since joined the navy, is the big fellow who helped to put the ruggedness of character into Mr. Hopper's admirable drawing. That is, Mr. Shea helped to the extent of posing for a snapshot from which Mr. Hopper worked. He thus contributes in an unusual way toward one of the vital forces which are being used against the Hun. Mr. Shea, whose brothers, Donald and Cornelius, are valued employees here, lived at 321a Fifteenth street, Brooklyn.

Posters are very effective in helping to win the war. They have played an efficient part in the success of the Liberty Loan drives, the Red Cross, War Savings Stamps and food campaigns and other war-time appeals. The lack of posters carrying a strong appeal to shipyard workers has long been felt. It remained for A. R. Parkhurst, secretary of the National Service Section of the United States Shipping Board, to remedy this. He originated the poster competition and in this way has obtained any number of excellent drawings, which will soon flood the shipyards of the nation, and thus help to instill in every shipyard employee an idea of the importance of his work.

The competition was divided into four classes of contestants with three cash prizes and honorable mention offered the winners in each class.

The third class was open to workers in shipbuilding plants and in industries whose output was connected with shipbuilding. Several Morse employees submitted drawings in this class.

Mr. Hopper is one of the best-known commercial artists in New York. He has a studio at 3 Washington Square North, where THE DIAL covers are conceived and turned out.



Our Artist, Mr. Hopper



Mr. Hopper's Poster Which Won First Prize, $300 in First Class of Contestants

John Hallock, D. D. M.

(*Continued from page* 1)

slower than this one, which is electrically operated. This was nearly twenty years ago.

"Mr. Morse leased the dock when he got a job which required dry docking. A big vessel that had been damaged was turned over to him for repairing. It was too large for the dock and Mr. Morse was puzzled. 'John, I'll give you a suit of clothes if you'll tell me how to get that boat onto the dock,' he said to me one day.

" 'That's simple enough,' I replied. 'Just get McNeil's dock down here and go ahead.' McNeil's dock was a small affair and was easily floated down and hitched onto the end of our dock. True to his word, Mr. Morse gave me a check for $25. Then he engaged me to come here, and here I am. I don't know anything but dry docking, and I have a lot to learn about that. It's something you can't learn out of a book and no man could learn all there is about it if he lived a hundred years."

Last winter was one of the hardest in all of Mr. Hallock's experience, and we ventured to remind him of it.

"Oh, those things, like all of our hardships, are the same as bad dreams to us; we have them, then they go, and that's all we think about them," he said.

The dock which has for so long been under Mr. Hallock's management was the first electrically-equipped floating dry dock in the world. It was the first in which centrifugal pumps were used for emptying it and the first in which inverted alternating current induction motors were used. It was also the first to be equipped with an auxiliary draining system and in many respects has remained in all these years the most successful and efficient dock in this country.

In fact the electrical outfit and centrifugal pumping plant and other improvements over the old methods of dry docking were devised by Mr. Hallock and Mr. Morse, Sr., in the two years this dock was being planned, 1898 and 1900.

The dock designed by Mr. Hallock and Mr. Morse, Sr., is up-to-date to-day. An 8,000-ton boat can be put up in 45 minutes.

It has lifted as much tonnage per year as any three docks in the world in the same time.

In a few more months a dock twice the size will be in operation a few steps away.

The new dry dock is a duplicate of the old one so far as type is concerned. There have been some changes in order to strengthen for heavier lifts and each section is longer, but these are only minor changes.

When the sections of it are put in place and equipped, this Company will not only have the best dock-master in the country, it will also have the best dry docking equipment in the country.



Peter Shea Who, Posed for Poster

The Block Party

By Mrs. Otis Barene

IF you can picture a street transformed by many lanterns and gala banners and flags, with two splendid bands playing amid a coterie of genial souls, you have some idea of the Block Party, held on the night of August 6.

It was with much delight that I did partake of some fine cake at one of those booths where pretty girls did add much zest to the affair. One could hear Mr. Gernaey cooing to the passerby to buy—goodness! how he did work. No one escaped.

Then there was Mr. Plunket leaping briskly about finding chairs for the ladies and getting the "choir" together to sing. And those boys sure did sing—divinely and gloriously. But not nearly long enough.

One also caught glimpses of girls in gala costumes, and we saw a weird tent with a fortune-teller whose general outlines seemed familiar. Everybody knew one another, even the babies. We all did dance and make merry.

Mr. Morse, Sr., was the guest of the evening and it was unanimously decided a most enjoyable and profitable party.

———

The street was beautifully decorated with flags of the Allied nations and Chinese lanterns.

Mrs. Waterman, our housekeeper, assisted by the staffs from the office and the hospital were in charge of the arrangements for the party. Music was furnished by the Morse band, which was divided into two groups, one group at each end of the street, seated on decorated automobile trucks. The street was illuminated by large searchlights placed on top of the carpenter shop and the Second avenue storehouse. This illumination made the night seem like day. On both sides of the streets were booths attended by sm ling young ladies, who dispensed ice cream, cake, lemonade and soft drinks, as well as confetti and serpentines. The Morse quartet rendered popular songs.

The attendance numbered approximately five thousand persons and the crowd was handled in an orderly manner by the Morse Police Reserve Unit, captained by "Jack" Reynolds, of the pipe shop. Dan Shea was director general and the girls in the booths kept him busy supplying lemonade and ice cream, for it was a very warm night.

Tony and his trained monkey from one of the boats in the yard performed, accompanied by a hurdy gurdy, and a "hula hula" dancer from Honolulu entertained.

Mrs. James Greenfield, wife of the electricians' foreman; Mrs. Harry Lawton, wife of one of the electricians; Mrs. Cantwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morse, and Mrs. M. Kenwell, of First avenue, won the embroidered articles contested for. These were kindly donated by Mrs. Edward Hannavin, of 326 Forty-first street.

William J. Daly, purchasing agent, and Mrs. Christensen, of Fifty-seventh street, won the silver service sets, generously donated by Mr. Friedman, of the tinsmith department.

George Anderson, No. 21253, of 366 Sixty-second street, won the box of candy; Katherine Morris, of the office, won the box of cigars, and James M. Donnavan and Miss Marie Fossing, daughter of George Fossing, a member of our band, won the silk umbrellas.

The party was a great success. The proceeds, amounting to $764.35, will be used to purchase materials for the Red Cross workers of the plant, who will furnish winter clothing for the boys in the service. Miss Jensen, of the yard hospital, who is very active in Red Cross work, has planned to organize the young ladies of the office and hospital, and hopes later on to obtain the services of the wives of the men in the yard in making garments for the soldiers and sailors.

The committee heartily thanks all those who participated in the party and who so willingly coöperated in making it the success it was, especially Mr. Morse and the foremen and assistants of the plant; also the band and police reserve members; Mrs. Hannavin, Mr. Friedman, and those who donated the various articles for sale.

———

Association Calendar

Monday, Sept. 9—Entertainment Committee.

Tuesday, Sept. 17—Welfare Committee.

Wednesday, Sept. 18—Sanitation Committee.

Thursday, Sept. 19—Relief Committee.

Monday, Sept. 23—Accident Prevention Committee.

Tuesday, Sept. 24—Finance Committee.

Wednesday, Sept. 25—Board of Directors and monthly meeting of Association.

Painters Enjoy Outing

THAT was no camouflage affair which the painters held out at Ulmer Park, Saturday, August 10, but a real, genuine outing. About 300 couples attended the gathering, which began at 3 P.M., and from what we hear, it was a gay time for every one present. In addition to a sumptuous banquet the picnickers enjoyed an athletic program in which the following were prize winners: Dan Curley, fat man's race; Peter Lorenze, 100-yard dash; Joseph Landon, potato and spoon race; Sam Scarpati, 25-yard dash, and George Frick, shoe race. Philip A. Farley, who was chairman of the arrangements committee, won the prize waltz with Miss Anna Andersen, of 482 76th street, Brooklyn, as his partner.

Miss Scarpati won the $5 gold piece which was raffled off for the benefit of the Red Cross. The contest realized $20, which has been turned over to the Red Cross. The Morse band, conducted by Dan Shea, furnished music for the occasion.

William Texter, manager of Ulmer Park, tells us that of all the different gatherings at his popular resort those held by the Morse employees are the best from every standpoint. Thanks, Mr. Texter, for the compliment.

Paint Shop Daubs

Herman Neher would have won the prize waltz but for the fact that every time the judges looked at him he had a new lady. Ask Sam Scarpati.

Jack Williams won the potato race with only six potatoes. Joe Whitley's niece knows who got the other two.

George Frick was sporting seven widows, despite the fact that his wife was with him. We should say that that was pretty generous on the part of Mrs. Frick.

Missing—15 cents' worth of buns and a quantity of potatoes.

"Steam Boat Al" will bet $5 he can put more paint in the river than any other man can put on a boat, "Submarine Al" informs us.

Herman Neher, the camouflage clerk, has announced his engagement to a certain fat lady at Coney Island. Oh, you Herman!

Dan Curley, the well-known camouflager, challenges all comers to pit speaking.

Arthur Essen and Walter John on will enter the bull contest on January 6.

Walter Johnson claims he can throw more bull than any Eastern man living. He is from "Windy City."

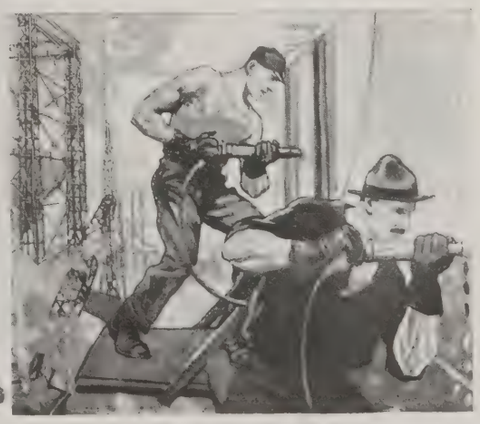
Poster Which Captured $60 First Prize in Fourth Class Open to School Children. Drawn by William H. Hoffman, Jr., of Savannah, Ga.

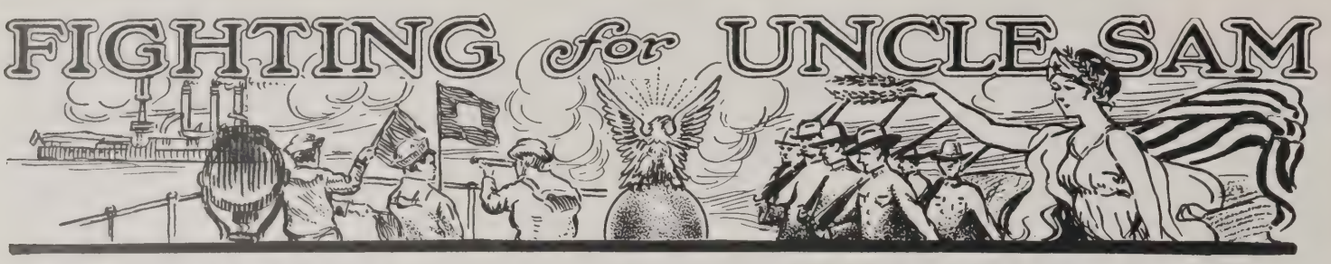
Poster Which Won $100 First Prize in Second Class Open to Soldiers and Sailors. Drawn by Private Andrew Loomis, of Camp Grant, Ill.





Poster Which Won $100 First Prize in Third Class Open to Shipyard Workers. Drawn by Arthur Hutchins, of Boston, Mass.





THE largest draft contingent sent from Brooklyn departed for the various training camps on July 24, and the Morse band had the distinction of leading the men from Local Board 41 to the railroad station. Included among those who went from Brooklyn, and especially around Bay Ridge, were many employees of the Company.

Fred J. Edwards and Duncan P. Noble, who had been doing clerical work in Room 15 for nearly a year, were among those called in the last contingent. Each was presented with a wrist watch by their coworkers. Edwards has gone to Camp Greenleaf in Georgia.

Robert D. Oldham, Jr., nineteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Oldham, of 361 Seventh street, has finally managed to get into the army after several unsuccessful attempts to enlist. When he first tried he was rejected because he was too light in weight. He then obtained a position here and, through hard work and proper dieting, he succeeded in acquiring sufficient weight to entitle him to an assignment in the army medical corps.

The detachment of Company K, 22d Inf., which had been on guard duty at the Morse plant for many months, left here on July 10 for Fort Jay, N. Y., and was relieved by a detachment of Company B, 10th Battalion, U. S. Guards, from Fort Niagara, N. Y. The troops were given a rousing send-off by the boys of the yard, the Morse band escorting them to the subway stations.

William G. Major, formerly one of our chauffeurs, writes to Miss Jensen, of the yard hospital, an interesting letter in which he denies that he was wounded as had been reported to us back in April. In the same mail Miss Jensen received an interesting letter from John J. Finneran, who was formerly assistant garage foreman, and is now in France:

Mr. Finneran writes: "Just received your welcome letter of June 29 and THE DIALS of May and June, for which I am very thankful. I read of your wonderful Liberty Loan drive and how, by your untiring efforts, you made it such a great success, and I sincerely trust that your reward will come in the form of a complete victory over the Hun in the very near future. I am also proud to read of your successful Red Cross drive but I don't see how it could be otherwise. With your small army of pretty girls, you would make a tightwad part with the first dollar he made. Keep it up, because the Red Cross is a cause that is above comparison. To fully realize the good the Red Cross is doing, it would be necessary to come over here and see for yourself, as mere words do not suffice to express the wonderful work that is being done for us boys, the sick and wounded, the poor Belgium and French refugees, the orphans and everyone that really needs assistance. I met Bill Major to-day and gave him THE DIAL, which proved so interesting that he did not hear mess call and that means a whole lot in Bill's life. He loves to eat. You asked in your letter if he was wounded. I can state confidentially that the only wound he ever received was from Cupid, and that happened in a busy little town called Brooklyn, somewhere around Third avenue, before he came over here. Otherwise he is, like myself, enjoying the best of health and having as good a time as conditions will permit. You will notice at the heading of my letter the name of the town (Neivers) which we are at liberty to mention. There are many interesting sights connected with it; also a canal of fresh water, where we can enjoy a good swim, and you may rest assured we take advantage of it. Bill and I are driving automobiles at present. I find it very interesting work compared to going to Bush docks or picking up supplies for Bill Daly in New York. Let me know if Tom Conk is still holding his hand out for cigars and tell Dan

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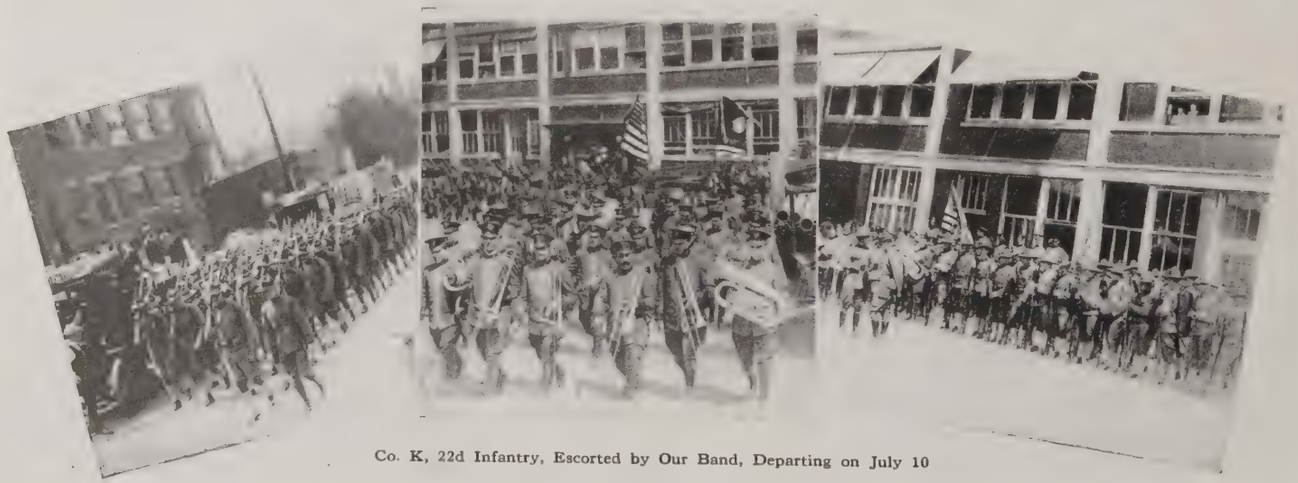
Recent casualty lists have reported the death of two former Morse employees while in action on the battlefront in France: Edward E. Hanson and Patrick J. McHugh. Both worked here before going into Service. Mr. Hanson, who entered the army a year ago, was killed while fighting with the 308th Regiment. His mother, with whom he lived at 228 53d street, Brooklyn, died four months after he became a soldier.

Mr. McHugh was a member of Company I, 18th Infantry, and was killed in action on July 18. He was born in Ireland and his parents still live there. Mr. McHugh was drafted last November and after training at Camp Upton sailed for France in January. According to a letter sent to his sister, Mrs. Margaret Brown, of 396 Fifth street, Brooklyn, he was wounded on April 28, but returned to the trenches after getting out of the hospital.

As a tribute to Mr. Hanson, the flag on the machine shop was at half mast on July 24 and during the noon-hour concert on that day Charles G. Hall, of the executive staff, read the report of Mr. Hanson's death to the men who assembled about the bandstand. The band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," while the audience, with bared heads, gave silent thought to their former comrade. A similar service for Mr. McHugh was held on August 20. Letters of condolence have been sent to the relatives of both from the Employees' Association, and the Company.

Thomas Scotti Rinaldo, formerly a ship calker here, was severely wounded in action recently. Mr. Rinaldo, a nephew of Michael Ajello, 233 President street, Brooklyn, was a native of Italy, and is now twenty-five years old. He is a member of the National Army.

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Co. K, 22d Infantry, Escorted by Our Band, Departing on July 10

Shea to have his band ready to meet us when we come back."

Major writes: "I take pleasure in writing you these few lines just to let you know that I am still alive and not dead yet, as I was informed by Jack Finneran yesterday. I could not really believe it, but instead I am in the finest of health and far from being dead, as I am now back from the front safe and sound. I certainly think that was a wonderful Red Cross drive that you started. I suppose they keep you pretty busy in the yard with the accidents that happen, so I think you certainly are doing as much at home in taking care of all those working men when they get hurt as you could do if you were over on this side of the ocean. I certainly did appreciate those pictures that I saw. I think they were grand. I am going to ask you if you will set aside one of those DIALS for me, as God knows I can't keep it, traveling around as I do. I suppose you have not received my mail or else I know you would have answered. You probably will receive them soon, as I have received letters written in June and in July, I received letters written to me in May, so you can see how letters go astray. I have also sent letters to several of the chauffeurs and to Dan Shea, but as yet have received no answer, but they say patience is a virtue and I have plenty of patience. Of course, letters are just like money, especially if a person has the blues, they cheer one up. To tell the truth, a person over here hasn't as much time as people in the States. When I get a day off, which is Sunday, I generally do my week's washing. That is one thing that I like about the army; we must keep ourselves neat and clean, and to do so a person must do his own washing. We are near a river, where we can have a bath every night. So long as I am near water and have plenty of soap to do my washing, I am not going to worry about the Huns, as there are enough of us boys to make them stay in their place and I hope soon they will find out that we are the boys to make them sit up and take notice. I only wish you could see the sights here. This town is a lovely place, with plenty of people to talk to. I don't think there is a prettier place than France."



Eddie Shea, One of Our Former Timekeepers

Writing to Dan Shea, Major says he has returned from the front safe and sound. "Maloney, the car washer, and Tom Conk had better write me a letter or else I won't let them wash my car when I get home," he says.

Major and Finneran gave their address as 16th Engineers Ry. Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces, France.

James M. Cummings, formerly employed here, writes from "Somewhere Away from Civilization." He says he is in the best of health and adds:

"This life, let me tell you, is very hard at the start off, but after you have one or two of those five-day hikes your old dogs feel fine. We sure have done some traveling over here. I don't think there is much of France that we missed. We landed at Liverpool, England, and traveled through London over to Calais, France, and the very first night we hit Calais we were greeted by an air raid from Uncle Fritz. It was, of course, something new to us and we did not care for the reception very much, but since then we are being rocked to sleep by them, which we don't mind. At present we are in a rest camp and enjoying ourselves immensely, as we came out of the trenches where, of course, there isn't any enjoyment at all, but business. Let me say that ducking guinea footballs (bombs), shrapnel and liquid fire is a great deal different than ducking a friend when he insists on buying a drink. Here is a hot one for you. While in the trenches, a lieutenant was coming by the parapet when a shot whizzed by him and, of course, he took a dive on his stomach flat in the mud. So the sniper we had on guard fired back in the direction the shot came from. When the lieutenant got up on his feet he said to our sniper: 'Did you get him?' The sniper said: 'No, but I would like to have you pass by that parapet again.' Can you imagine him going by again? This national army is a great bunch. They are so anxious to get a good crack out of those Huns and finish them up so they can get back home again with freedom for the world. To-day (July 4), of course, is a great day all over France—ball games, parades, masses and all kinds of games. I hope you will let the boys in Morse's shipyards see that one of their old mates is over doing his bit to help break this affair up and put the dear old United States, the home of the brave and the land of the free, at the head of all nations in merchant marine, shipbuilding and everything else. Give my kindest regards to Mr. Mayston, Mr. Cornell, Mr. Day and to all hands. Don't forget to tell 'Red Hot' that every time we were ducking guinea footballs it made me think of him and Morse's shipyard."



Harry E. Shelly and Chum, W. B. West, When They Worked Here

Harry E. Shelly in His Uniform

"Somewhere in France."

To my old comrades across the sea,
The good shipyard,
Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company,
And to readers of the Morse Dry Dock Dial,
Fighting for Uncle Sam:

I am an American born in Roxbury, Mass., U. S. A., and I am in the Canadian Army. Why not the United States Army? Well, I enlisted before the States declared war, but when Old Glory joined the other flags, this war became a real war to me. France became to me a place to fight for, not forgetting good old France once helped Uncle Sam in his earlier struggle.

Well, chums, there is a war on over here, and I don't mind telling you the Americans are daily making a great name for themselves. Everywhere you find old Uncle Sam's boys (by the way I have two brothers and one brother-in-law over here in the American Army—Walter B. Shelly, Francis Shelly and John Weston, of New York and Boston, all from the yard), on the railroads which they are building, on the lorry roads, big husky engineers and sappers they are, and, of course, "in the line."

Have you ever felt, when you stood on the upper deck of a ship and looked down into the bottom, how it would be to jump? Well, that's how it feels when you first go into the line. After! Well, when Fritz sends over iron rations and you happen to be doing duty where one or more shells land, why you do some tall cussing and feel so mad you could go over and dig Fritz out of his hole.

Chums, I want to tell you that the Morse Dry Dock Dial has reached France. As it is the first time I have had the pleasure of reading it, I am passing it along among the boys, trusting they will enjoy it with me. I read with pleasure that Ray Murtha is in the navy. He always did like much salt. Best regards, Ray. Write and tell me how is "soap," Mr. Whitman. Mr. Hall, I am delighted to hear of your promotion."

Harry E. Shelly, 103046,
72d Batt., B. E. F., France."

Edward M. Peattie, former compensation clerk, now in France, has been made a sergeant. He writes an interesting letter to Miss Jensen, as follows:



Frank Crossen, Formerly a Chauffeur Here

"Just landed in this town for a rest and we expect to stay here for a while. We are located about four miles in back of the line and the Germans send over a few shells now and then to let us know they are still there. To-day I have fifteen men out working in the dugouts with the engineers, whom Wolsen was a member of while at Camp Upton. If he was living we might have met here to-day, but things will happen to us. This town here is a dead hole; I guess because it lies between the hills. Up here on the hill we get a fine view and can see the Vosges Mountains in the distance. It is a beautiful sight, as one can see about forty miles east and south. Since the day we landed in this town the boys have done nothing but guard duty and trench digging, sometimes having but six hours' rest. Most of our digging was at night and we have been fortunate to have moonlight nights. I am just getting over a dandy cold, which I caught while swimming one day. Yes, we get a swim once in a while when we get back from the trenches. THE DIAL came along in good shape; also Mr. Morse's letter, and I sure did enjoy reading



Interesting Job

This picture shows one of the most interesting jobs handled in this yard in recent months—the hoisting of a 15-ton cast-steel stern-frame onto a ship which had been badly crippled in an encounter with a submarine. In hoisting this massive frame the tugboat *Game Cock* was utilized.

some English print, as most of the papers here are French. I want to thank you for the write-up you gave me in it, and only wish we could tell you about things over here. In our rest time we clean up the streets of the villages and when we leave this country it will be cleaner than the day we came here. I don't know whether I told you that I was made sergeant or not. I am now an automatic rifle sergeant. I was taught on the different kinds of machine guns. A friend of mine from Company H was sent back to the U. S. A. as instructor and he is going to see my folks for me, so they will know where I am located. They are sending men from each company to an officers' training school here and I hope that some day I will be lucky in getting a chance to go. We move soon for some unknown place, which we think will be Italy, so don't be surprised if you get a letter from there. Tell Mrs. Waterman one of her fine dinners would go good now."

Peattie is with Company E, 305th Inf., American Expeditionary Forces, France.

In a letter to Frank Falconer, compensation clerk, he says:

"We had a beautiful trip through France while coming to this part of the country. Now we are among the French and American troops. Most of the Upton boys are in the trenches and I think our company is there At present I am at the French machine gun schoo but the course is about over, so we will be back with the boys. This town is pretty well shot up and has a good many ruins, caused by the French and Germans in 1914. I have seen a good many ruined cities in my travels. The French treat us royally and I have some fine feeds of fried potatoes and eggs. I had a little experience pitching hay for the women, as they do most of the farm work, and pitching hay is some hard work. To-day I had my first swim in over a year and a bunch of us took a dip in the creek here. We enjoyed it and the best part of it was that we all needed a bath in the worst way."

Frank Crosson, formerly one of our obliging chauffeurs, writes from Camp J. E. Johnston, Jacksonville, Fla, to Tom Plunkett, of the employment bureau, as follows:

"A few lines thanking you for THE DIAL, and, believe me, it sure makes me feel good to read of what is going on back home. Well, we are a long ways from home now and Yaphank was a home compared to this. We did not come down here in Pullman cars, but in something like fast freight. When we got off the train we were sent to what is known as a detention camp where we had to sleep in tents with one eye open for alligators and snakes, and where it reached 130 in the shade in the daytime. Oh, it's a great life if you don't weaken! After twenty-two days in this camp we were sent to the barracks of a training company. It sounded good at first, but I am beginning to think it is a joke, as the only thing they trained me in was K. P. (kitchen police), men who have to wash the dishes and sweep the floors. It's nothing surprising down here when you go in bathing to run up against a big, hungry alligator or shark, as they are frequent visitors on the Florida beaches. We have nothing to do all day but get up at 5 A.M., drill until 7, eat breakfast; drill again until 5. Outside of that we have a cinch, but it is making a man out of me and that is one good thing about the army. We are all happy, as we have plenty of music in our company and our piano player and singer are Brooklyn boys, so there is nothing for me to wish for except to have Gibby Conk and some of the other boys of the yard down here. Believe me, we would show them what life is, as they are a dead bunch down here. We have to do all the entertaining and they think we Brooklyn boys are great. Danny Shea ought to be down here spending his vacation. He would go back like a nigger. Best regards to Frank Whitman, Victor Foley, Paul Sheehan and Frank Maher."

Edward R. Wight, whose picture was used in the August issue of THE DIAL, writes to his grandfather, George Liddle, "our watchman poet," that he has seen many interesting things since his arrival in France with the American forces, and he has much to say about the splendid spirit of our boys. Mr. Liddle, himself a Civil War veteran, says he is proud to have a grandson in France. Wight, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Wight, of 1051 Seventy-second street, Brooklyn, formerly worked in the carpenter department.

Eddie Shea, formerly of the timekeeping department, writes from Camp Greenleaf, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., to Mr. Plunkett:

"I am still as happy as the day you saw me at Camp Upton. The only trouble is we are expecting to leave. We were all packed to go across, but we are still here. All you hear is 'Well, fellows, we leave to-morrow.' But to-morrow never comes. I see Pershing says: 'Heaven or Hoboken by Christmas.' That's a h—— of a note. I guess we won't get across if that's the case. A lot of Brooklyn fellows landed here yesterday. They are nearly three miles from me. I am going to see if I know any of them to-day."

In an earlier letter, he said:

"It is only 108 degrees in the shade here. That is a cool day for Georgia. But I guess I can stand it for a while. We are going to have a big night here to-night. The Y. M. C. A. is opening another building. They are going to serve us ice cream and cake, 'whistle' and 'special.' 'Whistle' is another name for soda water and 'special' is commonly known as near-beer. I am going to box at the show. The eats here are great. But, man, it sure is warm. I wonder what became of Frankie Crossen. I left him behind me at Upton. I am a medical man now; I mean I will be when they get through with me. That will take about six weeks. Then I can go across and bring back the men from 'no man's land.' How is Bill Dougherty getting along? We have quite a nice band down here. We are near Fort Oglethorp where the interned Germans are."

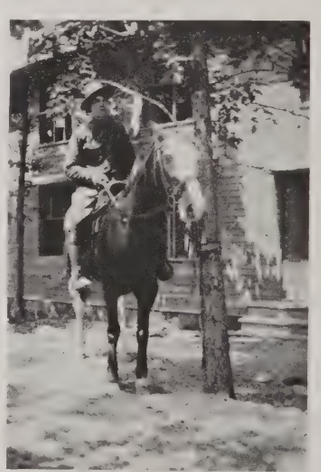
Nathan Feld, employed here as boiler-maker's helper, is now in a training camp near Augusta, Ga. He writes to Tom Plunkett:

"We left Fort Slocum and arrived at Camp Hancock safely after traveling a distance of 1,300 miles, taking 38 hours to make the trip by train, not mentioning the long walk of about five miles we had to camp after arriving. We were stopped by the Red Cross at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and other places. They certainly are doing splendid work throughout the country. On our way down several of us lost our shaving outfits. Hope you will not forget me in sending out those magazines."

Private T. F. Doody, formerly employed here, is now with Company B of the 22d Infantry at Fort Jay, N. Y., and writes to say that he has met some of the men of that company who were doing guard duty at the Morse plant when he was at work here. "This army life is certainly good for a fellow," Doody writes. Doody worked in the boiler shop under William Wienke.

Frederick Rask, a former timekeeper here, who is now with the marines, writes that he has been transferred from quarantine to the regular barracks at Paris Island, S. C.

"Our company has just finished its preliminary rifle practice and squad movements, and a few battalion drills. Here things become much more rigid, and one has to keep things up to the Marine Corps standard, which you know is the best of any organization in the United States. I am proud to have had the



Private R. Hintz

opportunity of joining it and may go higher than the rank of private as soon as my training is over. I shall try for a commission after 'non-coms' school training. The life is interesting. Something new every minute, and although they keep you on your toes, it makes the time fly. We will now learn trench warfare, including bayonet drill, attacking dummies, and many other 'attractions,' such as bomb throwing at the 'Kaiser.' The training here cannot be compared with that given the draft army. This is the most thorough and most rigid. I bet by the time I get out of here my muscles will be so hard that bullets will bounce off them. Whew! Some tough guy, hey! But no fooling you cannot imagine how it trains a man down to the best of condition. Exercise

(*Continued on page 22*)

Shipfitters' Outing

PHEW! That was some "big time" that the shipfitters pulled off at Ulmer Park, Saturday, July 20. It was one of those real family affairs. The weather was perfect and a program was provided which made the day one to be long remembered by all who attended. The success of the outing was largely due to the efforts of the various committees, who worked energetically to make it a notable one socially.

The festivities began early in the day when a special entertainment was furnshed for the children and women folk. The main program of the afternoon began with a ball game between a Morse baseball team, organized for the occasion, and the Bliss Club, in which our boys won by the score of 9 to 2, thereby receiving a handsome silver cup donated by Senator William M. Calder.

The games committee then took hold of the program and a series of athletic events was run off. The 220-yard dash was keenly contested. A shoe race furnished a great deal of amusement and the potato race for ladies was very interesting. The fat man's race had to be abandoned because of the intense heat of the day. The half mile race and the tug of war ended the sports, the riggers winning the tug of war from the carpenter department. The carpenters were not able to rally a full team and had to call upon the Swedish Athletic Club to fill up the vacant places. The riggers won a silver cup donated by Daniel J. Griffin.

The evening program included a grand surprise review by Professor Joe Small's ten dancing girls and five young Americans. The Morse quartet sang several selections, receiving an enthusiastic reception. A bowling contest between the various departments of the yard resulted in the copper shop team winning. The hull department quintet was two points behind.

A concert furnished by the Morse Band and a patriotic review, in which more than 100 persons took part, ended the day.

The big American flag, offered as a voting contest prize, was won by the hull department.

For the success of the gathering the members are indebted to the untiring efforts of these officers and committeemen: President, Fred J. Taylor; vice president, F. Hyman; treasurer, Edward McGibney; financial secretary, T. D. Cornell; assistant secretary, Clarence Wilson; corresponding secretary, Robert Dutcher; chairman of the arrangements committee, Michael J. Leonard; chairman sports committee, George Rothwell, vice-chairman, sports committee, C. Johannesen; guard, J. Brown.

Notes on the Affair

Cavanaugh was too late for the fat man's race, but he appeared in time to defend the traditions of the hull department in the bowling competition.

Everything went fine until the first race was about to be started. Then the committee discovered that it was necessary to use ammunition in a gun to start a race.

Dutcher thought it was going to be a masquerade affair, so he appeared in the role of a cowboy from down in Texas.

The outside machinists had high hopes of winning the bowling competition until the coppersmiths appeared; then they quickly saw they were like their captain (Dunn).

By the way a reward of $10 is offered for information as to the whereabouts of Mike Leonard. Last seen in a heated argument outside the boiler shop toolroom with Cornell, Wilson & Co.

Who tried to cause a sensation by telling a single man on the committee that his wife was outside the gate asking for him? Ask McGibney.

West Coast Leads

THE United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation, through Chairman Edward Hurley, has established a pennant contest to speed up ship production. The Board has likewise established special medal awards to shipyard employees and silver and gold medal prizes for individuals who perform distinguished service of any sort.

The flag race has aroused much interest. The pennants are awarded on a monthly competition basis, the flags going to the yards which show the greatest production percentage for the month. The yard which tops the production scale is allowed to fly the "blue" flag; the yard rated second receives a "red" flag and the one rated third, a "white" flag. The plant which receives first place for three consecutive months will receive a special permanent flag.

Our understanding of the matter is that the contest is restricted to those yards which are building ships for the Emergency Fleet Corporation, not to repair yards, and detailed reports of the Fleet Corporation alone decide the winners. The same thing applies to the badges and medals.

In the first month of the flag contest the shipyards of the West coast won all the flags. It was a walk-away for them, and the same thing is true of the second month.

"Veteran" Answers "Sailor"

To the Editor:

I read in THE DIAL of July issue with much amusement the plea of "Sailor," who complains of slackers in the shipyards loafing on the job, holding up the ships and prolonging the progress of shipping, and, as usual, the Scandinavians have to be the goat. I, being one shipyard worker who is by my family tree an American for generations back, wish to state I have worked with the so-called "squareheads" for years and always found them good hard workers and not shirkers and slackers.

The plea of the party who signed himself "Sailor" is to me the plea of one who was drafted and is now on detached service as a yeoman or some other petty officer. The idea of him sacrificing a position with big pay for the paltry sum of $30 or $40 per month is really funny. What of us who went on the firing line in Cuba, China and the Philippine Islands for the large and juicy sum of $15.60 per month and never complained of our lot? Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company can boast and prove it has more men in its yards who have seen active service in the army, navy and marines than any other yard on the coast. And all were volunteers from 1898 to 1902, and many men from 1902 to one year ago, and none of them are slackers or shirkers. So if "Sailor" will go across and get a reputation on the firing line he will then be eligible to join what he calls slackers in the shipyards, particularly the Ex-Service Men's Association in Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company.

VETERAN.

Cuba, China and Philippines, 1898–1907.

Office Boys' Latest Popular Song

"I'm not Pagano, nor Pagano's son,
But I'll take your picture
Until Pagano comes."

Miss Kirsten Jensen, who has charge of the yard hospital, wishes to warn the employees of the Company against swimming at the foot of the Company piers. Some of the employees who have done so, have contracted abscesses and middle ear inflammation, because the waters of the bay are so contaminated with sewerage only a germ can live in them.

Fire Marshal Devlin Says

FIRES cause great losses annually. These losses could be greatly reduced if employees of big industrial plants, and that includes ours, would be more careful and take an interest in the welfare of their employers. In shipyards where burners, riveters, etc., are employed, the snapper or burner should see that there is a fire extinguisher or a pail filled with water at all times within reach for immediate use in case of fire.

Burners at times will start work on a ship without first seeing that there are no inflammable materials about. Frequently they will work directly over paper and rubbish, which could easily be swept aside, and which is liable to catch fire any moment and cause a large fire with disastrous results.

This is one thing which can easily be avoided and the number of fires greatly reduced if the employees will only exercise due care. It is impossible for the fire marshal to see that proper precautions are taken by each employee who uses rivets, burners, torches or other devices from which fires start.

Letters of Thanks

BROOKLYN, N. Y., August 15, 1918.

To the Editor of THE DIAL:

We wish to thank the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company for having such a fine hospital and the treatment I received during my sickness, after my sad accident of falling down the smokestack while burning on the French steamer. I was unable even to turn over in my bed. I also want to thank Miss Jensen and Dr. Wynne and the force for their grand service toward helping me back to health and strength. I have been back at my job about a week and may God bless the whole lot that is connected with the Morse company.

We beg to remain,

MR. AND MRS. O. M. BUNTING,
Burner 2368.

August 20, 1918.

Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company.

DEAR SIRS: Just a line, hoping it will reach all the boys, to thank them for their kindness shown me in my bereavement. It was great how quick they were here with their sympathy, to say nothing of the large sum of money they brought. Thanking all most sincerely, I am,

Gratefully yours,
MRS. ANN MCCANN,
286 West 151st street, New York City.

Truck Prize Winners

Joseph Tausch, 9868, and Philip Van Gelderen, 9878, were winners of the prizes awarded in July for the cleanest motor trucks in the Morse fleet. Each received $5. Mr. Van Gelderen was one of the winners in June. This special recognition for efficiency in the motor truck department has attracted much attention and the members of the department are enthusiastic in their endeavor to prove that they are 100 per cent. efficient.



Joseph Tausch, No. 9868

Verses from the Boys in the Yard

That we have several would-be poets in our midst is evidence by the numerous contributions which the Editor receives from time to time. We are using herewith a few verses just as they were sent in, hoping that the "win the war" spirit which they contain will have the effect of making all of us realize the importance of the work we are doing in this yard.

The Big Roll

By Raymond Reed

When I roll, I will show you
Just the thing I can do;
Just give me another bad shell-plate,
That is heavy as can be,
Then I'll show you there and then
What I can do to that bump.

When my big rolls come down,
And take the bump right out,
That's just what I'd do to the Kaiser,
If I had him, as he is worse than any bump.
Give me a chance my good man,
So I can show you what I can do.

Then you will say that I am good.
For then I'd roll that beast out of Berlin,
Right straight into hell,
Just as I rolled that bump
In the old shell-plate.

I'll Never Know Such Love Again

By Dan Cammeran, No. 9105

In a soldier's camp across in France, two soldiers sat one day,
And each received a message from their home.
To one there came a letter about the girl he loved most dear,
And the other concerned a mother, old and gray.
They hastily read those missives for the news which they contained,
And one could see 'twas sorrow came their way;
For Jack turned to his comrade with the tear drops in his eyes,
And plaintively these words to him did say:

Refrain:
"I'll never know such love as hers again, Tom;
She was like an angel from God's home on high;
Her love for me was simply a devotion,
As for me, I daily worshipped at her shrine.
But now, the days will all seem dark and dreary,
In this life we shall never meet again,
God, in his mercy and love, has called her to himself above,
And I'll never know such love as hers again."

"I, too, had a sweetheart," then Tom to Jack did say,
"She was my dear old mother, with locks of silvery gray.
She fondled me in childhood; nursed me through all baby ills,
And when I grew to manhood, how her old heart did thrill;
She taught me always be a man in this great world of strife,
She bade me love our dear land, its flag, the Stars and Stripes,
And like your own dear sweetheart, Jack, she's gone to heaven above,
And I am left to mourn her loss; no more I'll know her love."

Refrain:
"I'll never know such love as hers again, Jack,
She was like an angel from God's home on high;
Her love for me was simply a devotion,
As for me, I daily worshipped at her shrine.
But now the days will all seem dark and dreary,
In this life we shall never meet again,
God, in his mercy and love, has called her to himself above,
And I'll never know such love as hers again."

The Bells Are Ringing

By R. Gustafson

I hear the church bells ringing,
And I wonder what they're for,
It must be for the Liberty Loan
Pray God, let them ring some more.

And some day the boys will be singing,
In a German tower, you can bet,
The same thing we are singing
To Von Tirpitz and his set;
And others will be ringing that the "Kaiser" he is DEAD.

It's Up to Us

By "G. A. T."

It's up to us at home, boys, to help this war along;
There are some who make a lot of noise or just sing a song,
But what we need is the good "dough," boys, to roll back the Hun,
Because he's going to go, boys, so don't miss the fun.
Now we can do our bit, boys, without taking a gun;
We can buy our bit, boys, of the Fourth Liberty Loan.
We know the boys here have got the "dough" to buy a brand new bond,
Don't you know you're fighting the foe and helping our boys go on!
Or would you like to be a slave, like the poor Belgian is
And have to dig a cave, boys, for those barbarous Huns.
Now, boys, please don't forget the ruins of France,
Because some day you will regret if you pass by the chance.
So, boys, help protect the world now by getting a good bond;
It's just as good as gold, boys, so buy a Liberty Bond.

Pipe Shop Clam Bake

Yes, we had a clam bake, August 3. Place, Duerr's Park, Whitestone, Long Island. Originators, the pipe shop, and as usual, which goes without saying, *Success.* Aftermath remark: "How do they do it?" Sightseeing cars, ride of twenty miles, course dinner, refreshments in general, three dollars. Well, the answer to this is, only the pipe shop can do it, that is Morse's Pipe Shop. To sum up the eats we had, Big Scotty, of the outside machinists, told it all in a few words, when he stood up and said, "If food will win the war, I ought to be a general." It was an open affair and all were welcome who wished to take advantage of it. And in the future all outside departments are welcome to take advantage of anything this department undertakes in the amusement line.—*John Powell, Dry Dock Poet.*

"The Dry Dock Dial for August, published by the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, foot of 55th street, South Brooklyn, has an article by Roger Moran on 'Piloting Since 1870,' and gives much interesting information of interest to the employees of the Company. This publication has now reached its seventh month and still continues to improve."—*Marine Journal of New York.*

Queer Girls

The modesty of Fanny Fee
Leaves Dolly's far behind,
For if a man is looking she
Won't even change her mind.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

What would you say of Kitty Cooke?
Her plight was most distressing.
She feared to serve her salad, lest
Her guests would see her dressing.
—*Auto-Suggestion.*

Innocent Ida of Oneida
Who never did things by halves
Couldn't abide a bareback rider,
Nor the stock show's display of calves.
W. P. P.—Ideal Power.

Sweet Marie of Kankakee,
Her innocence well proved,
Could never be around to see
A transmission belt removed.
—*M. S., Franklin, Pa.*

And pretty Nell, with face so fair
Was forty ways at being there,
But oh, alas 'tis sad to tell
She *could* not stand a shipyard smell.
[Further contributions invited—Editor.]

"The Old Four-wheeled Wagon"

By John Powell, "Dry Dock Poet"

(Tune—The Old Oaken Bucket)

The old four-wheeled wagon, the old four-wheeled wagon, you pull to the left and it turns to the right,
It carries old scrap iron and lumber for joiners, the pipe fitters use it to haul out their pipe.
Though broken in places, it still shows some traces of something that one time was pulled by a horse,
Its days now are numbered and often I've wondered it don't draw a pension, why not, Mr. Morse?

Chorus

The old four-wheeled wagon, the old four-wheeled wagon,
The wiggily wagon not pulled by a horse.

Useful Information for Bandsmen

Oil is sometimes used on trombone slides.

Drummers are never broke or hungry, they've always got a roll.

A top note: The six o'clock whistle, go home.

Men are like pianos; if they are square they are called old-fashioned.

The sign in music, "PP," means *pianissimo* very soft. Some people seem to think it means pretty powerful.

In all well regulated band rooms the drummer and third alto player should act as porters.

Popular Band Member

Henry Galluci was married not long ago and he gave members of the Morse band a special wedding reception. Some of the boys haven't forgotten to this day the cake and wine which Henry served and Henry isn't volunteering any information either.



Henry Galluci

Our Police Reserve

THE first thing we knew about it was when Frank Whitman, Henry Rochell, Marty Mulligan and a few others drifted into the office all rigged up in khaki. Since then, however, we have heard much about the Morse Unit Tenth Regiment, New York Police Reserves.

Jack Reynolds, of the pipe shop, got the thing started, inspired with the idea that the Morse property and the neighborhood needed an organization which would be prepared to meet any devilishness which the Hun might perpetrate.

"Those damn Germans are apt to pull off something funny," Jack said to Ernie Bright down in the pipe shop one day, "and if they did manage in some way to land a few men beyond the harbor entrance or send up a few aeroplanes, where would we be, without some kind of an organization to go after them?"

"Righto," said Ernie, "go to it," and a few days later a notice appeared, announcing that Colonel Wilson, of the New York Police Reserve Regiment, and other commissioned officers, as well as Captain Gillen, of the 76th Precinct, New York City police force, would address a meeting of employees with the object of organizing a reserve unit in the yard.

There is no need of going into details about how hard Reynolds, who was elected captain, worked in perfecting a body which would be all that a reserve unit should be. He accomplished what he set out to.

There is no compensation for anyone connected with the unit, but there is a whole lot of good exercises, good-fellowship, and a chance to be of service to the country.

Captain Reynolds puts it in this way:

"We are not in this for any glory, but first of all to be of real service to the country. Those men who have responded to the movement deserve all the credit in the world, because it is no cinch to turn out for a hard drilling after doing a full day's work in the heat of the sun or engine room. There is satisfaction for us all, however, in the thought that we have got spirit enough to give a helping hand to the Government in another way besides working on ships. There is plenty of room for more men, but we want those who have backbone, will power, an aggressive spirit, men who desire to prepare themselves to defend our flag."

A concert was held on the night of August 14 to raise funds for the unit, most of which will be spent for uniforms.

The officers of the unit are: E. P. Morse, honorary president; Henry Rochell, president; Martin Mulligan, vice-president; Frank Whitman, secretary; John Reynolds, treasurer, and Daniel F. Shea, musical director.

Police Notes

We wonder what happened to Charlie Small, of the blacksmiths, and Jimmie MacFarland, of the burners. They look so magnificent in their uniforms it is a pity we do not see them any more at drills.

Jim Collins, chief engineer of air plant, is some hustler. It goes to show how great is his personality when he individually sold more tickets for the police reserve entertainment than any other man in the outfit.

Billie Hughes, of pipe shop, is always on the job. Billie is a great tactician. He can repeat the Book of Rules backwards or forwards.

Cliff, of the office, is on the job. His experience with the Canadian militia will push him along rapidly.

Ditter, of the shipfitters, formerly of the "Marines," is demonstrating his ability to handle men. We hope to see the bars on his collar shortly.

Raynor, of the carpenters, is right on the job; no evildoers need put in an appearance.

Thornton, of the pipe shop, the heavyweight of the force, is a dark horse. We hear he has a bungalow down in Atlantic Highlands. What is the attraction, Tom? Training down weight or is it watching the "chickens?" on the beach?

Rector, of the electricians, is a comer. Hope to see more of him.

Harsin, of the pipe shop, has the making of a good officer. Let's see more of you, old man.

Billie McCarthy, of the "Church," is another of our 100 per cent. efficient attendance men. Good for you, Mac.

Joe O'Neill, of the welders, looks fine in his uniform, but we hear he is having one tailored to fit his magnificent figure more emphatically. No wonder all the girls admire Joe down along Rockaway Beach. Get into drills more regular, Joe.

Umland, of the drillers, is another 100 per cent. man. He is kicking because we do not drill enough. He would like five nights a week. Good boy, Umland, go to it!

We note Dan Shea as musical director. Good for Dan! If he can put as much harmony in the cops as he has put into the band it will not be long before they are on the top of the heap.

We note that Congress is on the eve of changing the draft age to eighteen to forty-five years. Now is the time boys; come in and get military experience. Show your friends you are ready to do your bit when called upon to help Uncle Sam. If you have to go, that you are at least partially prepared by having an elementary knowledge of military tactics, will be of value to you.

Police Concert Enjoyed

By Thomas J. Plunkett

THE Morse Unit of the 10th Regiment, New York City Police Reserves, held an entertainment and concert at the Bay Ridge high school auditorium, 68th street and 4th avenue, on Wednesday evening, August 14. This affair was a successful one financially and socially. The program opened with a concert by the Morse band of sixty-five pieces. The band furnished music of a very high quality, winning lavish praise and repeated encores, and Bandmaster Shea and his musicians deserve great credit for their efforts.

Ross and Howard entertained with a high class singing and dancing act, and Wallace Mackay, the "mimic musician," with his comical imitations of musical instruments and animals, was well received.

A feature of the program was the singing of the Morse quartet, composed of Tom Coppinger, John Woods, Tom Johnson and Frank Adams, with Daniel Basil, of the copper shop, pianist, and Joseph M. Pirosse, of the employment bureau, violinist. The quartet was encored and its members sang two additional numbers for the audience.

The hit of the evening was the sketch put on by Adams and Leslie. Leslie is the stage name of our Dry Dock Poet, John Powell, who was assisted by Mrs. Powell. Their act was a scream and their ready wit was appreciated by all. They sang very well and Mr. Powell likewise danced a good clog.

The finale of the act included a burlesque melodrama in which Mr. Powell played both the hero and villain parts, assisted by a stovepipe hat, which he used advantageously. The rescue scene at the close was dramatically handled and the applause was deafening as John carried his wife to safety while a train rushed by.

Following this came O'Brien and Buckley, who amused with comedy pertaining to woman's entrance into the suffrage class. Joe Hardman, a well-known monologist, was the next to appear and his stories made quite a hit. He also sang a few unique parodies on popular songs. Fred J. Pfeifer, the blind tenor, scored well with one of the songs of yesterday, "Dear Old Girl," and Harry Ellsworth and Company concluded the show by an act entitled "Home, Sweet Home."

The committees in charge of the affair: William Hughes, general committee; William McCarthy, ticket committee; Frank Whitman, publicity, and John Reynolds, entertainment, wish to thank all those who contributed to its success, especially Mr. and Mrs. Powell, members of the quartet and their accompanists, and Mr. Pfeifer, and Mr. Shea and the band.



Our Newly Organized Police Reserve as It Appeared in Parade July 4.

"Shall He Still Be King?"

I ask you to sign my next petition because I am the mightiest king that ever lived.

Other kings have yielded to me as a child to a sire; even have I laughed at all the gods of every land from Osiris to Jehovah

With my breath I have wiped whole nations from the face of the earth.

For me men have discarded honor and women virtue.

I destroy ambition, ruin statesmen, and still they love me.

I fill insane asylums and prisons, house my subjects in hovels and feed them on husks; still they love me.

Fathers give me their sons, mothers their daughters, and maidens their lovers and beg me to stay.

With one touch I have ruined great industries.

Judges yield to my power and lawyers forget under my spell to plead.

I burn cities; with one touch I have sunk navies and destroyed great armies.

I never sleep. I turn gold into dross, health into misery, beauty into caricature, pride into shame.

The more I hurt, the more I am sought.

I by turns raise man to highest heaven and sink him to deepest hell.

I am Satan's right hand man, I do his work freely, cheerfully and without pay.

Yet he is ashamed of me.

My name is *Rum*.

The above article was submitted to us by H. M. Smith, No. 10030, with the following comment: "After reading the article in a recent issue of THE DIAL, entitled 'Booze,' I thought this would be a good addition." We think so too, and wish to thank Mr. Smith for sending the item to us.

Suspicious Looking

KIND FRIEND—Henpeck, let me introduce you to Professor Glass, the great hypnotist, who can put anyone to sleep within two minutes after starting.

HENPECK—Glad to meet you, Professor. Come, let me introduce you to my wife.

The Result of a Kiss

They were in a magnificently decorated room in a Fifth Avenue mansion. They approached each other from opposite directions One of them was as pale as a ghost, the other blushing red as a cherry.

Presently they met, and, careless of the fact that dozens of eyes were watching them, they kissed each other.

The meeting seemed to bring them perfect peace; but, alas! they had scarcely been side by side above twenty seconds when a man approached with the fire of battle in his eye.

With cool insolence he raised the stick he carried, and then—oh, horror!—he struck a sharp, quick blow, and the pale one was sent spinning several feet away.

The other neither screamed nor fainted.

There was no heart-breaking, no resentment, not even a murmur.

Because, you see, billiard balls are used to that sort of thing.

The Loiterer

By Mrs. Ella K. Livermore

The man who squanders his employer's time
Is nothing more than a slacker;
But he who loiters when his country calls
Is little less than a traitor.
Wake up and let's be doing, before it is too late,
Our ships are needed now; don't leave Columbia
to her fate.

The Texan

The accompanying pictures give a good idea of how seriously the ship *Texan* was wounded in the collision which occured off the American coast several weeks ago. The *Texan* was loaded with nitrate, which she had brought from Chili. After leaving some of her cargo in an American port she started in convoy for France, but was rammed four or five days out. The ugly wound in her side was healed by the expert workmen in this yard and a splendid job was done.





These pictures taken by A. Pagano, our official photographer



Remember

1. The Success of Perseverance.
2. The Pleasure of Working.
3. The Dignity of Simplicity.
4. The Worth of Character.
5. The Power of Kindness.
6. The Influence of Example.
7. The Obligation of Duty.

Tuscania

Two thousand sons of Freedom,
Embarked on Freedom's ship;
Two thousand sons of Freedom,
Brave partings on each lip.

Farewell, O wives and mothers,
Fond eyes with tears alight!
Two thousand sons of Freedom
Pass outward in the night.

Two thousand sons of Freedom
Pass outward on the sea.
Two hundred sons of Freedom
Win immortality.

Out on the rolling ocean
Where winds and waters race,
Two hundred sons of Freedom
Reach port in God's embrace.

Two hundred sons of Freedom,
Like Christ, their lives they give;
Two hundred sons of Freedom,
They die that we might live.

In God's embrace they're resting,
Oh, brave and hallowed band;
Two hundred sons of Freedom
Have sanctified our land.

Brooklyn Eagle.

In 1918:

Every family must help feed itself.

Fresh vegetables must be used to lessen home consumption of staple foods needed by troops and the Allies.

Home-produced food must lessen demand on railroads and other deliveries.

More food must be canned in homes than ever before.

There must be a war garden in every backyard fertile and sunny enough to grow vegetables.

Every seed planted must be made to count in the food supply.

U. S. Department of Agriculture.

TO OUR EMPLOYEES:

There has never been a period in the history of the world when shipping has been of such vital importance as at the present time.

A victory for our cause in the present war is dependent on ships.

Everyone whose work is in any way connected with shipping is lending assistance to his country in this gigantic struggle in which we are now participating.

Secretary of Commerce Redfield at a recent conference of shipping men made the following remarks, which most aptly emphasize the great necessity of all of us doing everything possible to increase the efficiency of the country's shipping:

"THE MOST SERIOUS FACTOR THIS COUNTRY FACES IS THAT OF MERCHANT SHIPS. THERE ARE OTHER SERIOUS FACTORS, BUT THIS IS THE MOST SERIOUS ONE.

The man who delays a ship a day, for any cause whatever, does wrong to his country. It is altogether within reason that a single day's delay in this war—that which causes it to last one day longer than it otherwise would—may mean to this country 1,500 of her sons and $15,000,000 of her money wasted.

It is my duty, it is your duty, it is the duty of every American to see afar, to see in advance—not when the time comes, but before it happens—that every possible cause of delay, certain or uncertain, proper or improper, is taken out of the possibility."

We feel sure that we will have your active co-operation in our efforts to get the greatest degree of efficiency that is possible out of our yard.

This is a time when we must all work together for the common cause, and anything that we can do, individually or collectively, to avoid delay to our vessels, should be done.

MORSE DRY DOCK & REPAIR CO.

Ten Commandments for Foremen

(Sent in by Martin L. Mulligan)

No. 1. Be fair. Have no favorites and no scapegoats. A foreman has to act as judge many times every day. Therefore he must be just.

No. 2. Make few promises and keep them. A foreman must be the exact opposite of a politician. Politics is the art of making promises and sometimes a foreman forgets that his job requires a far higher standard of truth and honor than prevails in politics.

No. 3. Don't waste anger. Use it. Your anger is the most valuable thing you have, but you should not use it carelessly. Keep your most forceful language for special occasions. Before a foreman can control other people successfully he must learn to control himself.

No. 4. Always hear the other side. Never blame a worker until he has been given a chance to give his point of view.

No. 5. Don't hold spite. Forgive when you have had to scold a worker. Be sure that you go to him the next day in a friendly way and show him how to do something. There should always be blue sky and sunshine after a storm.

No. 6. Never show discouragement. Never let yourself be beaten. A foreman must have perseverance and never say die.

No. 7. Notice good work as well as bad. Mingle praise and blame. Let the workers see that you can appreciate as well as blame.

No. 8. Watch for aptitudes; take a keen human interest in your workers. Notice them; study them; put each one where he can do his best.

No. 9. Be an optimist: Don't let your worries and troubles make you a pessimist. Inspire confidence; put the "right" spirit into the works.

No. 10. Take your full share of the blame. This is the most difficult of all. It is heroic, but the foreman who can share both blame and praise with his workers will have discovered the secret of managing men.

Suppose success don't come at first;
What are you going to do?
Throw up the sponge and kick yourself,
And growl and fret and stew?
You bet you ain't; you're going to work,
And work and work and grin,
Until success does come your way;
For grit is sure to win.
—*M. K. & T. Employees' Magazine.*

Photographed by A. Pagano, Our Official Photographer.



OSCAR KRUGER AND ONE OF HIS PETS

Here we see "Oscar, the sign king," and a specimen of his art. When it comes to signs, Oscar believes in 'em. They tell us that when Oscar hasn't anything to do (which isn't often) he goes around looking for work, and there is some suspicion attached to his being so handy to the boiler shop on that memorable winter morning when the large Morse sign decided to come down from its perch. When the "blow" subsided some of the workmen found Oscar rushing around picking up the pieces. "Out of my way," he shouted, "I've got to build a new sign," and away he went to his "studio" in the carpenter shop. Oscar has been with us eight years. He learned his trade in New York, working for different companies. "No, I didn't go to any art school," he said, "it just came to me naturally." Oscar is married and has one child, a boy, named Saul. When Oscar "retires from business" it won't be "Oscar, the sign king," it will be "Saul, the sign king." Oscar lives at 563 Hopkinson avenue, Brooklyn, and he swears by the Morse Company as the best concern in the country. "If you are going to write anything about me," he told us, "don't forget to say that Mr. Morse is the best man I've ever worked for."

THE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, and to the interests of the firm.

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor

The Editor's office is located in the Employment Bureau, where he may be reached by telephone or in person.

Matter intended for any given issue must reach the Editor not later than the 15th of the preceding month.

Notify the Employment Bureau promptly of any change of residence, giving old as well as new address.

The Dry Dock Dial is protected by copyright, but our esteemed contemporaries are invited to reprint from its pages when due credit is given.

All communications should be addressed to B. E. Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn.

Vol. 1 SEPTEMBER, 1918 No. 8

Don't Forget the Boys "Somewhere in France"

Harry E. Shelly, formerly employed here, sends a letter from "Somewhere in France," addressed to his old comrades. In a note to the Editor he says: "I trust you may find a wee sma' space to fill in what you may cull from this letter. I know it's not very good grammar, but very good grammar is seldom used nowadays over here."

Yes, Harry, we will indeed find space for your letter and, so far as good grammar goes, we don't care a tinker's hoot about that. It's the spirit of your letter which counts with us and you may rest assured that the boys in this yard who form part of the "Second Line of Defense" feel the same way about it.

The Editor feels a pardonable pride in the success which has attended his efforts in making this magazine a connecting link between the men here and the Morse employees who have gone into the service. It is to be regretted that the constant shifting of the men who go into the army and navy, and the inadequate mail service with which we have to contend, makes it impossible to get a copy of the magazine into the hands of every man who has left us to fight for the Allied cause.

However, a conscientious effort is made to do so and this reminds us that the employees themselves can help if they will keep the Editor informed as to the correct address of their soldier and sailor friends.

How much The Dial is appreciated by the soldiers and sailors can best be stated in the words of Mr. Shelly in a letter which he sent to Mr. Morse. He writes: "Your letter of the fifth and also copies of The Dry Dock Dial received, and I want to thank you very much for this great favor. I cannot remember when I have had such keen pleasure as when I received The Dial and read the names of some of my old chums."

Mr. Shelly goes on to say: "I was more than surprised when I read of the fire you had in the yard. I can't say how sorry I am, but I know the fire has made way for new and better buildings, because that is your way; the new to take the place of the old. All I can say is all success to the new dry dock and may it be the best in the world."

Back Up the Foreigner Who Shows Loyalty

True Americanism is the issue of the hour, as much so in the shipyard as in any other place back of the battlefront. A unified nationality, with one flag, one language and one set of ideals, is as much a necessity to the success of this country in the war as is the speed with which we turn out ships, or munitions or supplies for our brave soldiers.

Theodore Roosevelt has said: "We must shun, as we would shun the plague, all efforts to make us separate in groups of separate nationalities. We must all of us be Americans and nothing but Americans; and all good Americans must stand on an equality of consideration and respect, without regard to their creed or to the land from which their forbears came."

We would like to burn deep into the hearts of those critics of foreigners who work in shipyards Mr. Roosevelt's fine sentiments. Let us stand square and with a helping hand behind the foreigner—be he Scandinavian, Italian, Russian or what not—who is trying to be loyal to the American flag. His services are needed and we, as a nation, cannot afford to give ear to those indiscreet individuals who seek to stir discord among us.

And in this connection we have a word of advice for our foreign-born fellow-employee. A diligent, conscientious effort to do your full share in the cause for which we are struggling will do more to stamp you a true American at heart than anything else. World freedom from the menace of the blond beast is the reward all of us seek, and don't forget that when you do your work here in this shipyard with a vim and a determination, you are helping to win that reward.

* * *

We Have Generous Neighbors

This Company is blessed with having some very generous neighbors, and we venture the statement that the community spirit hereabouts is one of the most desirable to be found in the vicinity of any industrial plant. One of the best things in life is to be well thought of, and it is very gratifying to feel that our yard enjoys the well wishes of those who make their homes near us.

Residents of Sixty-first street, between Second and Third avenues, held a successful block party recently, and from it raised $445. As an indication of their kindly feeling toward us they very generously and thoughtfully turned the money over to Miss Jensen as a contribution from the Morse workers to the Red Cross. They wanted us to have the credit for the contribution.

Neighbors, your kindly act is more than appreciated, and we take this means of publicly thanking you.

* * *

Schwab's Labor Day Message to U. S. Workers

General Schwab, of the United States Shipping Emergency Fleet Corporation, has written a characteristically enthusiastic and inspiring Labor Day message to the workers of America, as follows:

"The winning of the war is just as much dependent upon the industrial workers as it is upon the soldiers, as one cannot succeed without the co-operation of the other. I believe our workers realize this more and more every day, as the wonderful record of launching nearly 100 ships on Independence Day shows what can be done when we put 'our shoulder to the wheel' under the spur of enthusiasm and are guided by the highest degree of patriotism.

"The workers are doing a most essential work which will have great weight toward making the world safe for those who love freedom and the right of self-government.

"Please convey to the workmen my sincerest thanks and appreciation for what they have done, and my absolute confidence in them for what is to come, as I know they will not fail us at this vital time.

"I am devoting all of my time and energy in an endeavor to flood the seas with ships flying the American flag and with the help of the workers and my friends hope to put the job 'over the top' in good shape."

* * *

Get ready for the Fourth Liberty Bond issue. Let's go "over the top" with flying colors.

* * *

We lead the way, others follow.

* * *

"The man who is loyal to his employer, loyal to his work, is also loyal to his flag. He is a true American."—*Charles M. Schwab.*

* * *

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We must make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

In announcing to you the death of Patrick J. McHugh of Company I, 18th Infantry, I believe it is no more than fair to say that he has left his footprints upon the "sands of time."

McHugh was employed in the yard as a shipfitter, was drafted last November, sailed for France in January, was wounded on April 28, and killed on July 18, 1918. So much for his record as a soldier, and when the story of the great struggle which is going on "over there" is written in the pages of history, along with the names of countless heroes who have performed deeds of valor in the service of humanity, there will the name of Patrick McHugh be found.

But no greater honor, no higher tribute, to his memory, no greater praise can be bestowed upon him than the epitaph, which will be carved upon his gravestone, these simple words, "Killed in Action."

Let us pause and consider just what all this means. Here in times of peace we have the flower of American manhood busy in the forge, at the furnace, or in the shop, producing by their strength and skill the finished product of their art. These men are suddenly called upon to meet a great crisis in the affairs of our country, called upon to go forth to battle, and it is of these men our great expeditionary force is comprised. Men from every walk of life. The banker, merchant, student, thinker and craftsman.

These men go forth and bare their breasts to the savage fire of the enemy. After short preparation they sail across the seas to help our glorious Allies put down and stamp out forever the tyrants of autocracy, militarism and that foul ulcer, the blot upon the escutcheon of decency—THE DAMNABLE HUN.

These men, the flower of our nation, a nation which believes in the unalterable rights of man, liberty, freedom, equality, and the pursuit of happiness, a nation whose trust is in God, these men go forth to make the world a safe place in which to live.

Many of them will return to us maimed and crippled. Among them a fellow-worker, Private Thomas Scott Rinaldo, is reported severely wounded in action. He was employed here as a chipper and caulker.

It is to the memory of these men for whom we bow our heads in humble silence, proud to have had them associated with us in the yard.

So much for those who are gone, we still have a duty to perform to the living, and it is to those they have left behind that we should show our consideration. The mothers, fathers, wives and sweethearts whose days are passed in anxious waiting for some word from the front, some word of encouragement, that their loved ones are still safe, for all in all it is the parents of the soldier boys who pay the price.—*Charles G. Hall's eulogy to former employees who have died in service, delivered at one of our noon-hour meetings.*

In the next issue of THE DIAL will appear the first installment of a series of lessons on shipbuilding, taken from a book written by Walter K. Crawford, superintendent of the hull department, and published by the Ocean Publishing Company, of New York. An arrangement has been made by which THE DIAL is able to reprint the book, which is one of the most practical of the kind in print. It covers everything on rivets, riveting, rivet spacing, buttlaps, buttstraps, rivets between frames and outside plating; distance from heel of angles to center line of rivet holes; width of attachment angles, breadth of buttlaps, etc., and contains eighteen illustrations, most of which will also be reproduced in THE DIAL. As a matter of accommodation to those men in the yard who are anxious to improve themselves, the book has been placed on sale at the employment office and sells for $1.50 a copy.

* * *

"If you don't do your level best to-day, you will not have to die to go to hell, you'll be there."—*Rev. Dr. Charles A. Eaton.*

* * *

"Avoid the pleasures that leave a burnt sienna taste in your mouth."—*Elbert Hubbard.*

* * *

"If you stand up to your job, you will make the Kaiser take his medicine lying down."—*Charles M. Schwab.*

* * *

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.—*Chesterfield.*

* * *

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.—*Bacon.*

* * *

A women's idea of conversation is to discuss other women —a man's is to discuss himself.—*Gibson.*

* * *

If You Were Boss

By Edgar A. Guest

"If you were the boss and a fellow like you
Came in and requested a raise,
If he did his work in the way that you do
Would you speak of his toiling in praise?
Would the way that you tackle your task every day,
Indifferent to profit or loss,
By another from you win an increase in pay
If you were the fellow that's boss?

"If you were the chief and a vacancy came,
As vacancies frequently do,
Do you think that you'd hasten to fill up the same
With a youth that is very like you?
In his manner of working, think you, that you'd find
Any trait that would cause you to gloat?
Oh, if you were boss, are you sure you're the kind
Of a fellow that you would promote?

"If you owned the business this morning instead
Of working for people who do,
Do you think you would trouble or bother your head
About a young fellow like you?
Take a look at yourself, though it gives you a jar,
You may rally the next time you tire;
If you were the boss, would you say that you are
The kind of a fellow you'd hire?"

Still Going Strong

THE baseball season is drawing to a close. By the time this issue of THE DIAL appears the Shipyard League schedule will be completed and the first game of the inter-sectional series will have been played.

The Morse team has gone through the season with an enviable record and we miss our guess if it doesn't come out on top in the Shipyard League contest.

At the time this is written the Morse club is half a game behind the Standard club for first place, Standard leading by virtue of their having played one more game than our team.

We have yet to play two games and possibly three, the third being the game with the Submarine club, which was forfeited to us but may have to be played over again. The Standards will complete their schedule in the next game.

Manager MacLaurin of our club is confident that we will win each of the remaining games, in which case we will be tied with the Standard team for first place in the League; of course, assuming that the Standards win their next game.

In case of a tie a neutral field will be selected and a mighty interesting contest is assured. The team winning will then be declared the champion of the New York district and will be called upon to play the teams winning the championship in the Philadelphia district, the Boston district and the Newport News district.

A series of four games with the champions of the Philadelphia district has been arranged in which a $500 trophy will be awarded the winner. The trophy has been donated by William G. Coxe, president of the Atlantic Coast Shipbuilders' Association.

The Chester Shipbuilding Co. team, of Chester, Pa., is reported to have come out on top in the Philadelphia district, with Pusey & Jones, of Wilmington, Del., second. There is a report current that the championship has been awarded to the Pusey & Jones team, the Chester team being disqualified for some reason or other.

In the Shipyard League games played since the last issue of THE DIAL we won two and lost two, beating Sisco and Federal and losing to Standard and Newburgh.

OUR club during the past month has made an excellent record in its various games with independent clubs. We have defeated such strong semi-professional teams as the Farmers, the Royal Giants, and the Bushwicks. These teams are conceded to be the best independent clubs in the East. The Bushwicks are recognized as the semi-professional champions of Greater New York.

The newly organized Tietjen & Lang team of Hoboken, composed of all professional ball players, trimmed us to the tune of 6 to 4. In their line-up are such men as Smith, formerly New York Giants' catcher; Ray Caldwell and Thormahlen, former Yankee pitchers; Marty Cavanaugh, of the Tigers, playing first base, and the illustrious Ping Bodie, the hard-hitting Yankee.

The Tietjen & Lang team had a hard time beating us. Our boys got 14 hits off Caldwell, while our pitcher, See, allowed only six. We lost the game through costly errors at critical stages, six errors being checked up against us.

In the game with the Farmers, played the morning of July 28, we won, 14 to 8. We beat the Royal Giants Saturday, August 24, 8 to 3, and the Bushwicks, Sunday, August 25, 3 to 0.

IT is to be regretted that discord found its way into the Shipyard League.

Primarily the trouble started over the use of emery by Dan Griner, formerly of the Brooklyn National League club, who has been pitching during the past several weeks for the Standard Shipyard team.

Griner is accused of using rosin and emery on the ball in games played with the Morse club, the Downey club, the Newburgh club and the Robins team.

Our inglorious defeat at the hands of the Standard club on July 21 was in part due to Griner's use of foreign substance on the ball. This was the first time Griner was suspected of "cheater's tactics."

The Standard crowd was very keen about winning that game. They banked everything on Griner's ability to show up better than he did the week previous, when we knocked out of the box after the fourth inning.

We are not denying that our boys played poor ball in the second game with the Standard team. To begin with they were at the disadvantage of playing on new grounds and after a tiresome trip. Whatever the reason, they were outclassed and Griner had everything in his favor.

From then on other teams in the League kept a close watch on Griner and those who gave him moral support in his despicable tricks. That he was caught red handed is evidenced by the fact that he was suspended from the League by the directors at a meeting on August 20.

The suspension was for the duration of the season. Subsequent to this action an attempt was made to have him reinstated on the ground that his suspension worked a hardship on the Standard club. As Griner had been warned repeatedly before his suspension this seems to be a weak excuse, and it is hoped that the directors will so decide if the question is brought up again, as it probably will be.

Griner's suspension doesn't mean anything in our young lives because if Mr. Griner will play "on the level" we can trim him to a frazzle, as was demonstrated in the first game we played with the Standards. We are not disposed, however, to sanction Griner's reinstatement because to reinstate him would virtually mean to exonerate him, and the evidence against him was too abundant for that.

SOME high school boy, writing what he assumes to be a "sport column" in a Staten Island paper laments that Griner's suspension "has given baseball a black eye and the Morse team a decided advantage in the race for the championship." And he goes on to make the serious charge that Griner was ousted through a "frame-up" in which the Morse club figured.

Ordinarily we would pay no attention to the vaporings of this misguided youth, but there is every reason to believe that the article in which he makes his charges was inspired by the management of the Standard club. Especially does this seem likely in view of the fact that the writer in question is said to be under the pay of the Standard club in the capacity of official scorer.

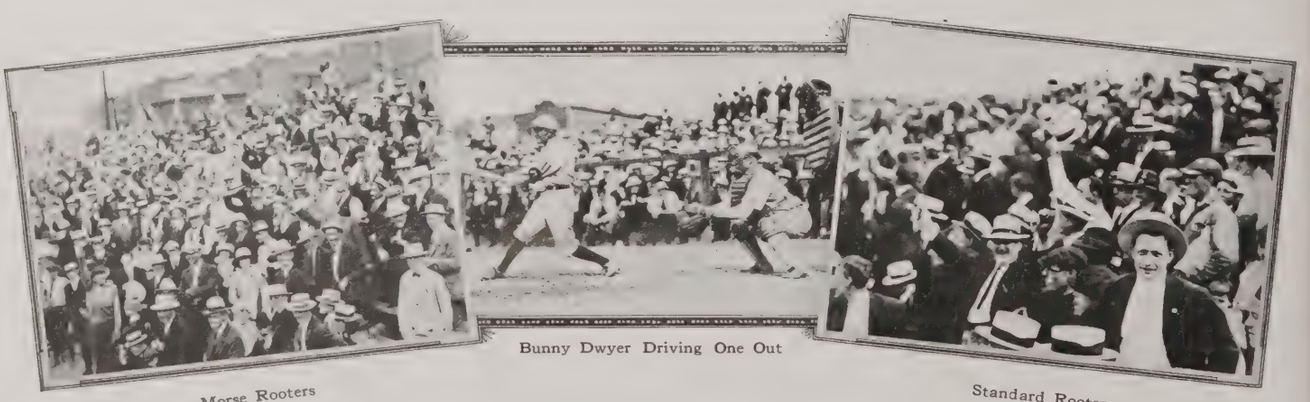
Whether he does or does not receive pay from the Standard club shouldn't bother us except as it shows that he couldn't write an unbiased account of the situation if he wanted to—that is, of course, assuming that he is in the pay of the Standard club. What most concerns us is that he charges that the Morse club was party to a "well organized combine to vote Griner a counterfeit."

We'll grant you, sonny, that Griner's suspension has given baseball a black eye and one which doesn't place the Standard club in a very favorable light. Griner got what he deserved.

There should be no place in the Shipyard League for any man guilty of using cheating tactics, and there seems to be no question about Mr. Griner's guilt in this case. His suspension was favored by six out of eight directors and there was no organized combine against him.

Mr. Quinn, of the Downey team, who raised the question of Griner's fitness for membership in the League, deserves all the credit in the world for starting action and that he was able to rally, unsolicited and without any prearrangement, the support of five other directors should be sufficient evidence to anyone that he was in the right. The one big differ-

MORSE-STANDARD GAME, JULY 13



Morse Rooters — Bunny Dwyer Driving One Out — Standard Rooters

ence, as we see it, between Mr. Quinn and some of his critics is that Mr. Quinn is honest and believes in clean sport.

OUR game with the Submarine club, scheduled for August 11 at Newark, was not played and by all legitimate rights should be considered forfeited in our favor. Our boys went to Newark prepared to put up a fight. The game should have begun at three-thirty o'clock. By four-thirty o'clock only four of the Submarine players had put in an appearance. Manager MacLaurin asked to have the game forfeited to us and Umpire Westervelt announced to the crowd which had gathered that the game was so forfeited on account of the non-appearance of the Submarine players. Our boys came home glorying in the fact that this had boosted their league standing to a shade over the Standards.

It was quite disheartening, however, to have the forfeiture declared void at the next meeting of the League directors. The Submarine management contended that their grounds were not in a fit condition to play. The fact remains, however, that the Jersey City International League club, whose grounds are in the immediate vicinity, and all of the Staten Island teams played their schedule games on the same day.

The by-laws of the League provide that the umpire is the sole judge as to whether the grounds are in a fit condition to play or not, and he ruled in our favor. The matter was brought up at the directors' meeting and resulted in a tie vote. A newspaperman who was in attendance was asked to state his opinion. He said that according to the 1918 playing rules of the professional ball clubs, the home club was the one to decide whether the grounds were in fit condition. These rules, however, are materially different from those subscribed to by the Shipyard League, but, despite this fact, the Morse club was ordered to replay the Submarine team.

MUCH has been printed in the public press about professional ball players rushing to the shipyard teams to escape war service. So far as this company is concerned, we have no place for any man who seeks to dodge the draft on the strength of his ability as an athlete, and we are very glad to state that the Morse club has been in every respect a bona fide shipyard team, composed of men who make ball playing a side issue and not a vocation.

Every member works in the yard or in the administration department, and, with the exception of one or two players, all have been with the Company from the beginning of the baseball season and some longer. Every man was hired on his merits as a workman and his first consideration is the task which he is called upon to perform in connection with the industry. Just look over our list: Dwyer, Sacks, Crist, Tee, McGarry, Mundhenk, Grant, Walter Burke, Riley and Buster Brown were all in the deferred classification before they ever saw or thought of our yard. Mickey Damm has been an employee of the Company three or four years and was a catcher on our 1917 team. Pennington is a married man and entitled to deferred classification. Besides that, he is serving in a very essential berth as an assistant superintendent, being qualified for that position by past experience and training. Reimann has been employed here about six months. He is not yet of military age. "Lefty" Russell, one of our pitchers, was not entitled to exemption for any of the reasons stated above, and as a consequence he has been called to the colors and is serving Uncle Sam at Camp Upton. See, our new pitcher, who comes to us from the Farmers, is only twenty years old, which lets him out.

And speaking about the draft, we would like to know where Mr. Griner stands.

IN our clash with the Standard outfit on July 21, the Morse boys played the poorest game of the season. The contest was watched by a crowd that banked all sides of the field and overcrowded the grandstands.

Accompanied by fully a thousand Morse rooters, who went in motor trucks, our club was confident of duplicating its victory of the previous week when we beat Standard, 7 to 2.

Jimmy MacFarlane, president of the Employees' Association, carried his famous goat along with him and the day was more in the nature of an outing, with everyone in the best of spirits.

This was the game Griner pulled the emery ball cheat for the first time. That it helped him considerably is indicated by the one, two, three order in which he fanned our swatsmen.

The entire Standard team was in excellent form, whereas the Morse players seemed to be hoodooed for fair. There is no need of going into details about the bad dream. We were trounced good and proper.

The score:

MORSE.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Dwyer, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Mundhenk, 1st b.	0	0	6	0	1
Burke, 3d b.	0	1	0	1	1
Grant, 2d b.	0	0	3	0	0
Sacks, l. f.	0	1	1	1	1
Reimann, s. s.	0	0	3	3	1
Reilly, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Damm, c.	0	0	10	1	0
Pennington, p.	0	0	0	3	1
Totals	0	2	24	9	5

STANDARD.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Martin, r. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Emmerich, c. f.	2	3	0	0	0
Brackett, l. f.	2	1	1	0	0
Damran, 2d b.	0	1	1	4	0
Dietz, s. s.	0	2	0	1	0
Braun, 3d b.	1	1	2	1	0
Fitzhenry, 1st b.	0	0	10	1	0
Dede, c.	0	1	11	0	0
Griner, p.	0	0	1	1	1
Totals	6	10	27	8	1

Morse B. B. C. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Standard B. B. C. 3 0 0 0 1 2 0 0 x—6

Left on bases—Morse, 3; Standard, 7. Three-base hits—Emmerich, Brackett. Home runs—Emmerich. Sacrifice hits—Pennington. Stolen bases—Emmerich, 2; Brackett, Dietz, 1; Braun, 2. Bases on balls—Off Pennington, 4. Struck out—By Griner, 10; by Pennington, 10. Hit by pitchers—By Griner, 1. Passed balls—Damm, 2. Time of game—1 hour, 55 minutes. Attendance, 25,000.

IN the game of July 28, our club squeezed out a close victory from the Sisco team, 2 to 1. The game, played on the Sisco grounds at Port Richmond, was a pitchers' battle in which Pennington yielded only one hit. Kelliher twirled for Siscos, but was unable to hold the Morse swatsmen down to less than six hits, which came at a time when they were needed. Mickey Damm and Bunny Dwyer poled safe hits on two occasions.

The score:

MORSE.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E
Dwyer, c. f.	1	2	1	0	0
Mundhenk, 1st b.	0	0	10	1	0
Crist, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Grant, 2d b.	1	1	4	2	2
Sacks, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Burke, 3d b.	0	0	0	1	1
Reimann, s. s.	0	0	4	2	1
Damm, c.	0	2	5	0	0
Pennington, p.	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	2	6	27	9	4

SISCO.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Shannon, l. f.	0	1	1	0	1
Brown, 3d b.	0	0	0	4	0
Worth, 1st b.	0	0	12	0	0
Bailey, r. f.	0	0	1	1	0
Richards, 2d b.	0	0	2	2	0
Morgan, s. s.	0	0	0	4	0
Holden, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Ross, c.	1	0	10	1	0
Kelliher, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	1	1	27	13	1

Kelly ran for Worth in ninth inning.

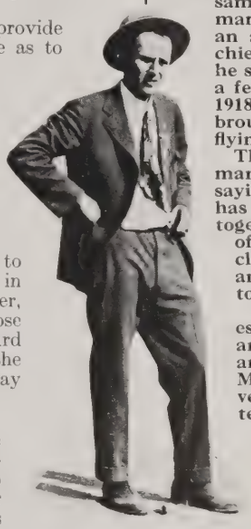
Morse 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0—2
Sisco 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—1

Left on bases—Morse, 6; Sisco, 3. Two-base hits—Grant, Reimann. Sacrifice hits—Mundhenk, Ross. Stolen bases—Dwyer, Worth. Double plays—Brown to Richards to Worth; Sacks to Grant; Grant to Reimann. Bases on balls—Off Kelliher, 2; off Pennington, 1. Struck out—By Kelliher, 9; by Pennington, 4. Hit by pitcher—By Kelliher (Reimann). Umpires—White and Tulin. Time of game—1 hour, 50 minutes.

TOO much confidence cost us the game with the Newburgh club, played on Morse Oval, Sunday, August 4. The fact that through an oversight we had only one pitcher on hand has also evoked some criticism. The game was full of errors; likewise many sensational plays.

The Newburgh club arrived late and the game dragged, which fact contributed somewhat to our downfall. Everyone was eager to get home. The Morse boys undertook to hurry things along and went to pieces, Penning-

Manager MacLaurin



Too much praise cannot be given for the splendid showing of our club to Manager Cyrus MacLaurin. With the same indomitable spirit which marked his rapid promotion from an apprenticeship in the yard to chief estimator of all wood work, he set about his managerial duties a few weeks after the start of the 1918 baseball season and has brought our club through with flying colors.

That MacLaurin was the right man for the task goes without saying when we review what he has accomplished to date. Getting together within such short space of time as was at his disposal, a club which is capable of making any big league club extend itself to the limit is no easy task.

Harmony is one of the most essential factors to the success of any baseball outfit, and harmony and team-work has featured the Morse organization from the very outset. Ball players are a temperamental lot and it takes a diplomat of MacLaurin's stamp to handle them.

In the usual modest and unassuming way which characterizes everything he does, MacLaurin gives the credit for the admirable showing of the club to Captain Bunny Dwyer, but at the same time it is principally through his suggestions and co-operation that the club has achieved its notable success.

ton for the first and only time this season losing his control.

Our team made a good start, drawing a home run in the very first inning. Pete Grant turned the trick. In the third inning we knocked down three more runs, all the while Newburgh scoring but one. Things went slow. In the sixth inning our team was ahead 7 to 3. The final result seemed to be only a question of how many more runs we would make.

It was nearly seven o'clock and the crowd was calling for action. Pennington began to push himself. The first batter up poled an infield fly to Burke on third who let it fall safe. The next batter got two bases and the Newburgh rally was on. They smashed the ball in all directions. When the inning was over the visitors had drawn up to within one run of our score.

They put in a new pitcher, who closed the inning without a single hit from our batters. Pennington, going to the mound in the eighth, tried his best to tighten up, but ragged support seemed to discourage him and the Morse team was at the mercy of the visitors from then on. The game ended 12 to 7, in favor of Newburgh.

NEWBURGH.

	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Foster, 3d b.	4	1	2	4	4	0
Barton, s. s.	5	1	3	0	1	1
Snyder, 2d b.	5	2	1	4	3	1
Menzel, c. f.	5	2	2	3	0	0
Leonard, l. f.	5	1	3	0	0	0
Shay, 1st b.	4	3	1	7	1	2
Anderson, r. f.	3	1	3	1	0	0
Hueston, c.	4	0	2	1	2	0
Scott, p.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Sanger, p.	2	1	1	1	1	0
Totals	39	12	18	21	12	4

MORSE.

Dwyer, c. f.	5	0	1	0	0	0
Mundhenk, 1st b.	4	1	0	8	3	3
Crist, r. f.	5	1	3	0	0	0
Grant, 2d b.	3	2	0	8	4	0
Sacks, l. f.	3	2	2	1	0	0
Burke, 3d b.	5	0	2	0	0	1
Reimann, s. s.	5	0	1	3	1	0
Damm, c.	4	1	2	0	2	0
Pennington, p.	5	0	2	0	6	0
Totals	39	7	13	20	14	4

Newburgh	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	3	6	—12
Morse	3	1	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	— 7

Home run—Crist. Two-base hits—Shay, Barton, Anderson, Sacks. Stolen bases—Snyder, Menzel, Crist, Grant, Sacks. Struck out—By Pennington, 5; by Scott, 5; by Sanger, 2. Bases on balls—Off Scott, 3; off Sanger, 3; off Pennington, 2. Left on bases—Newburgh 5; Morse, 11. Double plays—Mundhenk and Grant; Reimann, Grant and Mundhenk; Pennington, Grant and Mundhenk; Menzel, Hueston and Foster; Foster, Snyder and Shay. Wild pitch—Pennington. Umpire—Cowan. Attendance—2,500. Time of game—2 hours and 10 minutes.

ON August 18 our club traveled to West Side Park, the home of the Jersey City International League club, and defeated the Federal team in a brilliant game. Our boys got away to a one-run lead in the very first inning and from then until the sixth it was a nip and tuck race.

In the sixth, our boys scored four and in the seventh two more runs, and one in the eighth. Pennington had the Federals at his mercy throughout the game and just missed pitching a no-hit game. Only one man reached second during the game.

Dwyer, Browne, Damm and Pennington were the hitting stars for Morse. Grant pulled the fielding feature with a corking one-handed catch. Gillespie at third for the Federals played a fine game.

The score:

MORSE.

	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Dwyer, c. f.	5	2	2	0	0	0
Browne, 3d b.	5	1	2	2	2	0
Mundhenk, 1st b.	5	1	1	8	0	2
Grant, 2d b.	4	0	0	3	2	0
Sacks, l. f.	5	0	0	1	0	0
Crist, r. f.	5	0	1	1	0	1
Reimann, s. s.	4	1	0	3	3	0
Damm, c.	4	1	2	8	4	0
Pennington, p.	3	2	2	1	2	0
Totals	40	8	10	27	13	0

FEDERALS.

	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Gillespie, 3d b.	4	0	0	3	5	0
McGovern, 1st b.	4	0	0	14	1	0
Brown, s. s.	4	0	0	1	3	1
McCloskey, l. f.	2	0	0	1	0	0
Wendall, c.	2	0	0	5	1	0
Greene, 2d b.	3	0	0	1	1	1
Fitzpatrick, r. f.	3	0	0	1	1	1
Dougherty, c. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Donovan, p.	3	0	1	0	1	1
Totals	28	0	1	27	13	4

Morse D. D. & R. Co.	1	0	0	0	0	4	2	1	0	—8
Federal Ship Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Left on bases—Federal, 2; Morse, 6. Two-base hits—Crist, Damm, Pennington. Sacrifice hits—Browne, Grant. Stolen bases—Sacks. Double plays—Grant to Mundhenk. Bases on balls—off Pennington, 2; off Donovan, 2. Struck out—By Pennington, 10; by Donovan, 4. Umpire—Mr. Westervelt. Time of game—2 hours. Attendance—3,000.

SHIPYARD LEAGUE RESULTS

From July 14 to August 25

July 21—Morse, 6; Standard, 0.
July 21—Federal-Robins game postponed.
July 21—Downey, 4; Submarine, 0.
July 21—Newburgh, 8; Sisco, 7.
July 28—Morse, 2; Sisco, 1.
July 28—Newburgh, 3; Submarine, 1.
July 28—Standard, 5; Robins, 2.
July 28—Downey, 12; Federal, 8.
August 4—Newburgh, 12; Morse, 7.
All other August 4 games postponed.
August 11—Morse game with Submarine forfeited to us.
August 11—Standard, 3; Downey, 1.
August 11—Newburgh, 4; Federal, 0.
August 11—Robins, 4; Sisco, 0.
August 18—Morse, 8; Federal, 0.
August 18—Downey, 3; Robins, 2.
August 18—Sisco, 9; Submarine, 3.
August 18—Standard, 10; Newburgh, 1.
August 25—Morse-Robins game postponed to August 31.
August 25—Standard, 4; Sisco, 1.
August 25—Downey, 3; Newburgh, 1.
August 25—Submarine, 5; Robins, 3.
August 25—Federal, 9; Robins, 3.

League standing up to August 27.

Team	Won	Lost	Pc.
Standard	11	2	846
*Morse	10	2	833
Downey	7	5	583
Sisco	5	6	455
Robins	5	7	417
Newburgh	5	8	385
*Submarine	4	8	333
Federal	2	10	167

*This standing is based upon the assumption of our team being allowed the game forfeited by the Submarine club.

Have You Heard It?

Have you heard that:

The socks you knit for the Red Cross are sent to France, raveled and made into something useful?

The sweater that you knitted for your soldier boy or friend did not reach him, but was seen on an officer?

The men do not receive the packages that are sent to them?

The United States is completing only one airplane each day?

The men in the army black the officers' boots and mend their socks?

The soldiers who are ill in the cantonments do not receive proper medical attention?

The men do not get enough to eat?

The men are improperly clothed?

Many transports have been sunk and thousands of lives lost that we have heard nothing about?

If you have, you have been listening to a pro-German LIAR.—*Memphis News-Scimetar.*

Nine French war orphans are being supported by a fund of several hundred dollars, raised by workers at the Lone Star Ship Yard, Beaumont, Tex., according to the *Lone Star News.*

AT THE OLD-TIMERS' BALL GAME



Baker Dying on Third — Tom Nesbitt Smashing the Ball — "Captain" Jacobsen and Craig Watching Rochell Pitch — Charlie Hallock Coming Up for Air

They Call Her Mother



They say that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. This motherly looking lady has won more hearts among our men than anyone we know of. She manages a nice little restaurant up on Second avenue, and every noon hour a veritable stream of Morse employees pours into her place.

For Removing Propellers

Some time ago the writers' attention was called to a device for the removal of propellers, which to him seemed worthy of description in THE DIAL.

This device, known as Young's propeller starter, is claimed to be both simple and positive and to require but a few minutes in actual operation and the cost of same is not inordinate.

Knowing the difficulties of removing a propeller, especially in cases of a bent tail shaft, and the hardship encountered in withdrawing same through the stern tube, it occurred to me the following description as given in a letter to *Marine Engineering* by A. L. Haas might prove of interest to those engaged in work of this kind on the dry dock.

The device consists essentially in a segmental cast steel frame in separate sections, each of which has a segmental hydraulic ram. The sections assemble into circular form behind the propeller boss and by use of suitable packing pieces two, three or four segments can be operated. Each segment is interconnected by copper loop tubes, which join by unions, that the movement and pressure of the rams shall be simultaneous. A hydraulic test pump or boiler prover completes the outfit and two sizes are made, namely 300 tons and 450 tons.

The internal shaft is strutted in the usual manner, the device applied behind the boss and a few minutes pumping serves to give separation after slacking back the main nut.

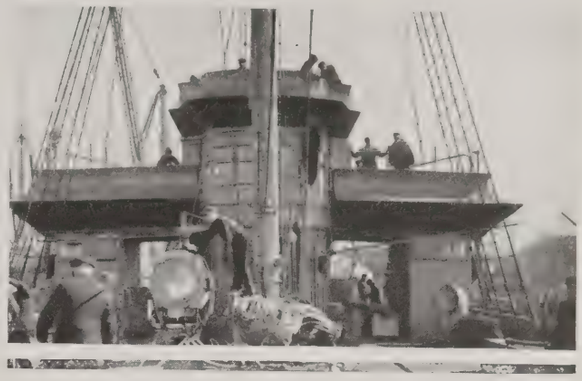
Mr. Haas writes no propeller has ever refused the gentle persuasion brought to bear and that the device is in use in hundreds of yards where repair work of this nature is being done.

F. P. PORTER, *Hull Department.*

Women have made their appearance as shipyard workers at the plant of the Coos Bay Shipbuilding Company, in Oregon, where they have been set at work spinning oakum. This job is light, but requires dexterity, and it is believed that the women will make good at it.

Protection for Sailors

To protect Uncle Sam's bluejackets from the cold, sharp blasts of wind which tear through a ship's lookout stoops, the navy experts have designed a special windshield and it fell to the lot of the Morse Company to construct the first one put into use. Under the personal direction of G. J. Olsen, No. 3437, of the sheet metal department, one vessel was equipped with the windshields and they proved so satisfactory others were similarly equipped. Mr. Olsen and those who assisted him deserve special credit for the work they did. The newly designed windshields are so constructed as to cut through the wind and throw it over the men in the lookout cages. Heretofore the only protection for the men has been afforded by contrivances of wood or canvas.



"Liberty's in every blow! Let us do or die!"—*Robert Burns.*

THE DRY DOCK DIAL is a very interesting monthly magazine, published by the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co., devoted to the interests of the firm and its employees. It is very well edited and illustrated.—*Lumber.*

Why Wallace Hurries Home

THESE cheery little folk are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Livermore, who live out at Seagirt. Mr. Livermore is one of the oldest employees in the yard. He is in the caulking department. George W. Minett, foreman of the wood caulkers, has the proud distinction of being grandpapa to Katherine C. and Daniel J. Katherine was nine years old and Daniel two years and nine months when the pictures were taken. They are the tenth generation of the Livermore family in America.

Speaking of Mr. Minett, by the way, reminds us that he has been with this company for 18 years. He is one of the oldest wood caulkers in the business and recalls the days when wood caulking was "some profession," as one would say. Those who were early in the trade made such good money they used to come to business in high silk hats. We are going to try to get Mr. Minett to give us a good story about the early days of wood caulking, for use in a forthcoming issue of THE DIAL.

Mr. Minett thinks there are no children in the world like Katherine and Daniel. They are descendants of Hannibal Hamlin, vice-president in the administration of Abraham Lincoln. His mother was a Livermore.



All Aboo-aa-rd!

With every bit of energy
And every ounce of steam,
We're workin' on the answer
To the Eagle's lusty scream;
That Bridge Across the Ocean
Is mighty nigh complete,
And we'll soon be gaily marching
To the Kaiser's country seat.

Goals

By Olin L. Lyman

A youth of fortune, and of fame in quest,
Laid earnest plans to hold his job for life:
For weary years he toiled with little rest—
And then from "higher up" there fell the knife.

Another youth outgrew the task below:
The job above looked like a better bet;
Now this was many busy years ago—
And he is mounting up the ladder yet.

What is stated to be the oldest sailing vessel in the world, built at Calcutta in 1790, the convict ship *Success*, has now reached Wheeling, W. Va., in its voyage up the Mississippi for exhibition purposes. It was towed across the Atlantic, and for the last seventeen months has been slowly proceeding up the river, showing at the various towns and cities along the waterway.

Shipworkers' Library

The following books on naval design and construction are to be found in the Brooklyn Public Library, the list having been arranged in response to the increasing demand for information on the subject.

Unless otherwise indicated, every book can be drawn for home use; and every book which thus circulates will be obtained for borrowers upon request at any of the various branches of the Library.

Author	Book Title	Call Number
Atwood, E. L.	The modern warship, 1913	623A88M
Atwood, E. L.	Text-book of laying off, or the geometry of shipbuilding. 1914	699A88
Atwood, E. L.	Text-book of theoretical naval architecture. 6th ed. 1912	623A88T
Atwood, E. L.	War-ships; a text-book on the construction, protection, stability, turning, etc., of war vessels. 3d ed. 1908	623A88W
Baker, G. S.	Ship form, resistance, and screw propulsion. 1915	699B16
Biles, J. H.	The design and construction of ships. Vol. 1-2. 1908-11	699B59
Curr, Robt.	Lake Ship Yard methods of steel ship construction. 1907	699C97
Davis, C. G.	How to build a launch from plans. 1903	699D26
Davis, C. G.	How to design a yacht. 1906	699D26H
Dorling, Taprell.	All about ships. 1912	699D71
Fletcher, R. A.	Steamships: the story of their development, to the present day. 1910	699F61
Graef, E. W.	How to build a speed launch. 1903	699G73
Hasluck, P. N.	Building model boats. 1901	699H35
Hobbs, E. W.	Model power boats. 1915	699H68
Holms, A. C.	Practical shipbuilding. 3d ed. 1917. 2 v.	*699H753P2
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Nicol, George.	Ship construction and calculations. 2d ed. 1912	699N63S
Patterson, H. W.	Small boat building. 1916	699P31
Peabody, C. H.	Naval architecture. 4th ed. 1917	623P35N
Robinson, R. H. M.	Naval construction. 3d ed. 1914	623R66
The Rudder.	How to design and construct a power boat. 1910	699R91Hp
Russell, T. H.	Motor boats: construction and operation. 1910	699R967
Schock, E. B.	How to build a row-boat. 1904	699S36Ho
Simpson, Geo.	The naval constructor. 3d ed. 1914	*699S61N
Skene, N. L.	How to build a 32-foot cruising launch. 1907	699S62H
Stephens, W. P.	Canoe and boat building. 9th ed. 1903	699S83C
Taylor, D. W.	Resistance of ships, and screw propulsion. 1893	699T23
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Note: This book cannot be drawn for home use. Copies may be consulted at the City Park Branch and the Bedford Branch.

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Walton, Thos.	Know your own ship. 13th ed. 1916	699W24Ko2
Walton, Thos.	Present-day shipbuilding. 1907	699W24P
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Watson, T. H.	Naval architecture: a manual on laying-off iron, steel and composite vessels. 1898	699W34
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The Library also has a complete file of the "Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects" (London), from 1860 to date, and the "Transactions of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers" (New York), from 1893 to date. Bound volumes and back numbers of these periodicals may be drawn for home use, the same as books.

Safety First

The prevention of accidents to-day is the patriotic duty of every employer and employee from the standpoint of helping to win the war. If, as Government officials declare, it takes five men at home to provide the munitions, foodstuffs, hospital supplies, and other material for the one man who actually fights in the trenches, then it is important that the lives of the industrial workers should be conserved, to the end that the industrial line of defense may not be weakened.

Surely the killing of 30,000 to 40,000 and the injuring seriously of half a million industrial workers a year in the United States, is a serious drain on the man-power of the nation at a time when every available man is needed for the work that is to be done.

If Germany wins the war, it will be because the American working man has fallen down—because he has been a slacker in failing to respond to his duty. A man who takes chances of being maimed and made unfit for service, or in any way through neglect contributes injury to others, is as much an industrial slacker as his fellow countryman who tries to evade military service. Every individual has a duty to perform in the protection and support of those serving directly at the front.—*Texaco Star.*

Horse Sense

If you work for a man, in Heaven's name work for him. If he pays wages that supply you your bread and butter, work for him, speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him, and stand by the institution he represents.

I think if I worked for a man, I would *work* for him. I would not work for him a part of his time, but all of his time. I would give him an undivided service or none.

If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

If you must vilify, condemn, and eternally disparage, why, resign your position, and when you are outside damn to your heart's content.

But, I pray you, so long as you are part of an institution, do not condemn it.

Not that you will injure the institution—not that, but when you disparage the concern of which you are a part, you disparage yourself.

Elbert Hubbard.

A Week's Experiences

The year had gloomily begun
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's Sun.

He was beset with bill and dun,
And he had very little Mon.

"This cash," said he, "won't pay dues,
I've nothing here but ones and Tues."

A bright thought struck him, and he said,
"The rich Miss Goldrocks I will Wed."

But when he paid his court to her,
She lisped, but firmly said, "No, Thur."

"Alas," said he, "then I must die!"
His soul went where they say souls Fri.

They found his gloves and coat and hat
And the coroner then upon him Sat.

New Orleans Times Democrat.

Future Timekeeper and Nurse



Behold there come forth from the cradle roll of the "Church" two aspirants for future honors in the yard. Frank R. Whitman, Jr., hopes some day to succeed his father as "pastor" of our congregation, while Viola insists that she is going to become a nurse and succeed Miss Jensen, in our hospital.

Bridging the Atlantic



The almost obsolete industry of wooden shipbuilding has been revived, because of the scarcity of commerce carriers, to make up the shortage caused by the great number of vessels destroyed by German submarines. Yards for the construction of the wooden vessels have been springing up all along the Atlantic coast. This photo shows some of the work at one of the Atlantic coast yards where wooden ships are being built for the French and Italian Governments. The boats are standardized.

The feat of rolling and loading 40 steel plates, thereby breaking his own previous record of 30 plates, in a night's work, is reported by *Speed Up*, publication of the Submarine Boat Corporation, Newark Bay, N. J., on the part of B. Rizzo, who was ass.sted by J. Hall and J. Rimelli.

John L. on the Hun

Shortly before his death John L. Sullivan had something to say about the Hun. "We're goin' to get that bird," he said, "we're goin' to get him sure. An' I'll tell you why I know. Because he got mad so quick. All that hate stuff, I mean. In the fightin' ring, when you see a man begin to boil up an' see red in the first round, you know that next thing he won't be able to see at all. What's my best words to the boys in camp? Just this. Tell 'em they can't go wrong if they keep their feet warm an' their heads cool, their eyes open an' their mouth shut."

Captain Kirby, of the towboat department, put one over on Ye Editor the other day. "If you drop down to Captain Kirby's office you'll get a good story," was the information which came over the telephone, and away we rushed with our pencil and paper ready for business. "Here it is," said the affable captain, handing us a copy of one of those dime novels we used to read when we wore knee breeches.

Our First Office



In view of the many new additions which are being made to the main office building it is interesting to look back to the early days of the Morse Company for comparisons. The above picture shows one of our first office buildings. It originally was used as the clubhouse for the Atlantic Yacht Club.

The Criminal

By Y. O. Brosseau of the Cost Department

There's a story they tell of the ne'er-do-well,
It's a tale that is morbid and sad.
How a kind, loving wife was disgraced for life
And the world called her sinful and bad.

Yet before this affair, which was born of despair,
She was known to go many a mile
That the sick she might cheer, many sorrowful tear
Was dried by her bright, sunny smile.

She had little to spare, yet she'd equally share
All she had, and it helped out a bit,
And her firm, guiding hand has helped many a man
When he was all ready to quit.

Then there was her husband, once loving and true,
Did he help her to live down her shame?
He announced, loud and clear, that the wife he'd held dear
Was an awful disgrace to his name.

And the cause of her fall, yes, the cause of it all—
She had stolen an object of worth.
Neither jewels nor gold was the thing that she stole
But the most precious thing on this earth.

"She should have been mobbed," said the man who was robbed,
"After stealing my one, greatest treasure.
What if she had perished, she stole all I cherished.
To see her disgraced is a pleasure."

The Judge, old and gray, had but harsh words to say,
His lecture she'll never forget.
How her heart must have bled at the cruel words he said,
To this day she remembers them yet.

"This man would not care, he would willingly share
All his money, but you have no soul.
What a terrible sin to go into his bin
AND STEAL A SCUTTLE OF COAL!

A Patriotic Employee

PATRIOTISM is no small thing in the life of A. B. McLellan, No. 7202, of the joiner's department. With three sons in the service Mr. McLellan, who is one of our oldest employees, is himself setting an example of true Americanism, which deserves special mention. Aside from putting in an honest day's work, he has been a most generous contributor to the Red Cross and other war-time appeals and also has bought Liberty Loan bonds.

His latest exhibition of patriotism, however, is what has prompted this item. Mr McLellan came into the hospital a few weeks ago, handed Miss Jensen a slip and said:

"Here is an order for the back pay to which I am entitled. I want you to use it in your Red Cross work, because in that way it probably will get across to France as quickly as in any other way.

"I am proud to have three sons fighting over there and I think it no more than right for me to use my back pay in that way. I was satisfied with the money paid me by the Company for the work I performed and when Uncle Sam came along and so generously ordered the Company to pay me more than I had received for that work, I concluded that this was the only proper thing to do.

"I'm not going to sit around and howl for it. This Company has treated me well and I appreciate that fact."

Mr. McLellan's back pay amounts to about $35. In our Red Cross drive he was among the many men who donated a full day's pay.

Mr. and Mrs. Powell



Several requests have come to the editor to use a picture of John Powell, our "Dry Dock" poet, so we dug around among his friends and got hold of this photograph of John and his wife when they were in vaudeville. John is one of the most versatile men in the yard and is as clever on the stage as he is when writing about the *Nepthis*.

Powell's Effusions

I hate to part with loving friends that I have
known for years,
The thoughts of them being miles away oft to
my eyes bring tears.
I'm sympathetic as can be and as through life
I jog,
I shudder when an accident occurs to man or
dog.
Just now I'm more than worried, and I have no
peace of mind
And in no kind of pleasure can I consolation
find.
I cannot eat, I cannot sleep, I'm taking it so
hard,
The trouble is that I've been told the *Pampa's*
left the yard.

———

When you want work done in a hurry in the old machine shop, and you can't find Robins look for Ritchie, if you can't find Ritchie, look for Kingston, if still unsuccessful, look for Ben De Barr. If you fail again, look for a gentleman by the name of Shaeffer, if desperate take it upstairs to Johnson, if, as a last resort you have given up all hope, walk down stairs, turn to the left, pass through the door, turn again to the left, cross the bridge, pass the blacksmith shop and garage, turn to the right, walk in to what is known as the new machine shop, ask for Charley Brightsen. If you don't find him, walk back to the pipe shop.

———

It used to be the goose step, but the fox trot
now.
They tried to get to Paris, but they don't know
how.
The speed we are making, can't be beat,
And Foch will run them off their feet.
They love to hear the word, "Retreat,"
For when the Yankee boys they meet,
They suffer more than with the heat,
They welcome capture as a treat,
And wonder "where's our German fleet?"
Then say, "Mein Gott, at last we eat."
And it's only a matter of time when we will be
feeding all that are left.

———

We always knew the dachshund was a low dog and never had much of a leg to stand on, but we never thought the time would come when even the support he had would be taken away, and what was once the Royal Hohenzollern badger dog resembles a crippled Salamander.

———

It has been reported that several German generals were reprimanded and discharged by the Kaiser, owing to their regiments retreating otherwise than by the goose step.

———

On the day that the Morse team played the Downey Base Club, the people of Staten Island arose from their down-y beds with blood in their eye, but that's about the only place they had it as far as baseball is concerned. Even their band wore blood red uniforms, which might have had something to do with the result of the game as far as the Morse Bulls were concerned, for the Morse boys seemed to bat the ball out with such rage that after the sixth inning the result was never in doubt. I have heard since, that every game that Downey plays, when it comes to the sixth inning, the fans of Staten Island stand up in their seats and yell: "Going Down-ey."

———

Masaba, Masaba, a ship I'll ne'er forget,
An Oriental name that flavors of a cigarette.
Masaba, Masaba, though I'll see you never
more,
I'll simply say, *Salaam, Masaba,* please don't
sla-m the door.

It drives me to distraction, when I see a certain
faction,
Who have more or less an axe each day to
grind,
And each hour and day grow jealous, of the
others who are zealous,
And are happy with a perfect peace of mind.
Now its far from my intention, to cause friction
or contention,
Where each man is striving for a common
cause.
With our Government in danger, from an
avaricious stranger,
As to labor controversies, then I pause.
In the field of shipyard labor, every man should
be a neighbor,
No matter who you're working for each day,
For the service each man's giving, is to make
our life worth living,
It's a debt we owe, and one we've got to pay.

———

In a recent letter from my father-in-law he reports the following incident overheard by him in Atlantic City on the veranda of the hotel where he was staying. They were having a little chat after dinner and a child of five or six came up to him and said: "Where do you live, Mr. Adams, where is your home town?" Mr. Adams replied: ' Why, Mrs. Adams and myself are from New York City; and where are you from, my little miss?" The child hesitated, looked at Mr. Adams, dropped her eyes and seemed to be placed in an uncomfortable position. She was asked again, and this time she said she was ashamed to tell, but was coaxed, and finally replied with a little catch in her throat, and in a humiliated manner: "I'm from Germany." A silence followed. There's a moral to this. If the Kaiser and his subjects would feel the weight of this child's words in all her innocence, having committed no cruelties or brutalities, they would realize the full import of Christ's words, "And a little child shall lead them."

———

Like the muffled drum, like the ripples of the sea that help to swell the tide of our mighty ocean; like the little unobserved things that go toward making greater epochs of our American achievements, so is the man I have in mind.

Theory in conjunction with experience and ability go hand in hand, but for the real and undisputed mechanic, give me, the man who knows not theory alone. Book-taught men are essential, but the fountain head of all book knowledge and technical training, is based on the earlier experience of the primitive man, and his gradual increase of knowledge has led up to the present efficiency of the American mechanic. So a combination of practical and theoretical knowledge, places William Chambers, foremen of the outside machinists, in a class that makes a man worth while.

———

If, as the quotation goes, music hath charms to soothe the savage beast, if there are any man-eating sharks infesting the waters around the Morse shipyard, they will be in future as docile as the fabulous Mary's lamb. For on July 31, at the close of the day's work, they had the pleasure of hearing a melody in the water, in the person of William A. Melody, a most musical name, and as he afterwards said, *I Dred-naught* but water, Nevertheless, when he was trying to give an imitation of a tin fish launching, not the least *Undaunted,* he hollered for a four-foot chain tongue to help him keep afloat and he swears that when he went down for the first time, a pipe fish asked him if he had his casket, but the fish really meant gasket. He also swears he was bitten by an overgrown shrimp.

The Heart of the System

By John Powell, Dry Dock Poet

Every system, human or mechanical, must have a heart, even vegetable as well as animal life possessing one. Now to read this you would imagine that you were about to have inflicted upon you a physical and psychological lecture by the eminent Professor Jasso. Such, however, is not in store for you. What I have in mind is, the heart of the Morse mechanical system, the engine room.

Now, again you will be disappointed if you think you are going to have a discourse on rotary motion, cylindric compound. Nay, nay, Pauline, or as a horse would say it, neigh, neigh. Excuse the slang, it is the gang, that causes all the motion or commotion I would dwell upon.

They are too modest to mention their good characteristics and their bad ones might lead them to—well, first of all comes Jim Collins, the man behind the men behind the motion. Affability is his first name and capability his stock in trade, so much for Jim. Next on the scene comes Ed Collins, assistant to the first named, though at one time, I believe, the first mentioned assisted him, with the aid of Mrs. Collins. So much for Ed.

Now comes the—get the name—behold him, Honorable Peter Maher, not the one who had a fistic argument with the late lamented Robert Fitzsimmons, but the original boiler room Peter Maher, and, by the way, he also has some of the qualities of his namesake, the one-time gladiator.

Now for a few strains of music. "See, the conquering Hero comes!" None other but the lineal descendant of the one-time King of Ireland, Danold O'Shea. Are you getting these names? Sounds like the old police force of New York. Danold is another asset in the boiler room and strange to say there's peace and harmony at all times there. Long live King Danold.

Now we will depart, not from the boiler room, but from ancient gladiators, to the quiet vocation of fireman and erstwhile goat farmer, Jim Flynn, the owner of the campaign manager of James MacFarlane, our president. So much for Jim, I hope I get his goat.

Last, but not least, but Little (James Little), the big champion football player, modest and a good fireman. The only time he kicks is when playing a game. So with these few remarks, I'll kick off.

———

Jingles

When you go aboard the steamer,
Simply say there is no hope,
Tell the Skipper that his scupper
Can't be finished without "soap."

———

What? You say the steam is leaking, somewhere there must be a vent,
Get the white lead, get the red lead, stuff it up
with Crane's Cement.

———

Oh! Doctor!

"Say, doctor, when one doctor doctors another doctor, does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor like the doctor wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor like the doctor doing the doctoring wants to doctor him?"

———

After a satisfactory trial trip, the *North Bend,* 3,500 tons, built at North Bend, Ore., has been placed in commission. She has the distinction of being the first of America's wooden fleet to be completed and accepted.

Over the Backyard Fence

A Department Especially for the Wives

Conducted by Mrs. Otis Elliott Barene

Women's Easy Chair Tales

WHEN my husband came home and exposed a finger damaged badly, I immediately wished to know who fixed it ıp in such good shape. As I have long ceased ;o believe in fairies, I demanded an explanation. So for the first time I heard about the hospital n the Yard; there'ore, I took it upon nyself to visit it, ınd you wives and nothers might be nterested to hear ıbout it.

As you open the loor you walk in the ıicest little room, all vhite and shiny, with ;lean-looking things ıbout and two or hree women with ıice, kind eyes ıround. And there is ;lenty of patience ınd kindness and ıope in the atmos-;here. One feels it .s they enter. And ou ought to see the djoining room, with lovely, ducky fire-;lace and soft rugs ınd a row of wonder-ul beds and darling hairs and lots of lowers and books nd pictures and more miles and kind eyes. Besides, Miss Jensen s there in charge to see that things go right nd plenty of good care and advice is given. t surely is a great comfort to know such a place xists for the men and that we need never orry.

In the fall there is going to be one evening a eek devoted to the Red Cross work, and the eeting will be held in that lovely room with he ducky fireplace that I have spoken of.

In this sign are thoughts for you,
And in this sign is Mercy's soul,
Give to help the sick and wounded,
Thereby lessening War's grim toll.
RICHMOND C. SNOW.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Barene, the wife of one of our worthy employees, the Editor is able this month to present a new department, the object of which is to provide something of particular interest to the women in the homes. The desire is to make this department a regular monthly feature of THE DIAL *but to do so will require the coöperation of the wives and women-folk of our employees, who are hereby requested to submit items of interest and suggestions as to how to make the department of value to them. Space will not permit the use of everything. Cooking recipes are not particularly desired because they take up too much space. We would like to get away from the usual run of stuff one finds in a woman's page and to do so we are going to lean toward the personal items. When your wooden, silver or golden wedding anniversary comes around, let us know about it. When you have a birthday party for one of the children send in a report. We want to get the wives of the employees acquainted with one another and we think this department will help toward that end. To the woman who sends in the most interesting item between now and September 15 we will give a prize of $2. Send your contributions addressed to the Editor of* THE DIAL, *Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co. Be sure to put your name and address on your contributions.*

Thought for the Month

"We are made for coöperation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. To act against one another then is contrary to nature."—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Wives' Joke Corner

LIZA—Say, Mandy, my Missus done tole me her ole man done makes lots of soap, and I jus boil ma fool cloes full of it.

MANDY—What her man, a soap maker?

LIZA—Nope, hims a rigger, she says.

MANDY—Whas a rigga?

LIZA—Why dats a man dat rigs, ob couse; didn't you ole man eber say, here, Mandy, here's five dolla, go get rigged out.

MANDY—Nope, he done nebber have that much; he don't work in Morse's Yard.

LIZA—Well, anyways, that's a rigger; they jus riggs, but I spects instead of rigging the Missus up he done riggs them ships instead, conficateing by the looks ob her.

Over Bill Stingy's Grave

Tears cannot restore him, therefore I weep.

Miscellaneous Hints

Coffee fumes are a powerful disinfectant. The best way to fumigate is to pound coffee in a mortar and put on hot stove.

To make piano keys white use sand paper.

Ordinary soda will make hair brushes like new, while soap will soften and destroy them.

Promotions

John J. Brady has been appointed head navy ill clerk to succeed William Linoki, resigned.

George F Keenan has been appointed astant to Harry J. Reese in the cost depart-ıent to succeed John J. Brady, promoted.

Reuben Munoz, formerly of the outside ıachinist department, has been promoted to ıe solicitor's department.

Frederick J. Stein, formerly in charge of the ıformation department at the Maritime Exıange, has been added to our soliciting staff.

Captain William F. Kirby has made such a ıccess of the transportation and tow-boat epartment, he has been given charge of all of ıe floating property of the Company, with the tle of port captain.

Frank Ryan, of the timekeepers, has been ansferred to the inspection department and now assisting Mr. Noble in Hoboken.

Fire

At 9 P.M., on August 5, a small fire started in the rigging loft, evidently caused by spontaneous combustion in waste on the floor in the rear of the building. The fire extended to the office of the yard restaurant, and was extinguished by the yard fire fighters with but small damage to the building. The greatest loss was sustained by Bert Burlinghame, the proprietor of the restaurant, who reported that several of his choice smokes were missing.

August 7 was one of the hottest days ever experienced in this city and many of the employees were allowed the day off, the thermometer hitting the record mark of 102.

Robert Olsen, of the machine shop, was badly burned on July 23 while working about a transformer which blew out a fuse. He was taken to the Norwegian hospital.

Our July Dance

By Thomas J. Plunkett

OUR midsummer night's dance held at Prospect Hall on Wednesday evening, July 31, was a very successful affair. The families and lady friends of our members turned out in force and everyone had a fine time. Particular interest was manifest in the old-time waltzes, and many of our boys showed to advantage in the art of terpsichore.

Four cups were awarded, the winners being: Flat-foot waltz—S. Rutledge, 3048, inside machinist, and Miss McMeekin, first prize; John Miller, ex-employee of the pipe shop and Miss Margaret Shea, of the office; old-fashioned round waltz—T. Hague, 1630 and Miss Johansen, first prize; Chris Borger, burning department, and wife.

Between dances the Morse quartet composed of Tom Coppinger, Frank Adams, John Woods and Tom Johnson entertained with popular songs. The quartet members are all employed in the pipe shop, which accounts for their having some "pipes," as Dan Basil, their accompanist, would say.

There were many favorites in the prize dances and the task of choosing the best couples was a hard one for the judges. We were particularly fortunate in having "Red Hat" Carlisle Stecher, Michael J. Leonard and Henry Rochelle included in the staff of judges.

These men are products of the old school and Carlie has a reputation of being able to waltz on a spot as big as a dime. The judges were obliged to watch the feet of the contestants in the flat foot waltz and Carlie repeatedly lowered his graceful head to get the steps at the proper angle.

Our next monthly meeting will be held in the Association Rooms, the last Wednesday of the month. It will consist of high class vaudeville, boxing and a novelty that you cannot afford to miss. Be on hand early and get a ringside seat. None reserved.

They say that someone put rubber boots on the lemons that walked through the lemonade served at our recent block party. Mrs. Waterman denies the allegation. She says the lemons didn't walk through IT.

Oh, You Farmerettes!



If music hath charms, bandmasters must also have charms and our old pal, Dan Shea, is no exception to the rule as the above picture will indicate. Dan spent his vacation on a farm and we see him here with a couple of farmerettes. For further particulars see Dan.

About the Back Pay

THE management of the Company wishes to assure those employees who are entitled to back pay, that everything is being done to hasten the work involved, and to secure from the Government an authorization for the payment of the money. To state a definite date upon which the money will be available would be only guesswork, but it is earnestly hoped that not many more weeks will pass before the matter will be cleared up.

The task of compiling the data required by the Government has been stupendous, and it has been a physical impossibility to complete it any sooner. Besides a great volume of detail there has been more or less confusion on the part of the Company management as to what agency of the Government will approve the bills.

There was nothing in the original decision of the Labor Wage Adjustment Board which would indicate what Government agent would authorize the payment. Neither was there anything in writing which would guide the Company management. It was understood from various conferences which were held that the only thing necessary would be to prepare a general payroll and submit it to the Labor Adjustment Board.

The payroll was prepared within reasonable time and it was supposed by the Company that it would be only a matter of a week or so before the payroll would be approved and payment authorized.

The Labor Adjustment Board sent word, however, that they had no facilities for auditing the account, and that it would have to be submitted to the Shipping Board. As the Company is not engaged exclusively in work for the Shipping Board this meant that it would be necessary to begin over again and set up separately the charges against the Shipping Board, those against the Navy and those against the Army Quartermaster.

This means that three separate and distinct accounts have to be drawn up, one for each of the three agencies mentioned. The retroactive period covers thirty-nine days, which means that there are some 160,000 time cards, each of which must be handled from six to twelve times. This is equal to handling one and a quarter million cards and every item must be noted accurately.

This situation has not arisen in those yards which are doing only work for the Shipping Board and as a consequence it has been possible for them to complete the compilation of the data required by the Government. However, despite the many stories going about that some of the other yards in the port have distributed the back pay, so far as we have been able to learn, this is not so. If this Company had been engaged only on Shipping Board work the bills would now be in the hands of the Shipping Board for approval.

As the matter stands, however, the Company has made considerable progress in the compilation of charges against the Navy and the Shipping Board. So far as the Army Quartermaster is concerned there is only a small amount of work involved, and this does not present any obstacle which should cause any delay.

The Company clerks are far ahead of the Navy in checking up the bills against the Navy. This is due to the fact that the Navy cost clerks assigned to this Company are not able to obtain additional men to go over the bills. They are able to give only spare time to the back pay bills and as a result they are behind the Company clerks.

There is no desire on the part of the Company management to hold up the back pay one hour longer than can be helped. It is desired to the contrary to have the money turned over to men to whom it belongs, and to do this the Company management has tried in every way possible to hurry through its work, and to obtain speedy action on the part of those Government agencies which are concerned.

Improvements Move Rapidly

THE reconstruction of the Morse plant is progressing rapidly. The new plate shop is now in full operation and the work of tearing down the old building has started. Post & McCord have the new steel and glass structure, which will replace the old building, under way. The lower end of this new building will be used as a forge balance for the extension to the main machine shop, an addition badly needed.

The new forge at the corner of First avenue and 58th street is about completed, and the new machinery is expected daily. Two sections of the new dry dock should be in place in a few days and the third section will be launched from the new yard at the foot of 62d street, in December.

The sheet iron shop on the south side of the Company's property and the four-story building on the north side are about 75 per cent. completed. The new power house is finished and the new air plant has been tested.

All improvements are moving rapidly and the Company expects that by the time cold weather sets in to have most of the work about finished.

Fighting for Uncle Sam

(*Continued from page 6*)

for every muscle in the body. The outfit they give you is as complete as one could get at home. I brought a lot of things with me, but had no need of them when I arrived here. There are many men here from shipyards all over the country."

Fred Dambra, a shipfitters' helper, one of our baseball team pitchers at the opening of the season, is now at Camp Greenleaf in Chickamauga Park, Ga. When he wrote he expected to be sent to Hoboken and then across to France at an early date.

Private R. Hintze, who is at Picatinny Arsenal, Dover, N. J., writes that he receved THE DIAL and cigarettes and asks to be remembered to all of the boys in the yard.

Ray Murtha writes to Dan Shea from Fortress Monroe:

"Thank you for the butts and THE DIAL, which I received yesterday and was surely glad to get as it was the first mail I received since I came back from Florida. It was like a message from home. I was reading in THE DIAL about your brother Eddie going away and was sorry to hear it, as it must have hit your mother kind of hard, but you know Dan, Sherman said war was hell, and we have to make the best of it. I sure had some trip, and will never forget it, as it was very exciting because of the scare about submarines being off the Capes. We had to go out and hunt them, but sorry to say we were out of luck, though one of the chasers in our fleet got one of them. They are now the proudest lot you ever laid your eyes on. There sure must be some sport there now in the so-called church with the Rev. Frank Whitman at the head of it. The famous tug of the M. D. D. & R. Co., the *Francis B. Hackett*, has been doing duty in the York River here, opening the gates, so you see the Company is well represented in this war. Jim Lynch sends his regards to you all."

Joseph E. Skene, formerly of the hull department, writes to thank the Association for the tobacco sent to him. He has been at Camp Laurel, Md.

Charles O'Donnell, who worked here as a shipfitters' helper, writes to Dan Shea from Camp Upton as follows:

"I wish to thank the Morse Dry Dock Employees' Association for the cigarettes sent me; also for the enclosed card expressing the well wishes tended to me. I hope that the Association will continue to grow stronger and have a successful year. I can well appreciate the motion you made at one of the meetings last winter when you suggested the appropriation of a sum to send the Morse boys in the service smokes. I am glad I was present that evening and was able to be a member in favor of your thoughtful motion. How is 'Red Hot'? Is he on the job yet?"

Alexander J. Chisholm, formerly No. 5750 in the electrical department, writes from the U. S. Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Fla., that he received the package of "smokes" sent to him and that he greatly appreciated the gift. "They came four days before pay day," he says in his letter, "and, believe me, they were fine. Excuse me for not writing sooner, but, as I am learning how to keep a flying machine in the air, I am kept busy from the time I get up until I go to bed. I am attending the mechanics school and I have writing and studying outside of the regular hours, and this is no 'soap job, either. How is the band? I shouldn't have to ask that, as I am sure it is better than ever, and that's some. I remember the last time I heard it. It was at the flag raising in the machine shop and I had been called to Service a couple of days before. I was listening with my dad and a couple of the boys and, say it made me feel kind of lumpy to think I was leaving it all behind. With good luck I'll be back some day. Regards to all the boys."

John J. Tonry, with the U. S. S. *Mississippi* writes to Dan Shea to express his thanks for a package of tobacco sent to him by the Employees' Association. "I met Ray Murtha and he said he ran across a few boys from Bay Ridge when he was down in Florida," Tonry writes. "We were all disgusted with the Southern girls, for they are not as good-looking as the ones in Bay Ridge. Give my regards to the boys in the yard and the store-room, and don't forget THE DIAL, so I can know what is going on."

Fred R. Dean, formerly a clerk in the "roof garden," has been transferred from a Southern camp to Metuchen, N. J. He writes to Hum W. Mayston, of the "roof garden" that he is mighty glad to get North again. "This camp is like a paradise compared to Camp Hancock," he says. "This is a new camp and everything is of the very best. We are quartered in barracks again and are glad to get back to a clean place. Archie Campbell's brother was in my company in Georgia and was also transferred here. I saw a resemblance in him of Archie and one day I asked him if he had a brother named Archie. Sure enough, he was Archie's brother. The fellows here are from all parts of the country. Any number of them have never seen New York."

Two Liberty Bells



Lucian Theodore, Aged 4 Years



John S., Aged 1 Year, 8 Months

Here are two reasons why Lucian T. Bell, assistant paymaster, works so hard, and from what he tells us they are both very good reasons. Mr. Bell lives at 27 Argyle Road, Brooklyn.



Matty Matteson, of the inspector's department, may be quiet, but—oh, my! Still waters run pretty deep.

Can you beat this excuse for a day off: "Oh, you see, my wife lost her teeth and I was rather anxious, therefore I remained home to help find them."

The Kaiser minus his notorious mustache is Ernest Rotach without his old "cob-pipe." But, my word! It is quite imposing, don't cher know?

One of our chauffeurs is brokenhearted. Our "Sweet Little Buttercup" is on "her" vacation.

It is your own fault, Whalen; you should know enough not to peek through keyholes.

We have another "Social Star" in the Navy Cost Department. This bird hails from a "real highbrow town, Cambridge, Mass., if you please." At least, that is what he tells us.

Since Maude Wilson raised that magnificent crop of golden brown freckles during her vacation she is pestered by moving picture directors. They say "beauty marks" show up wonderfully in pictures.

Evidently the "Sarg." at Tobbyhanna, Pa., has not yet heard that heart-rendering melody, "Don't Steal the Sweetheart of a Soldier." And let me tell you, Florence Fenk did not exert herself to introduce the same to him; not her!

Did you hear the latest? "Hon and Dearie" were separated and now that Billy's gone, Jimmy Glynn seems to be cutting in. Cruel world!

Everybody is Hooverizing now. Emily Mahon, of Room 14, is doing her bit by shopping in Division street. Emily, you know, is the young lady who runs Miss Wilson a close race in the avoirdupois contest.

All the girls in Room 14 are very much interested in the little can Miss Cropsey comes in with every day. She claims it contains milk, but we have never seen it with the cover off.

Miss Palmer, of Room 3, never gives the five o'clock whistle time to cool off. At one minute after five she is surrounded by several sea-going (?) gentlemen at the Fourth avenue subway station.

A young lady in Room 14 is trying to emulate the heroine (?) in Kipling's famous poem, "A Fool There Was." Just witness!

"There was a girl whom the poor fool loved,
But she sent him away with a sneer.
Says she, 'I have others much nicer than you,
So why do you linger here?
You are much too short to capture my heart,
And you haven't any dough.
So, kiss me, my fool, and be on your way,
You cannot be my beau.'"

Dennis is the chap who puts fish in efficiency in the employment bureau, Joe Burns, one of our bright young men, informs us.

Eddie Lynch, our champion "hot dog hound," has changed his variety. He now devours cocoanut pie.

They say all the world loves a sailor; wonder if all the world loves a yeomanette?

McCaulley and Miss Wilde are the dearest friends.

Since Christobel is substituting in Room 15 she has learned to use those big blue eyes of hers better than Theda Bara. What did you say about "still waters"?

One of our office girls received quite a shock when she learned from Mr. Humphreys, of Room 15, that he had taken the marriage vow. To back up his statement Joe produced pictures of mamma and the baby. Oh, you Miss Semon!

Leola Palmer, of Room 3, gives to her flaming top-knot the credit of getting so many beaus. Her latest was a regular fashion plate, shell-rimmed glasses, Palm Beach suit and everything. Of course, we don't envy her, but if anyone knows a good and quick hair dye just send it to Room 14.

It's pretty hard on a fellow when he changes from one office room to another to be near the lady of his choice, and then to find that the girl in question is on her vacation. Oh, you George!

Miss Morris, of Room 14, must have visions of being a South Sea Queen, judging by the sweet smiles she bestowed on a little Philippino at one of our affairs. Heartiest congratulations, Kathleen, we may drop in on you some day if we ever happen to get shipwrecked.

When we heard that Mr. Riess, of Room 15, was called to the colors, we had visions of him bringing back the Kaiser and his helmet, but since Uncle Sam decided that this side of the Atlantic was the place for Harry we welcome him back to the fold.

Joe Fair, of the employment bureau, manages to get his name into the newspapers everyday except when it rains. Get the point? Fair weather.

Flatbush is getting to be a regular thing with Genovese, and they tell us her name is Kelly.

They call Clancy, of the employment bureau, the "Laura Jean Libby" of the office. Rough stuff for a fellow who is sincerely in love.

William Martin, office boy in the Employment Bureau, had a narrow escape from being a submarine victim when the *Frederic R. Kellogg* was sunk off Barnegat, August 14. Billy had planned to sign up as mess boy on the *Kellogg*, but backed out of the deal the last minute upon the advice of an uncle. When Billy read the account of the sinking of the boat he remarked: "Guess I'll stay ashore."

Chicken Farm Jingles

(Room 14)

There is a young girl named Moran,
Who said, "Girls, I must get a man."
So she made a noise and winked at the boys,
Oh! she's trying as hard as she can.

There is a young lady named Helen,
She's always the first to start yellin(g)
"Oh, I can't work late, I have a big date,"
But who the date's with, she's not tellin(g).

There is a young girl named Kathleen,
Where there's men she is sure to be seen,
She captures them all, the short and the tall,
Which shows as a vamp she's not green.

There is a young lady named Brett,
She hasn't been long with us yet,
But when our boys pass by,
She looks up with a wistful sigh:
"They're the nicest I've ever met."

A young lady named Morrisey,
Said "It's really a puzzle to me,
I have beaus by the score,
If I get more, I'll move away, tee, hee."

There is a young lady named Flo,
Many years ago she ceased to grow,
She's really so small, you can't see her at all.
And that causes Florence much woe.

Ignatzy Bunzo Slain

Members of the employment bureau were stunned on August 14 to learn of the cruel death of Ignatzy Bunzo, the famous cat which had adopted that department as its haven. A bulldog pounced upon her and snuffed out her life before aid could be rendered. Bradford Waterman, the little son of Mrs. Waterman, our worthy housekeeper, sent a bunch of flowers and Ignatzy was buried with all the solemnity due one of her station in life. Detectives Burns and Powers are seeking the slayer.

"To the Employment Bureau Staff:

"The Hospital Staff wishes to extend its sympathy to you in your great sorrow. We all know the loss of Ignatzy Bunzo will be felt by all, and we share sincerely in your bereavement.

"Hospital Staff."

"Epitaph"

There was an old cat named Ignatius
Who was quite tame—not pugnacious.
But she got in a fight
When she stayed out one night,
And now she's quite dead—
Oh! gracious!

"The Mixed Nuts"

We have a club in the yard which has come to be known as "The Mixed Nuts." The members and the reasons why they are in it are as follows:

W. McEwen, wild flowers; W. Weinke, overhead trolleys; Jacobson, "uffe"; Fred Taylor, gun foundation; Whitman, phony cards; Coffey, general principles; Miller, block party; Wright, flivvers and other insects; Cavanagh, Griner; C. Munch, palm beach suits; Rothwell, cucumbers; Chambers, eccentrics; Loding, five better; Murr, traffic department; E. W. Stephens, trenches; Ellis, blond longshoremen; Doble, joy riders; Hyman, lobsters; C. Hallock, Havana 2ds; Crawford, system; Donovan, blue fish; O'Neill, squabs; MacFarlane, goats.

Famous Sayings

"How long have you bean in Boston?"—McCarthy.



Jack Doherty up to a week ago was bubbling
over with joy,
He told everybody that *he* would soon be,
possessing a very fine boy.
But Jack as a prophet was very far off, and it
started his brain in a whirl,
For alas and alack, he can't christen him Jack,
for instead of a boy it's a girl.

———

P. Boccardo, of the inside machinists, admitted that at one time in his young days he worked in a gents' furnishing store, Ever since W. Johnson, the foreman of the shop, has kept him working on hose adapters. Deep stuff.

———

Charley Nelson, of the outside machinists, will never get an efficiency slip for talking. He says nothing but saws wood.

———

Mr. Tyler, ex-preacher in good standing, is still doing fine missionary work in connection with his regular day's duty. In other words, he is "Peter at the gate."

———

Another star in the pipe shop flag, and another star gone, in the person of the original Frisco Whity (Tom O'Connor), and to meet him, was to like him. That is if you knew the *right measurement.* More luck to you, Tom, a rough diamond, but the whitest sapphire in the finish.

———

Those who think the only camouflaged thing around a shipyard is a ship, would do well to inspect the watchman's shanty on the end of the north pier, Lee claims that it can't be seen from Staten Island, and that Joe Heany can't be seen before eight o'clock in the morning. Some camouflage!

———

There is nothing to report this week from the wood-caulking department, excepting all are busy enjoying the best of health and singing in unison, sometimes in the wrong *pitch:*
"O come, O come (Oakum), the ship's a wreck,
"Bring on your stools, we'll caulk the deck."

———

Why foremen go mad: A helper from the new machine shop came over to the old shop and asked Ritchie for a musk melon handle. Ritchie told him he had none, but that there were a lot of *nuts* around. It finally was discovered that what the helper wanted was a handle for a mushroom ventilator.

———

We have a hand drill. Ask for Matt MacGregor, chief power house of the pipe shop and his able assistant engineer, Charles Fitzsimmons. And if it's drilling you want, you'll get it. For another kind of drilling, see Reynolds, captain of police reserves.

———

Fred Wiles, of the plumbing department, has a hobby, that of taking chances on winning a dog. If it was a horse, we could say it was a hobby horse, but doggone it, it's a dog. He says he doesn't see how Greenfield won the last dog, but these things, like the proverbial tomato can, at times are *bound to-a-cur.* (This joke has been told before.)

———

A certain outside machinist was following up work to be done in the machine shop. He went to Oscar Dalhquist and asked him if he had work on hand. Oscar replied, "No, I'm expecting something, but not machinery." I hope it's a boy, Oscar.

Billy Hunter, Billy Hunter, what have you
gone and done,
You've increased the population of old Brooklyn with a son.
While Germany's decreasing in her power,
people, too,
You're adding to our census, with a boy we
hope like you.

———

Joseph McLaughlin, No. 4235, claims he can build a new ship by using parts and engines from old ships, and he's drawing up specifications and plans, which the boys in the shipfitting department are anxiously awaiting.

———

Who washes Kelly the boilermaker's shirt? It's clean every morning and the boys are suspicious that he is acquainted with a heathen or else does his own laundry.

———

A certain fireman from the *Game Cock* stood watching the dredges working on the new dry dock slip and soliloquizing, said, "That's a fine job that man has pulling the lever, and that's another fine job the deck hand has, and I hear he gets $60 a month and his board." There's only one man who works hard on the job and that's the fellow filling the buckets. His first name starts with P.

———

Rudolph Krier, the clam digger from Canarsie, feels at home these days working in the trenches. What better man could you get than a clam digger for this work?

———

FOUND—Several bunches of keys and a monogramed cuff link with initials "C. M." These articles will be returned to owners upon proper identification if application is made at the Employment bureau.

———

We welcome Walter K. Crawford, superintendent of the hull department, and Billy McEwen, his assistant, "back into the fold." Crawford and McEwen returned to us from the Standard Shipbuilding Corporation, where they held similar positions for a few months.

———

MacCormack and Englemann are working the "Hoover act," between 12 and 1. The only things missing are a few trees. Mac bought a suit (made to order) and now Englemann week-end trips to Ulmer Park.

———

A certain helper in the yard, who is somewhat of a Biblical student, was sent to the machine shop with a flange and an order reading: "Drill and tap flange 9 x 3—7—3¼ B. C." He looked at the order and said: "That flange must have been made a long while ago, it's now Anna Domini and the order reads B. C."

———

Christensen, of the hull department, is taking calisthenics, trying to stretch himself a bit.

———

There are very few parents blessed with the advent of a child heralded as was William Francis Dunn, Jr. The Fire Department turned out in force to honor and greet the coming of a new Morse Dry Dock machinist. Billy, Jr., you're an outside machinist now and I hope to see your old man within the next few weeks doing a *wheel* job on Third avenue and without Chambers telling him to push it along. May you in time become as great a machinist as your father.

There was a great big rigger and his name was
Olaf Bigger,
He was six foot two which shows that he was
tall.
And the gang would start to kid him, when they
said a vessel hid him,
So he got transferred and works for Charlie
Small.

———

Frank Whitman, of the "Church," has probably more titles confered upon him than any man in the yard, but we overheard Captain Reynolds say that Frank would make a very good buck sergeant—good luck to you, Frank.

———

Billy Hunter, of the pipe shop, ought to make a good cop. If he can detect wrongdoers as easily as he can detect "soap" he will surely make a hit with the "Comish."

———

We wonder if Oscar, our "sign king," is trying to make the cops. We note he is a very enthusiastic worker for our police force.

———

There has been considerable discord of late in the church choir, owing to *Major D* refusing *A Minor* to mingle with the older choirsters. All appeals to reinstate him, though *Sharp* and angry words ensued, met with *A flat* refusal.

———

The highbrows of the paint shop plan an oratorical contest to decide certain camouflage questions. One of them says that camouflage should be measured and another says it should be guessed at. George would like to know the answer.

———

"Tony, the Jinx," of the paint department, claims he s the best Jonah in the yard. He attended the Morse-Standard game. 'Nuff sed

———

Horace M. Smith, who is employed at the "farm," is numbered among the contributors to a memorial fund for the late Mayor Mitchel. In sending his contribution to one of the New York papers Mr. Smith wrote: "When I heard Mayor Mitchel speak last spring to the employees of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, I was much impressed by his earnest and patriotic words. It showed his heart was with the boys 'over there.' If all who knew him would give the widow's mite, the funds would soon roll up to an amount befitting his worthy memory."

———

Employees of the blacksmith shop have raised two new flags over their department building, an American and a French flag, each 12 x 18 feet in size. Simon Prinz made the collection for the purchase of the flags, which were flung to the breezes at a noon-hour rally on July 9 by Charles Small and Bob McQueen. The Morse band played the two national anthems, as the employees of the department swore allegiance to Old Glory and the Allied cause.

———

We hear great things about that little boat *Say When,* since Winfield Mason became captain of her. The *Say When,* which used to be the launch, *E. P. Morse,* is putting across some great stunts under Mason's experienced hand, and incidentally they tell us that Mason is making a great hit with the ship captains of the port. Mason is one of those fellows who believes in push and pep. He's attending navigation school at night with an eye to the future

Don't Forget Who Your Representatives on the Conference Board and the Executive Committee Are:

Carpenters, joiners and wood caulkers: Director, George McKay, No. 9914; conference delegates, Arthur Nyland, No. 9935, and James C. McDonald, No. 6502.

Outside machinists: Director, S. Monsen, No. 316; conference delegates, William Dunn, No. 306, and Edward Ennis, No. 340.

Inside machinists: Director, Vincent Konop, No. 710; conference delegates, L. V. Schatzel, No. 697, and Henry Pauli, No. 2854.

Pipe Fitters: Director, Thomas Collins, No. 1304; conference delegates, James Pearson, No. 23555, and John Reynolds, Sr., No. 4244.

Blacksmiths: Director, William McMullen, No. 5306; conference delegates, Robert McQueen, No. 5301, and Edward Mybert, No. 5300.

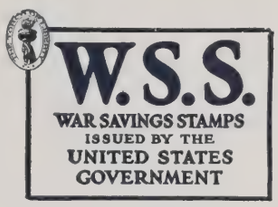
Riggers: Director, Alfred Anderson, No. 8903; conference delegates, Gustaf Matsen, No. 3425, and William Lansing, No. 8918.

Coppersmiths, plumbers and sheet metal workers: Director, William Perkins, No. 594; conference delegates, Harry Holland, No. 578, and Henry Hammer, No. 528.

Boilermakers and iron shipbuilders: Director, James MacFarlane, No. 3436; conference delegates, Frederick Taylor, No. 1254, and Alexander Moffat, No. 3437.

Office employees, draftsmen and solicitors: Director, Charles G. Hall; conference delegates, Charles E. Kelly and Alfred Todd Baker.

Miscellaneous department: Director, H. G. Hoover, No. 3406; conference delegates, Edward Knipe, No. 5701, and Samuel Potter, No. 1.



Our Next Meeting Is Going to be One Grand Affair

You know Dan Shea is Chairman of the Entertainment Committee and Dan sure does know how to put a good time across.

Remember the Date

September 25

Preserve The Dial

Buy one of these binders in which to save copies of your magazine. They are sold for just what they cost us —$1.25. Each binder will hold a dozen issues. The magazines are easily inserted without damaging them.



PRINTED BY WILLIAM GREEN, A CORPORATION, NEW YORK

MORSE DRY DOCK AND REPAIR CO.

EMPLOYEES ARE PATRIOTIC

They subscribed liberally to the Three Liberty Loans, the Red Cross funds and other worthy causes and are preparing to make a record drive in the next Liberty Loan campaign.

They have pledged their loyalty to the Government and to the management of the Company and their work stands as a monument to the sincerity of that pledge.



A NOON-HOUR MEETING

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D

The DRY DOCK DIAL



BUY A BOND

OCTOBER 1918

What Class Are You In?

By Bert Barnes

I read the other day that a flea leaps two hundred times its own length and that a six-foot man would have to jump 1,200 feet to parallel the event.

Not being a statistical shark, I don't know how correct the above observation is, but I do know that the little flea has a whole lot on some individuals.

For instance there is the chap who always lopes along as though he had all the time in the world, when across the water there are hundreds of boys whose very life depends upon the work he has in hand.

Then again there is the fellow who is very careful that he doesn't do any more than he is expected to do, despite the fact that by doing a little bit more he might bring the hour of peace nearer.

And, of course, we have all met the kind of a man whose single thought seems to be to *make* a living, not to *earn* one. He's the fellow who is always complaining about what the boss has and what hard work he himself has to do.

I could go on indefinitely and pick out the various types—the shirkers, slackers, drones and dubs—but who wants to hear any more about them?

My only reason for saying what I have is because I'm in an ugly mood over something I just saw in a morning paper.

Read it yourself and you will understand:

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

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LONDON, Sept. 7.—The *Morning Post* publishes the following incident which occurred recently in the advance of the British troops through a French town just evacuated by the Germans—an incident which reveals the heartless cruelty of the enemy.

On the door of one of the houses in the village a kitten was hanging, nailed by its forepaws to the door. The suffering little creature, which might have been there an hour or two, was mewing piteously in its agony, and was struggling desperately to release itself. With the natural instinct of pity for a suffering dumb animal, one of the British soldiers started immediately to release the kitten.

He pulled out the nails that pierced its paws. The moment he did so there was a flash and a roar, and the mutilated, dismembered body of the soldier was flung across the street. The nails had set off a hidden explosive charge. The retreating Germans had set a trap, baiting it with the kitten and calculating that such an appeal to British humanity would be irresistible. They were right. Nothing, says the correspondent, more typical of the devilish ingenuity of the German mind has been encountered in a long while.

P. S.—Don't forget to invest in the next Liberty Loan to stop this sort of thing.

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THE DRY DOCK DIAL

Copyright, 1918, by Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company

Vol. 1 October, 1918 No. 9

Going Down on the "Lusitania"

By Douglas Grant Hertz, No. 3854

Men of many professions are to be found in shipyards to-day—men who have turned from their ordinary pursuits of life to lend their brain and brawn to Uncle Sam. Seldom, however, do we run across a man who has had such a varied career as the writer of this article, now employed here as an outside machinist's helper.

From runaboy boy, cabin boy, correspondence clerk, vaudeville actor, student, lawyer, army captain, lecturer, and movie star to shipyard laborer—his indeed has been an adventurous life.

Leaving his home in London at the age of seventeen years to ship on a vessel going to Africa, Mr. Hertz experienced all the thrills and hardships that beset the youthful sailor. After two trips, the first as cabin boy, the second as an oiler, he gave up the sea for the quieter life of a correspondence clerk in the office of his father, wholesale chemist and druggist in London.

Tiring of this, however, and having saved enough money, he came to this country, landing here in 1910. *The white lights of Broadway lured him into the theatrical world, and he became an actor—a bum one, as he says, but nevertheless an actor. In this profession he one day found himself in St. Louis playing stock, but ambitious to climb higher in a more stable profession.*

Devoting his evenings to the study of law in the University of Missouri, he succeeded in being admitted to the bar in 1913, *and for a year practiced law in St. Louis.*

Then the war came and his love for England asserted itself. He tells in his own words how he was torn by the desire to stay at home with his wife, who was about to become a mother, and another desire to go back to England and enlist, and how patriotism finally won out.

Then we find him aboard the ill-fated Lusitania. *Mr. Hertz has many relics of that fatal trip, among them a whist card which he used the night before the vessel was torpedoed; also a piece of the daily paper published on the ship on the day the vessel went to her watery grave. These he had jammed into a coat pocket, where he found them after being rescued from a piece of wreckage following an eight-hour struggle in the water.*

Surviving the Lusitania *tragedy he hurried to London where he was immediately accepted as a captain, having had some military training. For a year or so he saw service in France and Gallipoli, going "over the top" once.*

From what he believes to be shell shock he became disqualified for further service and came back to this country to recuperate. While recovering he managed to find strength and time to lecture for the Third Liberty Loan and to act in moving picture plays. He says he raised a million and five hundred thousand dollars in the Third Liberty Loan. He appeared with Elsie Ferguson in "The Lie," and with Pauline Frederick in the Russian play, "The Resurrection," and starred in two scenes with Marguerite Clark in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

His movie acting was only a means to an end. In this way he managed to support himself and wife and baby until he became strong enough to do a man's size job. Then he went to work for Lord & Burnham in Irvington, N. Y., making trench covers and barbed wire entanglement stakes, which he designed. When this company finished the contract it was working on he came to our yard and enlisted as a machinist's helper upon the suggestion of his brother-in-law. Alfred Miller, who is employed here.—EDITOR.

AS I take up my pen to perpetuate my humble record in the pages of THE DIAL, I feel that I must preface my remarks with an apology to my fellow-workmen for my seeming presumption, for what right have I, who have seen so little and done even less, to break into print, when so many real heroes have made the supreme sacrifice with no further recognition than the word "missing" after their names?

I am no scribe, and only write this article feeling that perhaps indirectly it may be enlightening to my fellow-men.

Had I been called upon to write this article a year ago, I would have found it a task much easier of accomplishment, for at that time I felt that there were a great many Americans not yet awake to the reality of the gigantic undertaking of the United States when they joined hands with the Allies.

But to-day as I go about my work and see on every hand the stupendous war preparations of this great country, with millions of men working day and night sacrificing pleasure after pleasure in order to bend every effort to the turning out of war material to support the men "over there"—then can I not fail to recognize that the workingman of America not only realizes the vast importance of his work, but goes about it with that true American spirit which has again and again commanded such respect from the old world.

When the thunderclap of war pealed out over the world in the fall of 1914, I was living peacefully in St. Louis, Mo., having come to this country from England five years before, and although having lived here for five years and having learned to love this country, her people, and her ways, it was only natural that the first news of trouble stirred in me all that yearning and longing to be with my mother country in her hour of trouble.

At the first news of the outbreak of hostilities there was some question in my mind as to just how deep into the war England would go. I knew of an existing treaty between England and Belgium, by which England bound herself to aid Belgium to the extent of some two hundred thousand men should her neutrality ever be violated, but there was still a question in my mind as to whether Germany would really perpetrate this fiendish crime against civilization.

I felt from the start that she probably would stop at nothing to gain her ends; I knew too well the German nature, having spent two years at a German military college in my youth, to attribute to her anything but selfish motives, but at the same time I thought that German military genius would probably heed the folly of forcing England into the tide of battle against her.

However, I had not many days in which to ponder these questions before the terrible news of poor Belgium's fate was in every mouth. With every dispatch came fresh fiendish horrors, and then came the news that England's gallant "Eighty Thousand" were on their way overseas. I was walking down Olive street in St. Louis and was near Sixth street when newspaper extras appeared with the news, and I could not refrain from tossing my hat in the air and



With His Company on a Hike



Mr. Hertz in Camp



Leading His Men "Over the Top"

ending up a cheer for those boys who were even then on their way to give battle to the most unspeakable crowd of Hell Hounds that ever infested the civilized world.

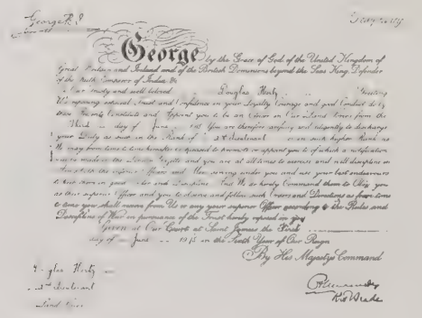
From the moment that I knew that England's army was abroad I felt a great longing to be with it; to throw in my lot with my own flesh and blood in that titanic struggle to stem the German hordes, but then I was married and expecting an heir at an early date, and I knew that to leave my wife in a strange country, away from her relatives and about to become a mother, might mean serious consequences. For weeks I was unable to answer to my own satisfaction the question of my duty, whether my duty was first to my wife or my country.

Less than six weeks after the outbreak of hostilities came the news from my home that my two youngest brothers had been killed and a third was a prisoner. About this time also came the news of the great Teutonic drive on Paris, and the slaughter of the small English army at Mons. The more I read these dispatches of the gallant fight put up by our men at Mons, coupled with an appeal from Lord Kitchener for more men, the more my mind was made up that my duty was first, last, and all the time to the country I have always been so proud to call my home, and when a month later came the news of the death in action of my fourth brother, my mind was made up. I went home that night and broke the news to my wife, that my conscience bid me go.

I wound up my affairs as speedily as possible, and in the spring of 1915 started for the East and set sail for England on the Cunard steamer *Lusitania*.

After all I had read of German frightfulness, I might have paid a little more attention to the warning that was published in the New York papers the day we sailed, but somehow I could not bring myself to believe that any so-called civilized nation would even think seriously of such a damnable outrage against a defenseless liner crowded with women and children. Even if they were to sink her, I argued, certainly they would give the women and children time to take to the boats. But at that time I had not learned my lesson in Teutonic frightfulness, and on May 7, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when I had just finished my lunch and was sitting in the smoking-room, a tremendous crash, rocking the vessel from bow to stern, notified us that the German sea snakes had made their cowardly attack.

The moment that the explosion occurred I got up from my seat and made for the deck. I had hardly taken a dozen steps when the second torpedo struck us with such force that I was knocked off my feet, and when I picked myself up the crowds of passengers were already surging up from below and that great ocean greyhound was fast settling to starboard. I made my way on deck as speedily as possible, and there I found everyone doing what they could to get the women and children into the boats, but unfortunately it soon became apparent that few if any of the ship's boats could be successfully launched, as the vessel was listing so badly to starboard that the port boats hung right in over the decks, and the starboard boats were swung out so far it was nigh impossible to get into them.



Mr. Hertz's Commission. The King's Signature Appears in the Upper Left Hand Corner



Captain Douglas Grant Hertz

At about this time I noticed there were few if any life belts on deck, and noticing one of the stewards passing me, I asked, "Where are all the life belts?" "Down below, I guess," came the answer. I then suggested he go down and get them, and received reply that he thought the vessel was flooded below. I then inquired if he had been below to see, and he said he had not whereupon at my suggestion we went below together and to our surprise found the second class cabins perfectly dry.

I grabbed half a dozen belts from the first cabin I entered and returned to the deck to give them to the women and children. Altogether I must have made six or seven trips below, each time bringing up life belts, before I realized how fast the boat had been sinking, but the last time I came up I had six life belts in my hands, and found nobody aboard to give them to. Then it dawned on me that I had but a few seconds in which to get clear and for some reason, which I have never been able to explain, I forgot to put a belt on myself, but dropped all six on the deck and jumped overboard and set out to swim away from the ship.

I knew she might sink at any moment and swam for dear life for the first minute or two without looking back. Then I turned on my back and witnessed the most tragic sight of my existence. That great vessel had gradually sunk by the bows until she was completely submerged to the fourth funnel, and she was now slowly turning over, her starboard rail already being under water. Then, without warning, she lurched, hesitated a moment, turned completely over and was swallowed by the cold Atlantic and in her wake floated hundreds of bodies of innocent women and children until the suction carried them down to a watery grave.

I turned away from the terrible sight and swam to the nearest piece of wreckage, climbed upon it and sat there for eight hours until I was picked up by the patrol boat *Julia* out of Queenstown, Ireland.

On arriving in London two days later I presented myself at the War Office, and because of my having had previous military training was promptly granted a commission as Second Lieutenant in His Majesty's army and attached to the South Lancashire Regiment.

I am not going to bore you readers with detailed accounts of trench life or of individual acts of mine. Let it suffice to say that I remained in His Majesty's service for a year and a half, going out to the Dardanelles in August, 1916, and coming back to France in October the same year. I was withdrawn from active service in December and sent to a training camp at Whichchurch, Shropshire, as an instructor for the new army. In January, 1917, I was transferred to the recruiting department and sent to Manchester as recruiting officer with the acting rank of captain. In May I was taken seriously ill with a form of nerve paralysis and resigned my commission on medical grounds in August, 1917.

During my term of service with the British army I had many opportunities to observe at close quarters the fiendish work of the Germans. When I first arrived in England the whole country was ringing with the crimes that had been perpetrated, and I found it hard to believe some of the stories. But as soon as I arrived in France I began to see evidence of these outrages far too revolting to put in print, and then I realized that we were not fighting for France or Belgium or any other country, but that we were verily fighting for Christianity and for the life of freedom, and it is this that I want to impress on my fellow-men more than anything else I know, that most Americans to-day realize what this war means, but there are some still who imagine that America is fighting for France. SHE IS NOT, she is fighting *with* France, with England, and with all the Allies, against a common enemy, an enemy of both *God and man*.

We have now got that enemy on the trot, we shall soon have him on the run, but we must not let over-optimism run away with us. Germany is beaten, but she is not yet knocked out.

America has a vast army abroad and more going every day. Of men we have plenty, but those men in the trenches are as helpless as suckling babes if they are without arms, munitions and supplies. To-day they are driving the Germans out of France, but if we at home let them run short of munitions they cannot go another yard. So after all, it's up to us. We willingly gave our sons and brothers to our country at their call. *NOW WE HAVE GOT TO FEED AND EQUIP THOSE SONS AND BROTHERS OR THEY WILL NEVER COME BACK.* Therefore, it behooves us to put our shoulders to the wheel of that wagon of progress that is destined to carry the Stars and Stripes, along with the Union Jack and the Tricolor of France, victorious to Berlin.

Why He Was Not Promoted

He grumbled.
He watched the clock.
He was stung by a bad look.
He was always behindhand.
He had no iron in his blood.
He was willing, but unfitted.
He didn't believe in himself.
He asked too many questions.
His stock excuse was "I forgot."
He wasn't ready for the next step.
He didn't put his heart in his work.
He learned nothing from his mistakes.
He felt that he was above his position.
He was content to be a second rate man.
He ruined his ability by half doing things.
He chose his friends from among his inferiors.
He never dared to act on his own judgment.
He did not think it worth while to learn how.

Familiarity with slipshod methods paralyzed his ideal.

He tried to make "bluff" take the place of hard work.

He thought it was clever to use coarse and profane language.

He thought more of amusements than of getting on in the world.

He didn't learn that the best of his salary was not in his pay.—*From the Chesapeake & Ohio Employes' Magazine.*

It's So, Eh, Dan?

EVER hear of Kreischerville, S. I.? We never had either until one day Dan Shea hit us a wallop on the back and said, "Will yuh go?" and we said "Betchyuh life, where?" and he said, "To the band outing," and we said, "O' course," and he said, "Don't forget," and we said, "We wouldn't," and he said, "Greatest time yuh ever had," and we said, "Sure," and he said, "All right," and we said, "Fine," and then he went out.

Well, of course, we forgot all about it then, because we were busy grinding out pieces for THE DIAL and hadn't paid much attention any way. Then one morning we came down to the office and there outside of the main entrance we saw a great big sightseeing car, which looked in the distance like a British tank, and on it we saw some one beckoning to us with his arms and we went over and it was Dan.

"Coming, ain't yuh?" says Dan. "Nix," we said, and started to beat it, because we thought that the bus was being used to round up persons without their classification cards.

"Nothing doing on that stuff," says Dan, and he grabbed us by the neck and thrust us into the blamed thing alongside of Frank Whitman, who had already been shanghaied.

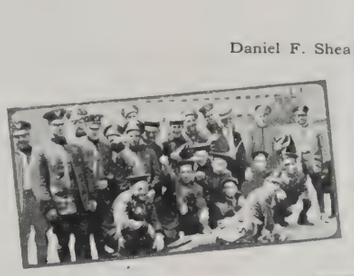
"All right," says Dan, "let'er go," and away we went, and the next thing we knew Dan said, "Here we are," and we said, "Where?" and he said: "Kreischerville," and we said, "Oh," and tumbled out alongside of poor Whit, who was worried to death about his congregation and choir down in the "Church."

"Tap one," says Dan to the fellow with the white apron, who came out to greet us, and then we knew everything was all right and we smiled at Whit and Whit he smiled at us and Whit said, "Gosh," and we said, "Oh! Boy," and Whit he smiled and Dan he smiled and we all smiled and had one.

"Some place, believe me," said Dan, and we said, "Sure," and Dan said, "Uster run a hotel right over there myself," and we said, "Huh," and Dan said, "Everybody made money but the owner," and we said, "Go on!" and Dan laughed and we laughed and we both wiped our mouth and went inside.

Well, that's the first time we heard of Kreischerville, and it's also the first time a whole lot of the band members ever heard of the place, but you can bet yuh boots we won't forget it for a while, and we are a-thinking that the band members won't either.

The darn place was like a prairie farmhouse only instead of a backyard they had a ocean. Just before you got to the ocean there was a lot of seats and swings and things that kids play with and we all started to being kids, and then Gene Durnan he said, "Aw com' on and play ball," and we said, "Sure," and Gene said "Where's the glove," and we said, "we didn't know, because we didn't come prepared," and Gene he said, "Hey, Dan?" and just then a cowbell began to ring and we all looked around and there was Mother Brady hollering to come to breakfast, and we went.



Daniel F. Shea



Bill Dougherty



Our Band on a Day's Outing at Coney Island



And, oh, boy! what a breakfast. Ma Brady must have killed all of her live stock the night before. We had ham and eggs, and beefsteak, and such things and enough to feed fourteen bands only there was only one band there.

"Three cheers for Dan Shea," said Joe Sill, and before we all got to saying, "Hurray," Brunke said, "Dan's a great boy, an' I'll fight for him," and we said, "Sure," and everybody they said, "Hurray," and we grabbed two more eggs and a chunk of ham.

Then some one passed a cup around for tips for the waitresses and we felt so good we dropped in a quarter and it was worth four times as much only we didn't have that much change, and then Dan he took the proceeds over to Ma Brady and someone said, "Three cheers for Mrs. Brady," and we said, "Make it a dozen," and they all did, and Ma Brady she said, "Thank you," and smiled and we smiled and then we went outside.

In front of the house there was a lot of trees and some of the fellows went over and sat down because they were so stuffed they couldn't do anything else, but just then Dan came out and said, "Hey, you guys, we're going to play ball, come on," and we all walked up to an open space which was like the Sahara desert, and when you stepped in some spots you went up to your knees in sand, but that didn't matter because it made the game more interesting.

Poor Whitman had to be the umpire and the game was between the married guys and those who weren't so foolish. Of course, the married guys won because they have had more experience in fighting and the game was some fight, believe me, because Jack Bauer he got sore and said Whit wasn't fair because he was a married man, and Whit mopped his old bald head and said, "You're out," and the game was over.

Then Jack Bauer wanted to play the whole blamed bunch single handed, but someone said, "Let's have a drink," and we all did and then we went back to the house and there was Bill Dougherty shuffling the cards and saying, "I'll raise you ten," and Jack Shelly said, "I'll kick it one," and we didn't like to see the poor thing kicked whatever it was and we turned our head.

When we looked out toward the beautiful ocean we saw Brunke talking to the fishes, and Brunke said, "I'm an American, and I'll fight for America," and we walked in the other direction and found Jeff Ward pounding a tap into a keg, and Frank Greco standing by with a pitcher and just then Bill Hennig hollered "hurry up," and Greco said: "What's the mat, wha's the mat."

Our attention was then attracted to a noise on the other side of the house which sounded like the boiler shop here in the yard and we were afraid we had been dreaming all the time, but we hadn't, because it was only Charlie Shutter's motorcycle and he was taking Joe Katz out for a little ride.

Then old Pop Siefert said to us: "Do yuh blay carts?" and we said "We used to," and Frank Woods said, "Come on into the game," and we said, "Sure," and we did, and then Dan he did, too, and there were seven of us and Pete Seminara didn't like it with so many playing because he began to lose, and Bill Dougherty he began to lose, too, and we liked it because we won.

Well, it was some great time you can bet, and we all had a good laugh when Brunke took one of the fishes for Annette Kellerman, who he used to play for, and jumped overboard with all his clothes on and had to be hauled out by Dumont Wright, who was prepared for the occasion because he had on an old bathing suit he had found in the attic or somewhere.

Pete Muller had the time of his life with a pair of socks that he wore, which made almost as much noise as Charlie Shutter's motorcycle, and we got a picture of them because they were spiffy, as Miss Campbell of the hospital would say, and we also got a picture of Whit in an argument during the ball game, and we had



Pete Muller's Noisy Socks



The Married Ones and Those Not So Foolish



Umpire Whitman in an A-gument



Top Row left to right—Adam Seyferth, William Nolan, George Stegeman, Bert Martin, Albert Meyers, John Wallace, Fred Stenier, Edward Smith, John Bauer, Joseph Sill, George Fossing.

Middle row left to right—Cornelius Ward, Herbert McCarthy, Charles Zech, Salvatore Nastae, Herman Ferrarri, George Maurar, Andrew Arenth, Charles Shutter, Frank Woods, Harry Bailen, Frank Greco.

Bottom row, left to right—Joseph Somma, Charles DeGroot, William Hennigs, Steven DeRosa, Lester Graham, Joseph Keegan, Peter Seminara, Walter Abrams, Adolph Baus, Eugene Darnin, Daniel F. Shea, director; George Seiferth, John Leonard, Peter Muller, William Dougherty, Dumont Wright, Henry Galucci, Joseph Katz.

a whole lot of fun taking pictures, but the best fun was in playing cards, and we came away with seven dollars to the good, and we'll never forget our dandy ride home and the fine time we had, and Dan Shea is a pal of ours and we are proud of it, and all the boys in the band are good fellows, and we like them, and wish them many happy returns of the day and hope they will have another outing soon like the one they had on September 4, at Kreischerville, where Dan Shea used to run a hotel and everybody made money but the owner, eh, Dan?

Oh, yes, we came near forgetting the great dinner we had, but it is no wonder, because there were so many things to think about, but this dinner was "some meal," as Tom Plunkett would say, and we had chicken, and beer, and roast beef and roast veal, and beer, and beer, and sweet corn, and beer, and tomatoes and some cucumbers, and beer, and sweet potatoes, and nice speeches by Dan and Whitman and Joe Sill, and we were glad that they didn't call on us to make a speech, because we had our mouth full of corn, only we felt slighted because we wanted to tell the boys what a great time we had had and we are going to tell them anyway if they will only read down to this far, eh, boys?

$8,320 Given to Red Cross

Miss Jensen, of the yard hospital, reports that up to date $8,320 has been turned over to the Brooklyn chapter of the Red Cross. This represents contributions from Morse workers as a result of the recent drive and a recent contribution of $150 from the riggers, proceeds from their picnic. It does not include money raised at our block party or the $445 kindly turned over to us by the residents of Sixty-first street, who held a block party to raise Red Cross funds. This money, so generously contributed for our credit, has been sent to the Red Cross.

HELP IN THE LIBERTY LOAN DRIVE.

Police Shake-Up Coming

By C. Stewart Work

CAPTAIN JACK REYNOLDS has great plans ahead for the Morse Unit of the Police Reserves. He feels that the unit in its present condition is not fulfilling the objects for which it was started and he proposes a radical change in the organization.

The most sweeping change will be the inauguration of a checking up system so that the men who are legitimately at work on drill nights will not be classed with those whose "working" hours end earlier in the evening.

Beginning about the first week in October there will be two drill nights a week. Drills will be conducted by a competent army officer and—here is the important part—they will start on time.

The sergeant who forms the company will take the names of those who are absent at roll call and will hand them over to Frank R. Whitman, chief timekeeper, who checks up on the time-cards for the night.

In this way the officers will be able to find out just which men are at work and those that are absent without a good excuse will be dealt with strictly according to army principles.

It is felt by all of the men interested in the unit that the attitude taken by many of the men on the force at the present time is due to negligence and not to a desire to break the rules which they promised to obey when they became members of the force. If there are any men who do not wish to obey the rules they have the privilege of resigning. Until the resignation is accepted, however, they will be subject to the rules which they swore to obey and will be dealt with accordingly.

The work of the Police Reserves this fall promises to be very interesting. Besides the regular drills there will be practice in regular police patrol work. Those who have attended most of the drills during the summer will be appointed non-commissioned officers.

The Riggers' Picnic

By Mrs. Otis Elliot Barene

A FINE gathering of families took place on Labor Day at Grant City Park, Staten Island, where the riggers held their first attempt at merry making. About 400 attended. Ideal weather, ideal people and ideal surroundings made everything ideal. One was much impressed by the fine spirit of friendliness which prevailed.

Never were there so many games and prizes. Some of the prizes were watches, razors and silver. For the children the much desired candy was given. William Lansing worked strenuously arranging various games, and still found time to grace the ballroom floor. Everybody loved a fat man that day.

The musicians were generous, and, oh, my! but those lovely old dances by the riggers and their wives and sweethearts were wonderful; it was a novelty, and by no means an unappreciated one.

J. Brerig, J. Sjursen, G. Madson and H. Nosworty were marvels at quoit playing. The rings were thrown with such zest as to make one sit up and take notice. Cigars upon this occasion were generously distributed.

The American junior naval scouts drilled and marched, and this was much enjoyed by all.

The credit for the success of the affair is due to the fine efforts of the committee. Chairman William Lansing, Harry Nosworty, treasurer, Otis Barene, secretary and Messrs. A. Fredricksen, H. Hanson and J. Sunby, not forgetting our much admired "Herman the Great!"

A supper was served, and J. Brerig's splendid speech marked the picnic as one of the big successes of the season.

The surplus of the receipts, amounting to $150, has been donated to the Red Cross through Miss Jensen.

LIBERTY BONDS PAVE THE WAY TO VICTORY.

Electricians' Outing

By J. Moses, 6152

SUCH is human nature.

When the entire world is in perfect discord, when all of civilization is involved in a complexed entanglement, when the very air we breathe is filled with elements tending to destroy that which took an eternity to build, when all man's brains and energy are overtaxed in devising new man-killing implements of war, when every hand capable of using a tool is engaged day and night in ship construction, it is but natural for human mortals to grow somewhat weary of this constant mental and physical strain and think of a period of relaxation.

And so the electricians of our yard thought it time to devote one day of these priceless days to a little rest.

This day of all days was Saturday, August 24.

At the appointed hour all members who participated in the outing met in front of the Administration Building and, led by our band, started on a march to the ferry.

Along the avenues we paraded with sprightly steps, heads raised high above our shoulders and hearts filled with hopes for a great day's fun.

We reached the ferry just in time to be late. While we were waiting for the next boat a transport, loaded with our boys in khaki, was on its way to France. And here, to the credit of our handsome band leader, Daniel Shea, I was glad to note a bit of spontaneous thinking. The moment we reached the dock and sighted the steamer, he and his associates struck up the "Star-Spangled Banner." No more appropriate music for such an occasion could anyone else think of.

And here a jungle of thoughts suddenly confused my mind. I saw before me a sailing vessel inhabited by men who constitute part of the very flower of our nation; men who have willingly left behind them all that is dear to them and are ready to sacrifice their very selves for the rights of their country. Full-grown men with wives and children and youths still under the jurisdiction of their parents, left the shores of the greatest city of the land, probably never to see their loved ones again, and there we stood on the self-same shores departing for a park at which we were to have the time of our lives with all the comforts and pleasures provided for.

A thought of repentance struck my conscience.

Had those men on the ship known we were war workers and headed for a place of amusement for an entire day, would they have greeted us with such hearty waves of the hands? Had they known our purpose would they have approved of it? Would not some of them have confronted us with the rebuke: "What right have you, you the "Second Line of Defense," to lay down your arms and enjoy a day of pleasure, while we are giving all, all we possess without the slightest thought of even a day of rest? What right have you to desert your posts at this most critical period?"

And then thoughts of an optimistic nature served to appease my mind. Those boys on the departing vessel were of true American stock, men of broad minds and generous hearts. They fully understand what it means to toil with tools day in and day out and many times under unpleasant conditions, and they would surely not begrudge us our day's rest. True, loyal Americans in whose hearts and souls is deeply rooted the principle, "Live and let live," would not judge us otherwise.

And so we went aboard the old Staten Island ferry just as gaily as if no reminder of things "over there" had come in our path. "Indianola," that lively, snappy music, was played by the band and its alluring tunes drew the other passengers to our cabin.

Smoothly the boat sailed in harmony with the gaiety in our hearts.

A little later we passed a spot where was floating that ill-fated Spanish vessel doomed to destruction by fire. There was a scene which will long be engraved in my memory.

There lay a ship, a city, nay, a world in herself, in total ruins. It was wonderful to see how she was still afloat, while completely turned over on one side. And still was the merciless fire sending forth rays of smoke from her bosom. It was no longer the smoke of spectacular flames but the last exhalations of a smothering, dying fire, like the last breath of a panting being lying in agony awaiting patiently the moment of its soul's expiration.

And the boat kept on sailing.

Soon we reached the shores of Staten Island. Accompanied by music we marched to the train, which after considerable delay, left for Grant City.

Fair scenes passed before our eyes (except those engaged in a card game). At our place of destination we alighted and in the midst of cheers and music took possession of the "garden."

The said "garden" was little shy of a miniature desert. Trees, under whose spreading branches one could hide from the roasting sun, were as scarce as wells in the land of sand and sky. But would the traveling Arab find as much beer and soda as were awaiting our arrival, he would well excuse the lack of wells and trees of sheltering foliage.

The breakfast was fit for a king (although I have never sat at one's table). After the meal, which our stomachs welcomed as if after a seven days' fast, the photographer and his camera were ready for us. And when one's stomach is full his face is bright.

Soon after was arranged an interesting game of baseball between the mechanics and the helpers, the result of which was only natural, for youth and hope will always triumph over age and despair. (The score being 5 to 2 in favor of the helpers.)

The game took up the greater part of the afternoon at the close of which the band led the procession to the dinner table. This meal was also welcomed, especially by the participants of the game. And, more games—three-legged races, running races, walking matches, bowling.

The final treat was a baseball game between the married men and the single, in which took part our snapper, Fred Brandon. It was worth the price of the ticket to see the latter run. Did he run, boys? Nay, he jumped! (Methinks Fred Brandon is nursing an ostrich in his back-yard. Else where could he have learned to imitate this curious animal to such perfection?)

The result of this game is rather a problem for psychologists to solve, for this time the married men got one over on those not as yet entangled in the wedding lock.

Much merit must be allotted to the members of the various committees.

All in all, August 24 will long be remembered by our electricians as their first and successful outing, which provided all concerned with a perfect day's enjoyment.



Electricians Pictured at Their Outing at Grant City, Staten Island

Hip! Hip! Hooray!



Alice May Miller

This little lady is the daughter of James Miller, riveter snapper. She is a professional dancer and has appeared in several of the big Broadway successes in the past two years. Aside from being an expert dancer she is talented in other ways. We want to congratulate Mr. Miller on having such a charming and versatile daughter.



IN relation to the present American successes on the Western front, do we ever realize what a great part every man in the yard has had in making all of this possible? During the whirl and bustle of the days' work that fact is often forgotten and it is well to have it brought back to mind, for, just as every soldier feels a certain definite pride in his particular unit and in the fact that he wears the uniform, so every shipyard worker should be proud of his overalls and of the fact that he is a part of the "Second Line of Defense."

Many of us, at times, seem to see the finger of duty pointing toward France and we feel the irresistible desire of every red-blooded man to go out and fight for everything that is near and dear to us.

It is at such times that the words of one of our former fellow-workers, who is now fighting in France, becomes a source of comfort and ought to become a source of satisfaction and contentment to all of us who are honestly and conscientiously doing our best every day in the week, working as we do in defense of our country and for Uncle Sam.

Harry Southern, formerly in the hull department, writes from the very center of the present military operations:

"Tell all of the boys in the yard that we need all of the ships that we can get because we are going to bring Germany back with us."

Many of our old friends have left the yard to put on a uniform and carry a gun. Under the present draft regulations no honest man need fear the damning word, "slacker." When Uncle Sam needs you he calls and we go, cheerfully. If he does not call, we are not doing our full duty to those who have gone if we do not stay at our work, if we do not work with the determination to do the best thing we are fitted for in the best way we know how.

News of the boys who have left us comes filtering into the office from time to time, either through the mail or in person.

We regret to hear that Lieutenant George F. Tolson, son of J. H. Tolson, who is employed here, has been wounded in action, recently.

Duncan P. Noble, of Room 15, who was drafted some time ago, has returned to us, being disqualified for army service because of a physical defect.

Charles Shindlebower, formerly employed here as an outside machinists' helper, is another old employee who does not forget the plant when on a furlough home. Shindlebower, under the name of "Cowboy Shands," was widely known in local boxing circles before the war. He is now assistant boxing instructor at Camp Dix. The other day when he paid us a visit, he declared that the spirit of the boys at Camp Dix is wonderful.

The Employees Association at its July meeting appropriated another $100 with which to buy tobacco for the former Morse employees in service.

In a very interesting letter addressed to Thomas Cavanaugh, Harry Southern says that the Americans are going to cross the Rhine very soon. Southern is in France with the 106th Infantry and is seeing very active service. His letter follows:



Bill Major, Formerly a Morse Chauffeur, Now Working for Uncle Sam as a Truck Driver in France. Arrow Points to Major.

"Just a few lines to let you know that I am still alive and in the best of health. I hope that you and the rest of the boys in the yard are the same. We are now on a rest after our stay in the trenches and it sure is a bad place to live as you don't know what time Fritz will move you out of the place with one of his 'whiz bangs,' but, believe me, Tom, when we send over a load of our 'cough drops,' or shells, he gets more than his. I have traveled some in France and Belgium since we came over and we are going across the Rhine soon. Then the Kaiser will take his hat off to the U. S. boys. You can tell all the boys that we are getting treated fine, best of eats and plenty of smokes, but the beer is bum and the wine is the same, but that isn't what we came for and the French people treat us fine. They sure have ruined a lot of towns here and the places are deserted, but in some places you cannot drive the people out. I suppose that Dan Shea has still got the band playing. I hope that he can meet us when we come home, which won't be long from now.

"Give my regards to Mr. Morse, and to 'Chaplain' Whitman, also Dan Shea and Charlie DeGroot. I hope that they are all in the best of health and tell all of the boys in the yard that we need all of the ships that we can get because we are going to bring back Germany with us."

In another letter written a few weeks later we have another interesting account of life at the battle front. The letter follows:

"Just at the present time all that you can hear is the banging of the guns, but the American boys are giving them hell. We are living up to what General Sherman said about war. I received THE DIAL the other day and saw my picture in it, but was sorry to hear about Major being wounded as we were school pals, and now we are soldiers together. We see all kinds of soldiers over here and they tell us about their country and we tell them about ours. So you see we get along pretty well together. Tell Dan Shea to drop me a line as it is hard over here when you don't get any mail to read. I would sooner be back ducking hot rivets than ducking the ones they throw over here, but it doesn't make any difference. It is all in life. Give my regards to my old boss, Tom Cavanaugh and to our "Chaplain." We could use him and his choir over here. We have just come back from a wild ride to the trenches. Believe me it was some ride. All that you could hear was the 'whiz bangs.' You can talk about your Bay Ridge mud, but come to France and get in the mud here. I was up to my waistline in mud shell holes, full of water. It rains here most all the time and it is great fun when the Hun misses you, but if he hits—good night. Best wishes to the ball team."

Henry Weismann, who is "over there" with the 323d Infantry, formerly employed in Room 15, writes:

"I just thought that I would let you know that I got over O. K. We sure had fine weather and a fine boat. On the way over we did not see any 'subs' and if they should have been there, we had enough guns around to give them hell. In a short time I suppose that our bunch will be at them some where in France. Don't forget to give my regards to everybody and send me THE DIAL."

One of the fine things about these letters from "our boys" is the frequency with which they come to us, which indicates that the Morse Company employees are ever in the thoughts of those who have "gone across," and we should all appreciate the kindly feelings toward us which have prompted these letters. To show our appreciation we should never neglect the opportunity to write to the "boys over there," because letters mean a whole lot in the life of a soldier or sailor.

In the last few issues of THE DIAL have appeared letters from Bill Major and Edward J. Peattie, two former employees. We are privileged to again use letters from both Major and Peattie.

Major, who has been in service in France for some time, writes:

"Just at present I am on my way up to the front again. I thought that Finneran was going along but he isn't. As you know, it is nice to have an old friend by you up there, but all of the chauffeurs that are going are good boys. What they have is yours. So you see we

Say, Mister, when you write the boy in Pershing's brave command—the lad who's in the trenches on the edge of no man's land—assure him we're so healthy that we're really growing stout. Just sing a song of happiness and keep your troubles out. Don't fail to say that fall has come and ev'rything is fair; and don't forget the baby's tooth, if one, perchance, is there. Explain how Rover was attacked, but put the dog to rout. Go on and tell the boy the news, but keep your troubles out. A lad who has one eye on death, the other on a gun, has worries of his own to fight that make yours seem like fun. So when you write your soldier boy don't wail or kick or pout. Just sing a song of happiness and keep your troubles out.—*Bide Dudley in The New York Evening World.*



John J. Finneran, Formerly Assistant Garage Foreman, Now in France

won't be lonesome. Jack Finneran is playing the piano and singing 'It's a long way to Berlin' while I am writing this letter. He feels awfully bad to think that he can't go with me. It seems no more than right that some of us boys should show the Kaiser the way to Berlin. Perhaps he has lost his way. In that case we will have to show him how to get there quick. Give my regards to all of the boys in the yard, also Miss Jensen and Mr. E. P. Morse. Tell Conk to drop me a line."

In a letter written to Miss Jensen E. M. Peattie, who is with the 305th Infantry, writes:

"We are now on the busiest front and things are pretty warm here as the Germans are shelling us right along, but we give them ten to their one. Our boys gave it to them these last ten weeks and drove them thirty miles. I came through some places where the heavy fighting took place and it looked fierce. The towns were ruined and the fields are nothing but shell holes. All of the boys are in fine health and spirit, fearing nothing in front of them. We are now in the mountains with the Germans on the other hill and if we get them out of the woods we will run them for thirty miles as it is all level country. Our boys gave them a good thrashing and they have more coming to them. My 'pal' and I have a comfortable dugout which we dug and have things pretty cozy. This is a grand experience if the war ends soon and we get out of it O. K. None of the boys fear danger and behave fine under heavy shell fire. At present we are under heavy fire and duck now and then as the shells hit around us. I am in the best of health and think of you all often. Hope that you are all well at the office and that it will only be a short time when we will meet again. Remember me to all at the hospital, Mr. Morse and Mr. Allen. Tell Mrs. Waterman that I wrote to her some time ago. Give my regards to Dr. Beck and Falconer."

Nat Feld writes from Camp Hancock, Ga.:

"I am in the 'Suicide' Regiment as the boys call the machine gun companies, for these guns fire about 500 shots a minute and they give you about eight minutes on the firing line. If you have a July number of the magazine I would like very much to have a copy of it for I would like to keep in touch with things as much as possible. Augusta is the nearest town to this camp and it isn't very much of a place. They sell a lot of junk, stuff that they probably can't get rid of in New York City. Not only that, but they soak you good and proper for everything. Give my best regards to everybody."

Thomas J. Kane, another one of the boys stationed at Camp Gordon, Ga., writes the following letter to James McFarlane, president of the Employees' Association:

"Just a few lines to let you know that this is some place. Would you please send me some of the magazines. We have lots of fun here at night with moving pictures twice a week and lots of nice ladies who visit the camp. How are all of the boys at the yard?"

Henry Schmidt, formerly a pipe fitter's helper here, and now stationed at Fort Hamilton, writes that army life is doing him a whole lot of good. His letter follows:

"I am writing this note in the hope that you can do me the favor of mailing me the last two or three issues of THE DIAL as I would like to keep in touch with the boys at the plant. I was stationed at Fort Slocum before I came to this camp. Army life is certainly fine and is doing me a great deal of good as I look better and feel better than I did in civil life."

Richard A. Phillips, a former Morse bandsman, is at the Syracuse Recruiting camp. The following letter was received by Dan Shea recently:

"I am writing this to let you know that I have been taken in the draft. I am very sorry that I did not have time to say good-by to you and all of the boys of the band. The band that I was with Fourth of July night was at the depot giving some board a send-off. I saw Patty Keegan and told him to tell all of the boys good-by. Well, Dan, I will close, sending my best regards to all and hoping to be back with you and the boys soon."

The following letter written by Ray Murtha from the Naval Hospital at New London, Conn., was received by Dan Shea recently:

"I went under an operation last Thursday, but to-day I am sitting up in bed and if things go right I expect to be walking by Friday, and, let me tell you it sure will feel good. If you get a chance to answer this letter address it to the Naval Hospital and if you think of it you can mail THE DIAL here as from all reports I will be here for a while yet. Best regards to Eddie and all of the rest of the bunch at the yard, also Miss Jensen and Miss Hayes."

Another letter received by Dan Shea comes from John J. Tonry, who is on board the U. S. S. *Mississippi*. He writes:

"I received THE DRY DOCK DIAL and it sure was welcome. I let some of my ship-mates from Bay Ridge read it and they said that it was very interesting to read. I hear that they are rounding up all that haven't their registration cards in their pockets. I can think for myself what a time you had on your vacation with the farmerettes. Tell some of the boys to drop me a line. I can write to them, but my letters won't be interesting for they censor the mail on board before it leaves. Are Clarence and Willie still in the tool room? Don't forget to let them know that I send my regards. I suppose that when I come down to see you, I won't know the yard for the way it has improved since our entering the war. Walter Reilly is in Camp Alexander, Newport News, Va."

Edward J. Ken writes from Camp Upton that he expects to be home very soon. He has been at the Base Hospital and will not be fit for active service for some time to come. The letter follows:

"Just a few lines to let you all know that I am alive and well on the road to good health after laying here since May 29, 1918. I have had four operations and have been informed that as soon as I am able, Uncle Sam is going to send me home, as it will be a long time before I will be physically fit to do a man's sized job. Quite some time ago I received a package of cigarettes from the Association. I wish to thank each and every one for their kindness. My best regards to all. Here in the same ward is a brother burner by the name of Moore. He called me the other night and asked me if I worked in Hoboken on the *Agamemnon* and the *Martha Washington*. He made me homesick. Moore also wants to be remembered to all. Show this French to Miss Jensen, she understands it: 'Chronic Osteomyletis Necrosses of Fibula and Fibia.' That means: 'Hurry with the chow.' "

The following letter was received by Tom Plunkett from Richard Richardson, formerly a chauffeur here, now with the 60th Field Artillery at Fort Meyer, Va.:

"We have been expecting to leave here for the past month but are still here. I have been home twice since I got your letter and was around to your house but you must have been out. How is everything with you? I suppose you manage to keep busy as usual. Believe me, I am kept pretty busy. How is Crossen? I would like to know where he is. Also would like to hear from Major and Finneran over on the other side. Are they still on the firing line? The end of this month and next month there certainly will be a lot going to camp. In Washington they are cleaning up the Government buildings pretty fast and putting girls in their places and I hear that they are making raid after raid in the city. The last time that I was home the Morse band was playing at a block party on 57th street and I did not know one of the players. I had a nice time and the music sounded like old times. I am writing this letter to you on a fifteen-minute rest and the time is about up. Give my regards to all of the boys and give me the addresses of Fremkie, Hazen, Major, Finneran and Eddie Shea so that I can write to them."

Private Fred MacDowell, formerly in the cost department, writes from Camp Johnston, Fla., to express thanks for the box of tobacco sent to him. "I am driving a Pierce-Arrow truck here and every day we are taken on long trips in convoy. Yesterday it was to Jacksonville, Fla., and we passed through the best and the worst part of the city. In the colored section the porches and alleys were filled with watermelon skins and usually a colored woman was on the porch with an old corn-cob pipe. Watermelon can be bought here for fifteen cents." In an earlier letter he wrote:

"This is the hottest place I was ever in. We live in tents with cots to sleep on, and bugs, snakes, spiders, ants and lizards to sleep with. The above-named animals are as common around here as rivets on the shell of a boat."

Manville M. Frost sends a happy letter from the U. S. S. *Amphitrite*, in which he says:

"Just a few lines to let you know that I like the navy life fine. We get fine eating. Couldn't ask for better. Things are strange to me now, as I am a rookie. I will close now with three cheers for the United States Navy, and also for the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co."

Archie Campbell, one of the three brothers, who went from our yard in the recent draft contingent, wrote from Camp Devens near Ayer, Mass., to Dan Shea:

"Your most welcome package received, and I want to thank you on behalf of my brothers and myself. Well, Dan, the three of us have parted. Rich, the youngest, went to Georgia; Lester to Florida, and here I am up here. Most all of the boys you saw at Camp Upton have been shifted to different places, but we managed to keep a small crowd together. Say, Dan, talk about 'soap' down there! Why, it's not 20 per cent. of what you see in the army."



John J. O'Donnell, Now in France, Formerly of the Hull Department

Frank Fox, formerly of the hull department, was at Camp Upton, the last we heard from him. His address was Casual Barracks, 225 15th street, Camp Upton.

THE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, and to the interests of the Company.

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor
C. Stewart Wark, Assistant Editor

John Powell, Thomas J. Plunkett, Roger Moran, Miss Marion Hayes, Mrs. Otis Elliot Barene and Miss Margaret McCarthy, contributing editors.

The Editor's office is located in the Employment Bureau, where he may be reached by telephone or in person.

Notify the Employment Bureau promptly of any change of residence, giving old as well as new address.

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All communications should be addressed to B. E. Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn.

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What Do They "Over There" Think of Us?

The man "Over There" is developing a new set of values.

When he comes back he is going to ask us a whole lot of questions.

Several days ago the writer talked with a friend who had been to France on a special Government mission.

He said that many times he was asked by American soldiers what the "folks back home" think of them.

They all seemed so anxious to know if we had confidence in them, and so eager to be worthy of our confidence.

But does it really matter so much what we think of them as what they think of us? They have their duty cut out for them. They must do the things which military discipline demand and there are watchful eyes and grave penalties to see that they do.

With us it is different.

Providence has ordained for one reason or another that we stay behind.

Some of us are not able to don a soldier's uniform because of physical defects; others by reason of certain skill and ability are of more value at home, behind the forge, at the bench, or on the ship hull.

But what of discipline?

Outside of the dictates of our conscience and such regulations as we are subjected to in our daily toil, is there anything to compel us to perform our duty as faithfully as we should?

Our President, Woodrow Wilson, has said that the safety of America and the whole honor and dignity and success of her action in the present crisis of the world depend upon the workingman's fidelity and energy and devotion.

How many of us actually realize this to the extent that we conscientiously and faithfully bend our every effort to the work we are doing?

Unfortunately the world is burdened by some men who have no conscience and for them the rest of us have to make an accounting. Most of us, however, know down in our hearts if we are doing all that we should.

And when "our boys" come back home we are going to have many questions to answer.

Cut Out the Thoughtless Slurs

Rumors come floating into the office from time to time to the effect that, in some singular cases, the respect due to men in the navy service is lacking on the part of some men in our yard. This news is received with a mingled feeling of surprise and regret. We, of the shipyard, above all others, ought to realize the significance pertaining to all work related to the national defence, whether it be of a combatant or non-combatant nature. Is it right, for even a very few, to cast a sneering remark at the men who by the very fact that they wear the uniform signify their loyalty to Uncle Sam?

We are proud of our part in the war and would resent, justly, any suggestion that we are not doing our part. We know that when the time comes in which we will be of more use in a different, perhaps more dangerous, capacity we will be called to serve in that way.

The navy office man or checker in our yard has pledged himself to obey the orders of his superior officer and has been sent here because it is the opinion of those whose good judgment we cannot doubt, that here, at the present time, he is of the greatest use. Remember that when he enlisted he signed up for general service, and he did not know to what task he would be assigned. At any time he may be sent to more active duty, just as we may receive our call to the front whenever it is considered necessary that we go here.

There are a few men in the navy, just as there are some men in the shipyards, who have soft, safe jobs because they wanted and looked for them, but such men are rapidly being weeded out of both organizations. Their natural inefficiency makes of them easy prey.

The sailors among us would be glad of a chance to be on the sea, but they have no choice and are bound to stay where they are placed until a call comes for them to go elsewhere. Many of us have wished at times that we might wear the uniform and be among our friends "over there," but to many of us, too, no choice has been possible. Our cases are almost exactly the same.

Let us leave out the slurs; let us co-operate with the naval boys in every way possible because by so doing we are going to win the war sooner. When a navy checker asks to see your time card, show it to him immediately, because he is fulfilling the duties imposed upon him.

* * *

WE are very glad to announce that C. Stewart Wark has become assistant to the editor of The Dial. Mr. Wark, who formerly worked on the Brooklyn *Eagle* as a reporter, has had extensive newspaper and writing experience, and is expected to brighten the pages of our magazine materially. It will be his particular duty to attend to the mailing list, and we anticipate considerable improvement in the distribution of the magazine each month, as Mr. Wark will make a diligent effort to see that we have the correct address of every employee. We have assured Mr. Wark of the hearty co-operation of every employee.

* * *

A keen sense of humor may be all right, but a lot of comedians cut their own fingers pretty often.

* * *

It's mighty peculiar that every time a clever chap gets a green slip some low-brow has signed it.

"America's Answer"

IT was with a two-fold object in mind that the Morse Company purchased the entire seating capacity of the Academy of Music on the night of August 29, when all employees were invited at the showing of "America's Answer," the Government's second official war film.

In the first place, the company management wished to show, in a concrete way, its appreciation of the work done by Morse employees in the Liberty Loan, War Savings Stamps and other patriotic campaigns conducted in the yard. Secondly, it wished to show, in the most definite way possible, just where all of this money and hard work had gone and what it had been made to accomplish for our army and navy.

The film that was shown certainly must have proved to all those who were present that they could not have made a better investment. And if, after the first reel of the picture, there remained a lingering doubt in the mind of anyone in the house, it must have been instantly driven away with practically the first words of Ambassador James W. Gerard, who addressed the audience.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Morse and party received an enthusiastic ovation from the audience when they took their seats in box Number One, with Mr. D. J. Leary, Mr. and Mrs. G. Harry Ralston, Mr. Harry A. Hanbury and Mr. Gerard.

A regrettable incident of the evening was the fact that, due to the limited seating capacity of the house, it was impossible to admit the families of the employees. At 8.30 o'clock, however, the doors were thrown open to the women who had applied for admittance, ignorant of the restrictions which it had been necessary to make.

Before the pictures were shown we were entertained by our band, which played several patriotic selections, and the Morse quartet sang several songs, which were very well received.

Former Ambassador Gerard spoke after the first reel of the picture had been shown. He was introduced by Former Congressman Harry A. Hanbury, Industrial Director of the Company, who had been introduced by Charles G. Hall, of the executive department.

Mr. Hanbury introduced Ambassador Gerard as a true American of rare ability and courage and concluded his talk by reading the speech made by Colonel Roosevelt that same day at the Newburgh Shipyard, which, he declared, was a message to every shipyard worker in the country.

"A slacker in our shipyards," said Colonel Roosevelt, "is as shameful a creature as a coward in the army in France, and a good worker in the shipyard stands forward like a good soldier in the army.

"It has been alleged to me that in certain yards men have loafed individually and that in certain yards unions have actually limited the output so as to limit the number of rivets driven in a day or to limit the number of days that they work, or in other ways to limit the development of our full strength and our utmost speed. Such men are traitors to the country.

"If I had my way, I would take any such man and any men who had aided and abetted him, put him in the army at once and send him across the water to do the hardest kind of work in the most dangerous position and I would not give him a rifle until he had learned the spirit of patriotism. Any man who lays off now or scamps his job is a traitor to his fellow-Americans in France, to the men who need all of the help that we can give them."

"They shall not win," was the one resounding statement made by Ambassador Gerard, which seemed to make the greatest impression on the audience. He said that it should be the slogan of all good Americans just as the French raised the cry "they shall not pass," and by doing so wrote a new, never dying line in the history of the world.

Ambassador Gerard said that it gave him a great deal of pleasure to address an audience of workingmen because they were a class of men that should be interested in the defeat of Germany.

He spoke of the pitiful condition of German labor even before the war and pointed out the dangers to every laboring man if the war ended before Germany was absolutely beaten.

"I have seen women working in the fields for thirty-two cents a day," he said, "and men received about forty cents a day at harvesting time. Out of these wages, insurance and taxes are extracted until there is practically nothing left."

He said that the conditions of the working man in large cities were no better and that in Berlin more than one-half of the families of the working class live in one room and that in the mining districts several families usually live in a one-room house.

In speaking of the German atrocities he said he saw 20,000 women carried out of northern France and that the protestations of the Pope against such outrages were in vain.

The greatest danger now, he declared, was a cry for peace. He said:

"Every bullying Prussian knows in his coward's heart that Germany is beaten. From now on they will lift up their bloody hands and cry 'Kamerad, we want peace.' The Hohenzollerns have tamed working men who they keep in stock like animals to be sent out among us as propagandists to appeal to the workingmen of those nations which are fighting Germany. It is at such times that we must be strong and resist all of these false appeals."

In speaking of the length of the war and of the part that the shipyard workers are doing to hasten its end, he said:

"We have a long war ahead in spite of recent victories. Every effort that you shipyard workers can make is required by your country. One ship might mean failure. There is a hard row ahead and many a service star will find its way into the red border, but our great President will lead you and the whole world into never ending peace. You shipyard workers must not let anything stop your hand. The delay of one transport might mean the rule of the world by the Hohenzollern murderers."

Ambassador Gerard, in spite of the fact that he believed the war far from being near to a close, said that the "suicide point" was a part of the German character and that as soon as the Germans knew that we were after them they would crack. "The sun of triumph is touching the pinnacle of our hopes," he said.

Mr. Gerard's talk concluded with the statement that even before the United States declared war, Germany was openly our enemy, and, as a proof of his statement, told of one day in the Imperial Court in Potsdam when the Kaiser, after hearing some news about our country which did not please him, rushed up to him and said, "America will suffer for this."

He said that Germany was our enemy before we declared war, that she would always be our enemy until absolutely beaten and that the shipyard workers were doing a great deal more than most people thought to wipe Germany off the map.

These young ladies from the hospital and the office forces, dressed in white, were ushers: Misses Bernice Campbell, Christobel Olsen, Florence Fenk, Margaret Shea, Mary Travers, Marion Hayes, Kirsten Jensen, Maude Wilson, Frances Daley, Margaret Casey, Genevieve Moran, Beatrice Campion, Anna Barry, Dorothy Moran, Carrie Pierce, Helen Brett, Miss Mantia, Helen McKenna, Catherine Collins, Meta Christiansen, Bertha Mazari, Emily Casey, Elizabeth Morrissey, Florence Semon, Edna Cropsey, Catherine Barry.

A Chance to Kick

THE DIAL is published for you. If you don't get it you've got a kick coming. However, before you kick be sure that the fault isn't your own. The editor is getting gray haired trying to put the magazine into your home each month. You can help him by keeping him informed as to your correct address.

Every person on the payroll is entitled to a copy without charge. The company goes to the expense of mailing it to your home because that is where it is more convenient for you to read it; also your wife and children and your parents and relatives deserve some consideration. We want the magazine to amuse and interest them as well as you.

Each month copies of the magazine are returned because they have been sent to the wrong address. This costs money because in order to have them returned we must send two cents for each undelivered copy. In addition to that there are many instances in which it costs three cents postage to send that two cents. This means that to get undelivered copies back it sometimes costs five cents for each copy.

The editor is not a mind reader. He has no way of knowing when you change your address except when you inform him. If you don't inform him you take the chance of not getting the magazine. When the post office sends a copy back to us we know that you are no longer at the address to which it was sent. Naturally your name is taken off the list. To get it back on the list you are only required to see that we get your right address.

In many instances the magazine goes astray after it has been sent to the post office. Perhaps one of your neighbors has seen it lying around the entrance, and has thoughtlessly picked it up thinking it some kind of an advertisement. Consult your mail man and see if he can't enlighten you.

By all means let us know if you fail to receive it. A little coöperation will help a lot.

Men working at the "Farm" who have made a change of address should hand both the old address, the new address, and their yard number to William Borgeson, clerk in the "Farm" office, who will see that it comes to our attention.

Coppersmiths Dine

THE copper shop outing which, this year, took the form of a shore dinner, was held at Geisin's Casino, Bath Beach, on the night of August 31. Sixty-five men sat down to the dinner.

Music was furnished by the copper shop jazz band and anyone else who felt inspired to contribute to the program. One of those present who surprised the rest of the boys by unearthing his rare musical ability was "Professor" Sam Polansky, who played the harmonica so beautifully and pensively that Willie Harriet was brought to tears.

After Sam had stowed his harmonica away, Dan Johnston, the plumbers' wonderful tenor, entertained with a few selections, which met with instant approval. Tom Hayes was next in line, and was asked to either sing or dance.

"I can't sing or dance," said Tom, "but just to be sociable, I'll fight anyone in the place."

And no one wanted to fight, so Robb and Campell sang. Dan Basil gave a few imitations, including the "Maiden's Prayer," and "Napoleon Crossing the Alps." Gus Furst was presented with a rattle, and Al Goldberg received a bouncing rubber baby.

After dinner Al Jones, yard foreman, related some of his experiences "Over There," and Foreman Al Jacobson was presented with a gold and silver cigarette case.

LET'S "GO OVER THE TOP" IN THIS LIBERTY LOAN DRIVE.

Lessons in Shipbuilding and Repair Work

By Walter K. Crawford
(Superintendent of Our Hull Dept.)

The Dial herewith presents the first installment of a series of lessons in shipbuilding and repair work with the hope that the information thus imparted will be of practical service to those employees directly interested. Practical books on shipbuilding are all too few. These lessons are taken from a handy little volume published by the Ocean Publishing Co., of 25 West 42d street, New York. The book has had a splendid sale since it came from the press and is conceded by those who have studied it to be one of the most useful and practical obtainable. We feel a special interest in the book in view of the fact that Mr. Crawford, the author, is superintendent of our hull department and one of the best known of our employees. Any employee who desires to purchase the book itself can do so by applying at the Employment Bureau. It costs $1.50.

THE work of the ship fitter is to lay out for fabrication and to assemble the various steel plates and shapes of which the ship is constructed. The work is similar to that of the structural marker, fitter, and erector; in fact, it is a combination of all three. In the case of light work the ship fitter erects upon the ship; heavy work is erected by yard riggers and squared up by shipwrights. His work may be said to begin where that of the loftsman leaves off. In other words, he lays out, supervises the fabrication of, and assembles the parts for which the loftsman makes the templates. In addition to laying out from templates furnished by the mold loft, he also makes or "lifts" templates himself direct from the ship for pieces of special shape and sees that they are properly formed and fitted into place. A ship fitter is preeminently a planner and assembler. He should be familiar with methods of fabricating plates and shapes, able to read blue prints and to lay out rapidly and accurately from templates or drawings. In addition, he should be able to "lift" his own templates from the ship when required; in fact, this is one of his most important duties. To be able to work on any part of the ship demands a special knowledge of ship construction and its special rules and requirements.

Seam or Edge Riveting

A rivet is a piece of soft or ductile steel with a head formed on one end. It is used to connect two members together. For instance, two plates with a single riveted lap, the width of the lap will be 3½ times the diameter of the rivet, with the rivet holes spaced in the center, or 1¾ diameter from edge of plate.

If it is a single riveted buttstrap connecting the two plates together, then in this case the buttstrap would be 7 diameters in width, with the rivets spaced 1⅝ diameter of rivet from edge of strap.

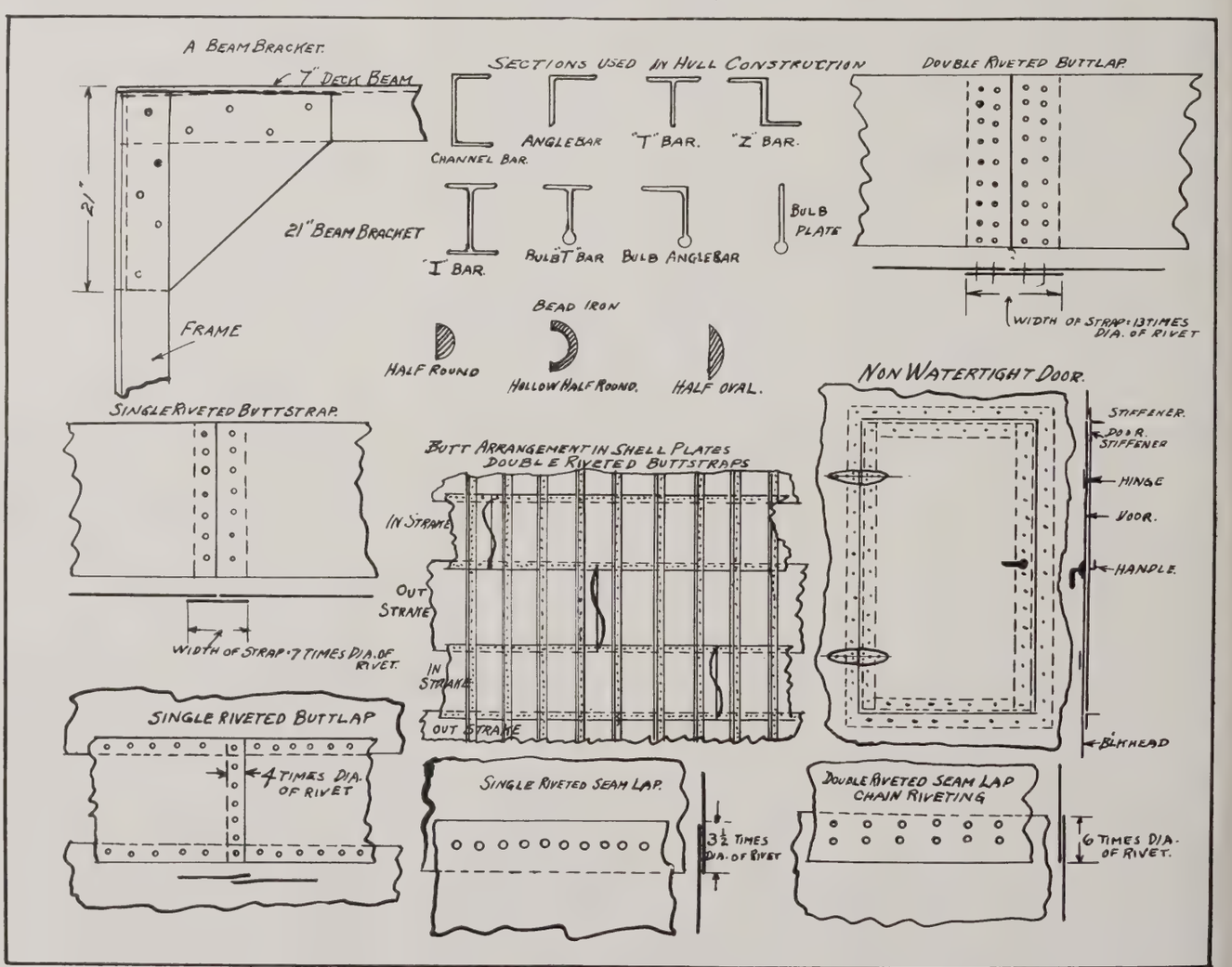
If the plates are connected with a double lap, the width of the lap will be 6 diameters of the rivet; if a double buttstrap is fitted, the width of the buttstrap will be 13 times the diameter of the rivet. The above applies to seam or edge riveting.

The spacing of rivets for the above is for non-water-tight, 7 diameters of rivets apart.

For water-tight work the spacing is 4 diameters of rivets apart.

For oil-tight work the spacing is 3¼ to 3½ diameters of rivets apart.

For strength connections 5 to 6 diameters apart. (*Continued next month.*)



Next Comes Football

IT'S all over, even the shouting.

We didn't get that baseball pennant and so far as Shipyard League baseball is concerned the season is over for us.

The Morse club has a schedule of independent games which will carry it into the middle of this month, after which Manager Cy MacLaurin's baseball tossers will lay down their bats for 1918.

None of the independent games will be played on home grounds, so we can now turn our attention to the football season, which is upon us and which promises to develop as interesting a contest as the baseball season.

A shipyard soccer league has been formed in which a Morse team will participate, and we should all turn in and give the necessary support to make it a success.

Neil O'Donnell, of the outside machinists, is manager of our soccer team and Frank Falconer, compensation clerk, is assisting him. Their efforts won't amount to anything, however, if the employees don't pitch in and give their material and moral support.

In another few weeks the bowling season will open up and there are plans in the making for a yard tournament and also a team to represent the Morse Company in outside games.

There is also some talk of a basketball team, but whether this will develop into anything more than talk is a matter of speculation at this time. There are many men in the yard interested in basketball and without doubt a fast team could be organized, but up-to-date no one has come forward to get the thing started.

THE Standard baseball team won the Shipyard League pennant for the New York district but, we regret to say, was unable to make much of a showing against the fast Harlan & Hollingsworth team, with which it had to contend in the Atlantic Coast Shipyard League championship series.

The Standards lost three successive games to the Delaware crowd, but put up a good scrap in each of the three games. They used Kelleher Walsh and Griner on the mound. One of the games was played at the Polo Grounds in New York and many Morse rooters turned out to cheer for the Staten Islanders. This game was won by the Delaware team by the score of 2 to 0. It was played on a rainy day and the Standards had to cross bats with such well-known players as Gus Getz, former Dodger, and Zinn Beck, erstwhile Yankee, and Joe Jackson, of the Chicago Americans.

The other two games were played in Philadelphia, the first ending in a victory for the Harlan team, 2 to 3, and the second game by the score of 4 to 0. In the last game, with Griner pitching, Joe Jackson got two home runs and a two-bagger. He was showered with greenbacks by the Harlan rooters. Jackson also started a batting rally for the Harlans in the other game played in Philadelphia.

The Harlan team had a line-up in each game which comprised mostly major league players, whereas, with the exception of one or two players, the Standard team comprised minor leaguers and semi-professionals.

The Harlan team by reason of its victory over the Standards won a $500 loving cup, donated by William G. Coxe, district director of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. Charlie Schwab, director general of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, threw out the first ball in the first game of the series.

ONE of the features of the first game played in Philadelphia was a band concert contest in which six shipyard bands participated. The Harlan band won the first prize and the Standards second. Our band did not participate. If it had we would have won the first, second, third and every other prize, because if there is a better shipyard band in existence we don't know of it, and this boast is made for the benefit of any shipyard band that wants to measure ability with our bandsmen.

FOLLOWING is the final standing of the New York district shipyard baseball league:

Clubs	*Won*	*Lost*	*P. C.*
Standards	12	2	.861
Morse	11	3	.786
Downey's	7	6	.539
Staten Island	6	6	.500
Robins	6	7	.462
Newburgh	5	9	.361
Submarines	4	9	.308
Federal	2	12	.143

THE Shipyard League pennant race ended for us when our team met the Robins outfit at Ebbets Field on August 31. We lost our chance for the flag fighting with the scrappiest little team that can be found in any shipyard in the country.

The game was scoreless until the seventh inning, and George Pennington was going strong, but the "jinx" must have got by the gate and it happened—two runs on a double by Joe Lake, Reichert's single and out and Maurer's hit to center. Our boys came back strong in the eighth, but fell short of tieing the score by one run.

Jack Warhop, the former "Yank," pitched a wonderful game for the Robins.

The score:

MORSE D. D. & R. CO.

Name	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.
J. Burke, 3d b	4	0	0	0	2
Dwyer, c. f	4	0	0	2	0
Crist, r. f	3	0	0	2	0
Grant, 2d b	2	0	0	0	2
Sacks, l. f	3	0	0	1	0
Reimann, s. s	3	1	1	2	2
Mundhenk, 1st b	3	0	2	12	0
Tee, c	3	0	0	5	1
Pennington, p	2	0	0	0	2
*See	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	28	1	3	24	9

ROBINS D. D. & R. CO.

Name	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.
Donovan, 2d b	4	0	1	3	2
Wilkimming, l. f	4	0	0	1	0
Wagner, s. s	3	0	0	5	3
Lake, r. f	3	1	1	4	0
Reichert, c	3	1	0	6	1
Simmons, 1st b	3	0	1	7	1
Volbrith, c. f	3	0	0	0	0
Maurer, 3d b	3	0	1	0	0
Warhop, p	3	0	0	1	3
Totals	29	2	4	27	10

*Batted for Pennington in ninth inning.

SCORE BY INNINGS

Morse	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—1
Robins	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	x	—2

Errors—J. Burke, Reimann, Donovan. Two-base hit—Lake. Sacrifice hits—Tee, Wilkimming. First base on errors—Morse, 1; Robins, 1. Stolen base—Reichert. Double play—Donovan, Wagner, Simmons. Base on balls—Off Pennington, 1. Struck out—By Pennington, 4; by Warhop, 5. Hit by pitcher—By Warhop, Grant. Umpires—Johnstone and Westervelt. Time—1 hour and 45 minutes.

Notes on the Robins Game

Fifty per cent. of the proceeds of the game went to the Knights of Columbus War Activities Fund.

A preliminary game between the Tebo Yacht Basin and the Tietjen and Lang team was called in the ninth inning with one run chalked up to the credit of each team.

No one wants to "crab" about the game. It's all over and we are a bunch of good sports who know how to take a beating, even if we are not used to that sort of thing, but the Robins certainly did have a very different sort of a line-up from the one that faced us earlier in the season. About the only familiar face that we could see was that of Joe Lake. Wagner, Lake, Simmons and Warhop are all former big leaguers.

There was just a little bit of rather irritating "camouflage" at second base. A man named Donovan, who covered that territory, seemed to resemble Truesdale, formerly of the Boston Red Sox.

Wagner at short looked like his famous namesake, "Honus," the way he cavorted around short.

One of the features of the game was the playing of our band. We have one consolation: If we didn't beat the Robins baseball team, Danny Shea's horn blowers certainly did put it all over the Robins musicians.

AFTER getting away with the flying start of three runs in the first two innings, the Downey team came back to normal and our boys trimmed it by 5 to 3 in the last game of the Shipyard League schedule on September 1.

The game was a good exhibition of first-class baseball playing by both teams. See, after two innings on the mound, was replaced by Jimmy



McGarry, who held the visitors to one hit and no runs in the remaining seven innings.

To make up for his slightly off-form pitching, See proceeded to carry away the batting honors of the day and two singles and a double were his contributions to the cause.

The score:

DOWNEY SHIP CO.

Name	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Main, 1st b.	0	0	13	0	0
Lantzes, c. f.	2	2	2	0	1
Hanck, 3d b.	0	0	1	1	0
Geiser, l. f.	0	2	0	0	0
Bonaguro, s. s.	0	0	1	3	1
Thompson, r. f.	0	1	0	2	0
Manning, 2d b.	0	0	1	2	0
Ott, c.	0	0	6	3	0
Holborrow, p.	1	1	0	6	1
Totals	3	6	24	17	3

MORSE B. B. C.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
J. Burke, 3d b.	0	0	2	3	0
Dwyer, c. f.	0	2	0	0	0
Crist, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
McGarry, p.	1	2	1	1	1
Grant, 2d b.	1	1	7	5	1
Sacks, l. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Reimann, s. s.	0	1	0	4	0
Mundhenk, 1st b.	1	1	12	2	0
Damm, c.	0	1	5	2	0
See, p.-r. f.	1	3	0	0	0
Totals	5	12	27	16	2

Downey	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—3
Morse	0	0	2	0	0	1	2	0	x	—5

Left on bases—Downey, 4; Morse, 11. Two-base hits—Lantzes, See. Sacrifice hit—Reimann. Stolen bases—Dwyer, Crist, Damm, See. Double plays—Burke to Mundhenk, 2; Reimann to Grant to Mundhenk. Bases on balls—Off See, 3; off Holborrow, 3. Struck out—By See, 3; by Holborrow, 4; by McGarry, 3. Hit by pitcher—By Holborrow, 2 (Crist, Dwyer). Hits—Off See, 5 in 2 innings; off McGarry, 1 in 7 innings.

Notes on the Downey Game

The visitors certainly had the range of the right field fence. They knocked about five of their hits over it.

McGarry pitched great ball. His control was beautiful and the Downey boys never seemed to have a very clear idea of what was going to happen next all through the game. He also contributed a fielding gem when he covered first on Main's tap to Mudhenk.

Holbarrow appeared to be overworked. He did not look as good as he did the last time that we saw him on Staten Island.

This was the first league game that McGarry has gotten into this year and with his two hits out of three times at bat, he has a league batting average of 667.

OUR team traveled to Farmer's Oval on September 8 and defeated that club in an eleven inning game, 4 to 3. Heitmann, who led the International League with twenty-three wins and six defeats, started for the home club, but was not able to stave off defeat.

In a return game played at Farmer's Oval on September 15, we were defeated by the Farmers with the score of 4 to 2. Johnny Enznaann, star pitcher of the Cleveland Club, was on the mound for the Farmers and was the large factor in our defeat.

In the afternoon we were defeated by the Canton Stars. If See had not injured his pitching hand earlier in the day, the story might have been a different one. With no other pitcher making the trip, we were forced to use first baseman Mundhenk in the box.

REPRESENTATIVES of the various shipyards met at the Broadway Central hotel on the night of August 30, and adopted rules for the organization which will be known as the Emergency Fleet Shipyard Soccer League.

At this meeting the Morse Employees' Association was represented by Frank McIntyre and Francis Falconer, and these officers were elected:

President, B. F. Davis, Submarine Boat Corporation; vice-president, W. H. Day, Downey Shipyard; treasurer, W. Byers, Newburgh Shipyard; secretary, W. Hollywood, Federal Shipyard.

These shipyards have entered the League: Morse, Standard, Downey, Robins, Tietjen and Lang, Federal, Submarine and Newburgh.

There is a good deal of football material in our yard, and everything points to a strong team to represent us.

The football committee of the Employees' Association, which consists of McIntyre, Falconer, Robert Calver and Charles Stewart, is now hard at work rounding up those who are interested in the game, and with Neil O'Donnell, as team manager, much progress has been made even at this early date.

THE winter's bowling season was officially started on its way at a recent meeting of Morse bowlers. The following officers were elected: Charles G. Hall, captain; Al Anderson, secretary; Frank Rose, treasurer. Arrangements were made for a meeting every Friday night at the Grand Central alleys, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Association Calendar

Monday, October 7, Entertainment Committee.

Tuesday, October 15, Welfare Committee.

Wednesday, October 16, Sanitation Committee.

Thursday, October 24, Relief Committee.

Monday, October 28, Accident Prevention Committee.

Tuesday, October 29, Finance Committee.

Wednesday, October 30, Board of Directors.

Wednesday, October 30, evening, regular monthly meeting.

R. E. Warren, safety first agent of the United States Shipping Board for Seattle's steel shipbuilding plants, has started a campaign to put a ban on shipworkers wearing finger rings, because he claims they are a fruitful source of accidents.

Powell's Patter

(To the tune of "Mr. Dooley")

Now, there's a man you all know well, he's always on his guard,
In watching all the oakum that is used in Morse's yard,
He knows a ship from A to Z, no matter sail or steam,
He says all decks when they are caulked are only what they seem (seam).

It's Mr. Dooley, Mister Dooley,
As a caulker he's a corker through and through,
His wit is ready for work that's steady,
It's Mr. Dooley, Ooley, Ooley, Ooo.

2d Verse

Now when the day is over and his mind from work is free,
His pleasure is to spend the evening with his family.
And every member's musical, with voices sweet and rich,
And Dooley as a caulker leads them off, he knows the *pitch.*

Chorus

It's Mr. Dooley, Mister Dooley,
Men versatile as *you* are very few,
With work or pleasure it's all called leisure
With Mister Dooley, Ooley, Ooley, Ooo.

Archie Campbell, James Gilchrist, John Ruland, William Gilchrist, Andrew Laird, James Wynne, G. Schwartz, John Dowd, Ned Paige, Clarence Murray, Michael Murphy, John Lamberton, Walter Shibley.

No, the above is not the line-up of the Morse baseball team for next season, or is it a bunch of draft evaders caught in the recent drag net, or are they a crowd of professional profiteers, although they do more business in a day than the same amount of men would do in a busy section of Fifth avenue in a week. They dispense more material and distribute the same all over the world and outside of their salary they receive no money for the goods handed out. Each one plays an equal part in all that is accomplished. Precision in sizing up things *must* be one of their accomplishments, combined with speed, affability and honesty; such is personified in the above list of names that go to make up the supply department of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company.

There's one little old gray-haired man in the yard that wheels a little old truck and picks up all the little old things he sees, and I have yet to see him stop in his work, except to do something pertaining to his labor. In other words (not to be original), business with him is always picking up. I don't know his name, but his services appear to balance on the cost side of his employer's account, for the many stray rivets, bolts and nuts saved by this keen-eyed old man must show a high profit. Even if he is one little, old, gray-haired man, younger ones should take notice.



Morse Rooters at the Game with Robins

Oh, You Mixed Nuts!

"GOT anything on to-morrow night?" says Joe O'Neil to us one day, and we said, "What yuh mean, Joe?" and we like Joe because he's always nice and clean, and dressed up and smiling, and he says, "The boys want you to come to Rockwell Terrace to a little dinner party they are goin' to have," and we nearly fell out of our chair, because we hadn't been to a dinner party for a long time, and we were more than eager to go and we said, "Sure," and Joe said, "All right, I'll tell 'em," and that's how we came to be one of the Mixed Nuts.

O' course we were at Rockwell Terrace on time the next night and there was Walter Crawford and Billy McEwen and Chris Munk, and Jim Coffey and a whole lot of other fellows from the yard and we liked the atmosphere, which was great because every one was so friendly, only we were introduced to Jim Neary, of the Standard shipyard, who was a guest, and we got into a argument with Jim over Dan Griner, and Jim got real mad about it, and we shut our mouth and then we opened it again when Jim said something more and finally Walter Crawford said, "We are all friends," and we said, "Sure," and then we looked around and a girl was singing something about the moon and we liked it and listened and all the boys listened and when she was through we all clapped our hands and all the waiters in the place flocked around us and someone said, "What'll you have," and we had it, and then we were all taken over to a table.

Then Tom Cavanaugh, who is the biggest nut of all, he said, "be seated," but we didn't because we waited for Tom to say something more and he didn't and we sat down and there was a fellow in a dress suit, who began to sing something about always good fellows, and we were and then Chris Munk grabbed a pitcher and began to swallow the whole thing, and we laughed and everybody laughed and Chris wanted to sing only he couldn't, but Jim Coffey could and he did but not long because the other fellows didn't let him.

Then Crawford stuck a piece of celery in his buttonhole and put the top of a salt shaker in his eye as a monocle and he looked like an Englishman what he is, and we had to laugh because he was a funny nut, and Billy McEwen got red in the face which he is, and we were all having a great time eating soup and before we got through we ate nuts too.

The waiters brought us a nice chunk of meat and then some squab, but not the kind that Joe O'Neil likes best, and we sure did get filled up with nice things to eat and we liked it, only Jim Neary didn't have anything more to say about Griner and we would like to have argued with him some more, but Tom Bonner was sitting next to us and he said something about dancing and Matty Wright was mixing up toothpick cocktails for Frank Whitman, and then Tom Cavanaugh, who was master of ceremonies, stood up and told the crowd that we were all together to celebrate the return of Crawford and McEwen to the yard and that it was appropriate for them to say something and Crawford said he was pleased to be back home with the boys, because they were all good fellows at Morse's and no one could say they weren't, and he said that social affairs like this one did a whole lot of good because it got every one acquainted and that Morse's yard was the pioneer in everything and had the best band in the world and an Association and everything, and he didn't say anything about the magazine which made us feel that he didn't care about it, but he does because we know he does, but that's all right, because we would have blushed anyway.

Of course every one was sorry that the ball team had lost to Robins, but it couldn't be helped and we didn't weep, but all were merry and it made us feel good when Crawford said that a misfit didn't stay long at Morse's because there were no misfits there and it is no place for them, and everybody said they realized that they were working to help the boys who were giving their lives across the water and that they meant to do their best and that was the only right spirit to have and we agreed.

Then Billy McEwen got redder and said, "I'm happy to be with you," and he sat down and took his ear of corn away from Crawford and continued eating it, and then John Watson, of the Standard, who was another guest, made a fine speech in which he said that he thought the Morse band was second to none and that he had enjoyed the evening very much and some of the fellows shouted, "Some band," and this pleased Bob Falconer, the leader of the Standard band, who was present as a guest and we like Falconer because he seems like a fine fellow.

Well to make a long story longer we all had a great time with Jake Jacobsen, Ermie Carlson, Jimmy Kerr, Fred Hyman, Johnnie Nallen, Jack Loding, Al Anderson, Lawrence Ellis, and John Warren and all the others whose names we have forgotten but didn't mean to.



Some of the Mixed Nuts—There Are More of 'Em to Come

Association Meeting

By Thomas J. Plunkett

THE August meeting of the Employees' Association held on the evening of the 28th, in our assembly hall, was very well attended considering that many members of the Association had planned to attend the war pictures at the Academy of Music the following night.

An interesting business meeting preceded the entertainment. President James MacFarlane was in the chair, and called upon the various officers and committee chairmen for their monthly reports.

Mr. Benner spoke for Fred Wiles, chairman of the relief committee, who was absent. This committee has charge of the Association insurance. It was reported that practically one-third of the entire yard was now insured, and that the insurance was making steady gains. Further explanation was offered that new employees as well as the old hands had found the insurance a benefit, and an instance was recounted in which a new employee had thanked one of the members for explaining the insurance to him and giving him an opportunity to take out a policy.

The report of the Welfare Committee stated that new washing facilities had been installed in the rigging loft.

The question of when the back pay would be ready came up, and developed a good deal of horse play. It was explained that the clerical department was doing everything possible to hurry the back pay along. President MacFarlane took the occasion to say that he was sure that the company was doing its best to hurry the matter, and he urged that the employees pay no attention to the rumors that have been going around that other yards are way ahead of this one in this matter.

The Association voted another appropriation of $100 for tobacco for former Morse employees who are now in the service. Mr. McLaurin explained the baseball situation, and this concluded the business program.

The entertainment was an especially fine one.

Curtis Sands, the "Bert Williams of the Navy," sang and gave impersonations which made a great hit. Curtis is a member of the crew of one of the boats then in the yard. We are grateful to the officers of the ship for their courtesy in providing so good an entertainer. The boys showed their appreciation by making up a purse of considerable amount which was handed to the singer at the conclusion of his act.

The music in the absence of Dan Shea's harmonists (who, by the way, have been kept busy playing for block parties) was furnished by Joe Webb's Bay Ridge Jazz band.

President MacFarlane showed what he thought of the music by climbing through the ropes and dancing his "1918 version of the Highland Fling."

Wallace Mackay, the "Scotch mimic," presented his musical act which proved so popular with the audience at the police reserve affair held a few weeks ago. Following this act, Tom Dobson, monologist, who is an old vaudeville favorite, cracked some new ones.

The bouts brought together Warren Cusack of the Sheet Metal Shop, and Frankie Fay of Albany, featherweights, who put up a slashing three round scrap.

Eddie Wallace of the carpenters, and Eddie Keyes, well known lightweights, boxed four rounds.

Frankie Callahan, also a carpenter, and prominent lightweight title contender, and Young Terry, "Brooklyn's iron man," appeared in another corking four rounder.

Our athletic program could not be complete without wrestling, so George Jones, the husky boilermaker, and Jean Bruce of the painters, mauled each other for fifteen minutes. The match ended in a draw, and the heavyweight wrestling championship of the yard will have to be decided at another meeting.

Watch the bulletin board at the gate for our next program. We have a live entertainment committee, and on the last Wednesday of each month you'll see the "greatest show on earth" for your five-cent-a-week contribution to the Employees' Association. Every employee is welcome. Lots of good seats. Come early and see it all.

Over the Backyard Fence

A Department Especially for the Wives

Conducted by Mrs Otis Elliott Barene

Unique Birthday Party

Did you ever hear of a birthday party in form of a ship? I had one, and as a few of the persons present were engaged in the ship line, the occasion was made conspicuous by a ship made of cake. We christened it and sent it to embark down our throats. It was the first wreck that occurred in the family. The real birthday cake had only sixteen candles. I admit to a few more, but they simply would not stay on the cake. I know you ladies are interested in the "eats," the menu being rather unusual. Long in our minds shall the memory of it remain. If anyone can fix up these dishes let them try.

Menu

Oyster à la Rigger
Starboard Soup
Fish à la Bulkhead
Roast Chicken—Deck Style
Potatoes à la Port Hole
Bow and Stern Salad
Coal Bunker Coffee
Ice Cream à la Booby Hatch
Assorted Fruit Fore Peak Style
Wine Dry Dock—à la

Thought for Month

Every personal consideration that we allow costs us heavenly state. — *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Wives' Joke Corner

Your help, said the boilermaker to one of the men, is like water to a drowning man.

Said Helen to Estelle, aren't the electricians wonderful. They are now "stringing" wires instead of "stringing" us.

Have you had a birthday party or wedding anniversary in the past month? If so we would like to put a nice little piece about it in THE DIAL. *We would also like to hear about the new baby, some of the bright things he or she has said. This department is especially for the wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts of our employees. To the woman who sends in the most interesting item between now and October 15, we will award a prize of $2. Who is going to be first to win that prize? Be sure and put your name and address on your item and mail or sent it to Editor,* THE DIAL, *Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Love and Hate Song of a Wife

I love the big pay envelopes,
But I hate the overtime hours.
I love my husband to work in the open,
But I hate to wash his dirty clothes.
I love to hear about the ships completed.
But I hate to see the wrecks.
I love THE DRY DOCK DIAL,
But I hate its delay in coming.
I love that hospital for our men,
But I hate to see them hurt,
I love that orchestra and music,
But I hate to have to miss it.
I love the work the men are doing,
But I would hate to have to do it.
And best of all, I love the "Yard,"
But—I don't hate anyone in it.

Attention Mr. Burlingame

Eating is one of the chief functions of life. Therefore, when we find good things to eat and a fine place to partake of the good things we get a combination of good cheer, good health and much happiness. Such is the restaurant connected with the yard. The building is the highest and last of the group overlooking the Bay.

I knew that at the Waldorf and a few other places one can dine to the strains of some melodious air, but little did I know that the yard restaurant three days of the week furnished such a luxury.

The persons in charge have already been mentioned in another issue, but one cannot help expressing our keen delight at the way it is conducted and its convenience for the men. The quantity and quality of food I am told is fine and the price is very reasonable. We can't imagine how "they do it" with food prices as high as they are.

New Committeemen

At the last meeting of the Board of Directors held in the Employment Office on August 28 the following appointments and changes were made:

Harry Hammer, of the sheet metal shop, was appointed a member of the Board of Directors. He will represent the coppersmiths, plumbers and tinsmiths. George Rothwell, of the hull department, was appointed to the finance committee. He will succeed William Perkins, formerly of the sheet metal shop, who has left the Company. Lucian T. Bell, assistant paymaster, was appointed to the Welfare Committee, succeeding Harry Hammer, now on the Board of Directors.

Dan Shea was twenty-seven years old September 7. To commemorate his birthday and to show their affection for "Danny," the Morse bandsmen presented him with a gold signet ring and a pair of diamond-studded cuff links. The ring is of heavy Roman gold, engraved with the word "Director" and the initial "M."

Promotions

George Hickman, formerly of the Fore River and Federal yards, has been appointed night superintendent, succeeding James Coffey, who has resumed day work as a working foreman.

John Costello has been made number and tool check clerk in the Employment Bureau, succeeding Dennison Fish, who has resigned to teach music in Lakewood, Conn.

J. Herbert McCarthy has succeeded Mr. Costello as typist and listing clerk in the Employment Bureau.

Henry A. Junge, formerly connected with the Mutual Life Insurance Company, has become assistant to Charles Kling, who handles the Employees' Association insurance.

Ernest Kent Miller has been appointed office assistant to Charles Hallock, yard superintendent, after serving at the information desk in the main entrance.

Famous Sayings

"How's your appetite."—*Dick Allen.*

A Chip of a Chipper



The fact that Larry Hill, daddy of this bouncing youngster, is a chipper and caulker in our hull department, makes it easy to write what we editors call "cutlines" for this picture. Of course, you get it, don't you? "Chip of the old block," etc. This little fellow, whose name is Lawrence Donald, was six months old when the picture was taken. He's every bit his daddy's boy and when you see Larry, Sr., plugging away at his work you can chalk it down in your old hat that Larry is doing what he can to keep the Huns from coming over here and carrying off little Larry. And that's no joke either, because the Huns are devilish enough to do it if we shipyard workers don't help Uncle Sam to prevent them.

Soldiers Want Reading

THE soldiers guarding the Morse plant are badly in need of books and magazines. Any kind of reading matter will be greatly appreciated by them. If you have any books or magazines that are of no further use in your home, leave them in the Employment Office and they will be distributed among the soldiers stationed with us.

Here's One on Bright

Ernie Bright was showing a dozen snapshots to a friend, who happens to be a friend of ours. Said friend snitched a couple of them and brought them in for use in The Dial, so we suppose Ernie will wonder where in the old Nick we got these pictures. Never mind, Ernie, we got 'em, and we'll leave it to the boys, if we didn't put one over on you and Jimmy Pearson that time.





Mrs. Pearson and Mrs. Bright standing and Mrs. Frank Palmer kneeling. James J. Pearson and A. E. Bright at the left.



Miss Donoghue, of the comptometer department, wears a little harp to business every day and Miss McCarthy is continually twittering: "You Can't Keep the Irish Down." McCarthy & Donoghue is some team.

We have a second Ruth St. Denis in our midst. Miss Cropsey is right there with the classical pose.

No more will we gaze upon his smiling countenance. Gus Basil has forsaken the chauffeurs' department and our main hall entrance for the outside machinist shop. Well, here is good luck to you, old top.

NOTICE: Maude Wilson is taking a tonic in a wild endeavor to get fat. Poor thing!

"You can't keep away from it, etc." Why Roger Moran even spent his vacation at "Rye, N. Y.," this summer.

Talk about blowing your own horn, harken to this. "I should say I am good-looking, everyone remarks it!!!" Another outburst like that, Genevive, and you will be marching behind slow music!

We thought Case could stand a "case," but we see one glass was sufficient. Cut out the weddings, dear!

We would like T. McCarthy to inform us what is the idea of the green socks.

Reports from the roof garden show that Miss G. Moran is busy angling.

Our morgue column is increasing every day and it really is heart-rendering. Note the following announcements:

Mr. Thomas Lynch, of our purchasing department, and Miss Helen Sohns were married August, 1918.

Miss Frances Daley, stenographic department, and Mr. Carl Driesbaugh, U. S. N., were joined together in the bonds of holy matrimony in August, 1918.

NOTICE: We all join in wishing all parties the best of luck and happiness, and may your souls rest in peace. AMEN.

Our blue-eyed baby, Joe Hendersen, is coming to life after his long lethargy.

Frank Brewer (y) has often started this story, but how about the ending?

"You see it was this way, fellows, three men in a boat walking across the Brooklyn Bridge with the oars in their pockets . . . "

Wake up, old-timer, and let's hear the rest.

Talk about "Smiles." Have you seen our smiling Bob Macken, night telephone operator?

You can tell the world Mack is some operator!

Too bad DePalmer did not win, Jules. Tough on Cy MacLaurin, we should say.

We all mourn the loss of our "nonchalant" friend, Tommie Maguire, who has been transferred from the office to the ship-fitters department, and the inspectors are in the very throes of grief. But, ah, E. Kent Miller has taken his place.

Coppersmith Jacobsen is sporting a new Dodge. We hope you have more luck than Cy had with his sleeper (pullman).

Poor Mary is ailing fast. She mourns for the Adirondacks . . . and the spaghetti.

We wonder if Sydney Angelo Burns, our bewitching chauffeur, has heard that new composition entitled "Smiles."

Oh, Ester dearie, do you miss Willeee, Hon? You know, wif sprig cumbs lub!

Sweet little "Fishie" in Benner's Brook,
"Van Nostrand" caught him on a hook.
And a walking, he one day
Picked some flowers by the way,
To Van Nostrand he did sigh,
Accept these flowers, or I shall cry.
Oh, Dennison dear, you are some cut up!

Miss D. Moran appeared at the office one morning having a big lip. The only information we could get was: "Ask Bill; he knows."

Since Kaiser Bill heard our Captain Kirby, of the tow boat department, is in the new draft, he is ready to shout "Kamerad."

For further particulars, see the captain.

By the way, we haven't seen anything of Captain Dave Roach, our deep-sea pirate.

"Oh, where, oh, where, has our laddie gone?"

A Story with a Moral

Here's a story we heard the other day, which may interest Harry White, efficiency expert:

Once there was a very bright man in the Orient, who took three little flowers and rolled them together and made out of them eight little white pills. A long time afterward when these pills had become ever so old they were sent across the ocean to Brooklyn and sold to a shipyard hospital. Then one day a certain young man, whose efficiency had won a high place for him in the shipyard ate some veal cutlets and his poor stomach was troubled. So he sent to the yard hospital for something to relieve the ache and back to him came these eight little pills all crushed into a powder and mixed with some water, and the certain young man, heaving a sigh, drank the potion. Now this very bright man of the Orient had made these eight little white pills for a certain purpose which the young man of the shipyard knew nothing about, and lo and behold, when the following day came around we find that the certain young man was very pale, but very, very much wiser. Moral—Know what thou art taking.

And the Innocent Shall Suffer

. . . While out on an errand for the Company, Ernest Kent Miller was detained, all due to forgetting his classification card. Well, how do you like prison life, Kent?

Plunkett's Dream

We've been wanting for a long time to get a picture of Tom Plunkett. Here it is, and we've got the goods on him. The snapshot represents Tom just coming out of a bad dream. He dreamed that an army of jobseekers were after him, which, of course, isn't an unusual situation, because Tom, who is known to every man in the yard, handles hundreds of men that pass through the Employment Bureau every week. His isn't an easy job by a long shot, and if Tom goes off the handle now and then we don't wonder at it. The amazing thing to us is that he hasn't cultivated a perpetual grouch.



Tom, although hard at work all through the day, never misses a thing that goes on about the place. He is a dyed in the wool baseball fan, and always on hand when the Morse team lines up for a game. He is also a hard worker for the Employees' Association, and a great enthusiast about The Dial. We like to think of Tom as one of our valued assistants, because he never fails us when we want a write-up of our monthly meetings or anything else he can give us a hand in.

His particular hobby is singing. Singing usually goes with happiness, and from all outward appearances Tom is getting his full share.

Church Notes

Our Rollo, of the "Church" is some little worker, always tied down on the job.

The "Church" expects to add a few service stars to their flag. Burke, Reddy, Lohman and Gabriel are the latest candidates.

A burner wanted to know something about his time, and when he was directed to Gabriel at the "Church" he thought we were kidding him.

The text for next Sunday's sermon will be "Give us this day our daily soap," the Rev. Harry White, S. K., officiating.

When Sam Potter was running around the "Church" with his gun, we wondered if he was looking for Stiers (steers.)

What is so rare as a Wednesday night when half the yard isn't working in Hoboken?

Wm. McCarthy is the man who put the pie in pipe shop. We note from last month's Dial that he is a 100 per cent. member of the police force, and wish to thank the members of the pipe shop who so kindly answer to his name at roll call.

Officer, call a policeman! Some one stole Cop Osterlie's club.

Lost—One Tommy, maltese cat, whose propensity was to lay around on time-cards in the timekeeper's office. When last seen he was looking up a rate in Jimmy Weldon's file. Any further information about said cat will be appreciated by the employees of the "Church."

"Alone in a Big City"

Can you picture one of our fair stenographers standing at Broadway and Forty-second street, with a valise in her hand, gazing woefully around her, and being escorted by a Y. M. C. A. worker, who thought she was some little country girl that had been lost? If you don't believe it, ask Marion—she knows.

A mystery is attached to a telephone call that came the other day asking for "Big Miss Barry." We are still trying to find out which is the big one.



"I got the blues," "Wacy" Czarnonski, of the blacksmiths' department, sings all day long. He smiles when he isn't singing, which proves that "Wacy" likes the tune and that the words are not his sentiments.

Charlie Christianson is the man who uses eight helpers a day and still needs more.

"Shorty" Kroll, of the blacksmiths' department, whenever he gets a chance to get a word in edgewise (which isn't very often when Charlie is around), can be heard to ask: "Boss, do I stay on that job?"

Tom Johnson, of the electrical shop, is some "soap king." The boys are wondering if he is going to marry Mildred, or if he intends to give some of his "soap" to Bill Marx, so Bill can have his teeth fixed.

The "sprinkling department" of the pipe shop is now in charge of Jack Reynolds. He has completed several jobs of this kind lately. One job done in the machine shop has inspired the following: "Oh, the drip, drip, drip and the drop, drop, drop, from the leaky jobs of the old pipe shop."

Oscar Kruger, "the sign king," wasn't taking any chances in the recent so-called "draft" raids. Oscar found that he had left his registration card at home and paid fifty cents to a boy for going after it.

A certain burner passing by the new derrick undergoing construction, was watching a rigger getting slowly and carefully lowered down as the whistle blew. He stopped and said, "Gee, I wonder if that gink gets travelling time." Which reminds me that John Sjursen is holding his head pretty high these days. He's looking up all the time. You might talk about people dressed up, but John knows the real rigger.

There's a little bird whispered a secret to me
And secrets are sacred, you know;
While I can't tell the name of the sweetheart at all,
You all know the name of the beau.
A Romeo rigger and his Juliet,
She's pretty and young, so they say,
So please Thomas Thorsen, a favor we ask,
Please tell us the date and the day.

An apology by Powell:
I had an idea for a poem this month
And really did not mean to slight it,
And meant to have called it "The Silence of Death,"
But—I went to the tin shop to write it.

Tom Collins was handed an awful *lemon* when he fell in *Orange* lake. It's pretty hard for a man by the name of Collins to fall in anything *Orange*. He must have seen an orange in distress, and jumped in to give the orang-ade. (aid.)

If there is anything about trench life the following gentlemen don't know we can't imagine what it is. General Murray, Captain McNellis, Lieutenant Haggerty and Corporal Barney are never happy out of the trenches, and are never satisfied unless they are shooting six-inch pipe into place.

Baa, Baa, Blacksmith, don' think this is bull,
Yes, sir, yes, sir, the ship is loaded full,
Two gangs of fitters waiting and, much to my regret,
The pipe work's all completed, but I have no hangers yet.

Since Littlejohn has been seen playing so much golf lately when he gets a job on a tanker he insists it's a-*brenker*, and whenever he thinks he's getting in a *hole* he orders a couple of more *tees* and a few (he doesn't say lengths) *links* of pipe; he claims the valves ought to be *brasser* than they are now.

Ring out the glad, glad tidings, the pipe shop's filled with joy,
We found a way and every day, will no delay annoy.
Excitement, worries at an end, no more we run amuck,
Bring on your ships, we'll make the trips, the pipe shop's got a truck.

As Told to Me

By John Powell, "Dry Dock Poet"

I broke three ribs on the *Huron*,
On the *Grosser* I sprained my hand.
On the first-named ship while unloading,
I was struck with a bucket of sand.
I was stuck in the ice on the *Say Yes*,
And boarded a ship in a gale,
While climbing an old Jacob's ladder
Half frozen when reaching the rail.
In telling the trials of a shipyard
I'm not trying to make a hit,
It's simply a gentle reminder
That I have been doing my bit.

It has been recorded in history that Napoleon during his attempt to conquer the world, stood in awe before the Pyramids of Egypt, in his characteristic attitude and in mute admiration of the handiwork of a lost art, said: "Wonderful." So does Mr. Honeyman, with almost the same pose, stand before the handiwork of modern man, that which is now undergoing reconstruction with the aid of himself and his helper. I refer to the engine of the future new Morse tug now being built. But as Mr. Honeyman stands before it, in the aforementioned pose, he doesn't say, "Wonderful," he says, "Gude."

A new assistant foreman for boiler shop has arrived at 438 56th street, and his ability as a noisemaker is vouched for by his happy father, Wm. Wienke, boiler shop foreman. Mother and babe both well, thank you.

It has been found necessary to make a charge of $1 for all yard badges issued to replace those lost. The frequency with which employees have been losing badges has made the charge necessary, as in most cases it was found that badges were lost through carelessness.

I know men who never worked in shipyards who claim they are outside machinists because they've had two weeks' experience standing outside the gate at Fifty-fifth street.

A copper-colored cat caught fleas, 'twas in a copper shop,
Not knowing what to do for her made every man's heart drop.
But Mr. Johnson loved her so, he went to this extreme,
He wrote an order out and got a can of kerosene.
That kerosene was good for fleas, I never knew till now,
There must be something in it, for we haven't heard a me-ow.
The coppersmiths, a supper held; a gorgeous bill-of-fare;
A souvenir each man received and plenty more to spare.
One got a little booby toy that squeaked just like a rat,
But minus of the kerosene, poor Johnson got a cat.

Paddy O'Donnell, of the shipfitters, moved from the Bronx to Brooklyn. He claims that with all the "soap" he makes he will need it, because traveling on the Bronx subway might lay him up with *Bronxical tube* trouble.

With all due respect to Pershing, Foch, Haig and the rest, we would like to remind the world at large that there is an unobserved general, who, when his children grow up are bound to become master minds of military achievements, for no matter what time Timekeeper Harry Gardner goes home, night or morning even with his children in bed, he gives the command "Attention," and his children line up and go through two or three military maneuvres until they receive the command to "fall in." With Gardner and such children the country is safe.

If you do not hear the whistle, in the morning, seven o'clock,
You can bet it's out of order, if E. P. is on the dock.

When a fitter was told that the *Panuca* was going to have a speaking tube job from engine room to bridge and he was told to go on the job he thought it was *our Panuca*, so he ordered one length of two and a half inch pipe.

Just a word for Mister Dobles; keeps the trucks in good repair,
Through his efforts is one reason why the ships get "over there."

Harry Illions must be on the Italian front now. Previously his name was identified with *George Washington*, *Ryndam*, *Aeolus* and *Agamemnon*, but now he's on the *Carrelo*.

Uncle Sam has formed a plan
To make a greater drive.
Said he, this *sage*, "increase the age,
"Of draft to forty-five.
"Tho' every son, great work has done,
"Their efforts don't diminish.
"It takes the man and that's my plan,
"This (s)age to make the finish."

Harry Holland was at home sick a few days. When asked the *lo*cation of his sickness he thought they said *va*cation and started to tell everyone how good the roads were in the country.

WATCH the Bulletin Board at the Main Gate for announcements concerning the various activities in the yard and especially the Meetings of the Employees' Association. It is expected that there will be a series of yard meetings to boost the Fourth Liberty Loan. Don't forget to invite the new men to attend the different gatherings. Make the newcomer feel at home. Tell him about the Employees' Association, the Insurance, the Band, and of course, the Magazine. See that he gets in on the good things that are provided for everyone.



This drawing was made by William Rose, who has recently joined our cost department clerical force. Rose, though only nineteen years old, has considerable ability as an artist and devotes all of his spare time to perfecting his talents. He is studying under a prominent New York portrait painter and was a student at the DeWitt Clinton High school where he received the highest mark in drawing ever received by a student of that school.

I Am Public Opinion



All men fear me!

I declare that Uncle Sam shall not go to his knees to beg you to buy his bonds. That is no position for a fighting man. But if you have the money to buy, and do not buy, I will make this No Man's Land for you!

I will judge you not by an allegiance expressed in mere words.

I will judge you not by your mad cheers as our boys march away to whatever fate may have in store for them.

I will judge you not by the warmth of the tears you shed over the lists of the dead and the injured that come to us from time to time.

I will judge you not by your uncovered head and solemn mien as our maimed in battle return to our shores for loving care.

But, as wise as I am just, I will judge you by the material aid you give to the fighting men who are facing death that you may live and move and have your being in a world made safe.

I warn you—don't talk patriotism over here, unless your money is talking victory Over There.

I am Public Opinion!

As I judge, all men stand or fall!

Buy U. S. Gov't Bonds Fourth Liberty Loan

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United States Gov't Comm. on Public Information

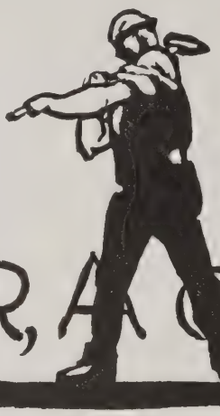
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MORSE DRY DOCK AND REPAIR COMPANY

The DRY DOCK DIAL

November 1918





BROTHER, A QUESTION!

RH

Listen Brother, what of the fight —
And the foe, whose God is a God of might?
How does your part of the Story run?
Oh-Brother, say, is your work well done?

The men in the trenches — the good God knows
That they dont stop when the whistle blows!
They can't mark time on the job — by God!
They work til the foe cries "Kamerad!"

And oh! the scorn for the man who fails
When his one last effort would turn the scales
And lower the pride of the German mob —
Oh Brother —
tell us,
How goes the job?

THE DRY DOCK DIAL

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Vol. 1 November, 1918 No. 10

Letters to Our Boys in France

September 29, 1918.

John J. Finneran, 16th Ry. Headquarters American Expeditionary Forces, Somewhere in France.

DEAR JACK: Some great news for you, Jack. Your old pals in Morse's and the new ones what's come in since you joined the army put most a millyun into the Fourth Liberty Loan, which is goin' some, eh, Jack? Yes sir, we done it up right this time, because we know that you boys over there has got to have the bullets and things to clean up that dirty bunch, so we done our bit because we are back of you strong, and that's no pipe dream either, Jack.

Well, Jack, if the sensor will let me I'm going to tell you about some of the things we done to bring home the bacon, only it isn't the bacon we want but the Rhine. That's a joke, Jack, and I got it from a song what some guy wrote about pork and the Rhine. Well, as I was saying, yuh gotta hand it to your old allamater when it comes to puttin' things across in the right way. You know allamater is what educated guys call the college what educated them, only it ain't a college but Morse's what I mean cause that's your allamater, eh, Jack?



The Kaiser Is Captured

Remember in your 'ast letter to Miss Jenson you told her that her pretty girls could make a tightwad part with the first dollar he made. Well, they done it this time, Jack, and if there's any tightwad around here now which wasn't nicked for a hundred or two he must be hid under the dry dock. Talk about parades and vudeville, why Coney didn't have nothing on us. One day we captured the Kaiser, only of course Jack, it wasn't the real Kaiser but only a make-believe one, because you know you guys have got to catch the real one and all we can do is to make believe we done it. Then next day along come the electricians and elocuted him right in front of everybody, and it was great to see the old geeser hang his head, only of course, Jack, you know it was just a make-be ieve elocution. Well after that they had to do something with the remains and they had a funeral and creamated Bill, and there was lots of red devils around the yard and everything, and it sure was a hit.



Electrocuted by Uncle Sam

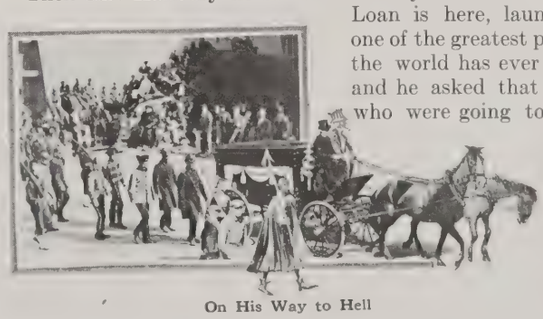
Well, Jack, there was twenty-one days of things like that, and the real big show come on Thursday, October 17, when we all marched to Burrough's Hall in a grand parade, and General Morse (we call him General now, Jack because that's what he is and there ain't no better one neither), he led the parade on a horse, which looked fine, and it was the talk of the city ever since, and Danny Shea's band made a great hit and there was lots of floats and things like that in t, and hundreds of people stood on the curbstones and said "hurray," when we went by, and say, Jack, you ought to seen it. The papers said it was the best parade that was ever held in Brooklyn which is goin' some, eh, Jack?

The first day, on Saturday, September 28, was just to get things started, and the band played and our quartet sang songs through their megaphones, and Mr. Hanbury made a great speach, and we all said yes we was goin' over the top. "We are proud of our boys in France," he said, "and we are going 'Over the Top' for them," and he spoke of the wonderful things akomplished by Uncle Sam since he rolled up his shirtsleeves and, Jack, he was right, cause Uncle Sam sure has been no dub since he got goin', eh, Jack?

I liked it when Mr. Hanbury said that the Morse yard was doing its bit because he was right, Jack, and he said: "One great akomplishment has been converting useless marsh lands all over the country into shipyards, and the greatest problem the country has had was that of gettin' provisions and men to the other side," and, Jack you know he was right, because that was a big job, eh, Jack? But Uncle Sam, he done it, and that's why that Kaiser is begging for peace now.

And Mr. Hanbury said: "To-day the world stands in amazement at the akomplished of our nation and our men," and he told us that in only a few mon hs' t me two millyun men, the creme of the United States, has reached the other side and that 10,000 Red Cross nurses has gone over, and 40,000 tons of provisions are tran ported daily, and he said that the shipyard did it, and, Jack, he's right, cause when you come to think of it, how would you fellows have got there if it wasn't for ships.

Then Mr. Hanbury he said: "Now boys the Fourth Liberty Loan is here, launched by one of the greatest presidents the world has ever known," and he asked that all those who were going to support



On His Way to Hell



Mr. Morse, Mr. Hanbury and Others Watching a Noon-hour Parade

the president raise their hands, and, Jack, you oughtta seen the lot of dirty hands that went up, but, Jack, they was honest hands because when they are dirty like that it shows that they have been wording maybe, eh, Jack?

Well, that was the way we started and it was some drive. Every department tried to beat each other and each day some department put on a show during the noon hour, and believe me, Jack, it was some fun. It ended with the hospital staff winning first place in the contest with a parsentage of 350 and the boiler department was next, with a parsentage of 190, but it ain't fair to give them all the credit, because all the departments did fine.

I guess maybe, Jack, you ain't got time to read any more, only I want to say that the boys in Morse's are a good bunch, and they are with you fellars strong. Hoping you are the same, I am,

Yours for more lones,

Tom Conk.

P. S.—No, Jack I ain't holding my hand out for cigars any more because the guys around here are wise to me and it don't do me any good. They are a tight bunch now 'cause they are all buying Liberty bonds and W.S.S.

September 30, 1918.

Private Harry G. Southern, Co. D, 100th Inf., U. S. A., First Batt. Transport, A. E. F., Somewhere in France.

Dear Harry: Well, Harry, great doings in the yard. We Morse boys sure are clever when it comes to things like this. To-day was hull day. You know those guys down there are a red hot bunch and they got up a parade with Danny Shea's band, which was great, Harry, honest, believe me it was fine. The boys carried banners and everything, and there was soldiers and sailors in it, and kids from a school carried a big American flag, and people threw money in the flag, honest, Harry, it was real money, too, which shows that they're hearts is in the right place.

And the girls from the office was in the parade and say, Harry, they are some pippins in the office now. They sure did look like peaches and cream; you ought to see them, Harry. The boys marched in their workin' clothes, except Walter Crawford and Billy McEwen had their faces clean, but I guess that was because they didn't do any work that morning, anyway. We for the soap, eh, Harry?

Harry, the money spent for Liberty Loans is to back you fellars up and I think it was fine to have all those hungry gorrillas in the hull department give up part of their lunch hour to raise money to get things for you boys over there. Say, what do you fellars do with all this money—some soap, eh, Harry? The band played some fine musick and the bosses in the hull department were induced to the crowd, and the fellars all cheered. Crawford and McEwen and Matty Wright, Jimmy Miller, Jimmy MacFarlane and Joe O'Neil and Jim Stephens and Tom Cavanaugh were all induced and the fellars all hollered their heads off. "We're goin' to lick the Kaiser," hollered Cavanaugh and the fellars in the hull department raised $78,950, which is goin' some, eh, Harry, for a bunch of guys which was never raised on cream puffs and rasberry sundaes.

Well, Harry, old baldy Whit down in the Church sends his regards. Get to Berlin and strip the whiskers off that old Potsdam Kaiser. One of the speakers said that. It's good, ain't it? I gotta quit writing now, Harry, so I'll close with wishes for your good luck and everything. So long, Harry,

Fredie Van Cott,
Head Heater Boy in Morse's.

October 1, 1918.

Archibald Campbell, A. E. F., Somewhere in France.

Hello, Arch: Well, old pal, some doin's in the yard. I gotta tell you about the big time we've been having. You know they are having a Liberty Lone Drive and each department has his own day like every dog, only some dogs don't know it. Well, all the guys here in the carpenter and joiner and paint shops, they got together and had a big parade to boost the loan. We had a efugy of old Bill the Kiser, and that big stiff Von Limburger and there was a lot of things but the best thing was a entertainment at the bandstand.

A guy named Scotti Frostick, what sang at one of our monthly meetings, and's a friend of Dan Shea and a Bay Ridge guy, too, he sang some great songs and asked us all to sing and it was a great meeting. He sang a song called, "Buy Bonds," which made a whole lot of guys cough up which was what he sang it for, and we have gone across the top for $37,900 which ain't so bad for a department like ours, which has got a whole lot of guys one day and none the next.

Archie, if you see Grover Olsen over there in France somewhere tell him that the fellows in Morse's sends him their best regards and the same to you, Archie, because we all think of you many times and I never go to the bank to pay for my Liberty Bond, but what I think of the fellows who has gone acrost to fight for us fellars at home what's got a nice bed to sleep in and plenty of things to eat. Say, Archie, do you ever see any of those cuteys what we hear so much about? I'd like to get a handful of them, because I know some guys over here which needs them and I ain't mentioning any names, but I got in mind one fellar who wouldn't buy a Liberty Bond, and believe me he ain't going to get any soap if I can help it. Well, Archie, so long for this time and when you see Grover tell him I was inquiring for him, and Joe Plant and Mr. Nesbit wish to be remembered.

Your old pal,
Billy Burke, Morse's Carpenter Shop.



Some of the Masqueraders

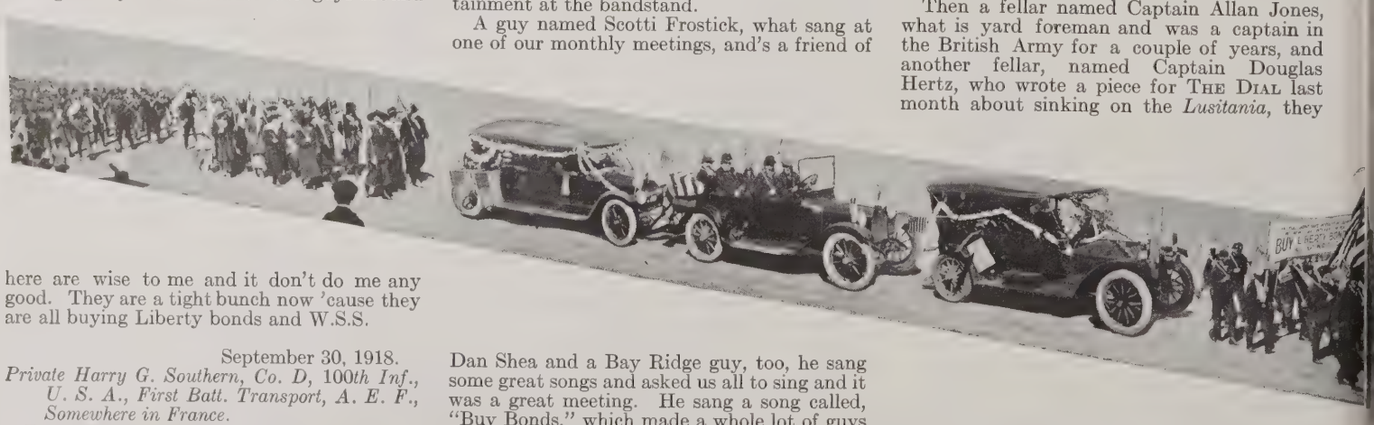
October 2, 1918.

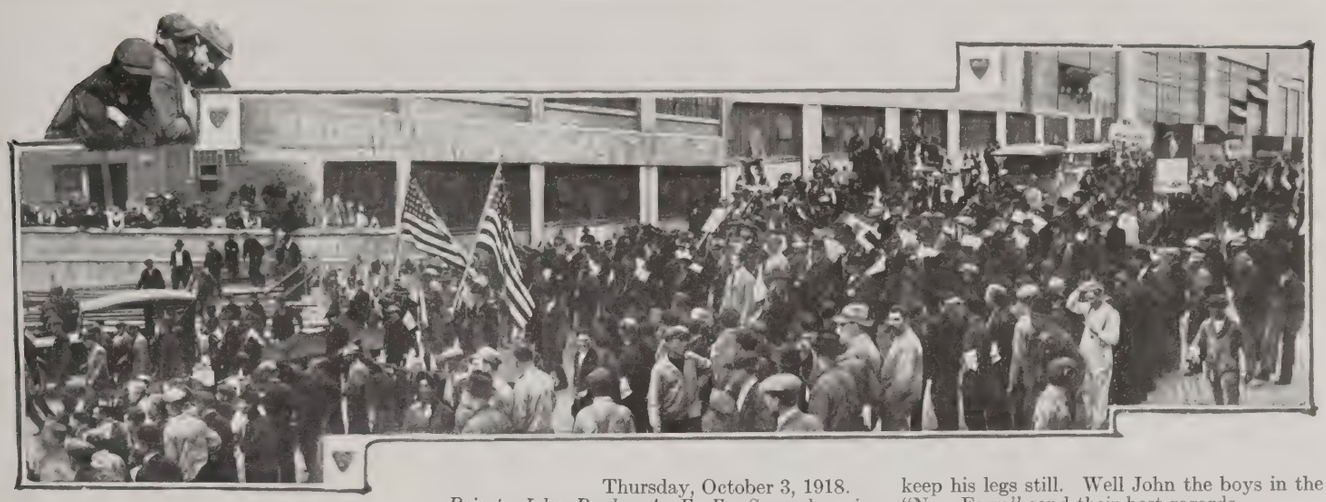
Private Robert Everett, Co. K, 327th Inf., U.S.A., A. E. F., Somewhere in France.

Dear Bob: Gee, Bob, you'd outta been here to-day when us fellars in the outside machinists department showed what we are made of. Bob we caught the Kaiser only, of course, it wasn't the one they call Bill Hollerinsome, but only John Wilson who got a uniform like what the Kaiser wears and he took a chance, eh, Bob, when he wore the darn thing. You'd a laughed, Bob, to of seen him, when a couple of soldiers had to protect him from the gang in the yard what was anxious to kill him. It was a great day. I guess there must of been hundreds in line and we marched from the yard to Fifth avenue and back and then we had a meeting in the bandstand, and Charlie Hall, of the office, he introduced Billy Chambers and Billy Dunn and Bob Sleigh and Olsen and it was great.

Then a fellar named Captain Allan Jones, what is yard foreman and was a captain in the British Army for a couple of years, and another fellar, named Captain Douglas Hertz, who wrote a piece for The Dial last month about sinking on the *Lusitania*, they made some great speeches about the war. Captain Hertz told how he saved a baby's life when the *Lusitania* was sunk and he was abroad the ship, and everything. Well, I tell you, Bob, when you hear those things it makes your blood boile and your hands itch to get hold of than dam Kaiser's throat, eh, Bob, and I sure would like to have your chance, but I bet you boys from Morse's will do the job O. K.—give him a hot rivet, Bob.

Captain Jones told us how he went over to





France with the furst Canadian cantingent, and he said that Germany sneered at the United States when we furst went to war, but we are showing them that no country on God's green earth can get away with that. Honest, Bob, that's what he said and you should of heard the fellars cheer. And Jones said, "America has stemmed the tide because our allies was worn out." It's great, Bob, to think that you guys did that fine thing for France and England and the rest. And then he said the employees of the Morse company have beat every other plant of its kind in every patriotic drive and that he was sure we was goin' to do it again. "Dollars now equal bayonets," he said and you should of seen the fellars dig in.

Hertz told what he done in Flanders and Gallopolee and he said the American working man was a patriot and he was never better off than he is to-day and the one who does not buy bonds is worse than a German spy he said.

Say, Bob, I'm goin' to let you in on a little secret which the other fellars in the yard don't know, only the outside machinists. Billy Chambers wanted the boys to win the flag what is given to the department which buys most bonds, and he had a special entertainment in the Assembly hall on Friday night, October 18, which was fine. Dan Basil, a big fellar over in the copper shop and Clancy Dirosse, who helps Tom Plunkett in the Employment office, they furnished some great musick, and the same guy named Hertz, spoke some more and then Billy Chambers he told the men that he wanted them to subscribe $10,000 more, and what do you think, Bob, the outside machinists department came acrost for $34,000 which is great, eh, Bob, and I guess that will make old Kaiser Bill holler Kamrad. Say, Bob, when you get one of those helmets it would be great if you would send it back to the boys hear, because they would appreciate it, and I hope you are the same. So long, Bob,

Your friend,
JOHN KENWELL.

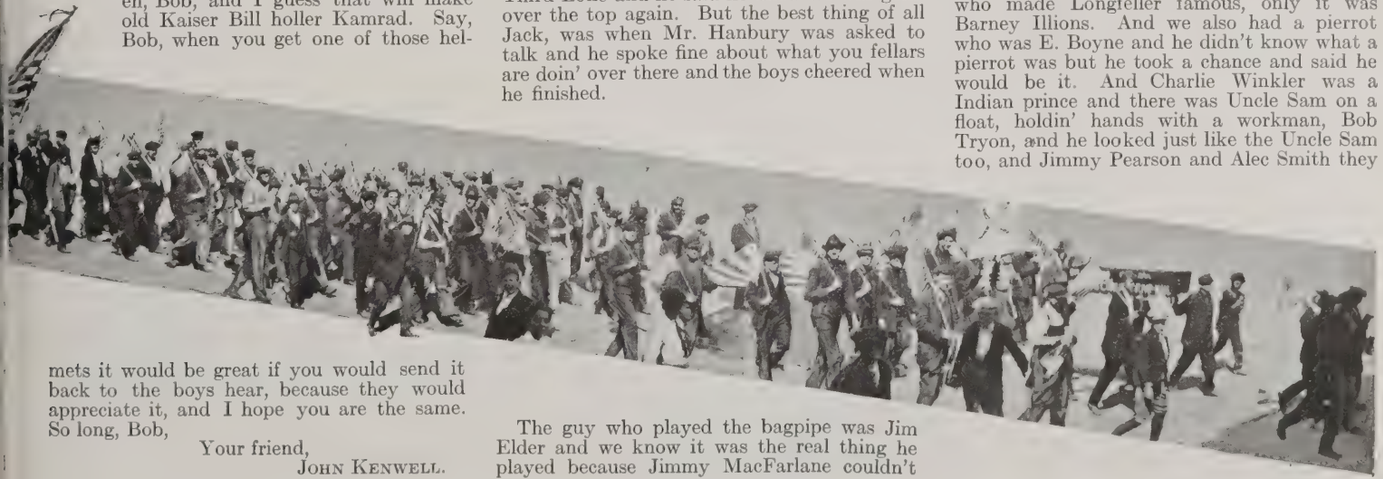
Thursday, October 3, 1918.

Private John Banks, A. E. F., Somewhere in France.

Howdy John, I was thinkin' of you to-day because we had a great time here at the "New farm" over the Fourth Liberty Loan and I thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know that we are all well and hope you are the same. Well John, as I was saying Dan Shea's band came down here for the first time since the last time which was when we launched the new dry dock and there's only one thing the matter with that band John, and that is we don't see enough of it because the fellars over in the main yard they hog everything anyway. Well the band come down and they brought some speakers and a feller who played a Scotch bagpipe and he was a funny jigger as he walked up and down the platform with his kilties on and everything John. The platform was on top of the new section of the dry dock which is the largest dry dock in the world and it looked great to see the band and the crowd way up there and we fellers down here on the ground listening to them, and just as the band was playing the "Star Spangled Banner" two aeroplanes went over and it sure did look fine and made you feel shivers go up and down your back and it was an enthusiastic meeting you betcher life, and we raised $8,000.

Ther was a fellar named Donnelly of the Liberty Loan committee spoke and he said: "It is upon you men that our army is looking for help, and we appeal to you as Americans to subscribe all you can because the fellars over there are givin' their lives."

Then a guy named Bowdish of the Lone committee spoke of the great work he had heard was done at the Morse yard in the Third Lone and he said he knew we was goin' over the top again. But the best thing of all Jack, was when Mr. Hanbury was asked to talk and he spoke fine about what you fellars are doin' over there and the boys cheered when he finished.



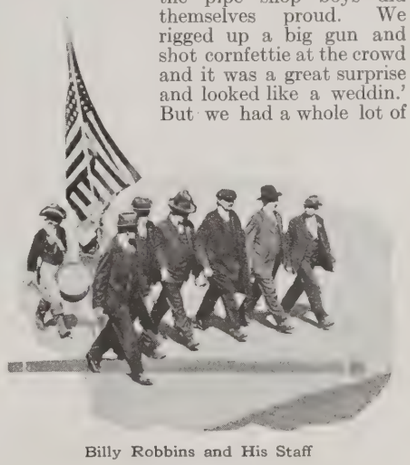
The guy who played the bagpipe was Jim Elder and we know it was the real thing he played because Jimmy MacFarlane couldn't keep his legs still. Well John the boys in the "New Farm" send their best regards.

Yours to Kan the Kiser,
CHARLIE CAMPBELL, Fasteners Snapper.

Friday, Oct. 4, 1918.

Edward Grandin, A. E. F., Somewhere in France.

Hey Ed. how are you? I hope you are well as I am too and in the best of health. Well Ed., we had a Liberty Loan drive here to-day which you should have attended only of course I know you couldn't because you have more pressing engagements over there. Well Ed., the pipe shop boys did themselves proud. We rigged up a big gun and shot cornfettie at the crowd and it was a great surprise and looked like a weddin.' But we had a whole lot of interesting things like Paul Revere, the guy who made Longfeller famous, only it was Barney Illions. And we also had a pierrot who was E. Boyne and he didn't know what a pierrot was but he took a chance and said he would be it. And Charlie Winkler was a Indian prince and there was Uncle Sam on a float, holdin' hands with a workman, Bob Tryon, and he looked just like the Uncle Sam too, and Jimmy Pearson and Alec Smith they



Billy Robbins and His Staff



THE KAISER HAS A ROUGH TIME OF IT

was bagpipers and Mike Morrell was the gunner and wore a rag around his head to represent the Spirits of 76.

There was talks by Capt. Simmonds of the War Department at Washington, and Sergeant Reginald Grant of the First Canadian Field Artillery, who wrote a book what he calls "S. O. S. Stand Too," and Grant told about being gassed and he was in the first bunch to get it that way and he sure did tell some awful things about those Hun beasts and it made the fellars reel serious. It was great Ed. when he spoke about the work done in the shipyards and he asked us man to man what the boys over ther would do if we laid down on our jobs which made a lazy guy think.

Well Ed., I gotta get the police reserve uniforms fixed up so I had better get to it and the boys here want to be remembered to you and they all ask me to tell you they did their bit and subscribed $30,000, which is pretty good eh, Ed., for a gang of roughnecks like us. Hoping you are the same, so long Ed.

JACK REYNOLDS.

Tuesday, Oct. 6, 1918.

Sergeant George W. Lee, Q. M. C., A. E. F., Camp DeSquge, France, A. P. O. 705.

Dear George: Well George I want you to know about how the inside mashinists and blacksmiths put it over the other fellows in the Fourth Liberty Loan drive and the great time had by all present. We had a parade and the Kiser in a coffin and the coffin in a hearse and alongside the hearse we had six red devils with those spikes what the devil uses and George those devils were regular Hun devils because they had the Kiser's mustache, and then back of the hearse we had the crown prince and the Kiser's other sons. And the whole darn bunch looked like their last day had come. We had a float representing Uncle Sam protecting all the allied children and Stuyvesand Rutledge, what is a real Yankee and proud of it, making believe he was Uncle Sam and he sure did look like him. Billy Wells was the chief devil and H. J. Johnston, William King, Charles Higgins, H. Thomas and M. McDonough were the other devils and they knew just how to act, believe me, just like they had experience in the devil line, and I guess they got some friends what are. S. Jensen was Hinderburgh, and the Kaiser's princes was Archie White, Bill McCree, Max Thielmann, Gus Weinberg, Frank Wiener and Thurie Johnston. Charlie Amstett played like he was Uncle Sam on the float and W. Dawson was a dead soldier and one of Miss Jensen's nurses was taking care of him.

Veronica and Gertrude Konop, Gertie Webber, Lillian Grant and Cora and Ella Donohue were the little girls on the float and they sure did look fine. They are all sisters and kids of fellows in the machinists and blacksmith department because every one who took part in the drive was from those two departments.

And remember Art Vance, the fat, short guy who works in the machine shop, what used to be a actor, well he was the preacher and believe me George, he was like a regular one too with his face all black and everything, and Bill Wherry was the deacon and the way they walked back of the hearse was the funniest thing.

After the parade we got around the bandstand and blew the Kaiser to hell with red fire and it made a great flash but they didn't do that until after the sermon by the minister Rev. Art. Vance and he said:

"Yea, sisters and brothers I come unto you this day, this day of the Liberty Loan drive of the inside machinists and the blacksmiths. The elevator chauffer of the machine shop came unto me and said that Bro. Robbins and Bro. Ritchie wished me to conduct the funeral services of this here gink. Sisters and brothers if you all look down at the six sons of the Kaiser and look at de faces ob de debils ye will notice their faces are all the same dat dese here dogs' mustashes turn up like dose ob de debils. Did ye notice I called dem dogs for dis here one on the end is called "Prince" which is a dog's name, and sisters and brothers you all know that the six sons of the Kaiser will also be electrocuted and cremated and I want you to know that it will cost one billion dollars to cremate each one, and Uncle Sam will be the undertaker for notning is too large for Uncle Sam to undertake. So boys, dig down deep into your pockets, if you do not do so Uncle Sam will dig into your pockets and take every cent there is in them, and I pity the gink that has his pockets lined with fish-hooks.

"Now sisters and brothers before we unite in prayer you do not have to remove your hats as we only remove our hats when we say a prayer for human beings and human animals. So sisters and brothers let us all unite in prayer. 'Oh Satan, oh Satan your six debils are here awaitin' to take dis here Kaiser into the depths of hell, so we can lift up our lashes and use his ashes for the foundation of dat good old Liberty Bell, and let us pray that when Uncle Sam passes the contribution box of the Fourth Liberty Loan you will donate liberally. Amen. I now command the Kaiser's body to be burned until his body looks like a pretzel. Satan are you ready? (I am) then ashes to ashes and dust to dust, if good old St. Peter don't take you de devil must, for no one else wants you."

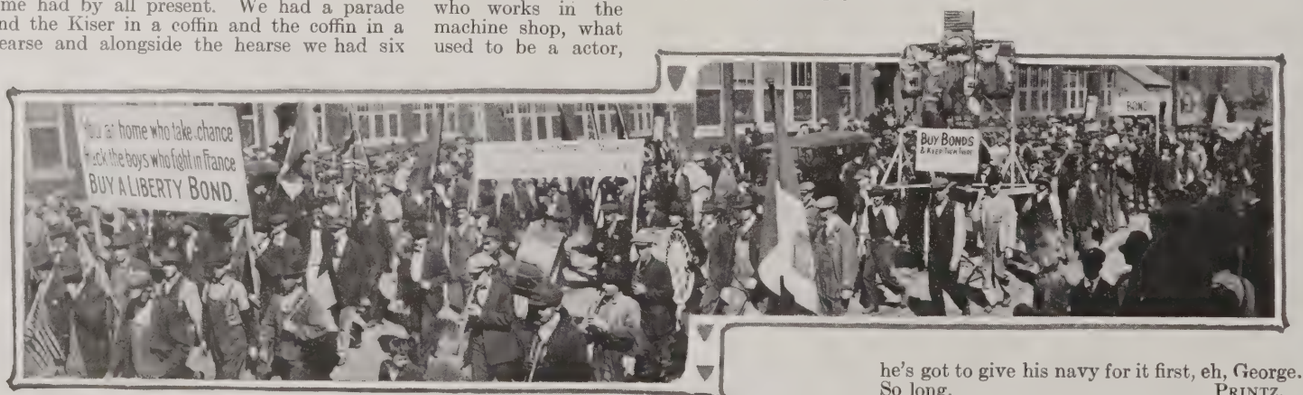
Well George, then the devils turned up their tails and the flames came out of the coffin and you should of heard the crowd yell.

After the Kiser went to hell we had some more fine talks and after a bagpipe solo the meeting was over. Some meeting eh, George?

I got to get to bed now George as I got to get up early in the morning because we got another big job in the yard.

SIMON PRINTZ, Blacksmith Shop.

P. S.—Hey George, I gues the Kaiser he's gone to hell alright because he wrote a piece to Wilson what asks for a armstice but I gues he's got to give his navy for it first, eh, George. So long. PRINTZ.





Tuesday, Oct. 8, 1918.
Corporal Vanderreer Knipe, Co. C., 501 Eng., A. E. F., Somewhere in France.

Dear Van: The electricians put on their stunt to-day, Van. We electrocuted the Kaiser, and say it made a hit all right. You know Joe Cavanaugh, he was the Kaiser and we straped him to a electric chair and then Frank O'Neil, who was fixed up like Uncle Sam, he pulled the switch and real sparks came outta Joe's eyes and ears and it was great the way he hanged his head on one side and looked like he was a dead one, which he isn't.

A guy named Frank Ackerson in our department sure is some talker and he told the crowd about what we electricians are doing to win this war. Another thing which was good was some music on a violin by Emil Liden. There was also a fellar named Lieutenant McKinley who came from the War Department to tell us about the war and he has been a military observer and he sure has observed some, I should say, because he told us things and Van we sure do feel mighty proud of you.

Ackerson said our end of the game is keeping the other end "over there" in running condition and he said there are 7,100 electricians in France doin' the most kind of dangerous work without the aid of a gun and Van if you ever run across any of 'em just give 'em my regards and the boys here also want to be remembered.

Well Van, I will close now hoping that this letter finds you well and that you are O. K.

Your loving brother,
Ed. Knipe.

Wednesday, Oct. 9, 1918.
William G. Major, 16th Ry. Engineers Headquarters, A. E. F., Somewhere in France.

Dear Bill: Say Bill, we painters and pattern makers sure are some highbrows. On our Loan Drive we had some Grand opery singers. And we got a former chaplin of the Welch fussilers, Dr. David Hughes, and he was wounded once in the western front, and he told us that he and his brother was the only ones left outta fourteen male members in his family which is pretty tough Bill and we got to stop and think how series this war is when a fellow tells you things like that and he said the war had united men of all creads except German and he asked those guys in the yard who were foriners to raise their hands and Bill there was a big bunch of them which shows what we ben doin' by our imigration laws, and Bill he spoke right out plane to those fellows. He said the men over there are giving their lives for you, are you worth it? and I guess Bill those what ain't don't work at Morse's because you know there's a good bunch at Morse's and they are patriotic too Bill, and if you don't believe me yuh gotta look at what they done in the Liberty Loans and the Red Cross and everything. There was a fellar named Manual J. Carvalho what sang some opery and Madam Heyman too. Well Bill, I gotta say aurevoir

Oscar Kruger,
"The Sign King at Morses."

Thursday, Oct. 10, 1918.
Raymond Slough, Engineers Corp, A. E. F., Somewhere in France.

Dear Ray: Hoot, mon! laddie, you would 'ave enjoyed it to 'ave been 'ear th' day. The burners and welders had a big Liberty Loan drive and we had a lot 'o Scootchmen wi us and a bagpipe band and a Highland fling and some gude ole Scotch music, and it was quite a hit wi the boys, and I wore me kilties and we 'ad a parade and then a meetin' an' Morses looked like it was in Glasgow with so mouch Scootch seenery. To show that we was Americans we hud a spirit of '76 wi Leonard Werner as the fifer and Larry Condon the drummer. And laddie you'd a died 'o laughin' at the laddies we hud in a taxi cab. They wus Baron Bolsheviki wha wus Walter Crawford, and Count Von Schonecke what wus Joe O'Neill and they were fixed up like bums what they look like and wi a sign "Kamerade" on the cab, and the crowd hoolered when they took eff their masks. Duncan MacInnes and Arthur Eagen of the American Defense league spooke at the meetin' and he said how our boys wus goin' to stick till they play Yankee Doodle in Berlin and they said the Scootchmen 'ear 'ad two reasons for bein' proud, wan because they wus born in Scootland and the other that they 'ad sense enough to cume ta America ta live. Andy McLeod sang and whustled some Scootch selections and Jimmy Smith o' the pipe shop 'e sang some more and laddie it was a fine meeting. And laddie don't forget that Morse's has got a association and that I am president o' it and we are doin' great things wi it.

James MacFarlane, President,
Employees Association, Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.

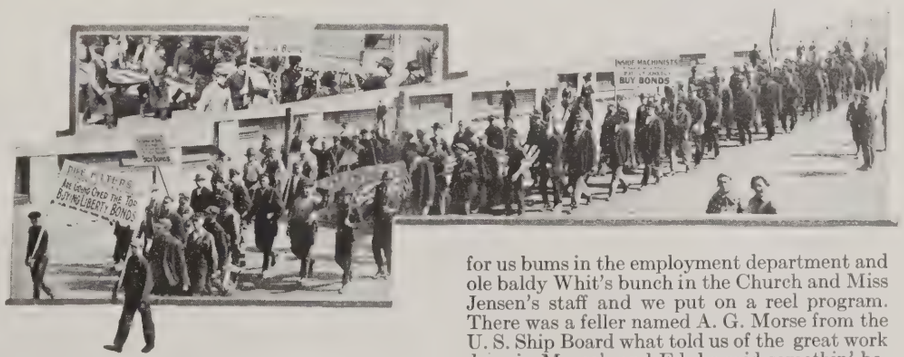
Friday, Oct. 11, 1918.
Corporal Fielder Jones, Co. D., 52, Pioneer Inf., A. E. F., Somewhere in France.

Friend Jones: Some guys get famous for what they say and some guys for what they do and say old man I guess the coppersmiths, sheetmetal workers and plumbers are goin' to get famous for what they done to-day. We had Miss Niemann, the telephone operative as Columbia and say Jonesy she sure looked like she could jam the Winter Garden. She was hitched to some prettie ribon and on each end was one of the childrens of the allies, who was girls from the office and they sure was fine, and Miss Hayes was great Britain, and Helen Brett was France, and Bertha Marzari was Italy and Dorothea Moran was Belgium and they marched fine liked they was pony chorus girls instead of office girls what they are. Oh! boy, they looked like they'd been over to the paint shop with their cheeks. Mr. Hanbury spoke at our meeting and he said the allies had been near defeat when Uncle Sam went in to the war, and he said at one time Britain had 37,000 casultys a week but they never wavered and now the allys have regained hundreds of square miles of terrytory and the Huns are squeeling for piece. And say Jonesy he told us guys that we could go the limit 'cause we are goin' to git our backpay by Xmas and he also said he kinda thinks the government is goin' to raise shipyard workers pay some more. There was a woman named Mrs. Murray Canary what sang and believe me she was a bird like her name and Nick Russell of the tinshop, give us a speech in Iytalian but of course we don't know what he said and then Charlie Hall, he introduced the girls what were in our pagent and we had a Kaiser and another devil and they was so darn afraid of their jobs they wouldn't tell their names. You know Jonesey we got a election in the shop for the Conference Bd., and Tom Hayes and Fred Wiles and Al. Goldberg and yours truly is running for the office so I guess I gotta get busy and do some electioneering, and wishin' you all the luck in the world.

Your ole pal,
Dick Cors, Candydate for Conference Bd.

Monday, October 14, 1918.
Private Edward T. Shea, Ambulance Corps 21, A. P. O. 746, A. E. F., France.

Dear Brother Ed: Well, Ed, to-day was for us bums in the employment department and ole baldy Whit's bunch in the Church and Miss Jensen's staff and we put on a reel program. There was a feller named A. G. Morse from the U. S. Ship Board what told us of the great work done in Morse's and Ed, he said somethin' because the bunch in this yard is sure patriotic and you knowd that without me tellin' you, but there was some blokes what refused to work on Columbus Day, which was a holiday, unless they got time and a half pay for it and I call that cheesy the way the guys are treated around here. Well, Ed., those kind of soap hounds don't last long at Morse's you know. Well, there was two guys what showed what they are because they marked on their cards "time donated to Uncle Sam, job completed," and believe me, Ed, those fellars are the kind what's



goin' to win the war. They was James McLellan, No. 6595, and J. Cox, No. 6500, and they are in the carpenter department, and they worked from 7 to 11.30 A. M., and you know those guys and I got my hat off to them. Well, this guy what spoke gived it to the bunch strong and then Jack Doyle, a driller tenor, with a voice like a bird, sung some fine selections, and there was a fellar named Anthony Euwer, what recited some great stuff he wrote about "Wings," and the war and Colonel Roosevelt has wrote a letter to him what says he liked this guy's book and I guess he's pretty brillant fellar. And then there was another guy named J. W. Livingston, of the Shipping Board, who done some crayon talks about the Kaiser under a peace table and what a bee does to a slacker drone bee and things like that, and then old Tom Plunkett made a speech and every time he said anything he kicked his legs like the bull what he was throwing. Well, I guess that was all, Ed., and we all send our love and mother and Julia and the kids and Margaret they are all well and hope you are the same. So long, Ed.

Your brother,

DAN SHEA.

P. S.—Say Charlie Hall told those soap hounds they gotta get busy and subscribe to the Liberty Loan.

Tuesday, October 15, 1918.

Otto Thorsen, Battery E, 307th Field Artillery, A. E. F., France.

DEAR OTTO: Maybe, Otto, we riggers and dock hands and boat crews ain't had some fun to-day in the Liberty Loan drive. We got a boat rigged up like a transport and Ed Carlson was Uncle Sam at the wheel, and some sailors were on it, and we had a kaiser what was Alfonzo DeLassio, No. 8949, and he had some ropes around his neck and some cowboys on horses held the rope and it was pretty tough on the poor guy if the horses run'd away, but they didn't so he didn't get hurt, and we had a parade and a meetin'. Bill F. Kelly was a speaker and a coupla Pershing's boys was with him and they was George Eckhart and Lester Klen and they told about what they done in France and it was exciting. That fellar Klein was a member of the 165th Infantry, and got a wound at some burg named Orcq, and maybe, Otto, you know'd where that is but I don't, and Klein he told us that us shipworkers was just as important as the fellars in kaki. Then little Alice Brennan what is the niece of Bill Lansing sang songs and little Harriett Sutherland, whose old man is Donald Sutherland, she recited some nice things about the Liberty Bonds and just think, Otto, that little girl has raised $156,000 in the Fourth Liberty Loan. Well, that is all the news I got, Otto, so I gotta ring off and I hope you are the same.

OTIS BARENE, Rigger.

Wednesday, October 16, 1918.

Private Daniel Kerr, A. E. F., Somewhere in France.

DEAR DAN: I don't s'pose, Dan, yuh have herd about the big time we boilermakers have been havin' to-day in the Liberty Loan drive so I guess I'll rite to you about it, because they got nothing on us guys on affairs like this. The other birds had a parade but we gived them a surprise with a great show and Max Levy's kid, Anna, and little Mildred McEntee, they done a dance act what was great. Then there was little Miss Mildred Maloney, what is niece of Joe O'Brien, she recited some pieces she wrote and little Mae Jones, whose old man is George Jones, spoke and there was little Sarah and Eva Freedman and Jack Leon and Aaron Persky on the platform and then Sheriff Dan Griffin made a great speech. He's a corker, Dan, and he told the guys that Germany was offerin' comuflage peace and at the same time sinking our ships and he said the Huns must be beat to their knees. Then Mr. Hanbury talked and they took some more bonds and I guess we got $50,000 right off the reel. Danny Shea's band subscribed a $100 bond and gived it to the Red Cross, which shows they is the right sort. Tomorrow we are goin' to have a parade of the whole yard to Burrough's Hall and I gotta get a float ready for it so I guess I'll close now, with regards from the gang.

Your brother,

JIMMY KERR.

Thursday, October 17, 1918.

Private Frank Crossen, Motor Corp Division, A. E. F., Somewhere in France.

HELLO, FRANKIE: I heard you had got across to France to lick the Kaiser and you're the boy can do it, old man, if you get a chance. Well, Frankie, I must tell you about the great parade Morse's had, which was to-day and to say the birds in this yard are 100 per cent. is puttin' it mildly as the poets say. I guess that bunch in Erie's basin is sick the way we did it, and the way the fellars here bought bonds was like soused sailors. To be in style now one has got to have patriotism or Spanard's influenzie. Well, we done this thing up so good that a whole lot o' us got both only I ain't got the flooey yet and it's no wonder, because they's sure some patriotic fever in this yard. Remember, Frankie, you was here when we had the big parade in May? Well, we had a bigger, better and bizzier one this time and that ain't no kiddin' either, because Governor Whitman made a special trip from his house in Albany to come and review it, with his military secretary and that's goin' some, eh, Frankie, because you know the Governor's got a busy time now gettin' ready for a election, but we don't hear so much about election now as about war. Well, anyway, Frankie, it didn't take any dick to see that we was there with the goods when Mr. Morse and Mrs. Cantwell rode on horse back at the lead of the parade and believe me, Frankie, we got some General, we have, and I guess you know it, because you was here for a long time like me, eh. Dan Shea was all dolled up like Mrs. Astorbilt's horse and the band what marched in overalls made some hit, I'll tell the world. They was 4,200 guys and thirty floats in the parade and just to show how good Dan Shea's band is we had seven other bands what were pretty good, but o' course, Frankie, you know we gotta stick by our own. I forgot to tell you that Frank Whitman was chief marshall and yuh gotta hand it to the ole parson what we call him, because he put it across great, like he was a cousin of Governor Whitman, what he ain't. The papers all said we smashed all records which I didn't think those reporter birds would be wise enough to see only it's as plain as your nose that we done it. Mr. Hanbury was chairman of the day and he done a real job too, take it from me. I guess they was everything in the parade from the Kaiser's mustache up to a cootie, which has it on the Kiser, eh, Frankie? One bird had a wheelbarrow with some dirt in it and he put up a sign, "germany's promises," and that's about right the way these piece notes have been comin' across. They was a Jone of Ark what was Kittie Burke and little Helen Jennings, whose daddy, Charlie Jennings, is a shipfitter, was Columbia, and you remember Joe Fair, who made people think he was the doctor last time, well, he done the same thing this time. Yuh gotta hand it to that guy, Joe for some pose. I forgot to tell you that President Riegelmann was also a reviewer at Burroughs Hall, and they was a whole lot of Democrats and Republicans and everything there to see what they could do about fixin' it and the filum men was on the job.

And, Frankie, you should of seen that bird, John Powell, what writes pieces for THE DIAL. He was fixed up like President Wilson on a float and sittin' at a table and across the way was the kaiser and the President was makin' the kaiser sign what he told him. Jack Reynold's girl was Miss Columbia and there was some of the office girls what was France and Britain and the Allies. Well, Frankie, I gotta make a stencil for Charlie Hall, so I guess I must close.

Your friend,

ROGER MORAN.

Friday, October 18, 1918.

Private Henry C. Wiesmann, Co. A, 323d Inf., A. E. F., Somewhere in France.

FRIEND WIESMANN: You'd be glad ole top to see us birds in Morse's do up this Liberty Loan thing like we done, and I thot I would let you know that they's some big doin' with the old chain gang. Every day we been havin' a show and to-day was for Bill Dailey's bunch in the storeroom and the chauffeurs only they ain't did nothing but subscribe to bonds which is what they should do, but what gets my goat is why they didn't have some show like the rest of us. Well, as I was saying we been havin' a great drive and the bunch is swelled up. Jim Stephens, of the boiler gang, bought the first cash bond, which was for $600 and I guess he spent $1,700 all told, which shows his heart is right, and his little boy, Jimmie, he sent a letter to Miss Jenson and axed if he could carry a flag in the parade and it's some letter for a kid what has got to go to school yet and Miss Jensen told him to come on and he was sure proud with the flag, and yuh gotta take your hat off to a little kid like him. Somebody tole me that Roy Houghton, was the first guy to buy a cash bond in the chauffeurs department, but I don't know how he done it because those guys smoke so many cigarettes, unless they get them like I get mine when a new package is opened up like Dan Shea says.

Your friend,

JOE FAIR.



SOME OF OUR ENTERTAINERS

Saturday, Oct. 20, 1918.

Sergeant Edward M. Peattie, Co. E, 305th Inf., A. E. F., Somewhere in France.

DEAR MR. PEATTIE: In one of your recent letters to Miss Jensen you said to tell Mrs. Waterman that one of her "fine dinners would go good now," which reminded me that I hadn't written to you for sometime. Well, my only excuse is that I have been very busy with the Liberty Loan drive in the yard. For some reason or other I was selected to handle the office end of the drive and I am sure you will be interested to know that we have made a splendid showing, but I must tell you about the excellent meeting we had to-day during the noon hour. Throughout the entire campaign very little has been said about the generosity of Mr. Morse in giving extra time for the parades and meetings, and for the fine way he has aided in the drive. So it was thought by the office force that our day should be in the nature of a special tribute to "Our General."



E. P. Morse, "Our General," and His Daughter Mrs. Jesse Morse Cantwell of the Women's Motor Corps

We obtained an oil painting of him and had it draped with an American flag and Mr. Hanbury gave a splendid address in which he recounted the success of you boys "over there," and then told many interesting things about the industrial situation here. He paid a most splendid tribute to Mr. Morse when he said that of all the men he has ever come in contact with either in his private or public career, he has never met a more genuine man than Mr. Morse, which I am sure voices the sentiments of everyone who knows Mr. Morse. Mr. Hanbury thanked the men in the yard for the way they entered into the Liberty Loan drive and said that the office appreciated the fine spirit that is always shown by them in any undertaking. He declared that the employees and the Company both deserved a great deal of credit for the showing made and that he could assure everyone that Mr. Morse felt very well pleased over the results.

"Somebody must be at the helm of a great establishment like this," Mr. Hanbury said. "Somebody must provide the work, and the dollars and the property and machinery, and we are very fortunate in having such a big-hearted, generous man as Mr. Morse for our general."

Then Mr. Hanbury told how he had gone to Mr. Morse on many times with reference to matters which deeply concerned the employees of the yard and that never once has Mr. Morse hesitated in doing everything possible for their welfare and betterment. He said that Mr. Morse has repeatedly told him, "I'll protect the men of the Morse Dry Docks and Repair Co. with my last dollar and my last effort in whatever way I am called upon."

"That," said Mr. Hanbury, "is Mr. Morse's feeling for you boys and you should understand, men, that I am no closer to him than any one of you, except that my work brings me into daily contact with him. My experience has been that Mr. Morse is the most humane, the largest-hearted and kindest man I have ever known. He is one hundred per cent. in everything he takes hold of."

It certainly did our hearts good to hear the men cheer and I only regret that Mr. Morse wasn't at the plant at the time. He had been called away on business.

After Mr. Hanbury's address we had singing by Miss Jane Porter who has been working for the Liberty Loan and the band played patriotic airs. It seems impossible to tell you in an adequate way just how splendid these meetings have been and how interesting. We do all long so much for the time when you boys can come back to us when we can have a big celebration in your honor. Then perhaps you may gain an idea of what a fine organization we have here and how like a big family we are.

All told the employees subscribed $559,300 to the Fourth Loan, which, together with what the management of the Company subscribed and that subscribed by Mr. Morse, amounts to approximately one million dollars, which is a remarkable showing, don't you think? We feel very proud of the record and I am sure you boys "over there" will feel the same about it.

Miss Jensen, Miss Campbell and the Hospital staff handled the collection end of the drive and deserve a great deal of credit for their splendid work.

You will hardly recognize the yard when you get back to us, things have changed so much with the improvements that have been made.

I do hope that you are in good health and that everything is going well with you. We all send our love and affection to you and all the Morse boys who are across the water fighting so splendidly and bravely and so successfully for us back home.

Your friend,

MARGARET WATERMAN.



Joseph C. Finley, formerly a driller's helper, died on July 29, from wounds received while in action. When this country entered the war he volunteered and saw much action from the very first, being among the first several thousand sent across to France. Before his death he had been "over the top" four times. He was one of the most courageous fighters that has left this yard and his former co-workers are proud that they had enjoyed associations with such a noble and heroic soul.

NEWS from our boys in the service continues to pour in. Sometimes it comes by mail, either direct or to someone in the yard who is interested enough in his friend to bring the letter to our attention so that others may know just how he is getting along. Frequently one of our boys, still in camp on this side of the water, comes home on a furlough, and then we get first-hand information and the pleasure of a handshake.

It is gratifying to know that there is such a bond that brings us all together whenever it is possible. It is a tribute to the good fellowship that is distinctive of this yard when a man spends even a few hours of his furlough to come back to the scene of his former occupation to shake hands with his old boss and say "howdy" to the boys.

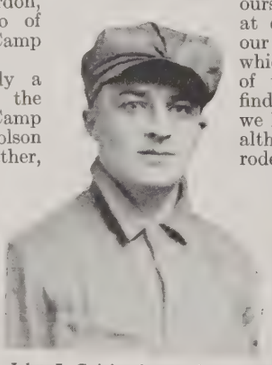
When a visit is impossible, a letter usually arrives full of references to things that happened here. Sometimes there is a question about Dan Shea's "jazz" band, or whether Miss Jensen is still handing out queer looking little pills. When a request for the DIAL is made we are doubly happy, of course, because we are attempting to be of service and interest to all, and it is most certainly worth while if we can do anything to brighten the lives of our boys now in the service.

Let's keep up the good work of creating among ourselves one large, happy family, of which every one is a part. It is a thing worth trying for. Worth while to those of us who are still at home, doubly worth while to those of us who are away. May the bands of good fellowship grow stronger, so that when the war is over we may dispense with the mail and have a regular reunion of the Morse Company family.

Quite a few men have left for camp recently. Harry J. Smith, formerly of the cost department, is now in Camp Gordon, Georgia. C. Constantine, also of the cost department, is at Camp Upton.

George F. Keenan, formerly a chauffeur here, is now with the 157th Depot Brigade at Camp Gordon, Georgia. Harry Tolson left for camp recently. His father, John H. Tolson, is employed here, and a brother, George F. Tolson, formerly one of our co-workers, is in France and was recently wounded, as reported in our last issue.

We regret to note the recent death of George Woglum, of the Marine Corps, who was a brother of Roy Woglum, of the plumbing department.



John J. Cuicio, known here as John Canton, who was one of our fastest riveters. He is now at a camp in Alabama.

Several very interesting letters have been received from Raymond Slough, formerly a burner, who is serving with the engineers in France. The following letter, received by his sister, was written soon after he landed in France last August. He says:

"We had a fine trip across, good weather, fine eats and just enough excitement to make it interesting. We had a few battles with 'subs' and sank several. We stayed in the port of landing for a few days and then moved for a few days. About a week in one billet, and we were again on the way, this time on foot for four days. We have had varied experiences since leaving the States. One Sunday I tried to go up in an airplane, but the weather was so clear that all planes were busy on important work. I was told to come around some overcast day and I would have a chance to go up with a patrol. Failing in my attempt to fly and the day being still young, Charles Topping and I jumped on a motor truck, and at seven o'clock found ourselves twenty-five miles away from 'home' and but a few miles from the front line trenches. After a look around at the guns and ruins and after a supper which we begged about eight P.M., we headed for 'home,' twenty-five miles away. We walked several miles, then sat down to await some means of conveyance. We rode about five miles and then had to walk about two more before we got another lift. We soon found ourselves fourteen miles from 'home' at eleven o'clock and on foot. On our walk we witnessed an air raid, which resulted in the downcoming of two Boche planes. We had to find some means of conveyance, so we held up an R. C. ambulance and, although it contained four men, we rode to within a few miles of our billets. One of the lads in the machine was pretty badly wrecked, but the other three had minor wounds of the head and shoulders. A bullet had gone clean through the shoulder of one lad. We had to sneak through town to our billets by the back way, through fields, and we got there at 1.30 Monday morning. This week we again moved and I did not go for my air ride. Where we are now we are shelled not only at our work but also in our billets. At our work shells of all sizes whistle and explode all around us. Some of the shells would blow a lad to Kingdom Come and back again if he were unfortunate enough to be close by. Our company has had many close calls, but good luck has been with us. We are very cautious. Shells have torn holes in the ground not over forty feet away and we have had to jump into trenches with shell fragments and dirt flying all around us. We work among shell holes of all sizes, some of which are fifteen feet deep by twenty-five feet wide. Some time ago we saw an air raid on the town where we were billeted and a bomb dropped about 200 yards from us and wrecked things considerably. This was the first time that our town was the object of the raid and we were out to see the excitement of the exploding of the anti-aircraft shells around the Boche. We had often seen the planes shelled while passing over us on raids further back, and we would leave cover and go out into the open so that we could see everything. We now have orders to keep to cover. The green uninitiated American lad is very reckless and would stick his head down a loaded cannon to see what the projectile looked like. That is the spirit that is proving to be the Waterloo of the German army, even the Prussian Guards. We were called schoolboys, but the schoolboys have learned to play rough games, as the Hun has learned. Well, by the time it is all over we will be men and ready to prove it to anyone. While at work we are in direct line with the fire of large guns and we often watch twelve-inch projectiles leave the gun and we can follow them right over into the enemy's territory. At this writing, shells are landing about a mile from us. We can hear the report of the German gun, the whistle of the projectile, and the explosion, all in two seconds' time."



Miss Gladys R. Tuttle, formerly an assistant to Miss Jensen in the yard hospital. Miss Tuttle is doing duty as a nurse in France. An interesting letter from her appeared in the August Dial.

In a letter written at a later date to his brother Fred, who is in the burning department, Slough continues with his interesting descriptions of life "over there." He writes:

"Since here, we have been doing real soldiering. Ducking miss les has become almost second nature to us. We have a few very close friends that we like to have with us at all times. The gas mask and tin derby are always within reach. The canteen of water and the

rifle are our companions while at work, but I have seen the time when a six-foot trench was my best friend on this side of the Atlantic. In our travels we have knocked about quite some. Sometimes we ride, sometimes we walk until our legs refuse to go further. Then an hour's halt, a good feed, and we are ready for more hiking, or, better still, the rest of the day off to scout for refreshments, both eats and drinks. Remember me to Mac and the lads in the yard."

Toward the end of his letter he quotes some prices from "over there," which might be of interest in comparison with the prices on this side of the Atlantic.

"Apples can be had at about 60 cents per pound, peaches at 70 cents per pound, cake chocolate at from 60 to 70 cents per cake; California peaches at 50 cents per can in the army canteen and $1 to $1.50 in the civilian shops. Last week we had Lowney's chocolates in the company canteen. American cigarettes are gradually reaching us, 'Lucky Strikes,' 'Fatimas' and 'Meccas' at home prices. The native cigarettes are rather hard going."

He concludes:

"Over here the people call children pickaninnies. Tell the pickaninnies at your home to be good and I will bring them the Kaiser and the Crown Prince as souvenirs."

Mr. Morse has received two letters recently from Private H. E. Shelly, who is serving with the Canadian army in France. The last letter, written from a hospital in England, gives a very interesting account of a battle in which he received five bullet wounds in the legs. The letters follow:

"It has been some time since I have written to you and I thought now that I am back in Blighty it would be a good time to drop you a line. I was wounded on September 2 in both legs. My, but the fighting was good! I don't mind saying that I am proud of my wounds; nine bullets, five in my left leg, four in my right, yet I feel fine. I met a chap in the train coming from France who was from the yard, but I forgot to ask his name. He was wounded, too. We are winning, that's the best part of it all, and I trust soon to get out of the hospital once more and be with the boys. I hope things are in fine shape at the yard. My, but I do wish that I were in dear old New York again. Will you try to send me the yard magazine for the last three months?"



Joseph Christiansen, formerly of the pipe shop, brother of Charles Christiansen; Tom Cavanaugh's right-hand man in the Hull Department. Joe sits astraddle one of his buddies at Fort Bliss, Tex. The picture shows a bit of "wild life" in camp.

In an earlier letter he writes:

"I am still with the boys somewhere over here. I suppose you have read of the great Canadian push by now. It was great, and my Dutch 'friends' sure are some runners. I wish I could tell of all the different things I have seen but this will have to be told if I ever get home. It is not good to write things military on paper. I have been waiting for the last three issues of the DIAL which you promised to send me. I am glad to report that both of my brothers, Frank and Wallis, are well and safe with the American Army "somewhere in France." I expect by next month a call for shipyard men, and if so, it is my intention to volunteer, for six months' of this life out here is enough for any man. I trust everything at the yard is running O.K. Good old yard. I hope that the war will soon be over and all of the boys will be mighty glad."

John J. Cuicio, known here as John Canton, who was one of our fastest riveters, is now at Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala. Cuicio was the holder of a number of yard records for fast riveting. While working on the *Offe*, he established a reputation for himself by putting in 628 seven-eighths rivets in three hours and thirty-five minutes. Another of his star performances was on the *El Sigle*, when he put 138 seven-eighths rivets in fifty-eight minutes.

Cuicio writes:

"Just a line to let you know that I have received the best thing yet since I have been at camp, that is the DRY DOCK DIAL. If you should see Mr. McEwen, give him my regards. Also give my regards to Dan Shea and Cutler, the snapper. Don't forget to send next month's DRY DOCK DIAL."

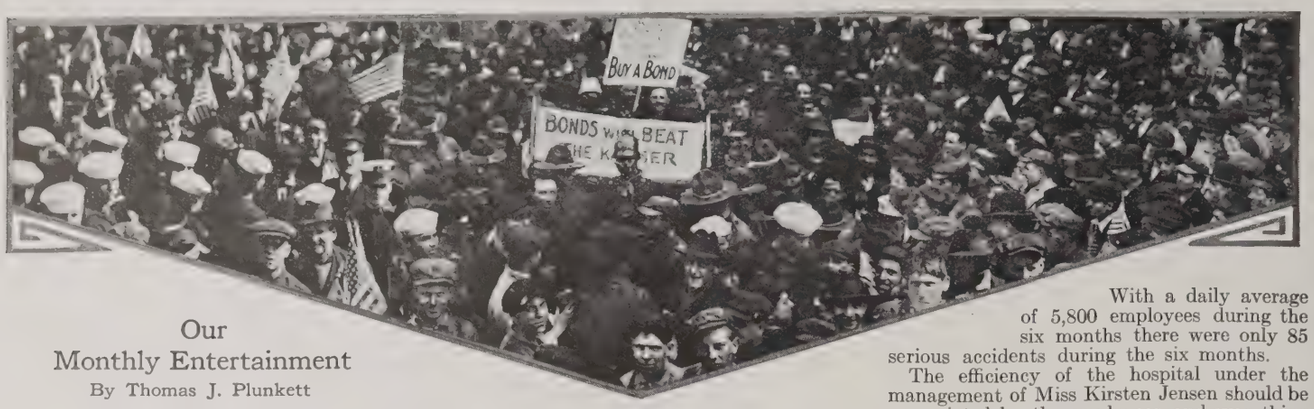
Joseph Christiansen, formerly employed in the pipe shop here, is stationed at the border at the present time. He writes:

"I am in the best of health and having a good time down here in Texas. Texas is sure some place. It is very warm here and is 111 degrees where I am writing this letter. Army life sure is great. We have some fine horses and some great rough riders. The first week that we were here, some of the boys could not sit down for a week because they were not used to riding horses. I received one of the DIALS and was more than glad to get it, for we very seldom get any books down here and the ones that we have are so old that we get tired reading them. It sure is great to see that the Morse Dry Dock is pitching in with the Police Reserves and other things. I see that you have got my brother's name in the DIAL this month. He is in the hull department. I was in the pipe shop helping Jack Goldin. Some class to Danny with those farmerettes that I saw in the DIAL."

Write to the Soldier Boys.



Members of Detachment of Co. B, Tenth Battalion, United States Guards, who are guarding Morse Property.



Our Monthly Entertainment

By Thomas J. Plunkett

"ONE grand show." That's making a long story short. You would have thought our September entertainment was one of those benefit concerts held every so often at the Hippodrome. We had "McNamee," known far and wide as a clever performer. He modelled clay into heads of Indians, Chinamen and American heroes. Then came Murray Canary, recruited from a well-known spot on Coney Island, and to think that a boy so young and angelic looking would lay such a "mean" bow across the strings of a violin. This clever musician played "jazz" in great style.

Dan Shea sprung another "big number" when he introduced Scotty Frosdick, who had personality, a fine voice and knew how to put over his several songs in an enthusiastic manner. After being encored three or four times he sang the "Star-spangled Banner" and the members present stood and sang with him. The boys one and all say Scotty sang "Smiles" as if it was written for him. Then came a novel mind-reading act which is a hard one to explain. The writer is still puzzled over the way Miss Le Baird guessed the age and date of birth of Kenneth Craig, also the number of "kids" MacFarlane had. I would have fell off my chair if she mentioned the name of Mac's goat. It was indeed a mysterious act. "Albin and La Baird are the successors to the mysterious "Fays." Nuf sed.

Eddie Wallace and Eddie Keys staged a return boxing engagement. The scrap was a lively one and both extended themselves this time. This boy Wallace, who is in the pipe covering department, is a hard worker and well liked by his fellow-workers. He is also very obliging and always willing to go on and do his bit for which the Association members should feel grateful. Phil Bloom is a new member of our boxing family. He handed a few to Young Tack, the driller. By the way, since Phil arrived Tack has jumped the painters and is now working on "Hull 4" as a driller under the careful eyes of Crawford, McEwen and Dick Umland.

Augie Lock and Olaf Husby, respectively of the Joiner and Carpenter shops, battled furiously for the wrestling championship of the Carpenter shop. Dan Shea picked Augie as the winner because Augie used a better brand of "tooth paste."

The middleweight championship of the navy was the next contest. Joe Daly, boxing champion of inland waters, fought Joe Smith, champion of foreign waters and Bayonne. Daly is a blonde and Smith a brunette. These boys put up a good fight and were liberally rewarded by our members, who made up a generous purse. Following the gong at the end of this bout there was a ripple of applause, and before it had subsided Jean Bruce, Morse's representative wrestler, climbed through the ropes. Jean was in the pink of condition, he had on his pink wrestling tights. This time Jean's victim was John Colberg. It looked for a while as if Jean was going to lose some prestige, but his weight told, and at the end of fourteen minutes hard grappling, Colberg's shoulders were pinned to the mat. Jean tells me that he does not want anyone to confuse him with Sir Robert Bruce, of Scotland fame, even though he might brush down a few cobwebs now and then in his daily painting tasks.

Following the wrestling four gymnasts, from the Norwegian Turn Society, performed on the parallel bars. The work of these men was very entertaining because of their cleverness, and this innovation was highly appreciated.

Don't you think that was some affair? They hung out the S. R. O. sign early on this memorable night. That means Standing Room Only. Be sure to be on hand early for our November show, the last Wednesday of the month.

Save Your Life

CONSERVATION of man power by the more extensive use of precautionary measures is a topic of growing and vital importance.

That the repair of men is essential to our success in repairing ships has long been recognized by the management of the Morse Company. Happily Mr. Morse realized the importance of having an up-to-date yard hospital long ago, and before any other yard in the port attempted anything of the kind he had installed here one of the most successful clinics in the country, where every employee who meets with an accident while at work is treated immediately. Mr. Morse insisted as one of the important rules to be observed that every accident, no matter how trivial, should be reported to the hospital and as a result all accidents are thoroughly investigated and, with the splendid coöperation of the foremen and department heads in the yard, it has been made possible to discover the main causes of accidents in our yard.

This facilitates the arranging of safeguards against further accidents of a similar nature. This system of prevention as well as remedy has been so successful that the number of accidents, in proportion to the number of men in the yard, has been reduced to a very encouragingly low figure.

Recently, reports, due to German propaganda, were circulated in the newspapers that the casualties in the large industrial plants and especially in the shipyards exceeded the casualties of the fighting forces in France.

In answer to these reports three of the big shipyards of the East published statistics, which showed that in their yards the number of injuries were only six to every 1,000 men employed.

The Morse Company is able to show a still better record. For the first six months of this year our average numbered six accidents to every 1,600 employees.

With a daily average of 5,800 employees during the six months there were only 85 serious accidents during the six months.

The efficiency of the hospital under the management of Miss Kirsten Jensen should be appreciated by the employees, and everything should be done by them to coöperate with the hospital staff in its work. By coöperating we mean that when you scratch your finger or become injured, no matter how slight the hurt may appear, you should report to your foreman and then to the hospital.

A serious wound which bleeds freely is seldom the cause of blood poisoning. It is the small, apparently insignificant scratch or puncture which is the most dangerous because the temptation usually is to neglect it, whereas a serious injury must be attended to.

Not only has this company been able to make a remarkable showing in keeping down the number of accidents in the yard to a minimum, it has also been able to establish a record in the reduction of time lost by injured employees, which is as remarkable as it is gratifying.

This works out to the particular interest of the injured employee because to be laid up through an injury is an expensive proposition for any man who is dependent upon his weekly wages for livelihood.

The splendid results cited are due solely to the policy of giving to every individual who is injured the best medical attention possible, no price being considered too high when the physical welfare of one of our employees is at stake. If you appreciate the generosity of this policy do your part by coöperating with the hospital staff.

Recreation Room Open

Great additions are to be made to the recreation facilities of the Association room on the top floor of the carpenter shop for the accommodation of the employees during the noon hour. Mr. Benner, speaking for the Welfare Committee at the September meeting of the Employees' Association, reported that new equipment will be installed and urged that the employees take advantage of the room in cold weather.

The plans of the committee, which have been approved by the Association Board of Directors, are to provide gymnastic apparatus for those who are athletically inclined, checker boards for those who prefer that milder form of amusement and concerts by the band at least twice a week.

It is the hope of the welfare committee that all employees will realize the value of having a center for their social activities and that the room will be utilized throughout the cold weather season.

The Morse quartet now consists of Thomas Coppinger, John Woods, Frank Adams and Thomas Johnston, with Artie Meyers at the piano. Frequent rehearsals are held for the approaching winter season, which will be a very active one for the quartet.

Shipyard News Items

A saw which will cut any angle in the radius of a 185-degree circle, thus reducing the former three-cut operation to one, has been invented by David C. Martin, and H. P. Stacey both of the steel plant of the G. M. Standifer Construction Corporation, according to *Over the Top*.

* * *

Quistconck, the name given to the first vessel launched at Hog Island, is the name by which Hog Island was known 237 years ago, when this part of the country was inhabited almost entirely by Indian tribes, according to *Hog Island News*.

* * *

A new record of fifty-seven minutes from time of launching to the beginning of installation of machinery in a vessel has been set by the Portland Ship Ceiling Company, Portland, Me., breaking its own previous record of ninety minutes for the same operation.

* * *

The United States Shipping Board has announced negotiations by which the Government yard at Shanghai, China, known as the Kiangnan Dock & Engine Company, was to receive contracts for four steel cargo vessels of 10,000 tons each and options for the building of 80,000 additional tons of steel freighters.

* * *

A prize contest of a new nature, in which $47,500 is to be split between yards in four shipbuilding regions, has been adopted in England, to speed up shipbuilding. The money is offered by the London *Daily Mail*, which ignores special riveting prizes as unfair and the tonnage basis of competition as impracticable, and proposes to make awards upon a basis of the total number of hours worked in each yard.

* * *

J. E. Stewart, a burner, who has but one leg and one arm, and who is employed by the North West Steel Company, Portland, Ore., has set a high record for rapid work. A few weeks ago, according to *Heave Together*, official organ of the North West Steel Company, Stewart burned 33 feet 8 inches of one-inch flat steel plate in 23 minutes and 30 seconds.

* * *

The Hun Hammer, Jacksonville, presents W. H. Higgenbotham's claim of a planking record on the part of his gang of ten men, who put in 773 running feet of planks in one day.

* * *

Twelve new Government-owned shipyards with a total of 100 ways, to be devoted only to fabricated vessels of steel, are to be built in England, according to *Marine News*.

* * *

George Sydney Thompson, a junior draftsman employed in the Statistical Section of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, devoted his vacation time recently to the building of a model ship. The ship has been presented to Mr. Schwab. Young Thompson a few months ago knew nothing at all about shipbuilding.

* * *

What is said to be an innovation in shipyard work is being prepared for the Pacific Coast Shipbuilding Company's plant near Bay Point, Cal., by R. L. Silvey, foreman of the burners and welders. He is going to conduct a school of instruction among the men in his department during the noon hour.

* * *

The march, entitled "The Volunteers," written by John Philip Sousa and dedicated to the shipbuilders of America, is now on phonographic records and piano rolls and on sale throughout the country.

* * *

Twenty-five Indians from the Carlisle School, Carlisle, Pa., are learning trades connected with shipbuilding in the Hog Island Training School, according to the *Hog Island News*.

"The Sun Shipbuilding Company workers, 10,000 strong, believe that every man should work every day to defeat the Kaiser and his armies. If you strike, strike against the Kaiser, not for him. Go back to work, not for the King, but for the Cause." This, in the form of a cablegram, is the stinging rebuke sent to strikers among the munition workers at Birmingham, Eng., by one group of loyal, patriotic shipbuilders in America, who hold the winning of this war and what that means to humanity, far above their own momentary ambitions.

* * *

The United States Shipping Board is planning to move immediately to the relief of the hundred odd American seamen now prisoners in Germany. Authenticated reports bring word that our merchantmen officers are required to pay their board and lodging out of their personal funds, which in a number of cases have been exhausted, and now Germany is threatening to remove these men to the Seamen's Camp, where the conditions are very bad, and where the men are compelled to perform labor.

* * *

In a chart prepared by the Statistical Section of the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation, showing the twenty-six steel ships fitted out in the shortest time from date of launching to date of acceptance, a fairly close contest is recorded. The *Tuckahoe*, the 5,488-ton vessel, turned out by the New York Shipbuilding Corporation in twenty-seven days, which stands as a record in construction, also holds the record for fitting out, which required but ten days.

* * *

"Community sings" suggested by the National Service Division, United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation, have been inaugurated by the Service Department of the Merchant Shipbuilding Corporation, Harriman, Pa., and are proving highly popular with the men.

The record of 42,818 feet of bilge and side framing, cut on a bevel bandsaw in eight hours, by six men, at the York River Shipbuilding Corporation yard, West Point, Va., is reported in the *Blockade Runner*, Baltimore. The 42,818 feet included 219 pieces of timber.

* * *

A coöperative buying arrangement among the men of the North West Steel Company, Portland, Ore., whereby they obtain household products and staple foods at reduced prices, has been in operation for several weeks and has proved so successful that a coöperative store is to be established soon, according to *Heave Together*, official publication of the North West Steel Company.

* * *

A world's safety record is claimed by the Submarine Boat Corporation in the launching of four ships without a fatal accident.

* * *

Construction on the first concrete shipbuilding plant on the North Pacific has been begun on a 12-acre tract of land at Bryn Mawr, on the shore of Lake Washington, Seattle, according to the *Daily Marine Record*.

* * *

With the success of its huge shipbuilding program assured, the United States Shipping Board will now concentrate its power on the manning of the Merchant Marine with all-American crews, Chairman Edward N. Hurley announces.

* * *

In five months—January to May—according to the *Hog Island News*, the average number of men involved in time-losing accidents at the American International Yard, was reduced from 14.1 per thousand to 5.1 per thousand. The chief factor in bringing about the reduction in accidents was the disposition of the men to think and act safely, and to have their injuries dressed at the hospital immediately, thereby avoiding infections.

An Old Dock Scene



In the September issue of THE DIAL our dry dock master, John Hallock, told of some of the big performances of our dry dock. He mentioned that the dock has had as many as seven boats on it at a time. In this picture we count six. The photograph was taken several years ago and is a picture highly prized by Mr. Hallock.

The "Farm" Grows

By C. Stewart Wark

JUST a little over four months ago, what is to-day known as the Morse "farm" was little better than a wilderness. Now the name "farm" is hardly appropriate, unless beauty is the attribute that likens it to that sort of a locality.

There are so many things to write about in regard to the farm that it is hard to know just where to start.

At the very entrance you realize that here we have something quite different from many other shipyards. The gate is flanked by flower beds, the buildings are spic and span in their new paint, the atmosphere of the place, even above the roar of the hammers, seems strangely restful and quiet.

In the office, at the farther end of the yard, we find Willie Borgeson hard at work over great piles of official looking papers, which seem strangely neat and orderly in appearance. He looks up, grins in strictly Borgeson style and says:

"Mr. MacLaurin is out in the yard."

MacLaurin is not an office man and is very seldom found in the place that, due to his own inventive genius, is so comfortable at the present time.

When the new dry dock gang was located in the old "farm" at the foot of Sixty-third street, the office there was a pretty cold proposition. One day, while watching the flames shoot out of the chimney of the incinerator, where all of the sawdust is burned, MacLaurin thought of the great amount of heat going to waste while he and Willie were shivering over a couple of oil stoves.

One day he told an engineer about the little plan he had in mind.

"Mac, you're crazy," was the engineer's retort.

That was all of the encouragement that MacLaurin needed.

To-day, the offices and all of the buildings in the new yard which require heat can boast of one of the best and warmest heating plants in the city. Pipes have been coiled all around the inside of the incinerator chimney, connected with the office buildings, and the heat from the burning sawdust no longer goes to waste.

The mill is one of the show places of the farm. According to George M. MacKay, boss carpenter, it boasts of a crew of mill machine hands that cannot be duplicated in any shipyard in the country. The machinery in use is of the latest type and, what is more, they get more work out of those machines than the manufacturers themselves specified.

Some of the features of the mill might bear mention—they have a timber sizer that will feed eighty feet a minute and a band saw, built to rip twelve inches, which is doing sixteen to eighteen inches at the rate of sixty feet a minute.

Five derricks carry the lumber from the piles to the mill and then to the dry dock section under construction.

The storage of three-million feet of lumber along the south side fence is now well under way and the job of transferring that material to the mill and points of construction is not an easy one. The lumber is being stored in two piles on either side of the derrick track leading to the mill. When all of the lumber is at hand these piles will be 25 feet high. To make the transportation of the lumber to the yard possible it was necessary to build a 100-foot pier so that the barges might be unloaded.

Work on the new dry dock is going along in a way that seems almost miraculous to a casual observer. The third section is well under way. It is estimated that the work is 40 per cent. completed.

"And we're going better all the time," says MacKay, whenever anyone questions him about the progress being made on the new section.



A "Stick" 50 Feet by 20 Inches by 20 Inches Cut on a 40-Inch Band Saw Blade, Bisawed in the Center

MacKay and his right-hand man, Arthur Nylund, are very happy these days and they grin every time that someone mentions anything about a couple of million feet of lumber.

During the construction of the first two sections of the dry dock, the scarcity of building material was a great source of worry, and now, with the assurance that all of the lumber necessary to complete the job will be near at hand, they are happy.

One of the interesting features of the farm is the restaurant, which is situated just over the storeroom in the main building. There are about 125 men employed at the farm and every effort has been made to provide good eating facilities. The restaurant will accommodate 80 men at one time and dinners can be purchased at very reasonable rates.

The most interesting part of everything that can be found on the farm, however, is the "farm gang" itself. Among them we have Christie, who has recently invented one of the most original hose nozzles ever seen.

The thing looks as if it were intended for "Fritz" and had just arrived from an amunition plant, but "Andy" swears by its usefulness as a fire preventative.

Then there is Mulqueen, the bashful humorist, who is hard to get started and hard to stop; and Sam Olsen, who never scowls.

In our earlier article about the "farm" we intended to tell more about "Boss" MacLaurin, but limited time and space prevented.

Also we found it no easy task to coax "Mac" into telling us about himself. We declared, however, that we would get what we wanted, if not from him, from some of his close friends.

Born in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, in May, 1868, he moved to Brooklyn when seventeen years old. After serving his apprenticeship as a shipwright at the Dennis McCarthy yard, foot of Twentieth street, he went into business for himself and had charge of the framing of the Fifty-eighth street car-barns and the Kent avenue power house.

He has been with the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company ever since the Spanish-American War in the capacity of foreman of the carpenters' and joiners' department.

At the present time, being engaged in the construction of the largest floating dry dock in the United States, it would seem that with a proposition like that on his hands a man would have enough to think of.

To prove that this is not the case, one has only to take a stroll through the new yard, watch him superintend the laying of a beam, tend the flower beds or mingle with his men.

Special Notice

Workmen on board of Government ships while at the yard piers only, will check in on time clocks on the vessel and will only be allowed for time so checked.

Whenever necessary for any workman to go to shops, storeroom, etc., in connection with their work he must give the time of leaving and time of returning to the Government gangplank checker.

All time cards when Navy work is charged must be checked by the Cost Inspector's Timekeeper, including work done in shops, yard or on board of vessels in our yard or at any other pier.

The Navy Timekeeper will visit each department, vessel or pier for that purpose, morning, afternoon and evening.

HAVE YOUR TIME CARDS CHECKED IN ORDER THAT YOU MAY GET PAID.

Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company.

Well, Someone Did It

Two men fought a duel. One man was named Shott and the other Nott. Some said that Nott was shot, others that Shott was not. Hence it was better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. On trial it was proved that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or, as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot, and Nott would be not. Apparently the shot Shott shot shot not Shott but Nott.

Our Fire Department

THE Morse Fire Department is actively engaged in the prevention of fire around the plant, and great rivalry has sprung up between the different companies as to which one is the first at every fire.

There have been twelve fires since June 3, in all of which the fire department has had an active part. One fire occurred on September 5, when a blaze was discovered near the Fifty-second street entrance of the Morse oval. The damage was slight, due to the efficiency of the fire department, and the coöperation of some of the Naval Reserve Force near at hand.

The new fire signaling system has been delayed until all of the new buildings have been completed. The plans call for alarm boxes throughout the yard. There will be twenty-five boxes, connected with each company headquarters by a bell signaling system. The firemen are now waiting for the new hose wagon which has been ordered. It will be stationed near the new boiler shop for use along the docks.

The fire department now consists of five companies of from fifteen to sixteen men each. Seventy fire department badges have been distributed.



Fire Marshal James Devlin

A Thoughtful Word

October 12, 1918.

"Give, Give, Give, Give until it hurts," is the slogan of to-day to help the Fourth Liberty Loan.

Wake up, men, do you realize that Uncle Sam not only needs your money but all your strength in the great battle for life, liberty and our very homes.

Men, "stop and think." Do you realize that to-day Uncle Sam has two great enemies to fight. One is the dirty Hun, the other the dirty booze shops.

One is trying to knock civilization off the map with their awful warfare, trying to take our homes, our all. The other is trying to get our money, our energy, the very sap of life out of us and make us unfit for the great task set before us in helping win this war.

To the onlookers at Fourth avenue and Fifty-eighth street any day you find a stream of men waiting their turn for a drink of the hellish stuff that is damning their very souls; for every quarter you spend on booze you could buy a Thrift Stamp and help the government to feed the boys "over there."

Ask the saloon keepers how many bonds they have bought and how they were able to buy them. If they answer truthfully, they would say, "With your hard earned money."

Don't give your money to the booze man. He's as bad as the dirty Hun.

Buy a Bond. Buy all you can. Buy till it hurts.

You're a friend of the Hun,
When you're buying their rum.
Signed "An American 100%.
"For the Morse Dry Dock Dial."
"By a woman reader."

Save Office Supplies

WE have heard a lot lately about the dollars that will win the war. Here is another factor which will do a great deal to help that same good cause.

Many of us are conserving in our homes, conserving on our wardrobe and in other ways trying to do our bit along the same line. Why not keep up the good work and do the same thing in the office and around the yard? You will be helping to win the war if you conserve while at work to just as great an extent as you do when you take less sugar in your cup of coffee.

Recent Government orders have made practically impossible the further purchase of rubber bands or colored pencils. Even the ordinary black lead pencil will become a much rarer article than it is at the present time, according to latest reports from the supply room. Paper, we all know, is an article which absolutely must be conserved.

With these facts before us, it seems, from a selfish point of view alone, that it would be a wise thing for all of us to be careful with the supplies which we now have so that what facilities we have will not be entirely lost.

Use your pencils until they are mere stubs. Sharpen them when they break—don't throw them away. One rubber band usually holds a small box together. Manilla envelopes are good enough for local correspondence within the yard. Let's all pitch in and help the good cause along.

"It's easy to cry that you're beaten—and die; it's easy to crawfish and crawl; but to fight and to fight when hope's out of sight—why that's the best game of all. It's the plugging away that will win you the day, so don't be a piker, old pard. Just draw on your grit, it's so easy to quit; it's keeping your chin up that's hard."

Mixed Nuts Out Again

SEPTEMBER 28 was another red letter day for the Mixed Nuts, that lively organization of yard employees which has no officers but a large membership and which sprung into being through a healthy desire to "get together" now and then around the festive board.

So far as we have been able to learn, the Mixed Nuts "just grew," like Topsie of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and all of the club's "affairs" just naturally spring up in the same way. Somebody says something to someone else and then a big time is scheduled.

We can imagine how the party of September 28 came about. Someone must have remarked, "There's a good show on at the Casino," and somebody else must have said, "Let's go." At any rate, there were about forty-five Nuts present when the curtain went up at the Casino that night. "The Sporting Widows Company," featuring Harry Cooper, furnished the bill, and it was a mighty good show, too.

One of the chorus girls must have recognized Walter Crawford and Billy McEwen, because the hit of the evening came when the comedian Cooper accused his stage sweetheart of "buming around with those Mixed Nuts from Morse's, Crawford and Billy McEwen."

From the theatre the party went to the Rose Garden cabaret, where dinner was served and a special program provided. Jim Coffey and Bob Cole made quite a hit with their singing and we noticed that Fred Hyman was having a bang-up time. It was a gay time for every one.

School is Re-opened

THE school for shipfitters, which was re-opened in our yard during the first week in October under the direction of Walter Crawford, superintendent of the Hull department, gives every indication at the present time of being well started on a very successful season.

The classes have been officially authorized by the Board of Education and the hours of instruction have been approved by the Director of the Bureau of Vocational Activities of the Board. Sixty-eight men are now enrolled in the school.

Letters of Thanks

Mrs. Alfred E. McCoyd wishes to express her sincere thanks to the outside machinists of Morse's Dry Dock and Repair Co. for the great kindness shown to her since the death of her husband, Alfred E. McCoyd.

October 3, 1918.

Employees' Association, Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co.

GENTLEMEN: The family of Walter S. Agne, who was killed at your plant, take this opportunity of expressing their gratitude for the many kind expressions of sympathy displayed by both the Company and the employees.

Gentlemen, we all unite in thanking you.

Yours respectfully,
THE AGNE FAMILY,
per WILLIAM E. AGNE.

Fifty dollars' worth of tobacco and cigarettes were shipped several days ago to our boys now in the service. The tobacco fund of the Employees' Association still contains $125.

The raffle of Fred Daddi's motor boat model, which was announced at the September meeting of the Employees' Association, has been postponed indefinitely. Due to the efforts which every one has been making to insure our success in the Liberty Loan drive, it was thought advisable to postpone the raffle.

How About It, Plumbers?

Monday morning, October 7, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR:

I enjoy reading your wonderful book every month, but as a reader, would like to ask why the plumbers are never mentioned in your paper or about the yard? Now, I have a brother working in one part of the yard and a friend, a plumber. My brother is always knocking that the plumbers are considered nothing.

A SISTER AND SWEETHEART.

This is the kind of letter we like to receive, because it helps us to make THE DIAL better. We want the magazine to be as interesting to all the departments in the yard as it is possible, so if there is a department which isn't getting the attention it should we like to hear about it. Get together, boys, and furnish us some news items about what you are doing.

Thank you, "Sister and Sweetheart," for your letter. By the way, don't let your brother tease you. If he has worked in our yard very long he surely knows by this time that one department is just as important as another in making the Company the splendid organization it is, and the plumbers are doing work that is just as vital and essential as any other department.

A little later on we are going to run a series of articles about the different departments, and the plumbing department is going to be among the first, because the boys under Boss Murr are doing some real, big things.

Witness Wanted

Warren Rogers, electrician, Number 5879, who lives at 1959 Homecrest avenue Brooklyn, was thrown off of a southbound Third avenue or Hamilton avenue car at Third avenue and Forty-second street at 6.30 A.M., September 17. Several Morse employees were on the car at the time. Mr. Rogers would like to get in touch with someone who saw the accident and requests that they communicate with him or leave their name with the Assistant Editor of THE DIAL at the employment office.

Jack Wilson was chosen to succeed Edward Ennis as the representative of the outside machinists on the Conference Board, at the outside machinists' election held recently.

The date for the annual ball of the Employees' Association has been decided upon. It will take place on the evening of January 25, 1919, at Prospect Hall, Prospect place, just off Fifth avenue, Brooklyn.



A Worthy Deed

Gus Christensen, of the rigging department, has been having a period of real hard luck and we wish to extend our sincere sympathy to him and his family. Mr. Christensen has been laid up five weeks with rheumatism, Mrs. Christensen has been and is very sick, and of their four children one is suffering from a broken leg.

Fellow workers appreciating the hard circumstances of Mr. Christensen's case collected $122.60 as a benefit, and the following letter of thanks has been received from Mr. and Mrs. Christensen:

Brooklyn, N. Y., October 9, 1918.

To the Editor of THE DIAL:

It is my desire to thank my fellow-workers and all the employees of the Morse Company for their great kindness in helping me in my hour of need, and I wish you would print a piece in our magazine expressing our appreciation. The $122.60 which was collected and sent to us was a Godsend which I will never forget.

Yours very truly,
MR. AND MRS. G. CHRISTENSEN,
Cor. 46th Street and 6th Avenue.

From the Air Plant

Everybody likes a fat man.
We've got one.
A little fat man,
With a smile and a bright red sweater.
He wears a pencil behind one ear,
And smiles as he works on the hose.
"Who is it?" says Mr. Lawless, the judge,
Who rules in the air-line plant.
"Why," says Jack,
The air-line boss,
"It's Flarity."

Frank Kenny, No. 1748, one of the air men, is with the caulkers now and is very ambitious to learn the trade. Frank has been handling air hose and taking care of the air line for over a year and a half and has made good at the job. "Air-line Jack" says the caulkers got away with a good man.

I wonder who that young girl was
The other day,
Who was resting on her elbows
And had nothing to say.
As the parade passed by,
I heard a remark saying,
Gee, she's a big girl
To be sucking her thumb.

"Air-line Jack" of the air plant is losing his hair and we are wondering if it is because he spends so much time digging up new ideas. Here's his line of talk the first thing in the morning: "Come on, get together." "What do you want, a light machine?" "What do you mean a light one, are you sick?" "Come across with the checks," "Wake up, Uncle Sam needs the ships." We've got to take our hats off to "Air-line Jack."

The air-line plant is going to hang out a vaudeville sign. When the dry dock gang starts to bawl it's worth the price of admission, what with Lewie, the water man, with his little hop and his little hook, Kelly with his long stretch, Lutts with his left-hand hook, Freddie pulling up his pipe and old Pop Lansing with his gleeful song: "Hail, hail, the gang's all right, even if they are a lot of hot air blowers."

Nels Hoyer and John Johnson, riggers, discovered and extinguished a fire at Pier 1, Sunday, Oct. 20, at 11.45 A. M. The fire started under the gangway and threatened serious damage. Through the alertness of Hoyer and Johnson it was checked before the chemical wagons reached the scene.

An Anxious Mother

ANY employee knowing the present address of W. Thorogood, formerly a shipfitter here (No. 1594), will relieve the anxious heart of his mother if they will help the Editor to get into touch with him. The following registered letter explains itself:

75 Denison road, Colliers Wood,
Merton S. W. 19, England,
February 9, 1918.

DEAR SIR: Please excuse the liberty I take in sending this to you, but as my son, W. Thorogood, told me in one of his letters that he was working in Morse's shipyard, I thought you might be able to help me to get news of him, as I have not had a letter since the twenty-sixth of May last, which makes me anxious for news, as before that date he had always been very regular in writing every week. If he is still working for you, will you kindly give him the enclosed letter, which contains nothing of material importance, for which you may take a British mother's word of honor. If he has left, perhaps you could forward it to him or return it to me. If you could do this for me you would greatly oblige

Yours truly,
MRS. THOROGOOD.

Association Calendar

Monday, November 11, Entertainment Committee.

Tuesday, November 19, Welfare Committee.

Wednesday, November 20, Sanitation Committee.

Thursday, November 21, Relief Committee.

Monday, November 25, Accident Prevention Committee.

Tuesday, November 26, Finance Committee.

Wednesday, November 27, Board of Directors.

Wednesday, November 27, Evening, regular monthly meeting.

The State of Maine, famous in shipbuilding history, has set a new record in rushing a vessel towards completion. Ninety minutes after the freighter *Bassam* left the ways of the Portland Ship Ceiling Company her machinery was being installed.

Association Finances

AFTER an explanation of just how and where the money of the Employees' Association had been spent, Mortimer W. Mead, treasurer of the Employees' Association, read the following report at the regular monthly meeting in September:

	Debits	*Credits*
Donations	.....	$250.00
Entertainments	$1,653.54	354.00
Base Ball Team	4,962.27	3,471.66
General	6,142.02	11,834.36
Insurance	13,633.60	12,980.90
Bowling Club	282.50	.....
Football Team	506.43	34.92
Annual Ball	1,991.34	3,235.85
Relief Fund	75.00	244.27
To balance	3,159.26	
	$32,405.96	$32,405.96
Cash on hand in bank	$2,647.66	
Cash on hand	511.60	
Balance	$3,159.26	

Band Makes a Hit

ONE of the features of the Liberty Day parade in Brooklyn on October 17, was Danny Shea's horn-touters, who make reputations for themselves everywhere they go. As far as the music end of it goes, they can't be beaten; we all know that, but what we can't figure out is "Where did they ever learn that military 'bearing'?" The Marines haven't got a thing on our boys when it comes to marching, and as for Danny himself— Some young fellow, along the line of march, said to the lady friend that he had with him:

"See that fellow leading the band? He just come back from the front. Pershing's official band master."

We almost believed him.

John Wade is the name of the little fellow that arrived recently at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Livermore of Seaford, L. I. He is the fifth child and the fourth son of a very happy family.



Interior of Machine Shop Morning After Fire of December 3

Over the Backyard Fence

A Department Especially for the Wives

Conducted by Mrs. Otis Elliott Barene

Women and Liberty Bonds

SOMEONE came in singing, "Another bond, my dear," and straightway did I rejoice, for as each department was striving to do its utmost, I felt sustained and soothed to know that we women have done our bit.

I saw snatches of the different parades from the "yard." I shut my eyes and see a shining host of men with their blue buttons on their coats and in their eyes reflected the proud, glad spirit of the women at home. No king's court could present you such an array.

How many of us wives have not made sacrifices which in turn have made possible those blue buttons our husbands wear, indicating that they have bought bonds? How many of us have not shut our eyes to new frocks and hats, directing our thoughts to a certain little Bond Book at home? All the display of finery cannot gladden us half so much as our Liberty Bonds.

Therefore, when you see someone in the "yard" with a Liberty Bond Button and a smile springing from his heart you will know that some woman at home made it possible for them to be there.

Thought for the Month

As we must account for every idle word, so we must for every idle silence.—*Franklin.*

What to Name Her

HERE are a dozen names for little girls who are like flowers, and most of the babies I have seen whose daddies are employed at Morse's look just as pretty as flowers.

Barbara—from Barberis, the barberry tree.

Rosamond—from the Rosa Mundi (flower of the world).

Laura—from Laurel.

Lucy—from lucus.

Agnes—from Agnus, a lamb.

Mellissa—from Greek word—a bee.

Dorcas—a rose.

Phillis—a leaf.

Cynthia—the moon.

Jacintha—a hyacinth.

Margaret—a pearl and daisy.

Celia—a heartwort.

The little verse, "A Plumber and His Helper," which appears in this department, was sent to us by a "sister and sweetheart," who did not sign her name, much to our regret. We are using the verse in this department, because we feel that this column is reserved especially for the wives, sisters and sweethearts of our employees.

Mrs. Otto Peterson, 27 Lincoln avenue, Jamaica, L. I., wins the prize of $2 awarded for a contribution. Her item on the "Second Line of Defence," which appears below, is a thoughtful expression of how our wives, sisters and sweethearts regard the work we are doing and the part it plays in the war. Remember the $2 prize is to be awarded each month for the most interesting item contributed by the wife, mother or sister of any Morse employee.—The Editor.

A Ship in Love

When is a ship properly in love?
When she is tender to a man-of-war.
When is she improperly in love?
When she is (h)anchoring after a heavy swell.
When is she foolishly in love?
When attached to a great b(u)oy.
When is she ambitiously in love?
When she is making up to a pier (peer.)

A Plumber and His Helper

With his tools on his back,
His boss by his side,
Down to the bilges both do stride.
Through a dark ship two forms do grope,
When a call from above comes:
"Hey! John, Dick, Dan or Will,
This job means no 'soap.' "

From a Sister and Sweetheart.

Letter of Thanks

563 West 173 Street, New York City,
September 27, 1918.

Employees' Association.

GENTLEMEN: Please accept my sincere appreciation for your kind expression of sympathy in the hour of my bereavement.

Gratefully yours,
SARAH H. ANTHONY.

The above letter was written in acknowledgment of flowers sent at the time of the funeral of Isaac Stephens Anthony who was killed in the yard, recently, when a block of wood struck him on the head.



Billy MacPherson, No. 2407 and Jimmy Garrison, No. 2450, Two of Our Burners Doing Their Bit

Second Line of Defence

By Mrs. Otto Peterson

THERE he is! A diamond in the rough! But who can see through the camouflaged clothing and discern the heart within—eager to do its bit? Who knows it better than his wife and children who welcome him home night after night with joyous and comforting thoughts? And in the years to come, years from now, when this great national encounter is merely a memory and the child of three a man with children of his own, there is bound to be a challenge of: "Where were you in the Great World War?" This shall be the answer: "In the Second Line of Defence." Putting the ships in first-class condition to get the boys within fighting distance of the Hun. For have you ever thought of how useless the war would be without them? Without them in good trim? Putting forth every effort in the spirit of work, to do his best no matter what the test. Giving up all pleasures for overtime to help Uncle Sam complete the work necessary to *carry on.* For we must win, we can't help but win with these honest workers in the shipyards to back up the fight with both their strength and their money; a patriotic body of men who meet the emergency and meet it well.

A gold watch and chain was lost on Friday, October 27, between the old and the new boiler room at about 6 P.M. The initials D. F. D. are on the case and a Knights of Columbus badge was attached to the chain. Will the finder please communicate with the owner, Dennis Devine, No. 21082, of the air plant?

Our Telephone Operators

By Roger Moran

IT is hard at times, we know—mighty hard—especially when central office plugs you up wrong, to retain your usual calm and not take it out on the operator. Many of us forget all about our own even tempers and sweet dispositions when our telephone connections go wrong.

Did you ever stop to consider *who* is wrong? Then why "bawl" your own operator out when you are not absolutely sure.



Miss Niemann

Our girls, Miss Katherine E. Niemann and Miss Florence Newham, during the day greet us with a pleasant "number please," no matter how ruffled they might be—no matter how uncomfortable the weather may be. Their fingers work like lightning, first putting up one connection and then the other, all the time watching the lights in and out. And their troubles do not end with you. They have "central" to contend with. If she does not get the number quickly, what do you do? Would you be sweet and even-tempered with "steen" people pestering the daylights out of you continually?

Try it and see.

We don't have the girls with us always.

Bob Macken, with a disposition trained to be even and unruffled, but with a voice just a trifle gruff, comes in on the wires toward the end of the day. The last minute jobs are not a cinch. Everyone trying to clean up for the day, and wow! what a bunch of calls! And the heavier voice is just as steady as the thinner, sweeter voices.



Miss Newham

No amount of rush feazes it. No one would ever suspect that the owner was being overworked during the first hours, so that all hands can get ready for a clean start the next day.



Bob Macken

But when it gets around midnight it's the heavy voice we must take our hats off to. It is some feat to be able to retain our equilibrium during the wee small hours of the night. It doesn't matter that we have been "off" all day. The fact remains that central is tired, and it is a hard job to get a "rise" out of her. But we know one boy who can manage central and the whole outfit after hours.

If you get to Heaven there will be those there whom you will be surprised to see, but they will be just as surprised to see you.—*The Three Partners.*

THE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, and to the interests of the Company.

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor
C. Stewart Wark, Assistant Editor

John Powell, Thomas J. Plunkett, Roger Moran, William F. Roth, Miss Marion Hayes, Mrs. Otis Elliot Barene and Miss Margaret McCarthy, contributing editors.

The Editors' office is located in the Employment Bureau, where they may be reached by telephone or in person.

Notify the Employment Bureau promptly of any change of residence, giving old as well as new address.

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All communications should be addressed to B. E. Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn.

Vol. 1 NOVEMBER, 1918 No. 10

An Editorial by J. Moses, No. 6152

The Wisdom of Silence

Wise were our ancestors and wise were their utterances. Thousands of precious sayings were handed down to us from generation to generation and like priceless jewels have we cuddled them close to our hearts and have found comfort and consolation in them in moments of despair.

Wise men have we also to-day, but at their best they are only improvers. Of originators we have so few that we can count them on the fingers of one hand.

Wise was the man who exclaimed that "Speech is silver and silence is gold." To no costlier mineral could he have compared this rare virtue of silence at his day. But had he voiced his conviction at such a progressive time as ours, he would have made no doubt a more emphatic comparison between them.

Should I even be deemed an extremist I will not waver in proclaiming that speech is iron and silence is radium. Of such high value do I consider the virtue of silence and so high is my esteem of a man possessing it.

First of all, what is a silent man? My answer is: A silent man is one who has eyes to see with, ears to hear with and lips to speak with at the proper time and in a proper measure.

History does not contain the records of a man famous for achieving great accomplishments, who did not at the same time also possess the wisdom of silence. The nobler his accomplishments and the greater their number, the stricter were his laws governing his speech, the deeper did he think before he ventured to speak. For of such a risky nature is speech, that a word while it is yet in your mind is your slave, but once it is spoken it becomes your master.

The silent man, therefore, is a free man and you may rest assured that he is most often one worth while listening to. Rather a paradox, eh? To listen to a silent man. But when he does speak, his words are of consequence, his tone amiable, his intention sincere.

And for this reason whenever a great cause issues a call for some important work to be executed, whenever a rare vacancy occurs in a large concern, it is the silent man who is chosen for the task. For the talkative individual who speaks what he knows also speaks what he doesn't know. He tells a lie and discloses a truth and that is all our opponent needs to get ahead of us.

The great men, the creative men lived centuries past, in the time when silence was a virtue of the highest esteem.

Silence was a god among the ancients to which fact the famous Thomas Carlyle remarked most wisely: "It should be at least a government clerk among the moderns."

Some people say: "Quiet water flows deep," or something to that effect. Humbug! In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the silent man is the most trustworthy and forbearing.

Then again, when a man is silent he is humble, constrained. He holds his fellow-men superior to himself and, therefore, he is cautious about his speech. Do you know when Alcibiades, one of the ancient Greeks, who was by nature bashful and reserved, became a fluent speaker? That was after his teacher, Socrates, explained to him that the bulk of society is composed of a mob of shoemakers, carpenters, tailors and mere ignorant laborers. It was then, when Alcibiades commenced to deem his fellow-men inferior to himself, that he became a fluent speaker and a yellow leader.

The wisdom of silence must make one a better man. Better men make a better nation. Better nations harmonize into a perfect symphony of brotherly love, the ideal aim of all right-minded men.

❖ ❖ ❖

Protect Your Families from German Germs

We are told by Lieutenant-Colonel Philip S. Doane, head of the Health and Sanitation Section of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, that it is well within the range of possibility that the influenza epidemic which is sweeping the country was turned loose on the Atlantic coast by German agents sent ashore by submarine boats. It is an established fact that Huns have been landed by submarine commanders, because they have been seen in New York and other places.

We are calling attention to this because it shows what a despicable crowd of murderers we are fighting, and if anyone in this yard imagines for a minute that we have as yet subdued the Kaiser's baby-killers just let him study the death statistics growing out of this influenza epidemic.

No, we haven't rid ourselves entirely of the Hun menace, but if we continue to do our duty, to work with the same determination that characterizes the fighting of our boys "Over There," we will soon have the Kaiser's damnable crowd where they can't distribute death-dealing germs and murder innocent women and babies.

And just a bit of common-sense advice on how to avoid the influenza, which strikes first at the lungs, brings on bronchitis, and then pneumonia if it is not taken care of in the early stages:

Keep out of crowds; if you have a cold treat it immediately; carry a clean pocket handkerchief and when using it do not flap it about; take care of your general health; keep the nostrils and other breathing passages clean; three times a day insulate the nose and use as a gargle a solution made up of half a teaspoonful of table salt, half a teaspoonful of baking soda and six ounces of water.

Our Fourth Liberty Loan Honor Roll

To Former Morse Employees Now in France

THE Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company herewith presents to you the names of its employees who bought bonds in the Fourth Liberty Loan. With pardonable pride we wish to point out that once again they have invested liberally their money, time and energy to the end that your harrowing task "over there" will soon be completed and that you may return to us. I am sure I am voicing the sentiments of every employee who invested in the Loan when I say that whatever they have done to help you in your fight, they have done willingly and with a feeling that no sacrifice, no hardship is too great to repay you for the greater sacrifice you are making.

E R Morse

BESIDE going over the top for the Fourth Liberty Loan, we helped the Red Cross to a considerable extent. Two hundred dollars was collected by the various departments during their parades and this money was all donated to the Red Cross.

THE largest Red Cross donation made during the drive came from the band. Every man in that organization contributed two dollars toward a $100 bond which was given to the Red Cross.

OTHER Red Cross contributions received by Miss Jensen were: Hull Department, $10, contributed on the day of their rally; Purchasing Department, $4.50; Boiler Shop, $3.

AFTER the Electricians' parade, thirteen dollars in small change was found in the large flag that was carried. The Riggers collected $2.25, and the Sheet Metal workers collected $5.50 in the same manner.

THE raffle of a fifty-dollar bond by the Hull department proved to be another patriotic and interesting method of acquiring funds. An extra five-dollar bill which came in during the raffle was turned over to the Red Cross.

ONE of the most unique records made during the drive must be credited to George Sylvester of the Hull Department. He was the last man to buy a bond in the Third Liberty Loan drive and the first to buy a bond of the Fourth Loan.

THE $50,000 rally which took place on the Boiler Makers' day will not be forgotten by any of us for some little time to come. It all started when Mr. Morse offered to subscribe $1,000 if $5,000 more could be collected from all those present at the meeting. The result of his offer was wonderful, but that is getting to be the expected thing from Morse employees.



Dept.	Number of Employees	Number with Bonds	Amount of Bonds	Percentage	Number without Bonds
Hospital	7	7	$2,450	350	...
Boiler makers	101	101	19,200	190	...
Pattern makers	20	19	3,500	175	1
Welders	43	43	7,350	171	...
Employment office	13	13	2,100	161	...
Store room	38	38	6,000	158	...
Burners	154	147	19,350	126	7
Sheetmetal workers	133	133	14,900	112½	...
Dock hands	13	13	1,450	112	...
Office	190	...	20,000	105	...
Pipe fitters	284	284	30,000	106	...
Outside machinists	330	312	34,000	103	18
Plumbers	46	46	4,650	101	...
Carpenters, joiners and caulkers	340	438	37,900	101	65
Coppersmiths	143	143	14,400	100	...
Electricians	186	183	17,050	92	3
Inside machinists	198	194	16,150	82	4
New dry dock	98	94	8,000	82	4
Timekeepers	46	46	3,600	78	...
Hull	1,050	910	78,950	75	140
Blacksmiths	78	68	5,650	72	10
Painters	62	62	4,350	70	...
Air plant	25	25	1,800	72	...
Riggers	505	450	32,050	63	55
Chauffeurs, garage	54	54	3,000	55	...
Boat crews	68	37	3,400	50	31
Totals	5,275	4,770	$559,300		

The list of subscribers to the Fourth Liberty Loan presented in the following pages has been prepared with great difficulty and at the expense of considerable delay in the publishing date of this issue of The Dial. It is to be expected that there are inaccuracies and possibly some omissions in the list, but everything has been done to obtain as correct and complete a list as possible. It should be understood that the mistakes or omissions are not intentional, and that they will gladly be corrected in the next issue of The Dial if called to the attention of the Editor before November 25.—The Editor.

WE mustn't forget the splendid music furnished during the noonhour meetings and the untiring efforts of Bandmaster Shea.

IN connection with the Boiler Makers' demonstration, Marty Mulligan deserves mention. A good part of the excellent results achieved can be traced to his efforts on that day.

THE men of the Navy Cost Department proved that, although not Morse employees they caught the spirit. We are proud of their record of $3,100 subscribed to the Loan by 39 men.

BILL WHERRY, of the Hull department, is another one to whom much credit is due for splendid work. Wherry, serving as Miss Jensen's assistant, had charge of practically all of the collection details and it was due to his efforts that we were so continuously supplied with complete records of the results of our efforts.

WITHOUT the help of George Hust, of the burners, according to Jimmy MacFarlane, the Liberty Loan drive would never have been the success that it was. Hust was on the job from the very start until the last bond was sold and no one could withstand his selling "line."

THE hospital has many reasons for feeling proud of its record. Some of the hardest work in connection with the drive was done by Miss Jensen, Bill Wherry and Frank Falconer. It established a record of 350 per cent., and, added to all this, it claims as its own Dr. Wynne, the hospital surgeon.

Dr. Wynne was one of the hospital's most enthusiastic workers; was one of the first men to be on hand when the parade was formed and walked with the rest of the boys from the yard to Borough Hall.

Hospital

Dr. Wynne.
Miss Jensen.
Miss Campbell.
Miss Van Nostrand.
Miss Christiansen.
Mrs. Brackney.
Frank Falconer.

Boilermaker's Department

4,246	J. H. Stephens.	2,207	Riley.
4,255	J. Kerr	2,105	P. Fagan
4,277	M. Shilling.	4,265	R. Anstett
2,148	P. R. Marion.	2,132	Agarappinto.
2,187	F. Van Keuran.	2,133	G. Memerick.
2,118	M. Invelowitz.	4,262	Wm. Bentley.
2,242	H. Levey.	2,210	Sullivan.
2,134	G. G. Maurer.	2,237	Tettley.
2,142	J. Seigler	2,220	Morrissey.
2,125	S. Cinque.	2,216	Cammarta
2,211	R. Spinosa	2,234	Wm. Karkliy.
2,190	J. Giangrant.	2,143	F. Coysh
2,199	T. Dominico.	2,136	Wm. Kerr.
2,135	C. Lucerino.	2,218	G. Costillo.
2,245	G. Hughes	2,122	J. Moran
2,127	J. Freeman.	2,197	J. Romania.
2,106	J. Marrow.	2,159	Abbott
2,139	F. Steuber.	4,208	M. Mulligan.
2,138	J. Lucereno	4,276	J. Miskimin.
2,227	J. Jacobowitz	2,164	Gargenlo.
2,193	A. Tortello.	2,188	Damico
2,212	G. Nostrom.	2,213	Pietro LaFata.
2,169	C Gilmore	2,206	J. Krasnewiz.
2,101	J. Churchill	2,126	F. Peach
2,108	G. Seccia.	2,117	S. Jarmol.
2,223	H. Lippch.	2,179	J. Ruland.
2,155	G. Matarwiz.	2,153	T. Maund.
2,174	G. Tigh	2,128	E. Short
2,219	E. Boas.	2,131	J.Cusimano.
2,111	S. Ippolito.	2,141	S. Zito
2,224	W. Jackson.	2,123	W. Makowiski.
2,177	A. Hill.	2,160	C. Halversen.
2,140	C. Russo.	2,130	J Widdows
2,243	A. Schultz.	2,156	G. Jones
2,103	V. De Nose.	2,129	S. Griff
2,157	Alessio.	2,166	C. Garraggino.
2,112	J. Yeadon.	2,158	J. Lemone
2,221	J. O'Brien.	2,191	J. Kalinowski.
2,198	A. Egidio.	2,208	Stodolski.
2,182	J. Cawley	2,171	Israel
2,241	H. Spurling.	2,124	G. Trackowitz.
2,144	J. Justin.	2,151	N. Cipollino.
2,137	J. Jansen.	2,233	G. Stanton.
2,222	C. Pasquale.	2,244	Huber.
2,202	Clement.	2,107	A. Kerbusch.
2,189	G. McNamara.	2,246	J. Lurdquist.
2,226	J. Ryan	2,105	M. Burdorf.
2,146	A. Friedman.	2,184	W. Dillon.
2,145	Wm. Guenther.	2,186	G. Dryer.
2,152	Rennest.	2,162	S. Cipollino.

Pattern Makers

4,220	N. Johnson.	109	A. Anderson.
4,221	H. Hoover.	107	James Smith.
100	A. Weit	113	Daniel P. Daniells.
110	N. Goldberg.	103	Rice
101	John Paulson.	108	Fred Wood.
120	George O'Brien.	117	T. Fanroth.
104	Oliver Craig.	118	J. Brosile.
116	E. Paulsen.	102	William Griffin.
106	Charles Burbidge	121	Larry Walton.
114	K. Gjeruldsen.		

Employment Bureau

Hildreth Benner.
Joseph N. Dirosse.
Joseph Burns.
C. Stewart Wark.
Thomas J. Plunkett.
Daniel F. Shea.
James Devlin.
John Costello.
John J. Woods.
H. E. Wilson.
B. E. Barnes.
Joseph Fair.
Herbert McCarthy.
Ralph Larsen.
John Seneca.
William Dougherty.
Charles H. Kling.
Frank Vey.

Store Room

W. J. Daly.
Miss K. Collins.
Thomas Lynch.
Joseph Sandifer.
John Byers.
Fred'k. Brackett.
Arthur Ratzel.
Robert Marr. 163
Rupert Brock. 160
Richard Walsh. 150
Frank Pardee. 151
E. McMahon. 164
John O'Hara. 158
Kinsey King.
Jerome Gilligan.
William Bowne.
Otto Schomburg.
Clifford Anderson.
Albert Miller.
Wm. Schwartz.
Wm. Gilchrist. 20,150
Alexander Laird. 20,164
T. Page. 20,160
A. Campbell. 153
John Ruland.
F. Sercia.
170 Jas. Lamberton.
161 G. Haneford.
154 Clarence Murray.
152 John Edwards.
157 Richard Bourke.
155 S. Leach.
156 Michael Murphy.
John Dowd.
Thos. Connelly.
W. Shibley.
Jas. Gilchrist.

Dock Hands

J. Hallock
253 E. Calahan.
258 G. Simonsen.
264 H. Fette.
250 L. Kruse.
254 J. Kelly.
257 A. Evensen.
252 W. Lutz.
262 E. Kelly.
251 L. Hohurst.
255 H. Schwertferger.
261 M. Nelson.
256 S. Salisbury.

Church

Fred Lemere.
James Welden.
William J. McCarthy.
Daniel Lohman.
John Osterle.
Vincent Burke.
William Roth.
John Reddy.
Rollo Stiers.
Herbert Gabriel.
Harry White.
William McCabe.

Sheet Metal Department

4,200	F. Sheedy.	3,420	L. Prudhon.
4,225	A. Murray.	3,421	Geo. Ripp.
3,302	A. Nielsen.	3,425	J. Tranposch.
3,304	D. Cors.	3,427	Sam Freiberg.
3,305	Chas. Tackman	3,431	F. Irving
3,306	Wm. Gyves.	3,434	Joe Crowley.
3,309	A. Pitkaman.	3,437	Geo Olsen.
3,310	C. Christie.	3,439	Tony Swiazda.
3,311	Wm. Flathery.	3,445	Wm. Wynn.
3,312	Ch. McCarthy.	3,460	W. Rosenberg.
3,314	H. Hammer.	3,374	A. Musso.
3,316	A. McCall.	3,476	R. Bennett.
3,321	Ed. Vincent.	23,308	Wm. Hunt.
3,323	J. Flannigan.	23,315	J. Kockch.
3,326	Sam. Williams	23,375	H. Dawson.
3,332	Leo Laubach.	23,377	H. Wynn.
3,340	John O'Brien.	2,403	E. Bunger.
3,341	B. Saloff.	5,201	V. Pofundi.
3,344	Paul Barthg.	5,204	Wm. Gannon.
3,346	J. Smyth.	5,206	L. Smith.
3,348	A. Thompson.	5,207	J. Wahl.
3,349	A. Walsh.	5,208	S. Carl.
3,351	F. Kunzinger.	5,209	Joe Makowski.
3,356	E. Nielson.	5,210	O. Osterland.
3,360	Max Ehrlich.	5,214	Wm Gross.
3,363	H. Pearlston.	5,216	Sus Yorkland.
3,367	Wm. Panasci.	5,217	J. McGurgan.
3,365	Job Molander.	5,220	F. Rintoul.
3,369	Jas. Brown.	5,223	W. Wood.
3,371	M. Silverman.	5,224	S. Dullaghan.
3,375	Chas. Adamson.	5,227	Sal Parascard.
3,379	Max Defren.	5,230	F. Dugan.
3,380	B. Wener.	5,232	N. Seneca.
3,384	H. Hirshfield.	5,233	F. Brown.
3,385	A. San Fillippo.	5,235	C. Freitag.
3,388	F. Crozier.	5,237	S. Marra
3,394	H. Org.	5,238	M. Mansfield.
3,396	L. Fiorino.	5,240	Chas. Borch.
3,400	Lester Covert.	5,241	Chas. Smith.
3,404	S. Grossman.	5,242	Joe Lynd.
3,405	J. Dell Isola.	5,244	P. Noreck.
3,407	A. Nielsen.	5,246	A. Normandi.
3,408	Geo. Link.	5,247	A. Sanders.
3,410	D. Lipsick.	5,252	Jas. Kehoe.
3,411	Paul Gingross.	5,253	John Fitzgerald.
3,413	Chris. Dalton.	5,256	J. Hines.
3,416	A. Bachrer.	5,257	Thos. Keleher.
3,419	M. Karzer.	5,258	A. Robinson.
5,260	R. Flathry.	25,263	Wm. Cuello.
5,261	F. Verdoni.	25,264	A. Della Pietra.
5,263	R. Mitchell.	25,265	W. Clegg.
5,269	Geo. Holtman.	25,270	F. Convery.
5,276	J. Van Zuiler.	25,282	Thos. Breslin.
5,281	J. Elliott.	25,292	A. Estler.
5,290	A. Sangeman.	25,294	D. Cutruzsi.
5,291	P. Esposito.	3,387	J. Boivin.
5,292	F. Coluccio.	5,229	M. Garmer.
5,293	J. Main.	5,270	F. Boyle.
5,294	P. Valentino.	3,374	A. Musso.
25,200	J. Convery.	5,249	Thos. McOuilan.
25,212	H. Hunt.	5,273	J. Ruddy.
25,218	Geo. Panos.	3,387	J. Boivian.
25,220	E. Hannvan.	3,307	J. Cirillo.
25,225	L. King.	3,432	J. Gordon.
25,238	Wm. English.	5,271	E. Mallin
25,462	A. Patlin.	3,414	W. Wadsworth.
25,250	H. Giel.	3,372	C. Scott.
25,257	Chas. Barone.	25,228	D. Violante.
25,262	J. Mahoney.		

Air Plant Department

868	John Croke.	21,080	James Fallon.
912	Thomas Joyce.	21,082	Dennis Devine.
1,534	Thomas Judge.	21,085	James Keogh
1,765	Charles Nolan.	21,086	Grover Flaherty.
4,626	Thomas Mara.	21,087	Patrick Farrell.
4,627	John Lansing.	21,088	Patrick Burke.
4,631	John Lyons.	21,089	Patrick Burke.
20,755	Richard Gibbons.	21,090	Michel Markey.
20,955	Frank Mirillo.	1,096	James Flynn.
21,054	John Quigley.	21,217	Peter Maher.
21,055	William Schwab.	1,748	Frank Kenny.
21,075	Patrick Heaney.		Edw J. Lawless.
21,077	Francis Branley.		

Carpenters and Joiners

4,218	T. Nesbit.	6,535	J. Wolfsen.
4,219	J. Plaut.	6,536	S. Maryatt.
4,249	C. Nelsen.	6,537	D. Carter.
4,284	G. Minnett.	6,528	J. McDonald.
6,500	J. Burke.	6,539	R. Erstad.
6,502	J. McDonald.	6,540	E. Kortsen.
6,503	J. Townsend.	6,541	G. Wright.
6,504	S. Wilson.	6,542	C. Fergusen.
6,505	W. Stanley.	6,543	J. McGarry.
6,506	J. Cox.	6,544	J. Tolsen.
6,507	O. Olsen.	6,545	S. Spencer.
6,508	G. Malongan.	6,547	W. Sonlia.
6,509	O. Olsen.	6,548	C. Thompsen.
6,510	H. Martin.	6,549	I. Tymstol.
6,513	A. Andersen.	6,551	J. Deighan.
6,514	W. Harvey.	6,554	G. Gundersen.
6,515	P. Holland.	6,555	N. Larson.
6,517	H. McDonald.	6,558	J. White.
6,521	A. Hansen.	6,559	H. Andersen.
6,523	L. Spencer.	6,560	W. White.
6,524	J. McDonald.	6,561	A. Lenner.
6,526	J. Mattsen.	6,567	F. Holland.
6,527	T. Petersen.	6,569	J. Barry.
6,528	G. Andrews.	6,570	C. Bruno.
6,529	W. Ulsamer.	6,572	L. Silesky.
6,532	S. De Rosa.	6,573	W. Falconer.
6,533	A. Miller.	6,574	S. Sillers.

(*Continued, see next page*)



Carpenters and Joiners—Continued

6,575 G. Peterson.
6,576 J. Petersen.
6,577 J. Madsen.
6,578 H. Hedstrom.
6,580 J. Rutherford.
6,581 J. Eckland.
6,582 J. Higgins.
6,583 A. Devine.
6,586 H. Lockhart.
6,587 G. Cossey.
6,588 P. Studer.
6,589 C. Hansen.
6,590 B. Whidden.
6,591 G. Fossing.
6,592 G. Griffin.
6,593 V. Grant.
6,594 S. Magnussen.
6,595 J. McCellon.
6,597 P. Thorkelsen.
6,599 J. Logan.
6,601 J. Cortose.
6,600 S. Holland.
6,602 P. Gulbrandsen.
6,603 P. Moore.
6,604 A. Young.
6,606 D. Gates.
6,607 P. Lynch.
6,608 E. Hanson.
6,609 J. Shakespeare.
6,610 J. Theis.
6,612 H. Beck.
6,614 J. Bruce.
6,616 C. Knutsen.
6,617 G. Pearson.
6,618 O. Huseby.
6,620 E. Juopperi.
6,621 A. Hansen.
6,622 R. Way.
6,623 O. Holmberg.
6,624 A. Petersen.
6,625 S. Nickelson.
6,629 E. Thompson.
6,630 C. Christensen.
6,632 G. Pedersen.
6,636 R. Squires.
6,638 C. Andersen.
6,639 O. Olson.
6,640 A. Blomquist.
6,642 P. Lane.
6,643 B. Hart.
6,644 J. Jacobsen.
6,645 E. Moore.
6,646 M. Hansen.
6,649 A. Hansen.
6,650 C. Lundberg.
6,660 G. Hanson.
6,663 C. Mattson.
6,664 O. Johnsen.
6,670 J. Murphy.
6,672 R. Kerr.
6,674 J. McCormack.
6,675 W. Burke.
6,676 C. Fisk.
6,678 A. McDonald.
6,679 L. Yavno.
6,681 C. Gunsten.
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6,686 G. Thorgersen.
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J. Conlon.
E. Merwin.
J. W. Brainard.
J. Solomon.
G. Kilthau.
Kenneth Craig.
Cyrus Maclaurin.
Jacob Jacobsen.
Richard Allen.
Alfred Todd Baker.
Charles E. Kelley.
J. P. Boone,
B. Simpson.
Miss K. Morris.
Miss Kittie Burke.
Miss Florence Semon.
Miss Elizabeth Morrisey.
Miss Helen McKenna.
Miss Hilderbrand.
Harry Rees.
George F. Keenan.
J. Goldsmith.
A. Simpson.
G. Hunt.
J. Mitchell.
H. Swett.
A. Connell.
J. Glynn.
Charles Fabre.
G. Hutton.
A. Ginelli.
R. Schaad.
A. Ferlozza.
P. Kohman.
J. Smith.
J. Brickner.
H. Lyons.
C. Killeen.
N. Brennan.
F. McCauley.
A. Rose.
E. Olsey.
H. Anyon.
A. Schwartz.
Miss C. Pierce.
Miss L. Palmer.
Miss Madison.
Louis Viet.
James Mann.
James Lynch.
Charles Gilmer.
Sidney Goodman.
Arthur Akerstrom.
Hugh Seymour.
John J. Brady.
Rudolph Bernard.
C. Hight.
George Bolin.
A. Akerstrom.
G. Rebstern.
James J. Castles.
R. L. Boyle.
Lorenz Lanza.
Henry Johnson.
V. Ditore.

Coppersmiths and Pipe Coverers

Albert Jacobson
4,279 H. Holland.
3,100 J. Scarpa.
3,102 J. Rutledge.
3,103 A. Leide
3,104 J. Rosnell.
3,106 W. Whiteside.
3,107 J. Rhinegold.
3,117 R. Flannery.
3,118 N. Rizzo.
3,122 M. Bierbechler.
3,127 S. Polansky.
3,134 H. Paul.
3,137 G. Carlson.
3,140 A. Heller.
3,141 G. Furst.
3,143 S. Rosen.
3,144 E. Devlin.
3,145 M. Maximchcck.
3,146 J. Geyer.
3,147 V. Campbell.
3,148 G. Burglund.
3,151 J. Sill.
3,152 F. Browne.
3,160 I. Cohn.
3,162 J. Persikoff.
3,164 O. Ricke.
3,165 T. Mausci.
3,166 A. Olsen.
3,167 B. Pavilides.
5,000 A. Goldberg.
5,001 E. J. Johnson.
5,002 D. F. Basil.
5,003 E. Behr.
5,004 O. J. Leoffler.
5,005 A. Panone.
5,006 C. Flood.
5,008 J. Pellettieri.
5,010 I. Lepafsky.
5,011 M. Willner.
5,012 A. Sutera.
5,013 G. Bjorglund.
5,017 H. Solinsky.
5,018 M. Harris.
5,019 G. Barbagollo
5,020 J. McCoskery.
5,021 C. Klett.
5,023 E. Horten.
5,024 A. Sardi.
5,025 G. Barton.
5,026 H. Polansky.
5,029 F. Rinden.
5,033 B. Levy.
5,036 D. Boccieri.
5,037 A. Napoli.
5,038 C. J. Cotton.
5,039 A. A. Mullin.
5,042 Wm. Leviness.
5,044 J. Zacchine.
5,048 D. Mucerino.
5,049 E. Van Pelt.
5,050 T. Vento.
5,054 A. Borelli.
5,057 Max Levine.
5,059 Thos. Hayes.
5,063 M. Canary.
5,065 G. Rapuzzi.
5,066 A. Callahan.
5,067 C. Polansky.
5,068 J. Donnery.
5,069 W. McKelvey.
5,071 Jos. Miriello.
5,072 J. Powers.
5,073 A. Tomshefsky.
5,074 Wm. Harriett.
5,075 Jos. Shapiro.
5,076 L. Stone.
5,082 A. Hilding
5,083 Geo. Seevers.
5,096 M. Foster.
5,098 M. Moskowitz.
3,119 S. Maiorana.
3,124 J. J. Lawler.
3,128 C. Kundsen.
3,154 H. Wilson.
23,100 T. Hemmerich.
23,101 J. Arbardi.
23,102 A. Gricco.
23,103 J. Martin.
23,104 L. Tomei.
23,105 Geo. Sullivan.
23,106 J. Petty.
23,107 S. Bica.
23,108 T. Crotty.
23,109 J. Lynam.
23,113 T. Schartta.
23,116 H. Pieper.
23,118 R. Trimboli.
23,119 A. Turner.
23,128 A. Baum.
23,130 A. Posner.
23,131 F. Scrica.
23,132 C. Roy.
23,133 C. Rinschler.
23,135 A. Frey.
23,137 Wm. Haddon.
23,138 A. Richter.
23,139 Joe Selvester.
23,142 A. Donnelly.
23,145 Jos. Sacco.
23,148 F. McGuire.
25,000 F. Phelan.
25,002 T. Martin.
25,003 J. Zito.
25,004 H. Gessler.
25,005 F. Parker.
25,006 H. Richards.
25,007 H. Pieper.
25,008 Wm. Johnston.
25,009 D. Palmer.
25,011 E. Giordano.



25,012 F. Sontag.
25,013 J. Kerrigan.
25,014 A. Dappleto.
25,015 A. Valerio.
25,016 L. Reigle.
25,018 P. Daly.
25,019 H. C. Osborne.
25,020 B. Cracolia.
25,022 O. A. Olsen.
25,027 H. Jessup.
25,028 H. Sheridan.
25,029 G. Repoli.
25,030 C. Helinholtz.
25,032 Geo. Conk.
25,036 James Murray.
25,040 R. Pennine.
25,042 Wm. Mitchill.
25,043 T. F. Daly.
25,044 J. Cicio.
25,045 J. A. Micheli.
25,046 C. Judge.
25,048 Harold Ellis.

Blacksmith Department

4,231 Chas. A. Small.
5,301 Robt. McQueen.
5,306 Wm. McMullen.
5,321 W. Barker.
5,318 F. Fritzky.
5,311 M. Kok.
5,305 Jas. Tester
5,363 Ch. Christianson.
5,310 Ben. Pearson.
5,320 M. Mach.
5,315 B. Kuzks.
5,322 F. Mognott.
5,329 Ch. Paiturick.
5,331 F. Enerico.
5,388 M. Szaba.
5,330 E. Barker.
5,324 C. M. Anstell.
5,307 L. Melzer.
5,381 J. Kozara,
5,316 B. Kroll.
5,372 J. Ambreanio.
5,335 T. Kershok.
5,300 E. Meybert.
5,326 R. Urabanowitz.
5,376 Huskowitz.
5,328 G. Koiner.
5,500 Phil. O'Connell.
5,505 S. Hoinaski.
5,512 A. Swenson.
5,517 J. Neuberg.
5,571 P. Moran.
5,502 D. Blair.
5,543 J. Petrunovich.
5,529 S. Printz.
5,526 J. Twomey.
5,534 A. Lundberg.
5,530 J. Zukas.
5,594 J. Griglik.
5,523 F. Griglik.
5,597 K. Prawuski.
5,535 C. Haglind.
5,632 S. Smith.
5,503 J. Ward.
5,604 P. Tamanasky.
5,643 S. Tamanasky.
5,509 F. Nigerilli.
5,583 J. Kulish.
5,521 F. Burkhart.
5,568 A. Rentel
5,557 C. Carraccia.
5,553 W. Molinick.
5,555 L. Esposito
5,639 M. Szaba, Jr.
5,549 J. Ptack.
5,518 R. Karowsky.
5,507 J. Liggans.
5,528 J. Byrne.
5,609 J. Gordon.
5,530 J. Griffin.
5,545 P. Cusack.
5,548 P. Grogan.
5,524 J. Dumbroski.
5,538 A. Caferio
5,539 Ch. Schwenske.
5,552 D. Herlaly.
5,370 A. Fallon.
5,336 J. Oakes
5,554 J. Yuccattes.

Watchmen

1 S. L. Potter.
29 James Connolly.
8 Robert Moore.
18 J. Casey.
20 W. Voss.
42 W. Vogel
73 J. L. Coffey.
64 J. O'Neill.
72 J. Delaney.
M. Leonard.
69 J. Walsh.
3 F. Wilcox.
14 C. Christenson.
4 J. Fanning.
9 J. Turney.
22 M. Flood.
37 H. Kingwell.
52 H. Watts.
68 J. Nugent.
71 J. Harbison.
49 J. Manning.

Pipe Shop

23,558 E. Boyne.
23,562 W. Colburn.
23,567 W. A. Bloise.
23,600 Hess.
23,568 J. Lowe.
23,572 F. Hultman.
23,573 J. Martin.
23,575 M. Taggart.
23,576 W. Rodier.
23,577 Wm. P. Hughes.
23,579 E. Sherry.
23,580 H. Illoins.
23,581 W. Ison
23,582 E. Shubbleworth.
23,583 B. Clindinew.
23,584 J. Fogg.
23,585 Cappelo.
23,588 J. Spence.
23,590 E. Dahlin.
23,593 H. Dennegan.
23,594 Harsin.
23,596 T. Boyle.
23,600 Edw. Hess
23,602 F. Adams
24,300 T. Lennon.
24,301 R. Smith.
24,303 O. Pedersen.
24,305 T. Robinson.
24,308 R. Schaad.
24,309 W. Krack.
24,323 J. Fisher.
24,328 V. D. Lauria.
24,329 Fred. White.
24,331 J. Gallagher.
24,333 A. McGill.
24,334 J. Wood.
4,408 V. Chiariello.
4,409 F. Shear.
4,410 A. Haly.
4,411 H. Morrison.
4,413 L. Thorne.
4,414 W. Bird.
4,416 Thorn.
4,415 P. Sullivan.
4,417 R. Van Duyer.
4,418 Gunn.
4,420 G. Strand
4,421 W. Bornhofft.
4,422 N. Javes.
4,423 Schroeder.
4,424 B. Illions.
4,430 J. Medica.
4,437 W. Murray.
4,439 T. Cannava.
4,440 E. Bonner.
4,442 B. Gallagher.
4,445 J. Begondon.
4,458 C. Solomon.
4,461 D. James.
4,469 J. H. Lane.
4,471 C. Fitzimmins.
4,479 Duncan.
4,483 J. Gentile.
4,485 Jos. Stevenson.
4,488 F. Deiglian.
4,492 T. Gardner, Jr.
4,494 E. Varchetta.
4,495 G. Reyburn.
4,501 M. O'Brien.
4,508 E. McGovern.
4,514 P. Henken.
4,517 M. McMenoe.
4,522 Wm. Kirk.
4,525 Randolph.
4,523 J. Reynolds.
4,536 F. Lackmann.
4,361 Chas. Hammarth.
4,362 R. Bernabe.
4,363 August Gliesman.
4,364 J. Smith.
4,365 Jas. Creegan.
4,369 J. Sullivan.
4,370 C. Davis.
4,372 J. Perrone.
4,373 H. McPathland.
4,374 F. DeSorbo.
4,376 T. Gunn.
4,378 Jas. F. Gorman.
4,379 G. M. Anderson.
4,380 J. Asche.
4,381 F. P. Fail.
4,387 J. Long.
4,388 Frank Yorke.
4,389 H. Barling.
4,390 Wm. Nuzum.
4,391 J. Powell.
4,392 John V. Eckoldt.
4,393 E. McGovern.
4,395 H. Davis.
4,396 John Devinne.
4,397 C. Krebel.
4,398 R. Olsen.
4,399 C. Dahlbender.
4,401 Timothy Britt.
4,402 Max Molncik.
4,403 John W. Puls.
4,404 Benj. Jacobs.
4,405 Wm. O. Reilly.
4,406 Frank Malone.
4,356 H. Fitzimmons.
4,357 R. Fraser.
4,358 M. McGuire.
4,359 John Durkin.
4,360 A. L. Meyer.
4,309 J. Knespler.
4,310 Arthur Smith.
4,311 J. Mackey.
4,312 John Tracy.
4,314 G. Winkler.
4,317 H. Kellar.
4,318 A. McDonald.
4,320 L. Ullman.
4,322 F. Henar
4,323 E. Nicholls.
4,326 F. Field.
4,328 C. Villanova.
4,329 A. Crocevera.
4,330 W. Peterson.
4,331 F. Bittner.
4,332 W. Ohman.
4,333 A. Palmer.
4,334 H. Sivelle.
4,335 Wm. McDonald.
4,337 Alfred Ellison.
4,338 R. Gore.
4,339 W. Smith.
4,341 F. Byrne.
4,342 J. Cunningham.
4,344 J. Jackson.
4,345 Irwin Keller.
4,346 C. Shuttler.
4,347 J. Callaham.
4,348 G. Gussback.
4,351 C. Scaien
4,352 D. Doctor.
4,353 J. Varrillo.
4,354 J. Gunning.
4,355 E. Horn
3,623 Brardworth.
3,624 G. Fricke
3,625 H. Pace.
3,627 J. Doherty.
3,628 C. Dreek.
3,633 E. Reid.
3,635 W. Smith.
3,637 M. Molskii.
3,640 A. Carson.
3,642 F. Holt.
3,643 B. Price.
3,645 J. Villanova.
3,647 J. McHugh.
3,648 J. Carragher.
3,650 D. Kelly.
3,651 R. Bisdale.
3,653 N. Smith.
3,657 H. Bock.
3,660 J. Fiyo
3,661 J. Littlejohn.
3,663 B. Sharpiro.
3,666 F. Woods.
3,667 E. Palmer.
3,669 C. Harvey.
3,670 A. Arenth.
3,671 Lichtenburg.
3,675 J. McKeon.
3,682 L. Levine.
3,684 O. Marcguardt.
3,686 C. Batch.
3,688 F. Bushman
3,696 H. Stillwell.
4,300 J. Kelly.
4,301 G. H. Boyles.
4,302 G. Keating.
4,303 T. Ryan.
4,304 F. Kehoe.
4,306 T. Salatupp.
4,308 W. Howard.
3,569 J. McGovern.
3,570 Jas. Kerr.
3,573 John Lynch.
3,575 Robt. Sharp.
3,576 Wm. Banks.
3,578 F. Ackerstrom.
3,584 F. Rohner.
3,586 Wm. Nickless.
3,587 M. Franco.
3,589 E. O. Brien.
3,590 Geo. Lodes.
3,592 H. Smith.
3,593 J. E. Ryan.
3,594 Jens P. Olson.
3,595 Jack Albin.
3,596 Wm. Holmes.
3,598 Wm. Bird.
3,599 E. Heath.
3,600 Henry Christ.
3,601 C. Olsen.
3,602 John Ross.
3,603 G. Larkin.
3,604 C. W. Kent.
3,605 M. McGarragher.
3,606 J. Lynch.
3,607 S. Sjursen.
3,608 J. Thompson.
3,610 J. Wackler.
3,611 H. Fitzgerald.
3,612 M. Morrell
3,613 Thos. Henion
3,614 J. Brunton.
3,615 Geo. Blenkin.
3,620 F. Richards.
3,621 M. Despanja.
4,243 A. Bright.
4,244 J. Reynolds.
3,500 R. Dunn.
3,501 G. Hogan
3,504 R. D. Tryon.
3,506 D. Aikenhead.
3,508 Robt. Burges.
3,511 J. Wood.
3,512 C. Ohman.
3,514 D. J. Parker.
3,520 Patrick Dowd.
3,521 J. Costello.
3,523 T. Brady.
3,525 T. Gill.
3,528 H. C. Brower.
3,530 J. Leonard.
3,531 J. Innella.
3,532 W. McClellan.
3,533 F. Palmer.
3,534 S. Brown.
3,537 E. M. Breschard.
3,540 S. B. Riker.
3,541 Roger Murray.
3,542 A. H. Ehlert.
3,543 Clarence Kinzey.
3,544 T. Horton.
3,546 Walter Lent.
3,549 E. Malley.
3,551 L. C. Iaccarino.
3,554 H. Hyde.
3,555 Walter Richter.
3,556 Wm. Litzinger.
3,557 F. Murray.
3,561 A. Forrest
3,566 R. McBride.
3,567 John P. McCue.
3,568 John Maher.
4,545 J. J. McCabe.
4,556 J. Mellody.
4,559 F. Nelson.
4,565 F. Fusco.
4,567 D. Duffy.
4,571 J. Devine.
4,572 H. C. Wilkenloh.

(*Continued on next page*)

Pipe Shop—Continued

4,574 A. Tesoro
4,575 B. Romanitch.
4,580 S. Costello.
4,581 Ledger.
4,587 G. Tracy.
4,595 V. Prestagiome.
4,597 W. Jansen.
23,502 T. Collins.
23,503 Iron.
23,504 S. Doucette.
23,508 W. Melody.
23,509 T. Coppinger.
23,510 G. Hamilton.
23,512 G. Samsel.
23,516 S. McNillis.
23,519 A. Will.
23,527 N. Hunter
23,528 I. Billington.
23,529 W. Taylor.
23,530 A. Wheelhouse.
23,532 J. Meyer.
23,534 H. Abrahamson.
23,535 J. Haggerty.
23,537 J. Stauthers.
23,538 S. Plant.
23,540 N. Gothart.
23,548 T. Hyatt.
23,549 A. Harvey.
23,550 D. Sateria.
23,554 Winkler.
23,555 J. Pearson.
23,556 L. Perrone.
23,557 R. Mahling.

New Dry Dock

4,216 Geo. MacLauren.
9,933 P. Neary.
9,936 Ed. Warden.
9,929 R. Planche.
9,955 G. Webster.
9,914 G. MacKay.
9,938 O. Hansen.
9,908 J. W. Ekhind.
9,987 G. Sim.
9,940 John Sinski.
9,943 G. Olsen.
9,996 H. Reilly.
9,901 A. Nugent.
9,954 R. R. MacNair.
29,928 Antonino Seneca.
10,070 C. Giordano.
9,902 Frank De Vito.
29,914 A. Yunker.
29,905 L. A. Thompson.
9,950 J. Rundberg.
10,003 E. Nadratowski.
10,069 Joe Benson.
9,918 C. Campbell.
9,956 T. Omundson.
9,922 A. Nelson.
9,917 N. Mosher.
9,961 A. Siegling.
29,924 H. Anderson.
9,981 J. Fisher.
10,032 R. Forslund.
9,988 E. Carlson.
10,000 L. Abrahamsen.
10,014 Albert Larsen.
9,967 L. Nelson.
10,048 Ben Chaski.
9,980 T. Larsen.
10,020 John Eber.
9,925 Sam Olsen.
9,948 J. R. Tompson.
10,065 Helge Olsen.
9,999 Simon Aanensen.
9,928 Joe Daryshney.
9,993 Walter Kenny.
9,958 Tom Tompson.
29,938 Christ Pedersen.
9,915 William Johnson.
10,023 Fred Nelson.
10,066 H. Christensen.
29,948 Jack Juseluns.
9,982 Nick Stenmo.
29,904 Peter Balling.
29,917 M. Lynch.
9,911 Jack Thomas.
9,910 E. Malloy.
9,934 M. Devine.
9,907 N. Reilly.
29,915 Chas. Brown.
9,957 Sam Lorring.
9,941 M. Hawkins.
9,905 W. Sandbery.
9,946 J. P. Johnson.
9,975 E. Johanson.
9,924 George Frank.
29,943 Ivar Erickson.
9,987 Anton Rehn.
10,006 E. Mattson.
9,986 J. Czermawski.
9,962 John Soderberg.
29,937 Carl Soderberg.
9,980 T. Larsen.
9,985 E. Dahl.
9,966 Gerhard Jacabsen.
9,995 Carl O. Ekelamd.
10,030 H. M. Smith.
9,979 G. Pendola.
29,926 Chas. Bennie.
9,947 J. Johnson.
9,906 A. Christie.
29,911 J. Syron.
29,909 W. Stiles.
9,970 Harry Stokes.
10,029 T. Hespenski.
9,974 Otto Carlson.
9,913 G. Alston.
9,960 A. Esbyernson.
Rstaur. Wm. H. Carter.
29,944 D. Mitchell.
10,041 O. Pritchard.
9,900 Wm. Boryeson.
9,939 A. Anderson.
9,978 Tom Simonsen.
10,067 Joseph Johnson.
29,906 Carl T. Olsen.
9,994 Anton Hassler.
10,019 G. W. Balcerzak.
9,973 Hugo Baavola.
10,047 John Kehoe.
10,044 L. Czernawski.
10,071 J. Johnson.
10,010 Victor Samuelson.
29,916 A. Sorensen.

Inside Machinists

4,227 W. Robbins.
4,228 W. Ritchie.
4,258 Chas. Brightson.
4,269 Vincent Konop.
4,270 Chas. Holmberg.
2,800 A. Lillieson.
2,801 W. Hutchinson.
2,803 J. Raven.
2,804 P. Stingo.
2,805 G. Robedee.
2,807 J. L. Hall.
2,808 P. Russo.
2,809 E. Natali.
2,811 W. Gourlay.
2,812 C. Stylander.
2,813 F. Sangiorgio.
2,814 F. Wiener.
2,815 C. Engstrom.
2,816 J. Kurtovitch.
2,817 L. Shatzel.
2,818 R. Richards.
2,819 A. Lundin.
2,821 O. Melander.
2,822 C. Weigel.
2,823 V. Consoli.
2,824 C. Behling.
2,825 J. Gambino.
2,826 A. Hill.
2,827 E. Webber.
2,828 P. Di Marco.
2,830 O. Rocholl.
2,831 M. Poder.
2,833 H. Stroedbeck.
2,834 J. Coletti.
2,835 W. Durling.
2,836 J. Liden.
2,837 B. De Bar.
2,838 A. Vance.
2,840 J. E. Wherry.
2,841 V. Satfield.
2,842 H. Bassett.
2,844 W. Bunins.
2,845 P. Shaefer.
2,846 T. Tabito.
2,848 C. Potter.
2,850 L. Privitera.
2,851 V. Boccardo.
2,852 M. Grimi.
2,853 J. Wilson.
2,854 H. Pauli.
2,855 J. Henning.
2,856 N. Pierrson.
2,857 C. Fleming.
2,858 J. Dahlquist.
2,859 T. Karlberg.
2,860 W. Johnston.
2,862 W. Coakley.
2,864 C. Henderson.
2,865 G. Ballantine.
2,866 P. Markussen.
2,867 J. Sweeney.
2,868 S. Jensen.
2,870 R. Pira
2,871 H. Derr.
2,872 A. Carlsen.
2,873 C. V. Peterson.
2,874 H. Glass.
2,875 R. Kingston.
2,877 P. Arvoman.
2,878 F. Roach.
2,880 H. Henner.
2,881 P. Gilligan.
2,882 E. Kalyanos.
2,883 W. Wells.
2,884 H. Liphoff.
2,885 T. Roussis.
2,889 S. Nelson.
2,890 W. Stanions.
2,891 J. Sherman.
2,892 V. Polita.
2,893 O. Dahlquist.
2,894 W. Olansen.
2,896 A. Anderson.
2,897 O. Rise.
2,898 A. Squazzi
2,899 C. Thompson.
2,903 H. Segerlind.
2,906 E. Rydberg.
2,909 M. Mortensen.
2,911 E. Hellstrom.
2,914 E. Girth.
2,922 T. Westerlund.
2,923 P. Reina.
2,928 E. Wilhelm.
2,932 J. Brown.
2,937 B. Hargraves.
2,938 H. McQuillan.
2,948 E. Weinberg.
2,951 M. Pascale.
2,953 S. Lerma.
2,954 A. Ingelbrightson.
2,958 E. Tomer.
2,961 A. White.
2,962 H. Smith.
2,963 F. Hansen.
2,966 S. Howarth.
2,967 L. Paterno.
2,968 C. Kelly.
2,969 S. Crowther.
2,976 A. White.
2,978 I. Nusbaum.
2,979 F. Ekman.
2,984 J. McDonough.
2,986 G. Nyman.
2,990 J. Liciron
2,993 R. Carlsen.
2,995 E. Staff.
2,997 F. Ulsamer.
3,001 I. Ash.
3,002 R. Williamson.
3,003 J. Grigorio.
3,006 F. Peterson.
3,011 O. Stelander.
3,013 F. Ryden.
3,018 R. O. Tanner.
3,021 P. R. Lambert.
3,022 A. Overton.
3,023 R. Barrett.
3,025 G. Gustafsen.
3,029 O. Larsen.
3,030 C. Lindgren.
3,034 W. Anderson.
3,040 J. Alexanderson.
3,041 S. Cooper.
3,047 J. Jacobsen.
3,048 S. Rutledge.
3,050 W. Bing.
3,051 E. Brage.
3,052 P. Forte.
3,055 A. Clark.
3,056 W. Malcolm.
3,063 T. Johnson.
3,064 K. Sundquist.
3,065 W. A. Hicks.
3,066 J. Lynch.
3,072 W. Dansen.
3,074 L. Condon.
3,077 C. Ambriano.
3,079 M. Thielman.
3,081 V. Benson.
4,600 W. King.
4,601 W. Jerome.
4,602 J. Matolla.
4,603 W. Johnston.
4,605 J. Mendorf.
4,606 J. McCree.
4,607 J. Rudnick.
4,609 J. Hughes.
4,610 D. Kriger.
4,611 E. Higgins.
4,613 H. Thomas.
4,616 A. Seifert.
4,619 R. Kingston, Jr.
4,621 Thos. Reid.
4,622 J. Peterson.
4,623 James Collins.
4,624 J. Little.
4,626 T. Mara.
4,627 J. Lansing.
4,628 E. Collins.
4,630 D. Shea.
4,631 J. Lyons.
4,634 J. McGarry.
4,643 J. Conte.
4,644 J. Conroy.
4,646 F. Rudnick.
4,651 H. Marulla.
4,652 Thos. Stevens.
4,653 A. Spuller.
4,657 W. Walker.
4,658 V. Andretti.
4,660 E. Gelling.
4,661 E. Isaksen.
4,663 J. Nystrom.
4,665 J. Holland.
4,666 R. Senne.
4,667 W. Wherry.
4,668 W. McCormick.
4,670 C. Kelly.
4,674 A. Wienblad.
4,676 F. Salzano.
4,685 A. Zino
4,686 W. Hirshkind.
4,700 J. Farrell

Boat Crews

Capt. D. Roche, Pilot.
29,776 Frank Gaffney.
9,706 P. Goneng.
9,756 J. Oklund.
Wm. F. Kirby, Port Capt.
E. S. Sullivan, Supt. of Tugs.
9,715 A. Kautermann.
9,770 M. Fountain.
9,748 F. Barth.
9,710 S. Nygard.
29,786 S. Halloran.
29,783 C. Johansen.
9,790 Winfr d Mason.
9,700 K. Nelsen.
29,756 D. Erickson.
9,704 H. Friels.
9,731 H. Hansen.
9,716 A. Melville.
9,701 L. Anstonsen.
29,769 L. Pederson.
9,711 R. Erickson.
9,749 F. Coleman.
29,743 G. Knutsen.
9,766 M. J. Carmichael.
29,771 J. E. Bunnell.
9,758 Wm. D. Evans.
29,706 D. Daisey.
29,705 J. B. Reynolds.
29,709 J. Chambers.
2,764 M. Ericson.
9,753 J. Lindgren.
29,764 F. Evans.
9,768 J. Marks.
29,740 E. H. Heady.
29,741 William Cheney.
29,736 John Cars.
9,755 R. Sabio.
29,738 Knute Hange.
29,757 John Carlson.
2,973 V. Jorgesen.
29,713 C. Pedersen.
9,791 P. Pedersen.
9,763 Geo. H. Bunnell.
9,703 J. Palmore.

Riggers Department

9,074 W. Ames.
9,022 C. Rheinhardt.
9,322 P. Storgion.
9,575 S. Swenningsen.
8,915 C. Doviken.
8,913 J. Ericksen.
8,934 A. White.
9,682 P. Williams.
8,908 J. Ericksen.
9,140 M. Sullivan.
9,228 O. Christiensen.
8,958 G. Armstrong.
8,957 J. Ammund.
8,928 Axel Fredricksen
9,176 H. Johannsen.
9,202 M. Grieco.
9,073 T. Catelleto.
9,509 B. Thorsen.
8,909 H. Hansen.
8,936 S. Urdal.
8,906 J. Olsen.
8,707 H. Andersen.
9,350 J. Johnsen.
9,344 S. Hines.
9,283 C. Jacobsen.
9,083 W. Geiss.
9,156 A. Smith.
9,071 O. Carlson.
9,165 E. Olsen.
9,184 J. Johnsen.
9,573 J. Andersen.
9,163 R. Harkema.
9,094 E. Johnsen.
9,483 H. Olsen.
8,919 J. Reynolds.
9,131 B. Soderstrom.
8,920 J. Sundby.
9,007 V. Orefrice.
9,524 T. Bertelsen.
9,016 C. Johnsen.
9,026 W. McFarlane.
8,440 P. Massanzo.
8,982 D. Massanzo.
9,488 K. Simonsen.
9,251 M. Andersen.
9,554 A. Olsen.
8,717 A. Thomassen.
9,200 F. Standworth.
8,409 J. Wahl.
9,180 F. Abbazio.
8,918 W. Lansing.
8,904 G. Aanonsen.
9,508 F. Scuterri.
9,515 H. Jordan.
9,207 C. Christinsen.
9,143 M. Savarese.
9,151 J. Cohen.
9,554 A. Olsen.
9,215 I. Talal.
9,275 J. Lowery.
9,191 G. Jacobsen.
9,067 A. Carlson.
8,536 A. Fiori.
9,265 Wm. Hutton.
9,212 C. Liljebeck.
9,671 P. Shellberg.
8,905 C. Eliasen.
9,086 J. Swensen.
8,903 A. Andersen.
8,939 C. Smith.
4,202 E. Andersen.
8,966 A. Andersen.
8,955 H. Jacobsen.
9,642 C. Hansen.
8,946 J. Foley.
9,571 E. Jorgensen.
9,252 N. Hansen.
9,021 J. Haggerty.
4,239 J. Sjursen.
9,568 J. Olsen.
9,074 W. Ames.
9,551 H. Petersen.
Supt of Riggers John Brevig.
4,240 Gus Mathsen.
9,226 K. Knudsen.
9,231 A. Olsen.
9,255 O. Olson.
9,247 A. Okesson.
8,960 M. Muller.
9,032 M. Priested.
9,922 P. Bond
9,058 T. Thorsen.
9,697 W. Hansen.
8,921 Ed. Lindskog.
8,044 G. Olsen.
8,956 M. Christinsen.
9,070 P. Monsta.
9,506 I. Moe.
9,405 G. Johnsen.
9,376 T. Petersen.
28,608 J. Ross.
9,136 J. Larsen.
9,536 H. Haughon.
9,580 G. Andersen.
9,628 C. Marum.
9,583 H. Ruberg.
9,078 J. Hagstrom.
9,193 T. Lembo.
9,429 O. Nelsen.
9,359 N. Andersen.
9,047 J. Sacksen.
9,036 C. Cornelisen.
9,316 H. Halversen.
9,205 C. Thorsen.
9,249 S. Goss.
9,013 M. Hansen.
9,323 C. Scheibelein.
9,223 E. Peach.
9,195 C. Cornell.
8,910 H. Nosworthy.
9,318 P. Olsen.
9,420 J. Johannsen.
8,715 T. Bull.
8,959 O. Baerne.
9,010 J. Hanwick.
9,127 J. Johnsen.
9,284 G. Mickelsen.
8,964 R. Rasmussen.
9,194 O. Frydenberg.
9,174 H. Moller.
9,171 M. Larsen.
8,962 L. Skau.
9,563 F. Nelsen.
9,027 H. Eckstrom.
8,713 C. Corlett.
9,144 C. Lambrecht.
9,558 T. Backman.
9,139 M. Haroldsen.
9,360 J. Andersen.
9,150 D. Hickey.
9,574 G. Sundstrom.
9,566 M. Olsen.
8,932 H. Carlson.
9,037 F. Christinsen.
9,338 A. Riggs.
8,922 H. Warn.
9,473 J. Sorensen.
9,182 O. Olsen.
9,116 W. Bergstrom.
9,681 L. Nelsen.
9,338 A. Riggs.
8,950 "Tony" Marcella.
9,450 C. Serfess.
8,938 C. Hansen.
9,369 E. Sederberg.
28,679 J. Festa.
9,299 E. Bennett.
8,935 J. Bloom.
9,443 G. Gilleland.
9,370 M. Kane.
9,048 C. Thurner.
9,387 J. Swanberg.

(*Continued on next page*)



Riggers Loft—Continued

8,973	P. Nelsen	9,052	G. Werneck.
8,611	D. Filomeno.	9,020	H. Berg
9,338	Arthur Riggs.	8,940	P. Mazzaro.
9,554	A. Olsen.	9,385	J. Nelsen
8,613	B. Ferraro.	28,697	C. Maeietto.
9,150	D. Hickey.	9,134	S. Knudsen.
29,000	M. Powers.	8,568	W. Gillis.
9,130	R. Yates.	8,674	G. O'Liva.
8,988	O. Olsen.	9,244	P. Hansen.
8,948	H. Moscola.	9,298	S. Shapiro
9,177	M. "Hussey".	9,386	A. Pecoroni.
8,924	A. Connelley.	9,190	A. Wahlberg.
9,267	G. Mathsen.	9,259	O. Larsen.
9,023	M. Roth.	8,582	P. Canora.
9,126	G. Wildey	8,518	F. Abbruzzese.
9,581	D. Aughavin.	9,256	L. Dahl.
9,147	N. Melato.	9,692	O. Gundersen.
9,049	J. Knudsen.	9,371	J. Merrigan.
9,282	D. Sutherland.	9,354	A. Werner.
9,539	J. Jacobsen.	9,543	O. Jacobsen.
9,093	G. Petersen.	9,567	W. McGuire.
9,519	H. Pewee.	9,242	M. Rieger.
9,103	E. Eillersen.	9,294	W. Mahoney.
9,416	M. Flannelly.	8,989	A. Swansen.
9,031	H. Benson.	9,146	N. Andersen.
9,000	V. Bonato.	9,308	J. Wagner.
9,218	J. Bloom.	9,353	A. Pedersen.
8,927	C. Vigerstol.	9,561	J. Beatty.
9,159	J. Kadell.	9,394	M. Maloney
9,277	F. Otosson.	9,314	L. Knowles.
9,415	Gus Ostrom.	9,411	A. Ericksen.
9,410	J. Larson.	9,358	J. Ericksen.
9,286	E. Berglund.	9,119	C. Knudsen.
8,702	A. Schill.	9,595	O. Carlson.
9,246	J. Jensen.	9,341	L. Thobiasen.
9,557	M. Swensen.	9,245	T. Garrey.
8,605	J. Stella.	8,660	H. Baker.
8,505	V. Stella.	9,422	C. Amby.
9,090	D. Johannassen.	29,009	O. Lange.
9,311	O. Olsen.	9,543	M. Jacobsen.
8,926	C. Hansen.	9,244	P. Hanson.
9,303	C. Tapper.	9,319	C. Roach.
9,101	C. Scharpe.	9,263	P. Sutter.
9,348	N. Smalix.	9,111	R. Schnell.
9,161	J. Alers.	9,248	T. Rydberg.
9,495	J. Werner.	9,253	Wm. Hennings.
9,402	A. Puff.	9,266	H. Brown.
9,135	W. Carviss.	9,391	S. Johnsen.
9,099	A. Cutello.	9,414	C. Hendricksen.
8,907	J. Ballis.	9,108	C. Nielsen.
8,954	E. Carroll.	9,431	G. Ashley.
9,250	O. Johnsen.	9,401	V. Nicholsen.
8,943	A. Pedersen.	9,555	A. Andersen.
9,186	A. Carlson.	8,492	N. Tornace.
9,407	A. Nilsen.	8,981	R. Vozzo.
9,421	G. Salvesen.	9,563	F. Nelsen.
9,356	J. Olsen.	9,576	J. Ohlin.
9,457	O. Petersen.	9,515	H. Jordan.
9,031	G. Madsen.	9,219	P. Walsh.
9,187	C. Andersen.	9,430	Ed. Nelsen.
9,438	G. Andersen.	9,080	N. Hafstad.
9,241	A. Kuitna.	9,084	T. Hogberg.
9,269	W. Davidson.	9,424	O. Petersen.
9,668	T. O'Shaughnessy	9,075	F. Caslock.
8,481	A. Cantoni.	9,053	Geo. Waller.
9,317	T. Hansen.	9,431	Geo. Ashley.
8,525	A. Napolitano.	9,638	N. Coppello.
28,681	A. Vitolo.	9,174	H. Moller.
9,404	P. Halgren.	9,334	H. Kristiansen.
29,012	J. Tinnesberg.	29,001	J. Larsen.
9,104	T. Jorgensen.	9,201	A. Carlson.
29,013	C. Nelson.	9,518	H. Rundland.
8,712	B. Bersen.	9,019	C. Gunn.
9,014	I. Swanstrom.	9,140	M. Sullivan.
9,098	C. Lahne.	8,920	J. Sundby.
9,198	A. Antonsen.	9,040	W. Blaski.
9,046	K. Rasmussen.	9,332	A. Andersen.
9,009	A. Olsen.	9,536	H. Haugan.
8,607	M. Christofsen.	8,612	F. Marrapoti.
9,320	A. Saewitz.	9,087	F. Hofer.
9,510	M. Johansen.	9,015	O. Pedersen.
8,608	A. Cantoni.	9,033	F. McInerney.
9,133	P. Reilly.	9406	J. Costello.
9,581	D. Aughavin.	9,034	T. Maxwell.
9,113	G. Fredricksen.	9,453	M. Caspersen.
9,258	S. Carlson.	9,397	H. Bloomquist.
8,710	H. Nelsen.	8,469	W. Brunbeck.
8,983	O. Ottersen.	9,502	A. Finer.
8,524	F. Cataldo.	9,037	F. Christiensen.
8,528	L. De Maddi.	8,478	J. Bongiorno.
8,976	A. Eillersen.	9,105	G. Pulifsen.
9,400	O. Olsen.	28,677	J. Esposito.
9,233	F. Lauritsen.	9,083	W. Geiss.
9,287	F. Gustafsen.	9,403	H. Stangland.
8,603	L. Jensen.	9,107	D. Close.
9,217	D. Danielsen.	9,240	H. Nelsen.
9,295	L. Carlson.	9,203	J. Olsen
8,936	S. Urdal.	9,438	G. Andersen.
8,911	C. Johnsen.	9,694	A. Dingfelder.
29,011	H. Carlson.	8,998	G. Orlando.
9,646	L. Larsen.	8,552	G. Muriello.
9,588	J. Clouter.	8,422	A. Bolestino.
9,355	C. Grunlund.	9,456	N. Torgensen.
9,347	L. Grafton.	9,102	C. Scuderri.
9,190	A. Wahlberg.	8,419	D. Gaguianono.
8,902	C. Parliment.	8,451	T. Taormina
9,427	M. Andersen.	8,517	F. Marzana.
9,520	O. Fredin.	8,577	J. Burke.
8,703	C. Larsen.	9,002	J. Golden.
9,341	L. Thobiasen.	9,594	J. Johnsen.
9,059	S. Andersen.	9,374	P. Haarsgaard.
9,132	S. Lovett.	8,972	W. Mattarazzo.
8,704	O. Sorensen.	8,922	H. Warn.



29,002	H. Taber	9,110	J. Hausman.
9,118	C. Wilson.	9,270	C. Christinsen.
8,972	W. Mattarazzo.	9,213	R. Hansen.
9,362	A. Okesson.	28,638	T. Spina.
9,696	B. Waage.	9,361	P. Larsen.
9,458	L. Larsen.	9,030	J. Russo.
28,604	A. Mazzero.	9,039	O. Olsen.
9,088	C. Andersen.	9,435	W. Andersen.
9,306	A. Martinsen.	9,252	N. Hansen.
9,057	J. Caristo.	9,449	H. Nelsen.
8,491	D. Groglino.	8,717	A. Thomassen.
8,969	G. Groglino.	9,004	P. Petersen.
8,979	Angelo the Second	9,141	S. Nielsen.
9,035	L. Guidol	9,126	G. Wildey.
8,980	A. Sbuttoni	9,023	M. Roth.
8,408	B. Schoenfeld.	9,357	M. Cullen.
29,014	N. Hoyer.	9,050	L. Carlsen.
9,448	J. Johnsen.	9,288	M. Watne.
9,375	Olaf Ericksen.	9,272	T. Brihm.
9,574	G. Sundstrom.	9,409	O. Hansen.
8,949	A. Delessio.	8,961	Wm. Olsen.
9,281	D. Croce.	8,601	L. Tumnelli.
9,440	M. Jensen.	9,005	H. Gulowsen.
9,631	Salvatore Delisio.	9,092	G. Munson.
9,271	Nelsen	9,480	H. Williams.
9,276	F. Johnsen.	9,326	A. Olsen.
9,447	J. Reese.	9,373	P. Husby.
8,685	V. Nearzano.	8,456	T. Rocco.
8,598	R. Guarnieri.	8,942	A. Giordano.
28,672	F. Frasca.	9,349	W. Sorensen.
9,211	G. Olsen.	9,390	O. Knudsen.
9,380	V. Olsen.	9,346	J. Andersen.
8,976	A. Eillersen	9,552	A. Martinsen.
9,069	O. Andersen.	9,667	J. Delaney.
9,335	J. Johnsen.	9,179	C. Jensen
8,600	F. Macri	9,364	J. Pedersen.
8,489	A. Atuski.		

Hull Department

2,014	F. Malley.	2,044	E. McGibney.
4,211	R. Dale	776	H. Moore.
4.280	Thos. Cavanagh.	1,357	E. Ryan.
21,506	J. Wanen.	1,850	C. Wilson.
1,863	M. Fanmon.	1,727	J. Burdock.
21,239	R. Dutcher.	20,723	G. Carpenter.
901	J. McCann.	4,237	W. Wrinke
20,818	C. Coccio.	1,853	A. Wendbar.
4,212	P. Feeney.	1,674	L. Jensen.
1,855	T. Hickey.	20,793	E. Reilly.
1,857	J. Housen.	1,860	R. Cipime.
2,031	G. Bechwith.	21,299	C. Gretting.
21,126	M. Greenberger.	21,344	H. Zimermans.
2,023	J. Donbia.	1,537	D. Tropey.
1,316	M. Goodensky.	1,707	R. Graham.
1,572	F. Sylvester.	1,647	H. Blake.
4,258	J. Miller.	1,683	E. Gilhin.
2,084	T. Sullivan.	1,233	H. Julcain.
2,035	R. Reid.	1,023	R. Merrigan.
1,278	P. Gilholey.		J. Kremer.
21,530	C. Ryan.	1,479	E. Molle.
4,271	H. Butten.	1,113	P. Shultz
2,010	J. Singer.	20,785	Donaghy.
724	G. Oualter.	20,771	Murtha.
20,843	Jas. Graham.	1,732	W. O'Brien.
2,090	R. Hurley.	1,400	J. Whalen.
1,196	J. Mandel.	20,937	J. Olsen.
21,537	J. Solemo.	1,321	J. Anghedin.
1,821	H. Ellmers.	21,516	Sneider.
1,028	S. Gibson.	1,570	Anoson.
954	M. Gibson.	936	Carlson.
4,281	W. Kane.	1,451	E. Black.
1,761	F. Krunze.	1,678	A. Jones.
924	Petrey.	2,015	A. Buck.
1,021	L. Ellis.	1,250	J. McGuirk.
21,527	H. Viggars.	1,861	F. Love.
4,275	H. Hayes	21,548	J. McCrossin.
4,213	H. Hymes	8,953	T. Zero.
20,732	J. Nallin.	1,597	G. Mann.
1,749	R. Umland.	1,210	R. McGraw.
4,257	C. Childs.	21,679	M. Regina.
1,449	L. J. Jacobs.	21,369	L. Johnson.
1,903	T. Radigan.	4,282	C. Munch.
4,201	J. Hughes.	708	F. Ellert.
1,947	T. Hyman.	8,260	J. Zero.
1,085	E. Stoebe.	21,350	W. Edwards.
1,346	C. Petry	740	C. Christenson.
21,518	J. Herbwitch.	7,350	J. FitzPatrick.
20,724	G. Richard	906	J. Osterent.
2,041	L. Tilley.	1,220	F. Hyman.
21,200	J. McNutrie.	1,659	A. Lester.
1,533	J. Regan.	1,507	F. Casseto.

(*Continued on next page*)



Hull Department—Continued

21,557 N. Kutz
1,584 G. Seifert
1,019 J. VanPelt.
1,454 R. Wilson
4,209 J. McLoughlin.
1,587 M. Gorger.
1,028 S. Gilson.
2,020 J. Fritz
1,335 Szymkowski.
21,328 L. Besbany.
21,071 M. Gottlieb.
1,832 J. Taylor.
1,340 D. Chiage.
21,283 J. Nygren.
9,140 E. Mariorini
1,738 M.Fligner
1,133 F. Herhauser
1,313 C. Jameschide.
1,793 A. Le der.
1,750 H. Meckin.
1,037 C. Cutter.
5,913 J. Johnson.
21,184 T. Swenson.
1,480 J. McDermitt.
21,201 L. Berringer.
21,160 C. Sohmer
21,248 C. Falkenberg.
J. Henderson.
20,848 T. DeFranco.
21,370 Hammen
21,310 C. Jackowish.
1,749 R. Umland.
1,240 B. Snyder.
958 W. Hamer.
9,220 A. Chmar.
1,792 G. Thompson.
21,262 Herkowitch.
803 Woods
21,218 C. Doris.
20,843 J. Graham.
21,287 R. Rossemussu.
21,539 J. Hansen.
21,142 C. Parslin.
1,774 W. Byrne.
21,333 W. Carrol.
4,213 H. Hymes.
1,707 R. Graham.
1,012 M. Simon.
1,716 C. Stark.
1,496 E. Reid.
9,430 W. Ellis.
1,438 J. Bumby.
1,341 M. Shrage.
1,637 F. Adain
961 W. Van Pelt
1,090 Pusm.
1,486 A. Luchesi.
20,882 A. Gustofeno.
708 F. Ellert
5,712 W. Henidon.
1,208 P. Poff.
20,769 McDermott.
2,489 Tomberline.
21,384 F. Hollosky.
21,508 A. Litman.
2,033 P. Bartelson.
21,376 B. O'Connor.
1,355 C. Osterberg.
20,854 F. Niedosch.
20,880 W. Ness.
21,352 J. Westman.
21,512 P. Walling.
2,066 F. O. Hare.
1,143 E. Kossman.
1,551 W. O'Connor.
20,875 M. Feldman.
O. Reynolds.
21,300 E. Rice.
1,438 J. Bumly.
982 I. Neilson.
2,082 T. Kelleher.
2,879 J. Meehan.
1,333 A. Sweeny.
1,593 Friedden.
1,442 Heinze.
1,506 Carolon.
1,652 Hohmann.
21,571 W. Dorian.
21,176 C. Cooper.
21,530 A. Smith.
847 E. Grace.
1,611 C. Larkin.
2,041 J. Lading
20,813 M. Strovish.
21,529 Jacob Rabinovitz.
1,730 Belden
907 Reichart.
2,046 G. Armsby.
746 Pollack.
21,382 J. Ruff.
21,359 B. Bannan.
711 Badwin
2,079 F. Martin
21,325 A. Simendinger.
20,883 W. Fritz.
21,568 J. Cribbins.
1,173 Sundbert.
4,205 G. Rothwell.
20,160 Rottermeyer.
20,706 J. Dowd.
1,239 J. Michols.
2,038 F. Seller.
763 L. Clancy.
Wm. McEwen.
21,816 W. Ryan.
21,342 C. Mowall.
21,363 R. Roden.
L. Tilly.
B. Banks.
M. Flaherty.
21,365 C. Cresch.
712 W. Hernden.
20,767 La Cerva.
20,874 Clebus.
21,272 W. Thomas.
1,905 E. Johnson.
1,326 W. Coppinger.
1,661 Stidolph
988 H. Kosser.
895 F. Nolan
1,862 D. McGee.
1,852 Cornell.
1,669 F. Warren.
21,166 J. Heair
941 J. Wymbes.
1,663 E. Middendorf.
4,260 M. Wright.
1,647 H. Blake.
1,866 N. Koch.
4,205 G. Rothwell.
4,266 S. Lorenzer
740 C. Christenson.
776 H. Moore.
21,163 C. Johannesen.
1,865 J. Rothwell.
1,523 Levine.
1,519 J. Lading.
969 Jacobs.
1,464 D. Siso.
1,308 J. Murphy.
Guerney.
1,158 Foley.
1,259 C. Lohman.
1,870 J. Schuhle.
1,904 L. Stecher.
Reynolds.
1,073 J. Pangburn.
1,354 Fraiser.
20,776 Petro.
20,776 Cosgrove.
21,372 Saul.
21,364 Koehler.
1,035 Rubin.
21,380 Maltze.
1,702 Benson.
1,560 Corwin.
21,176 Cooper.
20,901 Bettman.
21,602 McFadden.
20,753 Kollenko.
20,844 Anderson.
21,188 Gumaldi.
777 Deseman.
20,817 Sownes.
742 Lornbias.
998 Katz.
1,591 Doyle.
21,232 Lacona.
1,795 Davis.
1,783 Kileytokowski.
21,141 Kesinger.
1,503 Kenigan.
1,351 Petrone.
20,841 Molenio.
1,820 Elsworth.
20,852 Gardina.
20,801 Campbell.
1,536 Larbaca.
21,524 Lanby.
1,363 Mastretta.
1,556 Freyman.
21,335 Grico.
1,557 Comte.
21,339 Garding.
1,542 Hammond.
20,791 Hoffman.
1,406 Tracy.
814 Peterson
951 Moring.
807 Reilly.
1,127 Gouty.
1,416 Murray.
1,525 Reiman.
1,360 Knight.
1,136 McGinnis.
1,359 Hill.
738 Jones.
1,490 Vanderdrift.
1,350 Schearn.
1,356 Weber.
1,320 McGlone.
1,339 Corrigan.
828 Goodman.
1,513 Duncan.
1,353 Heffery.
1,257 Jacobs.
867 Mitchell.
1,324 Doyle.
20,749 Glodman.
1,181 Levy.
21,159 Hamilton.
953 Masino.
20,795 Cortose.
21,312 Scully.
1,620 Maher.
21,560 Lawson.
1,539 Leff.
1,453 Sonino.
20,845 Fanski.
1,617 Kelly.
1,242 Sabanita.
1,337 Brown.
20,905 Rondazo.
21,109 Hintze.
1,429 Corping.
21,279 O'Neill.
1,532 Mailey.
21,143 Pennela.
21,182 Vaughan.
21,221 Gardner.
1,052 Bartelsen.
1,549 Brunsman.
21,555 Nucdeo.
21,323 Renvick.
1,900 Boyle.
20,708 Costello.
1,352 Barnett.
1,474 Keragath.
21,241 Coyle.
822 Schwacty.
21,371 Degennardo.
20,209 E. Guardia.
1,272 A. Damouski.
1,726 J. Scanlon.
983 Slangenhoff.
1,147 Goldman.
1,736 Ginsberg.
1,297 Leonard.
1,760 Wienke.
1,122 McGinnis.
1,216 Jergins.
20,712 Hughes.
1,584 Seifert.
20,792 Olson.
1,349 Healy.
1,437 Miller.
1,140 Ruppale.
909 Harrison.
1,402 Bohn.
994 Murmey.
1,334 Pappocheno.
838 Kern.
1,101 Burkness.
1,301 Farrell.
1,520 Higgins.
832 Curtis.
1,092 Hopsted.
754 Dickson.
21,098 Hocker.
20,916 Kelley.
21,231 McGill
21,028 Bensville.
21,117 Azzarollo.
2,039 Meyers.
21,513 W. Picott.
869 J. Doherty.
21,338 Kearns.
1,180 Lake.
1,292 Fouss.
20,729 C. Carlson.
21,544 A. Gentile.
21,162 T. Thomsen.
20,787 Butera.
21,282 O. Rufus.
21,345 J. Ryan.
1,267 R. Lester.
780 McDonld.
712 Herndon.
21,548 Crossin.
2,028 Cutler.
1,836 O. Johnson.
1,162 E. Farrell.
823 Enlo.
21,562 McGuniers.
21,555 A. Maceda.
1,900 Boyle.
1,584 Seifert.
20,845 Foster.
2,150 Jensonings.
735 G. Thompson.
21,225 Schafer.
21,025 G. Wheny.
21,132 J. Stern.
2,049 W. Petorvin.
1,421 Cohen.
1,421 G. Smith.
21,538 J. Genisin.
2,078 Pitcher.
1,745 Bryan.
21,112 Luberman.
21,379 Marcello.
1,676 Connors
1,190 Jones.
1,774 Byrne.
1,797 Ford.
506 J. Warren.
1,732 C. Thear.
960 D. Holden.
1,722 Munsy.
20,760 Rittermeyer.
20,800 Cagnetto.
20,907 Mochi.
21,099 Weyman.
936 Carlson.
1,212 Burke.
1,609 McCloskey.
979 Young.
1,004 Lipenshi.
1,553 Mangen.
1,544 Charleson.
1,533 Blinn.
1,590 Beirnet.
811 Barron.
1,816 Watson.
21,225 Schaeffer.
21,178 Slating.
1,311 Hampton.
1,445 Strahahan.
20,914 Klenan.
2,117 Fague.
20,864 Michelsen.
919 Fenette.
21,530 Smith.
21,306 Walsh.
21,161 Gallecteo.
1,714 Fitil.
1,027 E. Johnson.
213 Selsenger.
21,363 Rodier.
21,282 Rafues.
6,633 John.
25,038 Press.
20,871 Sabatino.
1,554 Mahoney.
21,521 Connolly.
1,660 Bennett.
1,729 Rosenthal.
20,783 Coff.
21,513 Pigott.
1,641 Cardinal.
1,592 Rowe.
1,313 Daly.
20,814 Gaffney.
1,664 Whitelow.
1,078 Acola.
21,210 R. Hackett.
21,551 W. Kumtz.
1,916 H. Gevers.
21,518 J. Herkowitz.
1,084 W. Macede.
4,267 H. Lyle.
9,604 J. Celt.
1,049 E. Simpson.
20,741 Guena.
21,300 E. Rice.
2,056 Peterson.
2,003 J. Kienan.
1,955 J. Coen.
915 B. Fein.
21,193 J. Dunphy.
1,558 G. McClosky.
21,342 C. Morooce.
21,280 V. Newgreen.
955 D. Gannon.
4,203 F. Gaylor.
21,004 A. Peterson.
2,026 C. Johnson.
21,083 Jonsky.
2,072 Kostervich.
2,406 G. Bush.
2,479 Archer.
21,382 Ruff.
21,558 Hollywood.
954 M. Gilson.
20,828 T. Fallon.
717 VanNess.
864 J. Flanagan.
1,665 Cody.
1,644 M. Shune.
1,846 Carr.
1,160 F. Ponte.
1,535 Zito.
21,039 M. Lelland.
1,184 Chrisville.
1,510 Quinn.
1,202 Thompson.
21,255 Hollister.
961 VanPelt.
20,833 B. Marsher.
1,901 Hadenbergh.
1,120 Summerhill.
1,271 Sulzer.
1,520 Higgins.
1,197 Delb.
1,681 Ulmer.
1,645 Busceni.
1,549 Bruneman.
1,023 Merrigan.
1,037 Cutler.
1,553 Johnson.
1,697 Lichter.
997 Schlesinger.
1,483 Campbell.
728 Miller.
21,101 Trimble.
21,299 Gritting.
21,212 Mansuso.
21,103 Bartelucco.
Tuynor.
1,186 Scheau.
21,564 Sullivan.
841 Dolswitch.
21,393 Kumpton.
1,030 Smyth.
20,936 Botowhove.
974 Germger.
20,837 T. Smith.
707 Costello.
2,018 Wrightman.
21,327 Dundee.
1,666 O. Loughlin.
2,432 Weaver.
2,040 Gill.
2,050 McManara.
1,907 Kiernan.
2,048 O'Brien.
2,015 Bucke.
1,867 McMahon.
42,08 Sullivan.
1,871 A. Goosen.
1,903 Rattigan.
2,002 Drew.
2,003 Keenan.
1,906 Hines.
1,908 Henderson.
2,085 Holder.
1,138 Gold.
1,595 Brill.
2,134 Heally.
21,337 Seymour.
1,205 Picsarelli.
21,098 Hoeker.
20,789 McCall.
1,427 Mitchell.
21,216 Brady.
20,832 J. Oneim.
1,548 E. Bippman.
21,574 Goldstein.
21,284 Thompson.
1,455 Ditter.
21,393 Krimpen.
1,846 Carr.
1,124 Micholis.
20,746 Wheeler.
21,035 J. Conden.
20,735 Stoll.
1,222 McAuley.
21,140 Kaufman.
1,873 J. Burns.
1,619 N. J. Carroll.
1,736 Ginsberg.
759 W. Chatman.
1,094 J. Corris.
837 F. Stemson.
904 F. J. Shearn.
1,807 D. Bond.
20,970 M. Collins.
1,815 T. Boskie.
20,859 J. Handford.
20,713 S. Beddie.
853 P. Mahon.
21,354 J. C. Butler.
20,819 T. A. Forte.
790 S. Pannore.
976 O'Donohue.
1,369 J. Shannon.
1,152 M. Foote.
21,570 C. Hartman.
957 F. Williamson.
20,878 Luckman.
1,037 Cutler.
20,974 Bore.
20,830 Sheehan.
21,204 Duince.
21,279 O'Neill.
21,381 Fritz.
1,693 Jackowitch.
1,874 Mulvaney.
1,578 J. Nelson.
924 Petry.
1,556 Freyman.
1,550 E. Johnson.
20,989 Luhinoff.
1,518 Chalus.
20,830 Sheehan.
21,204 Debersnaid.
21,211 J. B. Smith.
2,023 Dambea.
20,851 Gay.
21,549 Merhairtz.
1,634 J. Donohue.
21,366 Lawson.
20,861 Burnus.
21,387 E. Drew.
20,857 Almroth.
20,858 Light.
2,053 Coulter.
2,092 Walsh.
927 Daprice.
1,858 McGuire.
21,557 Katz.
1,486 Luchess.
784 J. McCrudder.
21,299 Grething.
1,876 Bergquist.
922 Malloy.
2,014 Strom.
938 Watson.
2,023 McLaughlin.
20,765 Martin.
21,004 Peterson.
20,913 Demasi.
20,791 Hartman.
1,773 Kiernan.
21,280 NewGreen.
894 Meyers.
21,350 Edwards.
1,755 Elsis.
1,134 Hatterschade.
1,009 S. Sariona.
21,390 A. Iorio.
1,367 A. Benson.
4,235 J. McLaughlin.
21,579 Ed. Farrelli.
1,499 F. Pollock.
21,565 D. Young.
1,178 A. Beshany.
1,710 A. Henngin.
20,715 T. Humanitzke.
1,161 A. Clarke.
4,280 T. Covanegh.
2,024 Ribbe.
21,189 Finn.
1,708 Beer.
20,437 Olson.
2,017 Sullivan.
20,747 Goetz.
1,720 Swift.
1,502 Lane.
2,089 Smith.
20,890 Laveny.
21,362 Roeder.
20,767 Murphy.
2,029 S. Suascua.
21,526 E. Burke.
1,856 Dentzes.
947 Bellicini.
982 Neilsen.
1,082 O. Donnell.
21,515 Balikoff.
20,750 Hennsey.
W. Crawford.
21,281 Brokus.
21,207 Stolle.
2,016 Schroeder.
2,026 Ribbe.
2,076 Harrison.
2,020 Anderson.
2,036 Leiser.
2,019 O'Neill.
2,004 Mahoney.
2,092 Walsh.
2,009 Harrison.
2,034 Leland.
1,859 Morrison.
796 C. Williams.
1,211 A. Vitelitti.
1,107 A. Vitali.
1,716 Chas. Stark.
20,701 Jno. Coffey.
21,388 Thos. C. Gomley.
1,695 Jacob Zelwelpe.
21,369 L. Johnson.
1,371 D. Formica.
21,314 J. Irwin.
21,186 A. Currie.
1,615 T. McGuire.
21,353 Wm. Wood.
820 G. Alino.
1,530 G. Ottowinio.
1,516 J. Medowcroft.
1,877 H. J. Wiencke.
1,689 R. Jones.
20,943 J. Esposito.
21,263 C. Shea.
20,874 K. Clebush.
20,770 J. Berman.
772 J. Schneider.
21,514 J. J. Werner.
758 M. Cole.
1,667 L. McGrath.
704 J. A. Smith.
21,529 Robinowitz.
21,515 J. Poliakoff.
21,503 R. Brinkley.
20,831 J. J. Rogers.
21,173 R. Toque.
1,305 S. Barnason.
1,522 H. Samuels.
1,524 W. Shanon.
1,128 Jas. Kelly.
20,924 P. McManan.
1,241 D. Doblin.
21,359 B. Bauman.
2,010 J. Singer.
20,784 J. Donohue.
2,078 G. Pitcher.
20,899 R. Vance.
1,010 C. Show.
1,213 H. Bamnon.
1,224 H. Olson.
21,575 J. Powers.
2,041 L. Tilby.
4,211 R. Dale.
1,258 W. Tester.
1,452 J. Bauer.
1,083 J. Flora.
20,847 P. Snyder.
1,110 Thos. Kilday.
1,692 W. Clansey.
20,947 J. McIntyre.
1,162 E. Farrell.
1,013 J. Browe.
1,564 T. Berry.
1,658 B. Abramson.
21,560 W. D. E. Gaegrio.
2,025 P. Crossen.
1,373 T. Brown.
1,451 E. Blick.
20,756 P. Linders.
21,524 E. Lemby.
21,319 N. Nelson.
1,023 R. Mergen.
20,871 V. Sabatino.
993 D. Taylor.
21,165 M. Bishop.
2,432 T. Weaver.
1,686 J. Dagistino.
1,336 P. Casey.
1,541 S. Kaufman.
1,105 J. Bond.
1,401 J. Simms.
21,336 F. Farina.

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1,187	J. Birnbaum.	1,156	L. Klomet.
21,503	R. Brinkley.	21,155	J. McDowell.
1,121	W. Dengler.	21,135	W. Smith.
2,479	E. Archer.	21,180	R. Bloom.
20,851	J. Gay.	1,253	W. Tormey.
1,674	L. C. Jensen.	21,131	D. McHugh.
2,036	L. Leiser.	20,864	V. Michlsen.
1,046	A. Denault.	1,201	Calgaretta.
1,724	M. Matzberg.	89	J. Clinton.
20,919	R. Matheson.	1,556	Freymore.
20,883	W. Fritz.	753	Serian.
20,858	L. Hartnett.	1,388	Maiddy.
978	J. Sutter.	1,794	O. Mandy.
1,207	M. Kiely.	1,531	Furchia.
21,262	Ph. Hustberg.	883	T. Johnson.
1,731	C. Moravee, Jr.	1,215	H. Becker.
1,295	H. Miller.	931	Bramars.
20,893	O. O'Donohue.	1,661	Sedolph.
21,233	W. Olson.	12,574	Goldstein.
1,717	Thos. Donohue.	1,244	Pogalsky.
20,906	Geo. Waters.	774	Spinnard.
1,594	T. Cody.	1,254	Levy.
988	E. Kessnell.	21,561	Victor.
21,223	C. Carlson.	1,618	Gundlash.
1,624	J. Russo.	1,213	Bamman.
20,728	C. Lancaster.	1,106	Blondell.
2,040	R. V. Gill.		Taylor.
21,119	Frank Leach.	21,406	Clausky.
11,737	N. Ovsen.	21,347	F. Sepkin.
21,100	J. Waldrom.	21,363	Rodier.
1,014	J. Ciaciulla.	1,797	W.Ford.
1,687	R. Cope.	20,788	Picorall.
1,671	C. Spinella.	1,138	Gold.
21,169	A. Anderson.	862	Stepene.
21,327	J. Dundee.	1,356	Weber.
21,127	K. Curtis.	21,500	Zeck.
21,092	P. Kippie.	793	Faute.
4,281	W. Kane.	1,587	M. Gooyer.
21,377	J. McNichols.	1,669	F. Wanea.
1985	B. Black.	1,860	R. Cipone.
4,260	M. Wright.	786	Thos. Dixon.
21,402	A. A. Cordani.	848	M. Murphy.
21,292	H. B. Bottomley.	898	H. Paulsen.
20,850	P. Ystrom.	726	Thos. McKee.
2,025	P. Crossen.	1,143	E. Kossman.
21,296	P. Daszkiewecz.	20,956	A. Hansen.
992	Thos.Mackie.	1,588	H. Legerenberger.
1,226	M. Duffy.	20,744	E. J. Murphy.
1,223	E. Dwyer.	1,586	H. Appte.
20,917	A. Ward.	1,209	M. Rosenberg.
20,720	A. Kalzusky.	1,548	E. Bittmann.
755	Fred. Vancott.	21,521	J. Connelly.
20,888	S. Friedman.	21,226	Knudson.
1,376	Thos. Ford.	21,160	Solnen.
1,374	Max Strick.	20,882	Gustafen.
21,114	W. Colzan.	21,159	Hamilton.
1,373	T. Brown.	936	Carlson.
1,217	J. Lynch.	4,211	Dale.
1,512	L. Brenner.	4,280	C. Munck.
788	J. Horan.	1,793	Leader.
924	A. Petry.	1,519	J. Loding.
1,292	C. Fonss.	21,583	Sunener.
21,310	C. Jaskowiack.	21,540	McNaughton.
21,356	S. Bernard.	1,452	Bauer.
21,235	F. Fabis.	21,580	Wendall.
1,212	J. Burke.	1,720	J. Swift.
849	A. O'Berg.	1,505	J. Lotter.
825	C. Campamsk.	1,020	S. Ferraello.
719	F. Loranzo.	991	S. Gengo.
1,638	F. Carroll.	1,706	W. Smith.
846	J. Caponi.	21,360	F. Searing.
1,182	C. Kingsberry.	1,703	L. Gordon.
1,312	J. Lawler.	1,691	J. Szaletroy.
1,131	P. Reilly.	21,588	W. Stevenson.
21,373	S. Reina.	21,224	P. Cirwe.
1,561	J. Lawless.	12,495	W. Mara.
21,320	Jas. Lawless.	751	Sandford.
1,348	G. Keagh.	1,427	Mitchell.
21,393	Wm. Kempton.	20,808	Hayden.
21,392	W. Weiner.	21,146	C. Johnson.
1,782	W. Allen.	1,769	W. Walker.
1,703	L. Gordon.	1,064	Whitelow.
734	A. Lauden.		

Burners and Welders

4,251	J. MacFarlane.	2,338	J. Miller.
4,252	A. Moffat.	2,339	B. M. Levinson.
4,254	J. O'Neill.	2,341	R. Thomson.
2,300	R. Anderson.	2,342	W. Loop.
2,301	F. Steimus	2,344	W. Cunningham.
2,302	J. O'Connell.	2,345	W. Israel.
2,308	T. Wixted.	2,346	R. Safford.
2,309	J. Jones.	2,348	D. Kerner.
2,311	H. V. Bullock.	2,349	D. Ballantine.
2,312	N. Slobodkin.	2,350	G. Zimmerman.
2,313	Geo Maher.	2,351	R. Guthrie.
2,314	C. Bullock.	2,352	E. McPherson.
2,315	J. Brennen.	2,353	A. Jacobson.
2,316	J. Hendrickson.	2,354	J. Dunn.
2,317	Wm. B. Sweeney.	2,355	P. Ballantine.
2,318	A. J. Johnson.	2,356	A. Coschina.
2,320	Wm Ingram.	2,359	R. Simick
2,322	Fred Zinn.	2,360	T. Stillwell.
2,323	T. Hawes.	2,361	J. Brown.
2,324	C. Devlin.	2,363	W. McVicar.
2,325	M. Mulligan.	2,365	W. Conlin.
2,326	J. Anderson.	2,366	Lawrence Burns.
2,327	P. Burns	2,368	O. M. Bunting.
2,333	J. T. Mulligan.	2,369	T. Casey.
2,335	J. A. Hortenbach.	2,372	J. Fleming.
2,373	C. Hanson.	2,566	R. Lawrence.
2,374	R. Lindner.	2,567	F. Petersen.
2,376	Rob't Scott.	2,568	E. Ford.
2,377	T. McTigue.	2,574	W. Booth.
2,379	T. Lewis.	2,577	G. Roswell.
2,381	J. Mullaney.	2,578	W. Hefferman.
2,382	F. A. Neinast.	2,580	M. Levy.
2,383	E. Regan.	2,587	T. Wallace.
2,385	G. Duff.	2,595	A. Wood.
2,386	J. Martin.	2,600	L. Davitt.
2,388	R. Frecberg.	2,601	C. Lawrence.
2,389	F. Slough.	2,602	J. Murphy.
2,390	J. Wixted.	2,606	T. Hughes.
2,392	W. Reed.	2,608	C. O. Donnell.
2,394	K. Hansen.	2,611	H. Hallberg.
2,395	Michael Sullivan.	2,612	G. Hanbury.
2,399	Wm. Melville.	2,613	H. Simpson.
2,402	L. Wiles.	2,614	H. Levy.
2,403	R. Stewart.	2,618	Frank Quinn.
2,404	H. Canning.	2,619	E. Helmstedt.
2,405	J. Davitt.	2,621	P. Heery.
2,406	G. Buck.	2,624	J. Campbell.
2,408	F. Lawson.	2,626	T. Spinard.
2,409	J. Foppiana.	2,627	A. A. Yager.
2,410	A. Haycraft.	2,629	F. Brenning.
2,411	W. Bergen.	2,633	J. Kinsella.
2,412	G. Austin.	2,639	Alf. T. Olsen.
2,413	E. Coughlin.	2,640	Sam'l Bell.
2,414	T. Hale.	2,641	Reuschenberg.
2,416	J. Beverly.	2,646	J. Smith.
2,417	Fred F. Hust.	2,647	E. Freudig.
2,418	H. Black.	2,653	A. Glynn.
2,420	G. Hust.	2,660	R. Mugler.
2,421	G. Smith.	2,666	J. Sheeron.
2,422	A. Banks.	2,668	John McCann.
2,423	C. Borger.	2,669	J. Johnson.
2,424	H. Carlson.	2,670	F. Campbell.
2,426	J. Brennan.	2,672	N. Blumenfeld.
2,427	M. Stelfox.	2,674	J. Danziger.
2,428	E. Erickson.	2,675	DavidMcLintock.
2,429	J. Hill.	2,677	C. Lee.
2,430	E. Harper.	2,678	Richard Getz.
2,432	L. Weaver.	2,679	Agustus Canders.
2,433	J. Ekinkrantz.	2,680	P. Jorgenson.
2,434	F. Steimas.	2,682	J. F. Corrigan.
2,435	B. Smithbergh.	2,683	L. Wiles.
2,436	W. Reinheimer.	2,686	A. Thompson.
2,440	F. Berk.	2,687	Geo Nelson.
2,441	C. Brown.	2,690	Wm. H. Johnson.
2,442	C. F. Snyder.		
2,443	F. Waite.		
2,444	J. Quinn.		
2,445	J. Ives.		
2,446	F. Miller.		
2,448	J. Hart.		
2,450	J. Garrison.		
2,451	J. Ahern.		
2,452	I. Feltman.		
2,453	W. Cantwell.		
2,454	R. Blair.		
2,455	M. Sloan.		
2,456	T. Watson.		
2,459	J. Kerrigan.		
2,460	H. Johnson.		
2,462	Jas. Pellegrini.		
2,463	R. Calver.		
2,466	S. Durso.		
2,468	Max Karp.		
2,470	H. Neilson.		
2,471	Michael Musallo.		
2,474	Harry Woodruff.		
2,476	Jas. S. Southard.		
2,477	A. Lawrence.		
2,479	E. Archer.		
2,480	B. Murtha.		
2,481	John Conlon.		
2,482	L. Blanchard.		
2,485	D. McLeod.		
2,486	Richard Gage.		
2,488	J. Considine.		
2,489	J. Tomberlin.		
2,490	Jas. Elder.		
2,492	John Nixon.		
2,494	W. Anderson.		
2,556	F. Wirschning.		
2,546	T. McKeon.		
2,552	F. Smith.		
2,547	F. Murphy.		
2,495	P. O. Leary.		
2,498	G. Winick.		
2,499	J. Malchodi.		
2,501	J. Dalle.		
2,502	M. Cherwein.		
2,506	J. Torrey.		
2,507	J. H. Loop.		
2,508	F. Lowry.		
2,509	F. Touplick.		
2,511	D. McCullough.		
2,512	M. McEleney.		
2,514	P. Cronin.		
2,522	R. Aitchison.		
2,523	W. Fowler.		
2,525	Howe.		
2,524	J. Smith.		
2,526	W. Baher.		
2,529	J. Reilly.		
2,530	P. Devitt.		
2,533	E. Saxton.		
2,534	A. Sorensen.		
2,539	W. Hoehn.		
2,540	A. Lande.		
2,548	D. Wright		
2,541	S. Ambraino.		
2,553	H. Kray		
2,551	C. Holmberg.		
2,691	W. Scheubner.		
2,692	Henry Ferri.		
2,693	E. Brown.		
2,698	W. F. Doerr.		
2,699	L. Piva.		
2,700	N. O'Donnell.		
2,702	E. Miller.		
2,719	P. O'Flinn.		
2,724	W. Baumann.		
2,706	W. Martin.		
2,713	A. Meyers.		
2,722	O. Noren.		
2,731	J. Brigadier.		
2,737	W. Carr.		
2,725	A. Meade.		
2,752	H. Fowler.		
2,760	A. Murray.		
2,762	R. Hayes.		
2,774	H. Freeman.		
2,781	J. Zipperian.		
2,784	C. S. Black.		
2,790	F. Rivington.		
22,300	W. Gurnee.		
22,304	F. Kirschenman.		
22,310	M. Doody.		
22,311	G. Thomas.		
22,317	C. Menzies.		
22,323	Edward Casey.		
22,327	T. Fallon.		
22,335	K. Thomson.		
22,342	W. Egbers.		
22,403	T. F. Cummings.		
22,408	H. Robertson.		
22,410	F. Abrams.		
22,412	P. Finley.		
22,414	W. Hennigs.		
22,416	J. Barry.		
22,419	F. Nihill.		
22,421	C. McKeon.		
22,422	Jos. Lawrence.		
22,425	R. Jones.		
22,426	T. Mullen.		
22,427	J. Zitkus.		
22,435	C. Quinn.		
22,436	J. Melody.		
22,439	R. Moore.		
22,440	W. Hennet.		
22,443	Wm. Dale.		
2,547	F. Murphy.		

Outside Machinists

4,241	Chambers.	375	Johnson.
4,247	Bob Sleigh.	376	Olen.
4,248	Johnson.	377	Beecher.
4,222	Honeyman.	378	Roach.
302	Tracy.	382	Gjertsen
303	Hepburn.	383	Lamb.
304	Vander Ersen.	384	Manifold.
306	Dunn.	385	Parsons.
307	L. Larsen.	386	Basil.
308	J. Wilson.	387	Jonasson.
309	O'Brien.	389	Garrett.
310	Valestra.	390	Vanderson.
311	Margetson.	388	Fraser.
312	Norrby.	391	Scott.
313	Olsen.	392	Isakson.
314	Colho.	393	Lapsin
315	Kenwell.	395	Vaxdale.
316	Monson.	397	Johnson.
317	Ford.	398	Dinsmore.
318	Carlsen.	396	J. Jensen.
320	Herig.	394	Honore.
321	Almquist.	400	Longmore.
322	Ellison.	401	C. Nelson.
323	Pearson.	404	Edelman.
324	Hakanson.	405	Antonsen.
326	Vander Slugs.	406	Erickson.
327	Neilson.	408	Vlahos.
328	Melde.	412	Johnson.
329	Moore.	413	Caitano.
330	Starkey.	418	Benis.
331	Schramm.	417	Ammundsen.
332	Druct.	419	Gardner.
333	Anderson.	421	Pederson.
334	Griffen.	423	Gwynn.
337	Nines.	425	Grant.
338	Allegri.	426	Ingebretsen.
339	Saddler.	427	C. Mitcheal.
341	Roy.	429	Youngberg.
342	Olsen.	430	Nelson.
344	Hansen.	431	Lindhard.
345	Grant.	435	Erwin.
348	Akestrum.	437	Andrews.
349	Stanley.	439	Walker.
350	Hodue.	440	Tinn.
351	Mathers.	441	Caitano.
354	Johnson.	443	Jensen.
356	Worth.	444	Govers.
357	Dosen.	448	Geidstedt.
358	Anderson.	450	Ekblom.
359	Toman.	451	Smith.
360	Norman.	452	Anderson.
362	Larsen.	454	Mercerf.
367	Parker.	456	Charmers.
368	Olsen.	457	Contessa.
369	Econom.	458	H. Carlsen.
371	Weeks.	459	Olsen.
372	Robertson.	460	Anderson.
373	Campbell.	463	J. Priest.
374	Westby.	471	Vaechioni.
474	Johanson.	3,893	Kane
476	Johnson.	3,897	De Meyer.
478	Hahne	3,898	Herrera.
483	Mitchel.	3,899	Reinertser.
488	Ozol.	3,900	Frenz
491	Whitaker.	3,901	Anderson.
492	Anderson.	3,902	McFarland.
494	Seabury.	4,019	Marks.
501	Johnson.	4,187	Cali.
506	Serostin.	4,190	Esposito.
507	Lodine.	4,193	Bertero
508	Metz.	4,194	Boylan
509	Yearwood.	4,195	Hines
510	Metropolais.	4,197	Bord
511	G. Wood.	23,804	Hopkins.
512	Hermanson.	23,812	Cornell
513	Ledoroff.	23,815	Guercio.
514	Deitzman.	23,821	Gates.
515	Urquhart.	23,825	Bensen.
517	Frelund.	23,826	Prete
518	Sterger.	23,900	Rentoul.
519	Vagias.	23,903	J. Connelly.
521	Welde.	23,905	Francis.
526	Johnson.	23,906	Mountain.
529	Jackson.	23,908	Michelson.
550	Psillas.	23,910	Jamieson.
552	Stepiro.	23,911	Chuch.
564	Ahrend.	23,913	O'Niel.
565	Spano.	23,914	J. Dunn.
572	Heggild.	23,915	Rogers.
575	Berg.	23,916	Miller.
581	Merrena.	23,917	Reilly.
582	Michaels.	23,919	Olsen.
596	Jaeger.	23,920	Somma.
600	Dantzig.	23,922	Mansell.
601	Zawadzki.	23,923	Donigan.
602	Houghton.	23,924	Coleman.
604	Hansen.	23,925	Miller.
605	Dubroff.	23,926	Ahern.
607	Butcher.	23,928	Benner.
608	Applegate.	23,932	Hamsher.
611	Hersey.	23,933	Rogers
617	Larsen.	23,936	Van Emerick
621	Wallace.	23,937	Deciso.
625	Malcolm.	23,938	Pinto.
638	McLoughlin.	23,939	Howardson.
643	Heale.	23,940	Kelley.
646	Powlawski.	23,943	Frost.
652	Spranger.	23,944	Terry.
662	Ellison.	23,946	Anderson.
672	Resinger.	23,947	Gatlin.
678	Nelson.	23,948	Roach.
683	Anderson.	23,950	Ellbaum.
696	Traynor.	23,951	McGlynn
3,800	O'Brien.	23,953	Rosenstein.
3,803	McKenna.	23,962	Kruse
3,805	Turner.	23,963	Hendrecker.
3,806	Vance.	23,971	Meagher.
3,807	Schick.	23,976	McCominsky
3,809	Van Esch.	23,978	J. Coffey.
3,811	Davidson.	23,979	L. Pervelis.
3,812	J. Greene.	23,982	Schroder
3,813	Feeley.	23,985	Youfman.
3,814	Fowler.	23,987	Dolan.
3,815	Graham.	23,997	Squrier.
3,816	Pronk.	23,999	Whitman.
3,817	McMann.	24,002	Brooks
3,818	Brown.	24,005	Mangasso.
3,819	Hintze.	24,010	Weaver.
3,820	Jensen.	24,025	Everett.
3,821	Hansen.	24,027	Hintze.
3,822	McDonnell.	24,028	McKenna.
3,823	Gustafson.	24,029	Goodstein.
3,825	De Breck	24,030	Thompson.
3,831	R. Donnelly.	24,031	Tully.
3,832	McIntyre.	24,034	Preola
3,833	Martin.	24,035	Jannelli.
3,834	Bianco.	24,036	Nelson
3,835	J. Oliver.	24,037	Downing.
3,836	A. Cummins.	24,039	Mansfield.
3,837	Kendricks.	24,040	McNulty.
3,841	Cooke.	24,041	Donnelly.
3,845	Slavin.	24,043	Van Dunk.
3,846	Donovan.	24,044	White.
3,847	Gilbert.	458	H. Carlson.
3,847	G. Wood.	434	Dana.
3,850	Cotter.	661	Sacks.
3,851	Abdale.	480	Wood.
3,852	Meltia.	3,881	Purvin.
3,854	Hertz.	3,907	Anderson.
3,855	Morrison.	545	Keyes.
3,856	Riggins.	3,888	Nelson.
3,856	Hall.	445	Travers.
3,862	McCoyd.	443	Seabury.
3,863	Sather.	655	Jones.
3,864	Vaxdale.	475	Skelly.
3,865	P. O'Brien.	482	Ford.
3,866	Hankland.	524	Alferiz.
3,867	Avril	535	Cullop.
3,868	Murphy.	530	Olsen.
3,869	Goldman.	3,903	Miller.
3,870	Miller.	3,886	Whilaha
3,871	Toomey.	461	Ullstrun
3,872	Ghents.		
3,874	McCandlish.		
3,875	McGowan.		
3,876	Olsen.		
3,877	Stein.		
3,878	Connelly.		
3,879	Swensen.		
3,880	Mazzuka.		
3,884	Wagner.		
3,885	Morrison.		
3,890	Carey.		
3,891	Bopp.		

Any errors or omissions in the list of Liberty Loan subscribers will gladly be corrected in the next issue of "The Dial" if called to the attention of the Editor before November 25.

AFTER THE WHISTLE HAS BLOWN

WITH baseball reduced to nothing more than a memory, the sporting honors of the fall and winter season will be pretty evenly divided between soccer, bowling and basketball.

All of the shipyards in this section are entering into all three of these sports with the same enthusiasm that characterized the fight for the shipyard baseball championship and we will not be without many thrills in the sporting line, judging from present indications.

Morse clubs will be entered in all of the leagues mentioned and are, as usual, expected to be among the leaders.

Our soccer team is, according to many experts on the game, one of the strongest combinations in the country. Every member of the team has had experience on some of the best professional and semi-professional teams.

Albion, who will guard our goal this season, was one of the most consistent performers on the Fall River Rovers last season. Atherton will be his understudy at goal.

In the backfield, we have Ross, formerly of Clan MacDonald; Booth, Fall River Rovers; Waldron, of Yonkers. The half backs will be McPherson, Clan MacDuff; Holmes and Beardsworth, Fall River Rovers, and McCann, of Clan MacDonald. MacNaughton was last year's star performer on the Chicago Pullmans. Mackie comes to us with a reputation established with the Chicago Bricklayers. Smollen, Stelfox, Howarth, Stewart and Meadowcroft are players of worth from our own last season's team.

At a meeting of the soccer league, held September 6, Neil O'Donnell was elected as manager of the team for the coming season. Wilfred Hollywood, secretary of the Emergency Fleet Soccer League, has assumed the duties of secretary of the Morse team. Robert Gore was added to the football committee of the Employees' Association, which consists of McIntyre, Falconer, Calver and Stewart.

Soccer Season Opens

By Wilfred Hollywood, League Secretary

THE official season of the Emergency Fleet Corporation Soccer League opened on October 6 with a game at Morse Oval between Morse and Robins, and a game at Newark between Federal and Tietjen and Lang.

The game at Morse Oval ended with a defeat for our team by the score of 1 to 0. The Robins played a hard sporting game, as did our boys. We were beaten, but not disgraced. Unfortunately, the Morse club was not able to appear at full strength, due to the fact that some of the players who will appear in our regular line-up were under the jurisdiction of other clubs at the time that the Morse club was formed. They had not obtained their releases from these other organizations and, consequently, were not able to play in our first game.

Neither team scored in the first half of the game, but in the second half, Cramm, of Robins, got away with the ball, passed it to Lafferty, who saw an opening, broke through the Morse defence and netted the ball.

The good defensive work of Albin, Booth and O'Donnell saved our team from being heavily scored upon.

Smarting under the defeat of the previous Sunday, the Morse team came back into form on Sunday, October 13, and defeated the Submarine Club to the tune of 8 to 1.

Neil O'Donnell was the star performer of the day, scoring five of our eight goals. Stewart, Beardsworth and Smollen accounted for the other three.

Haynes and Wilson started for the Submarine team. Beardsworth and McPherson were the most consistent performers for Morse.

SOCCER LEAGUE RESULTS TO DATE

October 6—Robins, 1; Morse, 0.
October 6—Federal, 5; Tietjen & Lang, 1.
October 13—Morse, 8; Submarine, 1.
October 13—Robins, 2; Federal, 2.
October 13—Standard, 1; Tietjen & Lang, 0.

Basketball Players Wanted

By C. Stewart Wark

THE basketball situation this year has many bright features and some rather discouraging ones. A large squad of players is a necessary adjunct to the success of any team. Up to the present time, only a few men have turned out for practice. Practice is held every Tuesday and Friday night at the Bush Terminal Y. M. C. A. It is the belief of those interested that there is good basketball material in the yard, if it will only come out. Men who have had any experience at all in the game are urged to attend practice.

If quantity on the squad is lacking, it is made up by quality; that fact is a source of encouragement. Manager Frank Maher has been identified with many fast basketball clubs in the Bronx, and is expected to be one of the mainstays of the Morse team.

Rupert Brock is another man who possesses an enviable record. He was the star performer in the Sunday School Basketball League last season and has many flattering offers from the Eastern League and other professional and semi-professional organizations. According to many experts on the game, Brock has no peer in this section as a center.



Captain Bunny Dwyer

Eugene Sacks, now that the baseball season is practically over, will don a basketball uniform. He has been playing basketball with many fast Brooklyn clubs for many years and ought to put up a rattling good game. Joseph Sandifer was one of the star performers on the Bridgeport team, New England League, last season. Henry Seiler is another member of the squad who has been connected with the New England League. Jack O'Hara was the star performer on St. Agnes' club, a local quintet last season. Howard Hunt was a member of last year's Yonkers Y. M. C. A. team. Murray Canary is well known as a basketball player in South Brooklyn.

Plans for a Shipyard Basketball League are rapidly being completed. Standard, Federal and Morse have teams ready to start a shipyard schedule at the present time.

With a shipyard league schedule in progress, it must be apparent to everyone that basketball will be one of the major sporting attractions this fall and winter. With a little coöperation from everyone in the yard and especially those who play basketball, we should have a strong quintet.

With the Pin Boys

By Thomas J. Plunkett, Bowling Secretary

THE bowling tournament is under way. The bowling committee has had two meetings and a schedule has been made up. This year every department will be represented and an enjoyable winter is in store for all those who wish to participate.

At the first meeting of the bowling committee the following officers were appointed: Henry Rochelle, bowling tournament manager; Tom Plunkett, secretary and official scorer; schedule committee, Messrs. Rochelle, William White and Kenneth Craig.

The Crescent alleys, 52d street and 5th avenue, were selected because they are near the plant.

The following teams and captains have entered the tournament:

Outside machinists, Kenneth Craig; storeroom, Eugene McMahon; carpenter shop, William White; new dry dock, Geo. MacLaurin; office, Henry Rochelle; painters, Joe



Morse D. D. & R. Co. Baseball Club, 1918



Captain Kirby in His Palmy Bowling Days. Capt, Kirby Who is Now in Charge of the Company's Floating Property, at One Time Toured the Country Demonstrating a Bowling Ball. He Made the Remarkable Score of 300 in the "Sunset Tournament" on April 20, 1909.

Landon; electricians, Harry Stagg; patternmakers, N. Johnson; dock hands, Louis Hohorst; pipe shop, Geo. Hamilton; boat crews, Capt. Kirby; hull department, Bert Banks; employment—church, Joe Fair; burners, J. Cantwell; inside machinist, William Robbins; riggers, John Sjursen; sheet metal, Edw. Hanivan; copper shop, Gus Furst.

At the outset those who appear to be strongest on paper are the carpenters, hull and new dry dock. There are the usual "dark horses," however, and the finger of suspicion points to the pipe shop, copper shop and boat crews. There is room at the alleys for spectators and occasionally a man has a chance to get in on a game. There is no expense connected with the games. The Employees' Association is paying for the alleys and prizes.

Mr. Rieger, the owner of the Crescent alleys, has made a donation of $50 to the Employees' Association.

There will be a bulletin board at the gate and all games and averages will be kept up to date. Appropriate prizes will be given as follows: Highest team in tournament first prize, gold fobs; next highest, silver fobs; third prize to next highest, bronze fobs. There will also be booby prizes, and a gold fob prize for the highest individual average, and for the second highest, a silver fob. Another prize will be awarded to the bowler making the highest score.

The rules, which are to be printed on the schedule cards, are as follows: Teams consist of five men each.

No man can enter the tournament unless he has been employed in the yard for thirty days.

An assessment of 10c. per man will be made for each man competing on every night that his team bowls.

Captains must stand responsibility for the payment of this fee, and will be obliged to pay this penalty if his team fails to appear for a scheduled game.

There will be ten minutes intermission between the first and second games.

Substitutes may play providing they are bona fide members of the departments they desire to represent.

Less than five men may roll and if they beat a five-man team representing their opponents, they will receive credit. This rule also applies to games lost by less than five men. No allowance is made for absentees.

If a man enters a game after the start, he receives credit only from the time he enters the game and is not allowed to roll ten frames to catch up.

Games will start at 8.30 sharp. All games scheduled for Monday evenings.

A Shipyard Bowling League has been organized and we will be represented by a five-man team. The best bowlers will be selected to represent us. No favoritism will be shown in choosing the men.

At the meeting of the league, held Wednesday evening, October 9, at the Hotel McAlpin, New York City, the following yards signified their intention of entering in the league: Morse, Robins, Downey, Standard, Sisco, Tietjen & Lang, Downey, Federal, Johnson of Staten Island and Tebo.

These temporary officers were appointed by the representatives present at the initial meeting: President, Henry Rocholl, of Morse; secretary, Robert Mullen, of Robins; treasurer, E. A. Hartnett, of Standard. A committee consisting of Mr. Rocholl (Morse), Mr. Mullen and Mr. Benner (Morse), was appointed to draw up a schedule and a set of rules governing the games.

Through C. Blair Woodrow, the Emergency Fleet Corporation Traffic Representative for the Staten Island Yards, Joseph Thum, of the White Elephant Alleys, Broadway and Thirty-first street, New York City, has offered the use of two of his best tournament alleys at a reasonable figure. Mr. Woodrow further demonstrated his interest in shipyard sports by donating a cup to be awarded to the winning team.

From the progress that has been made, indications are that the opening game will be played about November 1. Mr. Rocholl, the Morse team captain, is anxious to have as many bowlers as possible take part in the yard tournament, so that he can look over all of the material in the plant and select a strong team to represent us.

Yard Schedule

Nov. 4—Carpenters, Copper Shop, Pattern Makers.
Nov. 4—Pipe Shop, Store Room, Boat Crews.
Nov. 11—Sheet Metal, Hull Dept., Electricians.
Nov. 11—New Dry Dock, Pipe Shop, Inside Machinists.
Nov. 18—Burners, Painters, Dock Hands.
Nov. 18—Pattern Makers, Pipe Shop, Outside Machinists.
Nov. 25—Store Room, Inside Machinists, Electricians.
Nov. 25—Sheet Metal, New Dry Dock, Carpenters.
Dec. 2—Copper Shop, Painters, Inside Machinists.
Dec. 2—Burners, Boat Crews, Electricians.
Dec. 9—Hull, Outside Machinists, New Dry Dock.
Dec. 9—Boat Crews, Pattern, Painters.
Dec. 16—Sheet Metal, Copper, Burners.
Dec. 16—Store Room, Hull, Dock Hands.
Dec. 23—Carpenters, Painters, Hull.
Dec. 23—Copper, Pipe, Electricians.
Dec. 30—Sheet Metal, Boat Crews, Outside Machinists.
Dec. 30—Hull, Pipe, Burners.
Jan. 6—Dock Hands, Copper, Outside Machinist.
Jan. 6—Carpenters, Boat Crews, Inside Machinists.
Jan. 13—Pattern, New Dry Dock, Burners.
Jan. 13—Store Room, Painters, Outside Machinists.
Jan 20—New Dry Dock, Boat Crews, Dock Hands.
Jan. 20—Sheet Metal, Painters, Pipe Shop.
Jan. 27—Pattern, Hull, Inside Machinists.
Feb. 3—Store Room, Copper, New Dry Dock.
Feb. 3—Carpenters, Outside Machinists, Electricians.
Feb. 10—Sheet Metal, Inside Machinists, Dock Hands.
Feb. 10—Store Room, Carpenters, Burners.
Feb. 17—Pattern Makers, Dock Hands, Electricians.

Tournament Standing Up to November 4

	W.	L.	P.C.
Hull Department	2	0	1,000
Inside Machinists	2	0	1,000
New Dry Dock	2	0	1,000
Carpenters	2	0	1,000
Copper Shop	3	1	.750
Sheet Metal	1	1	.500
Electricians	1	1	.500
Outside Machinists	1	1	.500
Pattern Makers	1	1	.500
Dock Hands	1	1	.500
Store Room	0	2	.000
Boat Crews	0	2	.000
Burners	0	2	.000
Painters	0	2	.000
Pipe Shop	0	2	.000

Shipyard League Schedule

Nov. 7—Federal, Morse, Tietjen-Lang.
Nov. 12—Downey, Sisco, Robins.
Nov. 14—Johnson, Tebo, Standard.
Nov. 19—Federal, Downey, Johnson.
Nov. 21—Tietjen-Lang, Robins, Standard.
Nov. 26—Morse, Sisco, Tebo.
Dec. 3—Standard, Federal, Sisco.
Dec. 5—Robins, Johnson, Morse.
Dec. 10—Tebo, Downey, Tietjen-Lang.
Dec. 12—Standard, Downey, Morse.
Dec. 17—Robins, Tebo, Federal.
Dec. 19—Johnson, Tietjen-Lang, Sisco.
Dec. 26—Standard, Sisco, Federal.
Jan. 2—Robins, Johnson, Morse.
Jan. 4—Tietjen-Lang, Downey, Tebo.
Jan. 9—Morse, Standard, Downey.
Jan. 11—Federal, Tebo, Robins.
Jan. 16—Johnson, Tietjen-Lang, Sisco.
Jan. 18—Sisco, Morse, Tebo.
Jan. 23—Tietjen-Lang, Robins, Standard.
Jan. 25—Federal, Downey, Johnson.
Jan. 30—Tietjen-Lang, Federal, Morse.
Feb. 2—Standard, Johnson, Tebo.
Feb. 7—Downey, Sisco, Robins.

Prizes

Silver loving cup to winning team.

Gold medals to six (6) members of winning team.

Silver medals to six (6) members of second team.

Bronze medals to six (6) members of third team.

Gold medal to bowler receiving highest individual average.

Gold medal to man receiving highest score in the tourney.

Gold medal to man bowling greatest number of Class A games.

No individual bowler can win more than one prize.

Jinx after Ball Club

By C. Stewart Wark

THE "jinx" seems to have taken our bunch of baseball tossers for its special friend, since the closing of the Shipyard League and, because of his attentions, the Morse team has been having considerable hard luck. To make a sad story short—the team has lost all

of the three games played since the last issue of THE DIAL appeared.

A good deal of the blame can be laid to the fact that the "speed up" period of our yard has made it practically impossible for many of the boys to spare the time to practise on the ball field. After all, we are here to repair ships, and we can feel proud of the fact that our work ought to be, and is, the first thing to be considered.

Then, too, due to this here "Spanish influence," as most people like to call it, we have been forced to do without the services of Pennington and Sacks, two of our star performers. The necessary changes in the line-up haven't helped any. The boys that took their places played the usual "scrappy" ball that has characterized the Morse team throughout the season, but at times team work was lacking.

Our baseball team traveled to Dexter Park on September 22 and was defeated after an eleven-inning battle with the Bushwick Club, 3 to 2. The Morse boys led with the score of 2 to 0 for seven innings. The Bushwick outfit evened things up in the eighth and won out in the eleventh inning, when Ellison, formerly of the Detroit American League club, tripled. A single by Casey Stengel, formerly a Brooklyn outfielder, brought him home and the game was won.

The Morse team lost to the Standard Shipbuilding Company ball tossers on September 29, by the score of 6 to 0. The game was played at Alaska Park, Staten Island.

George Pennington was confined to his home with an attack of influenza, and Chad See was used on the mound. Chad, handicapped by a broken finger, was unable to hold his own against Marty Walsh, the Standard slabman, who pitched a great game. Bunny Dwyer was the only one of our boys who seemed to be able to solve his delivery and three of our six hits were due to his stick work.

The Bushwicks sprang a surprise on the Morse team on October 6, administering an 8 to 2 defeat. The game was played at Dexter Park. The wonderful pitching of Bill Kelleher was the outstanding feature. Our boys were helpless against the slants of the Bushwick star, 13 men being retired on strikes.

Pennington did not pitch his usual steady game, due to the fact that he was just recovering from an attack of Spanish "influenza," which had him in his bed for about ten days.

Nevertheless, George should not have been scored on as frequently as he was. Our boys made more errors in this game than they would ordinarily make in three games. The six passes issued by Kelleher were distributed evenly between Damm and Reilly, each securing three apiece.

After its long streak of hard luck, the Morse team said good-bye to the "jinx" on October 13 and trimmed the Farmers at their home grounds to the tune of 9 to 6. The game brought us out on top in our series with the Farmers and makes our team the most logical claimant for the semi-professional championship of Greater New York.

Johnny Enzmann, formerly of the Cleveland Club, American League, was on the mound for the Farmers and was unable to hold our boys. Dwyer did his usual good work at bat for our team. The fielding of Sacks and Thompson was another feature of the game.

We have had several inquiries of late as to who the guy wearing badge number 4626 is, and what position he holds. They tell us that he walks around the yard as though he was looking for money, his head is always down and his arms swing like a pair of oars. Is he a snapper in the air plant? We don't know, but investigation proves that he's one of the best hustlers in the yard and that's saying a lot considering the number of hustlers that we've got.

Bob Everett Reported Wounded

THE daily papers reported several days ago that Robert Everett, a mechanic in the United States army in France, and formerly employed here as an outside machinist, was wounded on Sept. 15. Bob, who was one of the best liked men in Billy Chambers' department, was drafted a year ago and is a member of Co. K, 327th Infantry. In a letter he wrote on Sept. 28 to his mother, who lives at 360 Monroe street, Brooklyn, he did not mention any injury. "The boys are fighting like the dickens," he said. "We have just come out of the front line trenches and, mother, we did not have one casualty. Oh! I wish you could hear the boys over here. The fighting spirit is great."

Private Edward Henderson, formerly employed here, has been missing in action since August 29, according to a telegram received by his parents recently. Henderson was attached to the 306th Infantry, Machine Gun Company.

An Item We Missed

Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 26, 1918.

To the Editor,

DEAR SIR: In looking over my last DIAL, which was for the month of August, it did not seem as though you got all the yard news, as there was one thing you forgot to even mention. It is about one of our men, No. 2,583 of the burners, who tried in vain to rescue eight men on board the transport (deleted) at Hoboken about one month ago. Now I think he should be mentioned in our next issue as this is just one instance when our men could show what they are made of.

Very truly yours,

A. TINSMITH.

Thanksgiving

By Ella K. Livermore

When "Old Glory" stands unfurled,
Let us give thanks to the Master.
Amidst the tragedy shaken world,
By war and immeasurable disaster.
Through the darkness that has gathered,
Through our great perils and grief,
We must thank God for our blessings,
We've been able to render relief.
To do for those who nobly have done for us,
To defend our rights and liberty,
Surely, these are great blessings
Bestowed upon us.
Oh, God, we humbly thank Thee.

Personal

(*With apology to K. C. B.*)

EDITOR, THE DIAL,
DEAR Mr. Barnes,
WHEN on Sat. night
OCTOBER 26th
I asked my wife
TO kindly turn
THE clock back
ONE hour at twelve
AND she said,
"YES, my dear,"
AND went right to work
AND by mistake
TURNED the clock
ONE hour ahead
AND the next morning
I arose as usual
BUT more sleepy
AND dressed quickly
AND had only
A cup of coffee
AND grabbed the car
AND I wondered
WHY the vehicle
WAS so empty
AND the streets
SO dark and lonely
AND when I got
TO the gate of the yard
AND found out
TO my dismay
THAT I was two hours
AHEAD of time
AND the timekeeper
LAUGHED at me
AM I not entitled
TO a divorce?
I ask you,
YOURS truly,
J. Moses, 6152.

A Sad Accident

One of the saddest accidents of recent months occurred on Oct. 25 at Pier 36, foot of Pioneer street, when Eugene A. Sacks, who was one of the most popular members of the Morse baseball club, was killed and Robert Kane, his helper, was seriously injured. Both were employed in the outside machinists' department, and were operating a winch when the handle slipped and spun around with such force that it killed Mr. Sacks instantly and knocked Mr. Kane unconscious. News of the accident caused much sorrow throughout the yard as Mr. Sacks and Mr. Kane were well known among all employees.

Composite Box Score of Shipyard League Baseball Games Played by Our Team

These batting and fielding averages are for the league games only, and do not take into consideration the numerous games the Morse team has played with independent clubs.

												BATTING			FIELDING	
	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2 BH.	3 BH.	H.R.	S.H.	S.B.	B.B.	S.O.	Aver.	P.O.	A.	E.	Aver.
See	2	5	1	3	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	.600	0	0	0	1.000
McGarry	1	4	1	2	..	..	..	..	2	..	2	.500	1	1	1	.666
Browne	1	4	1	2	..	..	..	1	..	..	1	.500	2	2	0	1.000
Damm	12	42	7	16	2	..	..	2	2	6	4	.380	95	22	0	1.000
Pennington	12	41	8	15	2	..	..	2	1	4	7	.365	2	27	1	.996
Dwyer	13	57	8	20	2	..	..	2	10	1	7	.351	16	0	0	1.000
Sacks	13	50	12	15	3	..	1	..	7	6	5	.312	17	3	1	.952
Reimann	13	48	7	14	1	..	..	1	4	4	8	.291	28	27	7	.887
Crist	6	21	3	6	1	..	1	..	1	..	5	.285	5	0	1	.833
Mundhenk	13	47	9	13	2	..	..	4	6	6	4	.276	117	11	11	.927
Grant	11	40	9	10	3	..	1	2	6	5	6	.275	40	30	5	.935
W. Burke	10	39	5	10	..	1	..	2	1	5	4	.256	7	8	3	.823
Meyers	2	9	3	2	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	.222	1	0	0	1.000
Lobee	1	5	..	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	.200	2	2	1	.800
Brill	5	17	6	3	1	..	..	..	1	5	8	.176	4	7	3	.785
Carter	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.000	0	2	0	1.000
Gans	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	.000	0	0	0	.000
Reilly	2	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.000	0	0	0	.000
J. Burke	2	9	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	.000	2	5	2	.777
Tee	1	3	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	1	.000	5	1	0	1.000

Lessons in Shipbuilding and Repair Work

By Walter K. Crawford
(Superintendent of Our Hull Dept.)

Buttlaps

The width of a single riveted buttlap is 4 times diameter of rivet.

The width of a double riveted buttlap is 7 times diameter of rivet.

The width of a treble riveted buttlap is 10 to 10½ diameter of rivet.

The width of a quadruple riveted buttlap is 14 times diameter of rivet.

Buttstraps

The width of a single riveted buttstrap is 7 times diameter of the rivet.

The width of a double riveted buttstrap is 13 times diameter of the rivet.

The width of a treble riveted buttstrap is 19 times diameter of the rivet.

The width of a quadruple riveted buttstrap is 25 times diameter of the rivet.

Beam Brackets

Giving the number of rivets, diameter of rivets and depth of brackets used in connecting the ship's frame and beam together.

Depth of Bracket Inches	Diameter of Rivets Inch	Number of Rivets
17	¾	4
18 to 20	¾	5
21 to 23	⅞	5
24 to 27	⅞	6
28 to 31	⅞	7
32 to 35	⅞	8
36 to 39	⅞	9

Note.—Beam brackets should be 3 times the depth of the deck beam.

Rivets and Rivet Spacing

In edge riveting there must not be less than 1½ diameters between the rows of rivets.

In buttstraps there must not be less than 2 diameters between the rows of rivets.

In buttlaps there must not be less than 2½ diameters between the rows of rivets.

Length of Rivets

Length of rivets for plates for flush riveting are equal to 1 diameter plus the thickness of material. That is, the rivet would have to project 1 diameter through the hole to fill the countersink.

For snap or hammered rivets, the rivets should be 1¼ diameters through the hole.

Seam Riveting for Oil-Tight Work

The diameter of rivets from ⅛ to ⅜ inch material should be about twice the thickness of the material. The following sizes of rivets should be used for tne following thickness of plate.

Thickness of Plate Inches	Diameter of Rivet Inches	Size of Hole Inches
⅛	¼	5/16
3/16	⅜	7/16
¼	5/8	11/16
5/16	5/8	11/16
⅜	¾	13/16
7/16	¾	13/16
½	⅞	15/16
9/16	⅞	15/16
⅝	⅞	15/16
11/16	1	1 1/16
¾	1	1 1/16
13/16	1	1 1/16
⅞	1	1 1/16
15/16	1⅛	1 1/16
1	1⅛	1 1/16

Connection of Floors to Margin Plates

Depth of Margin Plate	Number of Rivets	Diameter of Rivets
19″ to 23″	5	¾″
24″ to 27″	6	¾″
28″ to 29″	6	⅞″
30″ to 34″	7	⅞″
35″ to 39″	8	⅞″
40″ to 43″	9	⅞″

This applies to single angle connection.

Spacing of rivets in Stem, Sternframe, Keel, Bulkhead frame and edges of mast plates, 5 diameters.

Number of Rivets Between Frames in Outside Plating

Spacing of Frames, Inches	Diameter of Rivets, Inches					
	⅝	¾	⅞	1	1⅛	1¼
20	7	5				
21	7	6	5			
22		6	5			
23		6	5	5		
24		7	6	5		
25			6	5		
26			7	6	5	
27			7	6	5	
28			7	6	6	5
29			8	7	6	5
30			8	7	6	5

This does not include rivets in frames.

Spacing of Rivets

In butts of shell plating, rivets are spaced 3½ diameters apart.

In butts of deck stringers, rivets are spaced 3½ diameters apart.

In seams of shell plating, rivets are spaced 4 diameters apart.

In butts of deck plating, rivets are spaced 4 diameters apart.

In double buttstraps, rivets are spaced 4 diameters apart.

In butts of margin plates, rivets are spaced 4 diameters apart.

In butts of inner bottom plates, rivets are spaced 4 diameters apart.

In butts of girders, rivets are spaced 4 diameters apart.

In butts of tie, rivets are spaced 4 diameters apart.

In gunwale angle bars, rivets are spaced 4½ diameters apart.

In margin, angle bars, rivets are spaced 4½ diameters apart.

In edges of deck plating, rivets are spaced 4½ diameters apart.

In edges of bulkhead plating, rivets are spaced 4½ diameters apart.

In butts of bulkhead plating, rivets are spaced 4½ diameters apart.

In flat keel angles, rivets are spaced 5 diameters apart.

In angles connecting floor to vertical keel, rivets are spaced 5 diameters apart.

In Bulkhead angle connection to shell, rivets are spaced 5 diameters apart.

In edges and butts of mast plates, rivets are spaced 5 diameters apart.

In frames and reverse frames, rivets are spaced 7 diameters apart.

In bulkhead stiffeners, rivets are spaced 7 diameters apart.

In beams to deck plating, rivets are spaced 7 diameters apart.

In keelson and angles to girders, rivets are spaced 7 diameters apart.

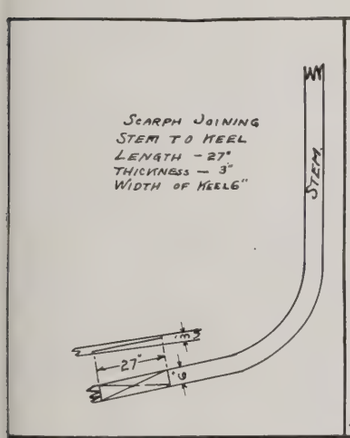
Scarphs in Bar Keels and Stems

Length of scarph is equal to 9 times the thickness of material.

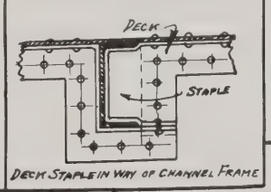
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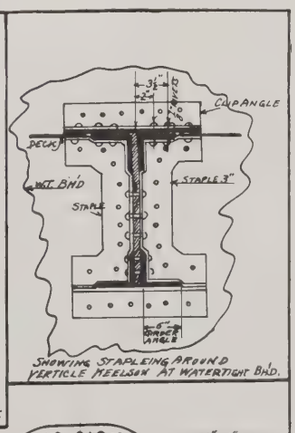
Thickness of Stem 3 inches. 3 x 9=27 inches=length of scarph.

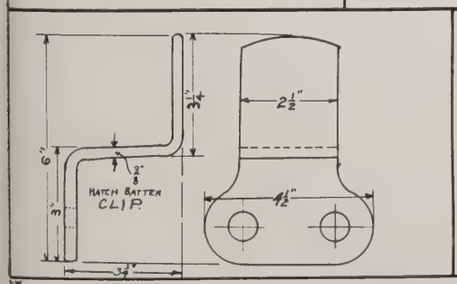
(*Continued next month.*)

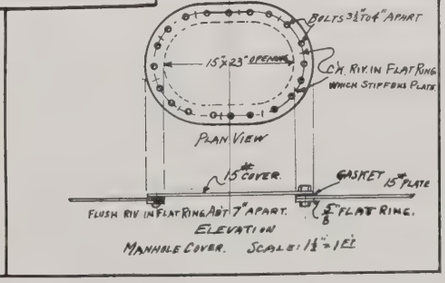


This is the second installment of a series of lessons in shipbuilding and repair work, reprinted from a book written by Mr. Crawford, and published by the Ocean Publishing Co., of 25 West 42d Street, New York. The book is on sale at the Employment Bureau and costs $1.25.









Powell's Patter

Just like a dire calamity, the pipe shop's out of luck,
So last month's notice doesn't go, the pipe shop's lost the truck.

You must not imagine because a certain line of docks in South Brooklyn is called the Bush, that there's treason (trees on) there.

It's too bad the Morse navy didn't take a greater part in the Liberty Loan battle. What with the battleships, *Solicitor*, *Kill*, *Ivans*, *Utica* and *Bangs*, and the flag ship *Panuca*, the monitor *Gamecock*, scout cruisers *E. P. Morse*, *Why Not* and *Say Yes*, to say nothing of the submarine that docks ships in the dry dock, this outfit would have made a formidable fleet, with two-inch guns mounted, to herald to the outside world, that we were making a drive, and had advanced our lines up to the usual quota of anything we undertake.

If patience is a virtue then I'm surely satisfied,
There is but one department with a patience sorely tried,
Their Christian faith in fellow man ofttimes receives a shock
When they are asked a certain time to make a certain dock.
Oh, Traffic, how I sympathize and Mr. Harper too,
And all the other men who move material for you.
For when you're told to be around, your men are sure and steady,
But when you go to get the stuff there's not a thing that's ready.
And oft with every truck in use, I've never seen you shiver,
When some gink with a two-inch valve asks you to get a flivver.
If patience is a virtue, then it simply goes to prove,
That all the trucks may come and go, your virtue cannot move.

A stuttering riveter said to his mate,
W-h-e-n y-o-u hit the rivet, j-u-s-t try hit it straight,
But it took him so long ere his story was told,
He said, N-e-v-e-r m-i-n-d now, the rivet is cold.

If the Kaiser ever had what people call a goat,
It must have been before one Mr. Wilson sent a note.
And long before our diplomats agreed to disagree
With him and all his "Kultur" and his gross brutality.
And even from his subjects our intentions long he hid,
But when the truth leaked out he told them all it was a kid.
But if he called it kidding then I'm very glad to note,
He knows it's not a kid just now because we've got his goat.

They're not only boosting the Liberty Loan in the boiler shop, but they are boosting the boiler shop too. One side sagged five inches.

McMahon of the purchasing department has changed his car to a Saxon. Strange during these times he didn't make it an Anglo-Saxon, but in architecture it would remind one of those Saxon antiquities. (Just for this he won't take me for dinner any more.) Jack Byers and Mr. Murr were invited for a spin in said car, and while on Fourth Avenue it became afflicted with a bad case of Spanish *influence*. It stopped dead, but to add insult to injury, or I might say, mortality, a traffic cop ordered them not to obstruct the traffic, but to give regular cars a chance to pass by.

The election in the copper and tin shop for an officer to the Conference Board stood Dick Cors, 71 and Tom Hayes, 72. These are not the ages of these men, but the way they stood in the running. If Hayes won, a man now deceased was the one who gave him his majority, and if Cors won, it's *because* a man voted more than once. At the time this is written things look *hazy* for Cors. To say nothing of another candidate who W(h)iles away his time.



Liberty Loan Day at "The Farm," Showing Third Section of New Dry Dock Nearing Completion

A ship by name of *Sergipe*, came in dock the other day
And by some ailment on her quite a few were sent away.
But Kelly, he was chosen out of all the pipe shop mob
To take his helper and his tools, and on her do a job.
So Kelly, quite undaunted, up the ladder made a skip
But the helper only half way up, claimed he was feeling sick.
Then Danny said, "Come on ahead, no stalling now for mine
"The only thing you'll catch on board, perhaps is overtime;
"The Spanish influenza has your nerves all on the jump
"But the worst disease that we will get, is pumping up the pump."
So Kelly was the snapper, the helper was the crew,
And as for power to run the pump, why Dan was engine too.

To anyone with weak lungs I would recommend the tin shop, where they have a lung tester. The *Furst* man that tried it, blew until he was black in the face, but he vouches for its beneficial effects.

Uncle Sam has formed a plan
To make a greater drive.
Said he, this *sage*, "increase the age,
"Of draft to forty-five.
"Tho' every son, great work has done,
"Their efforts don't diminish.
"It takes the man and that's my plan,
"This (s) age to make the finish.

Fire Department Grows

THE efficiency of the Morse Fire Department is being increased day by day and it is expected that with the aid of the many new pieces of fire apparatus that are being installed continually, James Devlin, our fire marshal, will be able to reduce the possibilities of fire in this yard to a minimum.

Two new fire engines have been installed recently. One has been placed in the carpenter shop, the other in the machine shop. The old machine shop engine is now ready for service at the "Farm."

At an election held at the "Farm" recently, Arthur Nyland was chosen fire chief of that yard. He was assisted in the organization of a fire company there by Sam Olsen and Edward Warden.

Fire, which caused damage amounting to $1,500 to the employees' restaurant, and provisions stored there, broke out on September 25 at five o'clock in the morning. The blaze was first noticed by Watchman Fanning, stationed at Gas House Pier No. 1, who sent in the alarm. The chemical engine from the pipe shop was brought into use and the Morse volunteer firemen, assisted by the crew of the Morse tug boat *Arthur Kills*, had the fire well under control before the arrival of the city fire department.

The fire started in the storeroom on the restaurant floor, burnt down the partition which separated it from the kitchen and from there spread to the main dining-hall. A new piano valued at $450 was ruined and a supply of beans valued at $150 were destroyed.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day another exhibition of the efficiency of the Morse firemen was given when a fire broke out in the shaft tunnel of one of the boats docked at Gas House Pier No. 1. Three of the Morse chemical engines were used and the fire was extinguished before anything could be seriously damaged. The city fire department was not called.



Robert Schaad of Room 115 had a tough week due to a toothache. Poor Bobby!

Talk about Theda Bara, Valeska Suratt and their sister vampires, they have nothing on our Miss Cropsey who has "wamped" the whole office. Oh you little debbil!

Did you ever read our best seller, "From Gas-house to Fifth Avenue," by our debutante friend, Earnest Rottach?

Talk about Paris fashions, we are running a close second with our assistant superintendents on the job. "Mamselle" Charles and "Modiste" Miller are the reigning fashion queens.

Hey, nix on the hereditary baldness, Tom Bonner, 'tis AGE.
Going . . . going . . . but still a few left!

Vanderbilt has nothing on our sporty chauffeur Walsh. Nothing but kid gloves since driving the "Stevens."

If any of our love-sick swains are seeking matrimonial advice, see Dan Shea. Frank Maher was first on the line. No pushing there, boys, line forms on the right. . . .

Since Matty Matteson, better known by his co-workers as "Matteson Maru," has been placed in charge of the Japanese steamers, he is fast losing his grip on the English language. But, be courageous, Little Cherry Blossom!

Charles G. Hall, our "officiator," is the proudest father that we know of. For the past week he has been displaying a service flag from his front parlor window. You know his daughter has joined the ranks of Uncle Sam, and is now a yoemanette.

Joe Henderson, our blue-eyed baby, is right there with the tricky little wink. We are all very anxious to know if it has been copyrighted.

There will be quite a few pale damsels around here after "Dorins" and a few other camouflage manufacturers go out of business.

It is no wonder Harry Reese has been absent occasionally during the past month. It is rather irksome and takes time to choose apartments and furniture in war times.

Mr. Hanbury still continues to yodle: "Tra lee tra la tra loo."

John Hall, the champion office-boy secretary of Room 6, is not as demure as he looks. Quite a gay little sport when the ladies are around.

Obituary Notices

James M. Donovan and Anne McQueen were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony on October 5, 1918. Well, Jimmie, we all wish you the best of luck and happiness.

Charles H. Kling, insurance clerk and Miss Susan Englehardt on September 24 and may their joys be many.

P. S.—We are glad to be able to announce that Charlie and his bride were able to find that heavenly apartment they hunted for so long.

NOTE: Steady there, boys, more coming. Well, it happens in the best of families.

Miss Kathryn Bourke has caused quite a riot in the office since she appeared in the Burners and Welders parade, as "Starving Belgium" with a baby clasped in her arms.

We saw Tom Conk buying lobsters on Fifth avenue several nights ago. Oh you Tom!

They tell us that Cy MacLauren and Hume Mayston are training for a bout at one of our future Association meetings. Cy 'll have a whole lot of moral backers, we predict.

Margy Sullivan and Helen McKenna are getting to be "baby vamps." We saw them disappearing one day with two of our promising young men.

McCauly's favorite song used to be "Smiles," but since Miss Wilde has gone he's been singing: "I hate to lose you, I'm so used to you now."

If Elizabeth Morrissey ever goes short of funds she could collect a young fortune from the presents she receives. She's some favorite, it would seem.

From all reports, our dear friend Ralph Bonwit is one of the little moths that flits around society's candle. Now, Bonnie dear, take care!

Dotty Moran is on her good behavior at present. The answer is a very handsome chap whose picture she carries in her watch.

Clouds of gloom hang over Room 15 and 16. The principals in our recent drama, "The Vampire," are on the outs. Cheer up James, true love never did run smooth.

Florence Semon says she likes a man she can look up to. Go to it, Flo, Christmas is coming and men are scarce.

How happy our Marion is lately. The K—— has returned with one of her millions of sweeties.

Hobbies

Mayston—Liberty Bond letters.
J. Costello—Punctuality.
D. Shea—Shore dinners.
Fair—Sunday baseball games.
Leonard Duncan—Auto rides home.
Crawford—Saxons.
Conk—Greek waiters.
White—Navy reports.

Famous Sayings

"Do you love me, dear?"—*D. Moran.*
"That's a large number."—*A. J. White.*
"I'll say so."—*Lundmark.*
"He's a corker."—*Harry White.*
"Wrong number, girlie."—*Bob Mackin.*
"H'm, let's go."—*Whitman.*
"Hello, papa."—*Bell.*
"Why not?"—*Fair.*
"All clocks out."—*Red Hot.*
"You know what I mean."—*Joe Powers.*
"No more helpers to-day."—*Plunkett.*
"Look at the files now."—*Clancy.*

Miss Efficiency



Little Miss Harriette White, pictured here at the age of ten months, may not be strong for efficiency in a shipyard, but it won't be long before she will be able to hand Papa Harry White a few tips on running a home on an economic basis. We don't blame Harry for wearing smiles. We'd be kind o' proud too.

Church Psalms

[*Don't blame the editor for this.*]

Dan Lohman took an army of 600 husky men,
He marched them up Fifth avenue and marched them down again,
He had laborers by the dozens and riggers by the score,
In fact he ought to take the gang and go to fight the war,
The boys can dig deep trenches, you can see them round the yard,
They're never known to duck a job though it's very hard,
The riggers are a fine lot; they can rig up any boat,
And to see them in a uniform would get the Kaiser's goat,
But instead of Going Over, Dan takes his trusty pen
And tries to claim exemption 'cause he has 600 men.

Rollo Stiers wanted to know the quickest way to get up to see Miss Jensen. Somebody told him to fall down a hatch and break his leg.

Evidently Frank Whitman is trying to dodge the "fluey." Did you notice how spic and span he was on Timekeepers' Day?

But wait until you see Frank at the Ball, ummm, full dress suit and everything.

Exchange—Will exchange one keep kool electric fan for a ton of coal.—R. Stiers.

Slightly used motormen's glove for Rolls Royce.—T. McCabe.

The Church wishes to cancel an unfilled order for two electric fans sent to the main office during July and substitute same for two tons of coal.

Roof Garden Notes

We have proof that women are not the only ones who try to conceal their correct age. We know of one who registered so as to have "proof" that he was under forty-five years. Eh! Day.

A. J. White just woke up to the fact that there are express trains running on the Fourth Avenue subway. He broke all records by coming in at two minutes to 8 one morning.

A couple of the boys are still waiting for that long promised invitation to spend a week end at Great Kills.



A suggestion has been made among the boys of the electrical department that Bob Olsen be nicknamed "Perpetual Motion." He is always running.

Al Labdon, of the electrical department, claims he lives in a very quiet house. He can even hear a pin drop. There's a bowling alley next door.

Joe Cartlan, of the electrical department, declares he does not drink Moerlein's beer any more because of its German name. Pretty soon it will be un-American to drink any sort of beer.

John Sullivan, of the pipe shop, was promoted for one day to chief water tender of Pier No. 4. He says it's a better job than being sent to the shop for eight foot chain tongues.

Jack Reynolds, of the pipe shop says the guy that wrote that "Drip, drip" poem last month must be answered, and this is his answer: "Dip, dip, dip, the guy that ever said the pipe shop ever left a drip, was dippy in the head."

Foreman John Wixted, of the bottle gang, can settle any argument relative to the war. He has read every paper from THE MORSE DIAL to the *Police Gazette*, and can tell you the history of all the gladiators from John L. Sullivan to Gen. Pershing.

If there is a helper by the name of Smith in the copper shop, he can be immediately promoted by joining Capt. Reynolds' reserves, as Reynolds can make him copper-Smith. (Men get years for less than this.)

It's all right to be courteous and polite to your fellow-man, but when you are in a restaurant and you see a waiter negligent in his services to a crowd of machinists, and kindly you beckon the waiter and point to them and they partake of refreshments, and then the waiter comes back to you for $1.85, it's all wrong Of course the man might have just finished his work *And-drew* his money, but still been *Short-y*.

Joe Powers the former custodian of the employment gate, though happier, has his troubles these days; in other words, his ups and downs. He's running the elevator in the new tin shop.

There is a somewhat corpulent order clerk by the name of Arthur in the purchasing department, who really by his late moral preaching ought to join the staff of Preacher Whitman in the church. He almost converted Jack O'Hara when he said, "Wilt thou take her for better or worse?"

On Registration day, Sept. 12, the Morse police reserves were ordered to report at the 76th precinct police station for special duty. While in the lounging room of the station the following conversation was overheard. A machinist helper approached Captain Reynolds and remarked: "Captain Reynolds, you are gaining flesh rapidly." "Yes," replied the captain, "I pound the pavement once a week and besides I am a different looking man when in uniform." "I can see that," says the helper, "You have neither shape nor make-up, you look as if you are all one."

Since the Spanish *Influence* has been so influential and prevalent as to make a man of Basil's size wear his collar up around the shop, what will it do to John Rutledge, who wears a sweater all the time?

Frank Bardee, of the purchasing department, has more patience and persistency in his make-up than, I think, all the generals in Europe. While they are only fighting a world's war and have been four years doing it, he has been twice that long battling to grow what some day, we hope, for his sake, will be called a regular, full-grown, manly, flowing, drooping or otherwise mustache.

It's a long time since we mentioned BIG SCOTTY, of the outside machinists, but like himself he believes in everything big. Proof of this is his big patriotic heart as displayed by the purchase of $500 worth of bonds. Good boy, Scotty, you certainly are giving the way they are fighting.

Fred Norrby says he was on the *Sergipe* so long, he can sneeze in seven different languages.

I wonder why foreman Wincke, of the boiler shop, keeps looking up at the overhead trolley. One thing I know, it runs oftener than a Third Avenue car does. I heard one fellow call it a dumb waiter because it carried plates. (Pass the meatless meat, please.)

Of trouble for a moment I was very much afraid
When Scotty hollered "slacker" in the boiler shop parade.

McCarthy, of the "Church," wants it distinctly understood that he belongs to the police reserves. He feels hurt that some persons don't seem to know it. Of course he admits that the only time he had his uniform on was when he tried it, and someone must have passed an unkind remark, for the next drill night he took the night boat for a trip to Albany, possibly to see the Governor?

Frank McIntyre, of the outside machinists' shanty, says every time the machinist who took the part of the Kaiser in the outside machinists parade comes and asks for a heavy tool, he (McIntyre) doesn't know how to hand it to him, and if the impersonator ever comes with that uniform on, he'll never know he got it.

Shade of Wallace, spirit of Bruce, look down with tender mercy on a scion of noble Scotia in the person of one Jack Wilson, who had the audacity to face a liberty loving public disguised as the Kaiser. In the name of Haig and Haig where did they dig up a machinist to do it, and Scotch too; it's strange his very soul did not cry out, to borrow the language of Richard the Third: "My kilts, my kilts, my kingdom for my kilts."

Olsen of the plumbing department wrote out an order for a laterine together with a sketch of same, and as usual marked off the length of same, 5 feet 6 inches overall. On the top of the order as usual was the name of the ship, *Yellowstone*. When the man receiving the order was asked the name of the ship, he said *Overalls*. No wonder a dog pants.

The downfall of all those entering Bright's office in the pipe shop from now on, is sure to come, owing to the downfall of Bright in said chair. If the chair was in any way weakened beforehand, no ordinary weight did it, so I can but look with suspicion on one person. I won't tell his name, but he is Captain of the police reserves.

Between bending pipe and bending his efforts to boost the Liberty loan Joe Low stopped at nothing to make it a success.

On Saturday, Sept. 20, Axel Lillison, of the inside machinists, was married. In the right direction, this was a good turn, *Axel*, and if your bride has for a first name the first part of your name, we might hear of a Lily-son in the future.

Oscar Dalhquist is still waiting, and every day in the gallery of the old machine shop he is singing while at his machine:

"Now while the loan drive's on, and should it
happen for to be
"A girl, I'll surely christen her the name of
'Liberty,'
"But should it be a boy, of which I am extremely fond,
"I'll still be patriotic, and I'll christen him just
'Bond.'"

Steve Rutledge, of the inside machinists, won in a contest for flat-footed waltzing. Steve says it comes natural to him. He only wishes he could convince Johnson as easily that he built a wooden ship with concrete cabins. And it wasn't in the stone age either.

Amiel, in the tool-room, is more than patriotic. He worked till twelve Tuesday, got married at one, went to the Palace Theatre at two, dined at the Pekin restaurant at six and was willing to come back to the shop and work overtime at eight.

John Conroy, a son of Erin, working in the machine shop gallery on a milling machine, had the skin of his hand peeled and it hurt him somewhat. When advised to put oil on his hand he said: "Be jabers, I've been working a good many years, I'll put no oil on them. I'll do what I've always done. I'll spit on them." (Did you ever work on the railroad, Conroy?)

Simon Printz, of the blacksmith shop, the man who makes small ones out of big ones, has a new record which he is proud of. He had a 10-inch billet under the hammer the other day and ran it down to 2½" by 9½".

Mike Scabe, of the blacksmith shop, gets mixed up every once in a while when somebody gets his goat. Ben Pearson ran away with his *fuller* the other day and we have the following: "Fuller no comin' back? Me no shoemake."

This is on the level. A helper by the name of Gallagher was told by Snapper Littlejohn to go to the machine shop, wait for the truck that would soon be there and load two lengths of perforated pipe. When the truck got there there was no pipe to be seen. When Littlejohn said to Gallagher: "Where is the pipe?" Gallagher replied: "I only saw two and I threw them away, they were full of holes."

THE EMPLOYEES' ASSOCIATION

deserves the hearty support of every employee because it makes these things possible—boost for your organization.

THE BAND

is making a name for itself in the industrial world and we are all proud of it. And don't forget the orchestra and our fine quartet.



OUR PATRIOTS IN ACTION

THE MONTHLY ENTERTAINMENTS

are a source of pleasure to all who attend them. Are you sharing in all of the good things which are provided? The entertainments are held on the last Wednesday of each month.



THE DIAL

is the medium through which all of the yard activities are given expression. It costs you nothing. Be sure to see that your name is on the mailing list.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM GREEN, A CORPORATION, NEW YORK

Boys and Girls to Help Win the War

They will join in a nationwide effort of service and sacrifice

AMERICA'S boys and girls are to have a chance this fall to help win the war. Seven great organizations engaged in providing for the comfort and happiness of our soldiers and sailors the whole world over have joined to give the young generation this opportunity to do its share.

The Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the National Catholic War Council (Knights of Columbus), the Jewish Welfare Board, the War Camp Community Service, the American Library Association and the Salvation Army, in their United War Work Campaign to raise $170,500,000 for the continuance of their war activities, will challenge every boy and girl in the country to serve and to sacrifice in the "great cause."

A separate division of the campaign, that of the Victory Boys, will have for its goal the lining up of "a million boys behind a million fighters." The girls, too, will have a separate division to be known as the Victory Girls.

Those enrolling in either division must pledge to earn and give an amount to be individually determined for welfare work among our soldiers and sailors; and this means that no boy and girl can give any money he or she has not earned.

The war has called half our workers away from their ordinary peace-time occupations, leaving much work undone in the homes and in the home communities. As the boys and girls will find their tasks in these now neglected fields, their united effort will go a long way toward helping us keep our affairs in order over here, while the giving of money earned will make for the comfort and morale of our fighters.



Says General Pershing, referring to one of the war work organizations:

"A SENSE of obligation for the varied and useful service rendered to the army in France . . . . . prompts me to join in the appeal for its further financial support. I have opportunity to observe its operations, measure the quality of its personnel and mark its beneficial influence upon our troops, and I wish unreservedly to commend its work for the army."

—*General Pershing*

UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN

FOR THE BOYS OVER THERE

The MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL



DECEMBER 1918



1918 will be remembered by all nations of the earth. Victory has been won and peace established by our Allies and the boys from the U. S. A. The Stars and Stripes have been planted in every country and in the hearts of all mankind. A new and lasting glory, power and responsibility is with us.

To the employees of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company we extend our sincere thanks and appreciation for the clean cut record that has been made, especially in government work, of which we are justly proud. We wish each one of you a Merry Christmas, a happy and prosperous New Year, and promise all of you a square deal.

HARRY A. HANBURY.

It is with a happy heart that I greet all in the Morse employ on this wonderful season. The past year has been a record year of accomplishment in the history of our concern. Now, with the coming of peace, we may look forward to even more glorious achievements. All of us ought to greet the coming year with thankful hearts.

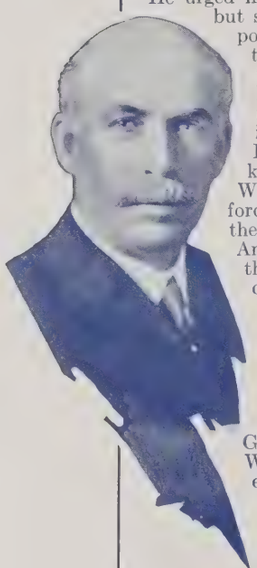
FRANK B. ROSE.





Our New Year sentiments this year, will, I am sure, be more genuine, due in a great measure, to the successful termination of the war. We, the employees of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company must and do appreciate the assistance and consideration received from Mr. Morse during the past year. To show our appreciation, let us apply ourselves with unity, thoroughness, conscience and wholeheartedness to our work that better efficiency may be insured for both Mr. Morse and the Company. I have the honor to wish each fellow-worker a Merry Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year.

A. W. MURRAY.



Christians have celebrated Christmas for more than seventeen centuries. Perhaps never before in all this time has mankind had reason for greater rejoicing than we have this year.

Christ came into the world to teach men how to *have* peace. He urged men to subordinate human passion and selfishness, but some individuals who enjoyed exalted and powerful positions in the world by right of birth, were unable to take His lessons to heart and we begin to hear of "Me und Gott," and "Kultur."

Liberty-loving people knew that such things had no place in God's plans, because it was never intended that one or two men should rule the world. It has taken four years of war, and of the hardest kind of sacrifice, to prove this.

We have finally come through the ordeal with the forces that respected the law of God victorious. Why then is this not a season for special rejoicing?

And you here in this organization can feel happy over the part you have played to bring this about. Let us celebrate this holiday season as we should celebrate, with a feeling that through the help of our labors "peace and good-will on earth," is to again be a fact. Despite the exigencies of war-time we have seen a wonderful "family spirit" developed within our organization. This binding together by friendship and similarity of ideals has been a splendid thing. It has helped us to sense correctly our obligations to our Government, to our soldiers and sailors and to ourselves. With peace-time activities restored it is going to mean even more to every one of us.

With the many happy reunions that are to be expected when "our boys" come back, we can indeed look forward to the new year with a grateful spirit. Now that we have recognized our ideal let us strive to keep to it.

May the Christmas season and the new year bring manifold blessings to every employee, his family and his friends.

E. P. MORSE.

I take this opportunity of thanking you for your sincere co-operation of the year just passed. The co-operation extended to myself and the Company has been a long stride toward the success that we have enjoyed in our hard drive in "doing our bit" to help win the war. Knowing that you will all continue along these same lines for a successful New Year, I extend to you my sincerest wishes of the coming holidays.

CHARLES S. HALLOCK.



The approaching Yuletide season cannot but bring to our minds the events of the past two years, and the ending of the great war. To those who have lost relatives or friends in the conflict Christmas Day will be saddened by tender memories. To those of us who have been spared, it will be one of joy and happiness.

Entering upon the New Year and at the beginning of the reconstruction period, many things will occupy our attention.

To the employees of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, the many improvements to the plant, including the addition of our new dry dock, will mean continued activity.

To all my fellow-workers and many friends throughout the shipping industry, I heartily wish a Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

CHARLES GRANVILLE HALL.

Many were the dark and anxious moments experienced by each one of us in the trying times during the past year, but at this Christmastide we have every reason to rejoice and be merry and so I join in extending to the Morse employees the greetings of the season.

A. V. MILLER.





There will and ought to be many happy hearts during this Christmas season. For this we all are thankful as only people who have passed through the most trying situations can be. To all Morse employees, their families and friends, I join in wishing a Merry Christmas. We expect during the coming year to have many happy reunions when our boys come back and again become a part of us. May the new year see the same co-operative and friendly spirit among us that has been our good fortune in the past year.

HILDRETH BENNER.



THE DRY DOCK DIAL

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Enjoying a Tug-o'-War

Keeping Our Navy Boys in Trim

By William Moore

THE anaemic-looking gentleman in the gray tweeds dropped his newspaper and remarked confidently that he didn't think the navy was getting a square deal.

For more than an hour, while the Congressional Limited had been eating up the miles between New York and the Capital, my smoking-car companion had carefully perused his paper, giving vent several times to sharp exclamations of disgust, which became more vehement as he progressed.

"I beg pardon," I said. "I don't quite understand you."

"What I mean is this," he declared. "Thousands of our young men have enlisted in the navy. They have given up all their prospects and have donned the blue uniform without a murmur. They are manning our battleships, our sub-chasers, our transports and our merchant marine; they kept the roads to France open so that a steady stream of troops, munitions and supplies could be kept flowing. They endanger their lives—you know what the submarine menace was. And what has the Government given to these lads in return? What has the navy received in the way of recreational and educational advantages as compared with the army?"

"Now see here, my friend," I replied, "I can best answer your queries by telling you the story of how the Government has spent millions of dollars to keep not only our soldiers happy, but to provide the best educational and recreational facilities for our sailor-lads as well."

Whereupon, I related the following:

There are many persons who thought that when our boys left home to join the navy they were going to be isolated in training stations where "all work and no play" was the rule. They thought that the leisure hours of these boys would be dull and cheerless.

But the Government, early in the war, realized the sorry plight of our bluejackets if there were no recreational advantages given them; they likewise considered the welfare of the soldiers.

THE Navy Department Commission on Training Camp Activities was appointed to work in connection with a similar commission appointed by the War Department. The twin commissions are headed by Raymond B. Fosdick, a prominent New York man. The Navy Training Camp Commission looks after the recreation and education of the sailors, while that of the War Department performs a similar function for the soldiers.

Athletics, as is to be expected, take foremost place in the long list of recreational diversions which are furnished the sailors.

The athletic department of the Navy Training Camp Commission is headed by Walter Camp, former director of athletics at Yale University. Under his direction, our sailor boys are given ample opportunity for red-blooded, vigorous sports.

At every station, thousands of bluejackets are playing baseball, basketball, tennis, football, soccer and volley ball, under the supervision of competent sports directors.

Without doubt, boat racing of all kinds has proved to be one of the most popular diversions among the sailors stationed at the training camps. Each station is supplied with various types of boats—cutters, whaleboats



Mass Singing is Popular

and wherries, and this form of recreative athletics has been found so beneficial that more boats were ordered and are under way.

Cutter racing is enjoyed by both officers and men to an unlimited extent. At one station alone there are fifteen cutters, each weighing 2400 pounds, 28 feet long, which carry ten men and a coxswain. They are in use practically all the time, from ten o'clock in the morning until dark. Qualification races are held every two or three days, and the best-appearing oarsmen are selected for competition races, among the various companies. Inter-station races have been held almost every Saturday, which create enthusiasm to a marked degree. The good which is accomplished in promoting rowing is readily seen by the earnestness displayed by the men in this healthful exercise. The invaluable information they receive regarding small boats is absolutely essential for the work they are perfecting for fleet duty.

Mr. Camp has revived one of the manliest sports known—tug-of-war. This is rapidly becoming popular as a vigorous, healthful test of strength. He planned also that all of the sailors be taught to swim. Swimming instructors were appointed by the Commission. In many of the stations, huge indoor tanks have been built where the rookies are taught to swim.

PROBABLY Mr. Camp's most important innovation is the system of setting-up exercises he formulated, popularly known as "Camp's Shorthand Exercises." Unlike the older systems which left the participant exhausted, Mr. Camp's is based on the principle that proper calisthenics should exhilarate; instead of developing particular sets of muscles, as of the legs and arms, it stimulates the vital organs, the heart, lungs, etc., to more healthful activity. But athletics is not the only form of diversion in the training stations.

Mass singing was promoted in the navy because it was invaluable as a stimulant to fighting spirit and as a recreation. Song leaders—men especially chosen by the Commission for their "pep" and ability to get deep into the hearts of the men—tell interesting stories of the effect singing has on the morale of the sailors. One song leader tells how the men, enthused with singing, beg to "go on" even after the time allotted for singing is over, and how after a long hike, singing all the way, they would not disperse until they had given a rousing rendition of "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here!"

THE Navy Commission has been seeing to it that the blue-jackets are not becoming depressed through lack of good entertainment. Entertainments are given almost every night in the stations. The boys also receive plenty of reading matter. Thousands of books have been placed in the stations and on the battleships by the American Library Association.

Then, when he receives his pass for shore leave, the sailor finds that the Commission has made great preparations for his reception in the nearest town. The community stands ready to offer him the best of its hospitality and wholesome recreation. Through the efforts of the War Camp Community Service, the homes, churches, clubs, and, in short, the *whole town*, is his for the taking.

The War Camp Community Service has opened great service clubs throughout the country, most of which contain dining rooms and sleeping quarters, in addition to game rooms, parlors, dance and rest rooms.

In order that the sailor's morale might be protected while on leave, the Law Enforcement Division of the Training Camp Commission has seen to it that commercialized vice is eradicated from the cities within ten miles of the training stations.

"AND that," I said to my companion, "is the kind of work the Navy Department Commission has been doing for our boys in the training stations and on the battleships. Is it all worth while? Is the game worth the candle?"

To which the anaemic-looking gentleman replied most emphatically:

"You bet!"

Our Victory Celebrations

OF course when pandemonium broke out on November 7 over the premature report of the Allied victory, Morse employees were up and doing and one of the most unique parades ever witnessed originated in our yard and terminated in a grand jubilee at Borough Hall.

And it all started so sudden! Most of us were about ready to knock out our pipes and get back to work, for the "great news" came about one o'clock. The yard whistle started screaming and immediately everyone scurried around to see what it was all about. Fire Chief Devlin who was refreshing himself with ham and coffee at the Magnet, jumped out of his seat at the first blast and rushed past Watchman Bill Voss at the Fifty-fifth street gate as though Old Nick was after him.

When the tugboat whistles joined in, Devlin surely did get his signals mixed and most of the fire department members were running around in circles. Then word flashed through the yard that the Huns had given up. Hoop, hurrah! Everything broke loose and a sight which will take many years to duplicate followed. Who said work? Well, if anybody did no one paid any attention to it and even Red Hot with his raucous voice and old Baldy Whit couldn't make an impression, even if they tried, which we are inclined to believe they didn't.

"Where's the band?" everybody started yelling and groups of the employees began to assemble. Then we noticed the big form of Tom Cavanaugh pushing its way through a crowd in front of the plate shop with a huge American flag. Talk about the "Spirit of '76"! Well, we don't want to belittle those famous chapters of history, but when that crowd of sturdy employees began wending its way toward the mall at the rear of the main office, gathering others to its ranks as it went along, there indeed was a picture of patriotic fervor which rivals any of the stirring scenes that have been handed down to us through the ages. Men who had toiled night and day to bring this great event to pass, streamed by, their happiness shining through their begrimed faces like the gleam of a full moon.

Voices, quivering with the thrill of the great news tried to outdo the shriek of the harbor whistles, but to little avail. Hats twirled in the air, arms waved and here and there a small flag, snatched from the bench of some patriot, waved vigorously. Jack Reynolds forgot the military bearing he had gained through drilling the Police Reserves, and hoop-hurrahed along with the rest of them, twitching his face as only Jack Reynolds can when he is happy. And we even saw Jimmy MacFarlane parading without his famous goat, something never known of before.

Joe Fair came out of the employment office, looking as serene and calm as though he was making a questionaire speech at one of our monthly meetings. Things didn't seem quite right to Joe. He couldn't understand just what was up. You see, the employment office is so high above the yard since they started digging around it, it is rather hard to keep in touch with what is going on down in the valley. As Joe approached, a brawny boilermaker came up and slapped him on the back. Joe turned his eyes sparkling in true Southern manner.

"Eh! I'm Mr. Fair of the employment office—your questionaire—"

"Questionaire, hell," shouted Joe's antagonist, "the war's over, wake up."

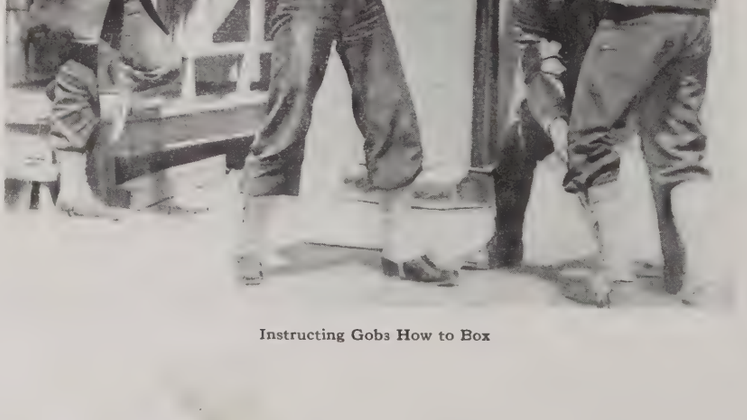
"I don't believe I understand," counters Joe, preparing for a verbal knockout, but he didn't get far because the band struck up a lively air and the boilermaker joined his pals. By this time the parade had found its way out through the main gate to the front of the office.

"CALL it a holiday, you deserve it," said Mr. Morse as he watched the increasing gayety, and the parade was started, with Danny Shea, trying his best to organize an orderly line and Bill Dougherty tooting away on that trombone of his as loud as one of the tug boat whistles.

Up Fifty-sixth street the employees made their way. By the time they had reached Fourth avenue a goodly number of flags and banners had been resurrected and the workers, 3000 strong, turned toward Borough Hall. And everyone stuck—though the hall is four miles away.

As the parade went along employees of other factories, school children and pedestrians joined in and the rank grew so that the line stretched out for a dozen blocks. Needless to say the Morse crowd was first to reach Borough Hall.

Borough President Riegelmann, County Sheriff Da Griffin and a host of Boroug



Instructing Gobs How to Box

Hall office holders and politicians greeted them.

Dan Shea took charge of the ceremonies at the reviewing stand and, after leading the band through several good lively numbers, introduced Capt. Douglas Hertz of the outside machinists, who was found trying to hide behind one of the large pillars of the hall. We all remember Captain Hertz because of both his interesting war story in the DIAL and the talks that he gave us from the band stand during the Liberty Loan drive.

His address this time was short, but as interesting to all of us as any of his previous speeches. He told of the first battle of the Somme which began just four years ago that very day. In that battle he said he lost four brothers.

"I did my best while I was physically fit," continued Capt. Hertz, "and after being discharged from active service on physical grounds, I feel a certain sense of pride in knowing that I have been working for the United States and the Allies by doing what I could in a shipyard. The price that we have had to pay for victory has been terrible, but at the same time, not so dear when you consider that only a few million lives have been sacrificed to liberate all of the millions of humanity on earth from Prussianism."

SEVERAL other men who had seen service at the front followed Captain Hertz and spoke to our audience. Among them were Private Barbour of the 15th Battalion, Canadians, and Lieut. Walsh of the French Ambulance service. Before the meeting was brought to a close Lieut. Walsh asked for contributions toward the United War Work Campaign which was just about to start. One hundred and sixty-three dollars were collected from our employees and a few outsiders that were present, and turned over to the War Work Campaign Committee. This was the first cash contribution made in the Brooklyn drive.

Just because Morse was first on the job, on Thursday, November 7, was no reason why they should not be one of the first shipyards to celebrate the authentic peace news which came early in the morning of the following Monday, November 11. At seven A.M. the employees assembled around the main gate at Fifty-sixth street and were told that Mr. Morse had granted another holiday.

A few minutes afterward the band was in line and 1,000 employees started away to celebrate. They marched to Borough Hall, where the band played several patriotic selections.

From there, our men joined in with the endless parade of industrial organizations which was headed toward New York and marched up to Union Square, where another impromptu meeting around the battleship *Recruit* ended that particular part of the day's celebration.



NAVY BOYS ON THE JOB HERE

TOP ROW—J. E. Bannon, A. Frank, E. R. Broadbent, H. F. Walsh, S. Nachsatz, S. F. Innella, G. C. Fox. T. L. Murnes, H. D. Baker.

MIDDLE ROW—T. L. Doyle, S. S. McCloskey, R. B. Bonwit, J. F. Donahue, J. M. Krumrine, L. Cohn, Ensign E. S. Mills, H. N. Mittrach, E. S. Wiese, J. Kosins, W. P. Euler.

BOTTOM ROW—L. G. Leopold, J. E. Maloy, E. R. Rottach, J. R. MacDonald, H. F. Little, E. F. Bungeroth, W. H. Billings, C. H. Oesireich.

Must Notify Kling

EMPLOYEES who have taken out insurance under the Employees' Association plan, should understand that they can avoid delays in the payment of claims if they will follow the instructions given them with regard to reporting sickness and accident.

Charles E. Kling, insurance clerk, wishes it understood that both the insurance policy and the laws of the state require a ten days' notice of either sickness or accident before a claim can be paid. No excuses for not giving this notice can be accepted under any circumstance. Many employees give notice by merely telling some one in the employment office. Such notice is of no value whatsoever.

All notices of sickness or accident must be given or sent to Mr. Kling in writing or by personal notification. If this rule is followed employees will find that their claims will be met more promptly.

J. Moses of the electrical shop, who writes for THE DIAL, was asked whether he is in any way related to Montrose J. Moses, the famous dramatic critic. "No. Montrose J. Moses, the dramatic critic, is in no way related to J. Moses, the famous writer of THE DIAL," he replied. "God helps those who help themselves. Nay, to wealth only, but to fame."

Even if the worm does turn what does it benefit him?

Acknowledgments

543 49th street,
BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 14, 1918.

Employees' Association, Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co.

GENTLEMEN: The wife and children of Robert J. Kane who died through an injury received at your plant, extend to you their sincerest gratitude for the sympathy and help given them in their hour of need by both the company and employees.

Respectfully,
ISABELLA KANE.

BROOKLYN, November 4, 1918.

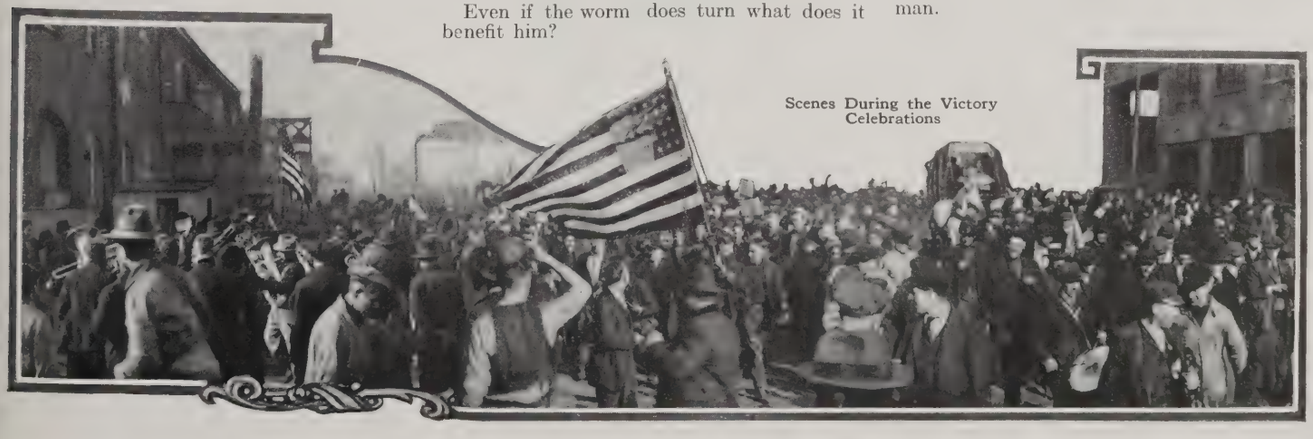
Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co.

GENTLEMEN: I desire to extend to the Chauffeurs' Department and New Dry Dock, my heartfelt thanks for their kindness in the aid given us during my husband's illness and after his decease.

Most respectfully,
MRS. MATHEW MADIGAN.

You cannot succeed if you practice evasion. The world is full of bumps, stumbling blocks, hard work, but all these are essential in the scheme of success. They form the rungs in the ladder of fame.

The best known safety device is a careful man.



Scenes During the Victory Celebrations


FIGHTING for UNCLE SAM

★★★

in the States, but when you get good stuff to eat you don't mind the rest of the hardships you have to go through. It is nothing to walk ten or twelve miles a day with a heavy pack on your back. We have been getting our share of that for the last three weeks. The place that we are situated in is a nice quiet little town about a thousand miles from anywhere. The only thing that reminds you of war is the rumble of the big guns, but we are getting so used to it that we don't mind the noise any more. It is a common sight to see fifteen or twenty airplanes flying around. They take the place of birds here. I have read about the beautiful women they have over here. So far I have not seen any of them. They can talk all they want about France, but give me dear old Brooklyn any time. Give my regards to Mr. Bright."

George W. Lee, writes to Dan Shea from Camp DeSonge, France. The letter follows:

"Just a few lines to let you know that I am over here. I would have dropped you a line sooner, but I have been pretty busy. I have charge of all of the plumbing. France is one fine place from what I have already seen of it and I expect to see a great deal more of it. Well, Dan, how is the band getting along? I sure did love to hear the boys play at dinner hour. Give my regards to the boys in the yard and tell Mr. Whitman I was asking for him."



George Stegeman, a Member of Our Band, Now in Co. 15, Bn 4, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

Clinton Hazen, formerly superintendent of the garage, is in France. Since leaving here Hazen has been on practically every one of the Allied fighting fronts. He is engaged in expert garage work.

Joseph Arbie, now in France with the 301st Engineers, Company E, writes to Dan Shea and Mr. Weekman:

"This letter is to let you know that I am getting along fine. I was wounded a short time ago and am now in the hospital, but will soon be out and good as ever again. I hope to see you all soon. The cigarettes came in fine shape. Did you get my letters thanking you for them? Give my best regards to all in the Morse Association."

Dan Shea has received another letter from Bill Major, formerly a chauffeur here. Bill has been in the thick of the fighting and according to his letter, has been seeing some sights in France. He writes:

"Writing you these few lines hoping to find you in good health. This letter leaves me in good health. Just at present I have returned from the front and am having a couple of days rest, but so far it has rained every day for four days and you know how a fellow feels when it rains. I suppose all of the boys are going down to the Mardi Gras at Coney Island this week. I am not with the Engineers any more. I am now with the Motor Transport Service and I certainly am seeing some sights in France. I never thought France was as large as it is until I started on a trip with an automobile, and then I found out. I was pretty tired when I got back. I was driving for four days and four nights. I can not tell you where I went or where I came from, but you can just imagine how tired a fellow is when you drive steady that way. Give my regards to Mr. Morse, Mr. Hall, Miss Jensen, James Donovan, and all of those who inquire for me."



William Elsis, Chipper, Now a Member of 8th Co., 2nd Training Battalion, 157 D. B., at Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala.

E. M. Peattie, one of our most faithful correspondents from the other side, in letters to both Mr. Morse and Mr. Allen, gives us, this month, some very interesting accounts of his experiences in the trenches. Peattie was in the thick of severe fighting on the western front. His letter to Mr. Morse follows:

"Your letter of August 19 received as I came back from the front for a rest, but we were only back two days when they sent us back again. At this time, our boys made another drive so we had to follow them up. When we reached our destination the Germans were still on the run, having crossed two rivers. On our last trip in the line it rained most of the time and made it miserable for the boys, but this could not break the spirit, as no doubt you have read of our showing since coming to France, in the papers. It will be a short time before we are fighting on German soil. This will be the turning point that we are looking for. I received a letter from Mr. Allen a few days ago, which I will answer, very soon. Glad to hear that the shipyard business is booming and I trust that the yard will be completed and in full swing when I return. Hope this finds all well and that you are enjoying the best of health, I will close with best regards and remembranes to all."



Jim Spina, Burner's Helper

In his letter to Mr. Allen, written in a dugout only a few hundred yards behind the front line trenches, Peattie says:

"Your letter received and I was very pleased to receive it. It arrived as we came out of the line for a rest, but no such luck. We had been out two days when we went back after the Hun and we drove him over two rivers. No doubt you have read in the papers of the success of the Yanks and I will say that the boys are giving it to them. Our last trip in the line was a miserable one as it rained most of the time. We were there and came out shy a few fine boys, but we have to expect those things. After we came from the front we left by autos, and had a fourteen-hour ride, taking us all night and part of the next day. Believe me I was glad to get out of those cars, as it was some trip over these rough roads without sleep for two nights. When we got to our destination, we surely thought that we were in for a rest, but we stayed there about three days, getting a little rest and a hot bath, the first in a long time. We left that place and hiked about eighteen miles one night on our way to the front. The boys stood up fine, but it was the worst that we had yet. The country was beautiful, and we came through some shell-torn cities. Now we are at the front, having a fine dugout just like you see in the Sunday *Times*. This one has two doors, windows and two fine fireplaces. It has three large rooms. It is situated on the side of the mountain and holds about thirty men. You would not think that there was a war here, though we are only a few hundred yards behind the front lines. I had a fine letter from Mr. Morse, Sr., and answered it a few days ago. There must be some changes in the firm and I probably would not know the place now. Miss Jensen must be kept very busy these days. Tell her that I will drop her a line in a very few days, providing that I do not hit the front line. There we don't do any writing, but just keep our eyes open. So Whitman is corporal of the Police Reserves. Well, tell him that I have one stripe on him and now have the third one. All of the sergeants may get a chance at the Officers Training School and I will try to get one of those bars if there is any chance. It seems that all the Yanks are here and the Germans know we are here. Just watch us before October is over and you will see a turning point in this war. Well, I guess I have told you all of the news and will come to a close before this candle burns out. Hope this finds you in the best of health as I am feeling fine. Remember me to all the girls, Mr. Morse, Mr. Hall, Mr. Rose, Whitman, Benner, Miss Jensen, Miss Hayes, Miss Nieman, Mrs. Waterman and Falconer and whoever I have missed. I forget all of the names. Remember me to Gedney if you see him, also to Baker and Bell."



Pvt. Joseph Harvey, Co. G, 1st Infantry, Repl. Reg., Camp Gordon, Ga.

Fielder Jones, now in France with the 52d Pioneer Infantry, writes to Tom Plunkett as follows:

"No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me, but I have been here for quite a while now. I guess I was like the rest of the boys, all anxious to get here. Well, I am getting along fine and having very interesting work to per-

form. It sure does seem odd for us boys to see the different ways that the people live, but I guess it would seem the same to them if they ever visited our own dear land back home. I received your letter down at Camp Wadsworth just before leaving for over here and I sure did appreciate it. You can't imagine what a letter means to a fellow far away from home."

Henry Schmitt, formerly employed here, is now at Fort Hamilton. He writes:

"Please accept my thanks for the copies of THE DIAL, which you so kindly let me have. I felt a great deal better for a few days after reading the magazine, especially when I read the letters from the other boys in the company who are now in the service 'over here' and 'over there.' Was glad to hear that Captain Reynolds is getting his police in working trim. Was to a block party in 46th street and heard the Morse Band play. They certainly can rattle off the old jazz all right and they had me stepping pretty lively all the time. Well, I'll close now, hoping that all of the boys keep up the good work at the plant."

In a more recent letter he writes:

"Received the package of smokes that you so very kindly sent to me, and I cannot express my thanks too much for your gift. I have received many happy surprises in my young life, but you can bet that the receipt of the smokes was one of the most pleasant surprises that I have had for quite a while. I feel so happy now that I could sit up all night and write to you boys, but I know that you will appreciate a short note, just as much as a long one, so I will make this short. Well, here's wishing all the success in the world to the Association."

Gilbert Conk, brother of Tom Conk, one of our popular chauffeurs, writes from Camp Upton that Army life beats driving a truck. His letter follows:

"I received THE DIAL and the tobacco and cigarettes. They sure did come in handy. I was glad when I received THE DIAL, because it made me think of the old days when I used to drive the dump truck and also about my fellow workmen, who are in France. I am up here in the officers' mess as head waiter and I sleep in the officers' quarters and have a steam-heated room and the best of eats. Believe me, I have no kick coming, for I am getting fatter every day. I am going to get my picture taken with my white coat and apron and you will think that I am a bartender, but we don't have any of them out here. I would be down to see you, only the camp is in quarantine, but I expect to be down soon. This life beats driving a truck. I see Russell every day. As I can think of no more at present I will close, hoping that you and all of the boys are in the best of health."

Tom Doody joined the Army only to become an actor, according to a letter received by Dan Shea. Doody was employed here as a boilermaker. His letter follows.

"I received your smokes O. K. and also THE DIAL, which was a very interesting issue. I can imagine what a time you boys had at the outing. I want to thank you and the Association for sending me those things. I read about Weincke having a youngster. More luck to Bill. Another Morseite, or one of its directors, I hope. How is Morse getting along with the Fourth Liberty Loan? They sure did go over the top with the Third. I wish them and all of the boys good luck for lots of 'soap' to go over the top with the Fourth. I know that they will with the assistance of your much cherished band, with such a conscientious director and supporter. There is a show going to hit New York from this Battalion. I guess you remember the old Twenty-Second that used to guard the dear old Morse plant. Well, the show is by our Battalion and Yours Truly will be in it. We have already hit Baltimore and Virginia with it and made a great hit in Philly. We expect to hit the Lyric Theatre in about a month. The name of the show is "Such is Life!" Lots of fancy young soldier ladies and a beautiful soldier chorus of soldier damsels."

Just how much the Association smoke fund is doing for our boys is surely shown by the following letter from Joe Christensen, who is now ar Fort Bliss, Texas. He writes:

"Just a few lines to let you know that I received your most welcome package to-day at the mess hall and I thank you very much for it. It comes in a time of great need as the canteen down here is closed because there are so many cases of Spanish influenza around. We are all under quarantine and no one is allowed to leave camp. I was laid up in the Base Hospital for a week with the 'Spanish Flu' and I received this month's DIAL there. I want to thank you for it very much. We sure can drill down here and the Kaiser had better move his happy home when the 'Fighting 63d Artillery' gets over there. We are dying to get a crack out of the Hun and we are going to, for we leave for South Carolina where we will drill for a short time and then we are going over to give the Kaiser hell. Believe me, we are the boys that can do it. Give my best regards to all of the boys in the pipe shop."

Another letter of appreciation for "smokes" comes from John Cerbone, formerly of the pipe shop, now stationed at Naval Base 6, Bensonhurst. He writes:

"Just a few lines to let you know that I have not forgotten you all and that I am still thinking of the old yard and of the good times that I had there. Give Dan Shea my best regards and thank him for those smokes that he sent me. They certainly did come in handy. Tell Mr. Bright that I was trying to see him and that I could not, because he was not in the office, so tell him that I hope that he is in the best of health and as jolly as ever. This is some life if you don't weaken, but we have to get used to it just the same as everything else. I have to get up at six o'clock every morning and wait until seven for chow and then we wait until eight for the call to muster. After that they either put you to work or drill the life out of you, but we get used to it. The eats are fine here. All we kick about is the call in the morning. I will close with my best regards to the boys in the yard and in the pipe shop."

Samuel G. Rothman, who is a member of the 3d Company, 1st Prov. Battalion, at Camp Sherman, Ohio, addresses his "Fellow workmen and Association," as follows:

"I drop these few lines to let you know although I am at a distance from you still I have not forgotten you. Although some day soon I will, or rather expect to be a greater distance but the old Morse Dry Dock will always be in my memory. This is a grand place here with many beautiful suburban scenes. I am situated about two miles from a small city of about 22,000 people, called Chillicothe, and we are allowed to go there as if it were part of the camp."

Edward J. Kerr is back with the burners again. He was until recently at Camp Upton, but received his honorable discharge due to an operation which incapacitated him from further military service. Kerr says he enjoys being back at the yard again.

George Seibold, one of our former employees, is in the Base Hospital at Marf, Texas. He writes: "I received your kind gift of cigarettes and appreciate it very much. Please thank the Employees' Association. I wish you and the Association all the luck in the world."

John Burke, stationed at Camp Wadsworth, writes to Dan Shea that he has received the smokes sent by the Employees' Association and sends his regards to all of the boys in the yard.

Dan Forman, who is on duty in European waters with the U. S. Naval Air Service, writes to Dan Shea as follows:

"Just a line in my spare moments to thank the Welfare Association for the copies of that great little heart warmer, THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL. It is just like getting a letter from home and no doubt you know what that is like when you have been away for a year. It brings a fellow closer to the old days when I was one of your happy family in both work and play. Well, over here, Dan, it is a general thing to go to work at any hour of night and you don't get any two and one-half bones for it either. You just get beans, hash and stew and enough to keep you in tobacco for a month. But, we are also a happy family, one and all striving for the same goal and working together. I guess you know that all that the Yanks undertake to do can be done. They are just like the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company in that respect. We have built piers, buildings, houses, roads, laid sewers and made something out of nothing, generally. Owing to the shortage of ships, it is very difficult for us to get the material that we need, and also the tools so it is a case of getting along with the best thing you can as a substitute. How is all the gang getting along? I suppose you are having your dances and your good times. It is a case of being outside looking in for us, but we won't always be over here and when we get back, look out. Well, Dan, as it is getting near chow time I must close, with my best regards to all of the gang and hoping that this letter finds you in the best of health. Don't forget to give my best regards to Tom Cavanaugh."



D. H. McLellan (indicated by arrow.) The Other Gobs are Bay Ridge Boys

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D. H. McLellan, aboard the *U. S. S. New York*, writes to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McLellan, as follows:

Dear Father and Mother: I received both of your letters at the same time and sure was glad to hear from home. I received the Morse DRY DOCK DIAL and believe me it's some book. Plenty of news—I saw the piece in it about A. B. Mac. Maybe you noticed the piece of poetry about the "old four wheeled wagon." I guess I pulled that around the yard many a day. I saw a picture of Paddy Crossen and Cy McLaurin. I read a few pieces about the chauffeurs. I wonder if Stephie received a DIAL. I remember Dan Shea from the Carpenter Shop. They must have some baseball team now. I read the book from page to page and am going to give it to some other fellow from Bay Ridge. That's the best reading since I have been over here. I wrote to Jack and Stephie but got no answer yet. I guess I will close. Don't forget to let them know how much I appreciate that book."

Back Pay Coming Dec. 14

HERE'S an item which we are mighty glad to print. The money due the employees for back pay from March 11 to April 17, will be available Dec. 14. It will be paid by checks and every employee who has back pay coming to him for the period between March 11 and April 17, will receive his check in his pay envelope on Dec. 14. Checks will be mailed to the men no longer here, who are entitled to back pay, providing they have left their addresses with the Company. Former employees who have not left their addresses can obtain their money any time after Dec. 14 by calling for it.

The money is to be paid by checks because the checks will serve as vouchers for the government. In this connection it should be understood that the money is made available now because Mr. Morse had promised that it would be paid before Christmas. The money is owed to the employees by the government but to give the employees the benefit of it for Christmas Mr. Morse has ordered that it be paid out of the Company's treasury and then collected from the government when the government is ready to pay it.

So that the Company will have receipts for the money thus paid out to show to the government authorities, it is necessary to pay the employees by checks. These checks will be good at any bank and as far as possible it is desired that the employees cash them through the banks they usually do business with.

The Conference Board met at noon Saturday, Nov. 16, in the office of the yard superintendent and received the announcement about the back pay from Mr. Hanbury. The object of this meeting was to get the information into the hands of the employees in the quickest possible manner and members of the Conference Board were asked to do so. The whole matter was explained in detail and it didn't take the Conference Board long to spread the news.

The back pay for the period from October 3rd to October 30th will be available as soon as the clerical force can complete the compilation of the necessary data. Naturally, no definite promise can be made as to how long this will take.

These are members of the Conference Board and the Board of Directors of the Employees' Association, whose function it is to look after the welfare and interests of the employees:

Carpenters, joiners and wood caulkers—George M. McKay, director; Arthur Nylund and James C. McDonald, conferees.

Outside machinists—S. Monsen, director; William Dunn and Jack Wilson, conferees.

Inside machinists—Vincent Konop, director; Louis V. Schatzel and Henry Pauli, conferees.

Pipe fitters—Thomas Collins, director; James Pierson and John Reynolds, conferees.

Blacksmiths—William McMullen, director; Robert McQueen and Edward Meybert, conferees.

Riggers—Alfred Andersen, director; Gustave Matson and William Lansing, conferees.

Coppersmiths, plumbers and sheet metal workers—Harry Hammer, director; Harry Holland and Thomas Hayes, conferees.

Boiler makers and iron ship builders—James McFarlane, director; Fred Taylor and Alexander Moffatt, conferees.

Office employees, draftsmen and solicitors—Charles G. Hall, director; Charles E. Kelly and Alfred Todd Baker, conferees.

Miscellaneous departments—Herbert G. Hoover, director; Edward Knipe and Samuel Potter, conferees.

The following are the company representatives: Harry A. Hanbury, industrial representative; Charles Hallock, Frank B. Rose and Albert A. Murray, conference board members.



John J. Walker, Michael O'Hare and William Smith

ONE of the beautiful things about our recent Liberty Loan drive was the great number of children of our employees who participated in the various parades and entertainments. These little folks added much charm and interest to our drive and those of us who witnessed the keen pleasure they took in the proceedings will always feel happy over their being able to be with us.

For this reason it is with great sorrow we announce that little Ellen Cassidy, who was Goddess of Liberty on the float of the inside machinists, and who looked so sweet and pretty, succumbed to the recent epidemic of influenza. This dear little child's sweet countenance and loving companionship will be greatly missed by her little chums Michael O'Hare, John J. Walker, William Smith and Louise Wherry, who were with Ellen in the parade to Borough Hall. William Walker, of the machine shop, informs us that it is their wish that their sympathy be conveyed to Ellen's mother through the DIAL, and the Editor is very glad indeed to pay this respect to their little playmate.

Annual Ball Plans

THE annual ball of the Employees' Association will be held on the night of January 25 in Prospect hall. The committees are now hard at work to make this year's gathering one of the most delightful social functions ever held by the employees. All of Prospect Hall, which is on Prospect Place, just off Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, has been leased and this will insure less crowded conditions than prevailed last year, when there was not sufficient room for the many who turned out.

Badges for the various committeemen, floor managers and attendants have been ordered and the entertainment committee is arranging a program which will include the best vaudeville artists it is possible to engage.

Bo MacKay Takes Bride

MANY friends of "Bo" MacKay, formerly foreman of our blacksmith shop, will be surprised to know that "Bo" has at last been listening to "Wedding Bells." He took unto himself at the Methodist church in Savannah, Ga., on October 23, a young lady of the sunny South, Miss Lydia W. Armstrong. MacKay left our yard sometime ago for Savannah, where he has been employed as foreman of the blacksmith shop in the Foundation Shipyard.

Enjoy what you have, work for what you lack.

War Work Contributions

APPROXIMATELY $5,000 is the amount subscribed by Morse employees to the United War Work campaign. This does not represent the individual subscription of $1,500 given by Mr. Morse, or sums donated by yard employees through outside channels, or the subscription of 1 per cent. of the Company's capital stock donated by the Company's management.

It may be interesting to the employees to know that the first actual cash contribution made to the War Work fund in the Brooklyn drive was from Morse employees. This was $163 collected at the big "victory jubilee" at Borough Hall on the evening of November 7, following the first "victory parade" of the employees.

Le Conducteur A. P. Walsh of the French ambulance corps, who happened onto the scene of our victory celebration, made a speech in which he reminded us that our obligations to the boys "over there" did not end with the conclusion of the war, but that it was necessary to provide for their comfort until they were back home. He stated that that was what the money wanted by the United War Work societies was for and he urged the employees to do their bit.

"Throw out your hat," shouted someone and out went the Lieutenant's hat and the hats of several others who were on the platform. These hats were circulated through the crowd, and bills and coins came thick and fast. Inasmuch as the drive did not start until the following week, the authorities asked that the collection be discontinued.

During the seven minutes that elapsed before their interference a great deal of small change was collected. Some of the employees asked the Editor to take charge of the money and to see that it was counted and turned over to the War Work committee. This was done with the assistance of the newspaper men present and this committee of employees: George Jones, Fred Irving and George W. Gardner.

The first count made by the newspaper men was $161. The money was then counted by the cashier of the War Work committee whose total was $163, and a receipt for that amount was given to the Editor, and by him turned over to Mr. Benner.

During the parade on "Victory" day, November 11, employees of the burning department gave to Fred F. Newell, secretary of the Mayor's Committee on National Defense, $74.65 collected from pedestrians who passed over the Brooklyn Bridge, and received the following letter of acknowledgment:

"Morse Dry Dock,
"Burning Department,
"Attention of the Employees.

"GENTLEMEN: This is to acknowledge the receipt of $74.65 from donations received by employees of this department on the morning of November 11 from donations received from pedestrians that passed over the Brooklyn Bridge. This money will be delivered to-day to the Allied War Work Campaign by the Mayor's Committee. We wish to commend you upon this noble and patriotic effort.

"Very truly yours,
FRED F. NEWELL, *Secretary.*"

All the rules and regulations that can be adopted, all the safety devices that can be attached to machines, all the guards which can be erected, and all the warning signs that can be posted, are useless unless every man is careful to see that they are maintained and every man is careful to warn others of danger.—*C. & O. Employees' Magazine.*

He who thinks only of himself hasn't any too much to think about.



View North East from Machine Shop

REMINISCENT PICTURES

These pictures taken on the morning of December 4, 1918, following the disastrous fire which swept this yard, give a good idea of what the yard looked like a year ago this month. Read the editorial about them on page 10.



General View and North Side of Machine Shop

Photographs by A. Pagano Company Photographer

Helping Them to Learn

SIX young men from Erasmus Hall High School are working in our yard at the present time, under the coöperative system of education which was started here last February, due to the efforts of Walter Crawford, superintendent of the Hull Department, and Mr. Williams of Erasmus Hall High School. Those working under this plan are: Orville Fee, John Field, Lloyd Conroy, William Brosman, Raymond Sears and Willard Griffin.

Under the coöperative system, a high school boy attends school one week and works at the trade which he intends to follow after leaving school, the next week. While he is at school, another boy who alternates with him is at work. In this way a high school boy may, by practical experience, gain a great deal of knowledge about his future occupation and at the same time continue his education along academic lines.

The benefits of this plan are many. In the first place, a high school boy is given a chance to choose an occupation which he would like to follow after leaving school. After he has chosen his occupation he can make himself acquainted with that trade so that when he leaves school he can enter his chosen trade with a decided advantage. At the same time, he is making enough money to clothe himself and pay his board while at school.

The students are accorded the privilege of attending the shipfitters' school in charge of Mr. Crawford and their course at high school is such as to increase the value of their work in the yard.

"To the intelligent and sympathetic attitude of the management of the company is due in large measure the success of this undertaking," Mr. Williams said in speaking of the coöperative plan. "The plan has been in successful operation in many parts of the country for several years. During the past term in this city ten of our large high schools have had such a course and over 600 pupils were enrolled with over 100 companies coöperating."

All of the six boys working with us have expressed their intentions of becoming the foremost shipbuilders in the world.

Honor Flags Presented

THE fifteen departments which showed100 per cent. or better in our Fourth Liberty Loan drive received their honor flags during the noon hour concert on November 12, Charles G. Hall of the executive staff making the presentation address, and a representative from each of the departments accepting the flags.

Mr. Hall spoke of the splendid results of the drive and declared that everyone connected with the Company had reason to feel very proud. He stated, however, that it was not his intention to do any boasting, because that did not seem to be right in view of the fact that what we did was no more than what true patriots should be expected to do. He stated that he could add nothing to what Mr. Morse had said in presenting our Liberty Loan Honor Roll as it appeared in the last issue of THE DIAL to former Morse employees now in France.

The band played patriotic airs, and as the representative of each department stepped forward to receive the flag for his department, he was greeted with applause from the employees gathered about the grandstand. Mr. Hanbury gave a short address urging contributions to the United War Work fund.

Building Ships Fast

DURING the first week of November American shipyards completed and delivered to the United States Shipping Board 20 steel, wood, and composite vessels, totalling 101,000 dead weight tons. This is the greatest number of completed ships to be turned over in any week, and brings the grand total of vessels delivered over the five hundred mark.

All shipbuilding records for any country were broken by the total deliveries of completed new ships during October. In spite of the epidemic of influenza the record breaking total for September was surpassed by nearly 50,000 dead weight tons. There were added to the American merchant marine in October, 79 completed new ships of 415,908 deadweight tons.

Once more the Pacific Coast led shipbuilding. The deliveries from California, Washington and Oregon totalled 30 vessels of 190,400 deadweight tons. Along the Atlantic Coast there were completed and delivered 17 vessels of 102,000 deadweight tons. The Great Lakes shipyards delivered 21 vessels of 73,000 deadweight tons. From the Gulf States came 9 vessels of 33,200 deadweight tons. The October deliveries bring the total of completed new ships in 1918 up to 2,386,835 deadweight tons.

A Night at the Bay Ridge

A PLEASANT aftermath of our Fourth Liberty Loan drive came on November 6, when a "Morse night" was held at the Bay Ridge theatre, and moving pictures of our big Liberty Loan parade were shown. The pictures in themselves were disappointing, inasmuch as the reel was very short and did not show the main features of the parade, but the rest of the program was fine, and a pleasant evening resulted in which Morse employees again demonstrated that they have the right spirit. The attendance was very large, with every seat occupied, and only standing room being available to the late comers.

One of the big features of the evening was the appearance of the Morse band, and the Morse jazz orchestra and vocalists. The band received repeated encores as did also the orchestra and the singers, Thomas Coppinger, John Woods and Thomas Johnstone. The main film feature was Douglas Fairbanks in "He Comes Up Smiling," a reel which was greatly enjoyed.

The parade picture was taken by the International Film Service for use in its Pathé Weekly feature. By the time the picture was ready for the screen the Liberty Loan drive had ended, and it was too late to be included in the Pathé Weekly, and the International people kindly gave it to the Morse Company. Desiring to give the employees an opportunity to see what there was of it, arrangements were made with the Bay Ridge theatre through the kindness of Manager Waldron. It is to be regretted that the film was so short, but it served to bring about another happy gathering of the Morse employees, and for that we are all thankful.

Mr. Hanbury spoke of the remarkable record made by the Morse employees in the Fourth Liberty Loan and of how gratifying the results were to everyone concerned. He stated that in these stirring days no sooner is one campaign out of the way than another is upon us, and he explained the object of the United War Work drive for $250,000,000.

"In asking Mr. Morse's permission to take advantage of this gathering in the interests of this drive," said Mr. Hanbury, "we explained that of course the Morse employees desired to do their full duty by these governmental agencies which are so vital to the welfare and comfort of our boys in the army and navy, and Mr. Morse not only consented but donated $1,500 to the cause.

"The young lady ushers and members of the band will pass among you with small pledge cards asking for the donation of a day's pay. Those of you who feel able to give that much are asked to sign the cards and return them to the ushers and the money will be deducted from your pay envelope Saturday. There is nothing compulsory about this, and no one should feel obligated to give a day's pay if unable to do so. The money will be spent to make our boys in the army and navy comfortable and happy however, and in view of the very great debt we owe them, everyone is urged to give as much as possible so that the contribution from the Morse employees will be in keeping with the contributions made in the previous war time drives."

Mr. Hanbury's appeal resulted in a liberal response. A statement of the amount of our contribution to the United War Work fund will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Save Your Tinfoil

The hospital staff, ever alert to the needs of the Red Cross and other war time charities, has placed a red, white and blue barrel at the main gate in which to collect tinfoil. The tinfoil will be given to the Red Cross to realize funds from. One of the largest contributions to the barrel thus far was from the boiler makers' department.

Safety Hints

Think of all the shops you've worked in and in every one you will recall men who were short a finger or a hand or perhaps it was the whole arm or an eye.

They had lost them through "accident" while at their work.

In more than half these cases carelessness would have been a better word than accident.

Carelessness of their own, carelessness of some fellow-workman. Nobody wished these men harm. Of course not. It was just that moment of thoughtlessness on someone's part which left them maimed for life.

Is it fair to take chances?

Is it fair to your family to risk your hands and eyes needlessly? Is it fair to the other fellow to fail to exercise that caution which may save him from injury?

The only way accidents can be prevented in a shop is by everyone being careful all the time by letting the Safety First idea become your second nature.

If every shop worker realized that a million death dealing germs can crawl into a hole in your skin the size of a pin head there would be fewer cases of blood poisoning.

Blood poisoning seldom comes from serious cuts for the reason that they are usually given proper attention right at the start. It is the small, so-called unimportant cut or puncture that makes the trouble.

You run a piece of wire into your hand. A tool slips and you get a little scratch—do you have the injury properly attended to or do you just stop the bleeding with a soiled handkerchief and let it go at that?

Some men think it is a "cry-baby" trick to bother over slight injuries. This is wrong. No injury is too slight to be worthy of proper attention.

It never pays to take chances.—*The Herd.*



By A. Pagano, Company Photographer

As the Morse Yard Appeared a Year Ago, Shortly After the Fire, Showing Dredges and Pile Drivers at Work on Reconstruction. Next Month's DIAL Will Show the Changes Since that Time

THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, and to the interests of the Company.

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor
C. Stewart Wark, Assistant Editor

John Powell, Thomas J. Plunkett, Jacob Moses, Roger Moran, William Roth, Miss Marion Hayes, Mrs. Otis Elliot Barene, Mrs. Wallace A. Livermore and Miss Margaret McCarthy, contributing editors.

Notify the Employment Bureau promptly of any change of residence, giving old as well as new address.

The Morse Dry Dock Dial is protected by copyright, but our esteemed contemporaries are invited to reprint from its pages when due credit is given.

All communications should be addressed to B. E. Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn

Vol. 1 DECEMBER, 1918 No. 11

Lead on, Boss, Your Success Is Ours

A year ago this month—December 3 to be exact—the Morse plant was swept by a disastrous fire, and the pictures on pages 8 and 9 of this issue show how the yard appeared the morning after. Look at these pictures and then when going through the yard notice how the place has changed and you will gain a good idea of how rapidly improvements have been made and how the plant has grown.

It doesn't require any stretch of the imagination to appreciate how many have been the burdens and how arduous the task that Mr. Morse has borne as head of this great industrial organization. To practically build up a new plant from an old one within the short space of a year, and at the same time to turn out the great volume of important work which has been done in this yard—work so vital to the welfare of the nation that every minute of a day counted—is indeed a wonderful tribute to the executive ability of our boss.

The Editor feels that the employees will agree that Mr. Morse deserves this compliment. Big men, big in the sense of their ability to accomplish great tasks, big in their ideals and big enough in their nature to recognize the true worth of their fellow-men—big men of that type have always been the mainstay of this country in its hour of need and we in this yard can feel thankful that there is such a man to guide us in our daily work.

The day of reconstruction is at hand. It arrived sooner than most of us expected, thanks to the wonderful achievements of our boys "over there," and those in the "second line of defense" over here. If in the stringent demands of war our industries have had to extend themselves to the utmost, what will they not have to do to mend a world which has been torn and wrecked by four years of the most disastrous holocaust known to mankind? Well, it does not remain for our humble pen to predict. We all know that labor will be a dominant factor in this task and we also know that big men will be more in demand than ever.

Lead on, boss, your success is ours.

This editorial has been written without the knowledge of Mr. Morse and at the request of some of the older employees of the Company, who have worked along with him from the days when he made his beginning. An attempt has been made to present their sentiments exactly as they have been expressed and Mr. Morse will know nothing about the publication of this tribute until he sees it in print.

* * *

Christmas, 1918 An Editorial
By J. Moses

This is written on Thanksgiving Day. Christmas editorials (for monthly publications) are written on Thanksgiving Day or on Columbus Day. In fact I know one editor, whose assistant had written a better editorial than he had, filed his own away with the remark: "Well, it will save me the trouble of writing one next year."

Ah, but will it? The wastebasket will be the most appropriate place for his last year's editorial. For what a difference in the affairs of the world between the Christmas of 1917 and 1918! On the former was enacted the climax of extreme hatred, inhumane cruelty and savagery and on the latter the nations of the world have been brought to a reconciliation with sincerest hopes for an everlasting peace.

The former was celebrated in tears and blood of widows and orphans and outraged womanhood and the latter is a day of overwhelming joy. For those for whom we have prayed will be home with us this year, or at least at a place where their lives and well being are safely guarded. And for those for whom we have prayed in vain, we can at least be compensated for our grief by the thought that they have died a nobler death than had they survived and died as we common mortals will.

* * *

Do You Find THE DIAL an Inspiration and Help?

The Dial will be a year old next month. By way of celebrating its birthday it is going to tell you something about itself, how it is prepared and manufactured and about those who are trying to produce the best plant publication in existence. If any of our readers have found the magazine an inspiration and help, if you have enjoyed its monthly visits and feel that the magazine has a place in your life, we would be glad to have you write us a few lines. Incidentally if you can give us any suggestions for its improvement don't hesitate.

To all Morse employees, their families and friends, and to all of our readers, we wish to extend a heartfelt greeting and a sincere wish that this will be one of the happiest holiday seasons in your life.

The editorial office of The Dial is now on the top floor of the new building on north side of the yard. News items, information, or pictures for publication in the magazine will be received there.

If you desire to notify the Editor of your change of address or to inform us that you have not received your copy of the magazine apply at the Employment office.

To Our Contemporaries

Will you kindly speak of our paper as the Morse Dry Dock Dial instead of the Dry Dock Dial whenever you reprint from the Dial or mention us in your valued columns.

What the Soldier Boys Think of the Red Cross

"I want you to put in THE DIAL and let the boys know that the Red Cross is one of the greatest organizations in the world. Nobody realizes the work it is doing until they get in the khaki of Uncle Sam. Then they realize that the dollars that some people give so hard are going to one of the best causes in this war. They feed the boys, make up enjoyment for them and see that we are taken care of. One instance is that on the trip down after riding about ten hours we reached Washington. No eats, no sleep and all in. Then we reached a Red Cross station and were fed, given smokes and cheered up. So on down the line till we reached our camp."

The foregoing paragraph was written by Henry C. Wiesmann, formerly a clerk in Room 3, who is now a member of the American army in France. It is such a strong, well-timed tribute to the Red Cross we are using it on this page to give it special prominence. It is not always easy to give, no matter how worthy the cause, and sometimes we wonder if it is wise to give, but if ever there existed an organization deserving of the support of every individual in this country, the American Red Cross is that organization. The highest praise is due those employees who contributed so loyally and patriotically in the last Red Cross drive, because through their contributions they helped to make possible the comfort of the boys who went away to fight for Old Glory. Let's be liberal in this month's drive.

* * *

If a Man Die Shall He Live Again?

If a man die shall he live again? Surely, if there is anything in him worth keeping. Lavish as she may seem, Nature is a thorough economist. A man is more than meat, and the patient toil which has gone to make him a thing above swine is not to be thrown away. That toil is founded, mostly, on the hope of immortal life.

But we fail when we try to give reasons for our faith. It is a thing above reasons—as far above them as love is; it is a thing that silently grows in the soil of one's life and is beyond his understanding, as hopelessly beyond it as the pulsing protoplasm. With all life founded on a miracle, Reason has a short flight at best.

If you spoke with the tongues of men and of angels, and had the gift of prophecy, and knew all mysteries and all knowledge, still that one thing could not be explained, for others would need a like equipment to understand it.

Surely if one were to write for a hundred years he could then only have begun to give the reasons for his faith. They are so many—so very many. I find them in littleness and immensity, in the whole and in every part. And what to me is one of the best of them is a thing no reasoning can explain—the fact that the desire to live after death is in every human heart.

How may one denounce it all as an infinite scheme of deceit unless he wishes to appoint himself the Judge of All Things and the Wisest Man in the World? In that case we should know how to classify him.

IRVING BACHELLER, in the *Universalist Leader*.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

* * *

A farm journal asserts: "More machinery rusts out than wears out." This is probably a fact, and it is certainly true that more men and women rust out than wear out.—*Texaco Star.*

* * *

An ounce of co-operation is worth a ton of argument.—*The Mediator.*

* * *

"Carry On, Mates"

By Lt. Martin Fitzgerald, M. G. G.

(This poem was written while the author, an English gun operator, was recovering from wounds received in the trenches.

If every workingman could read this, it would help a certain few to see what it meant to our fighting men to have whole-hearted, honest and sincere support on the part of those left at home to provide the sinews of war.)

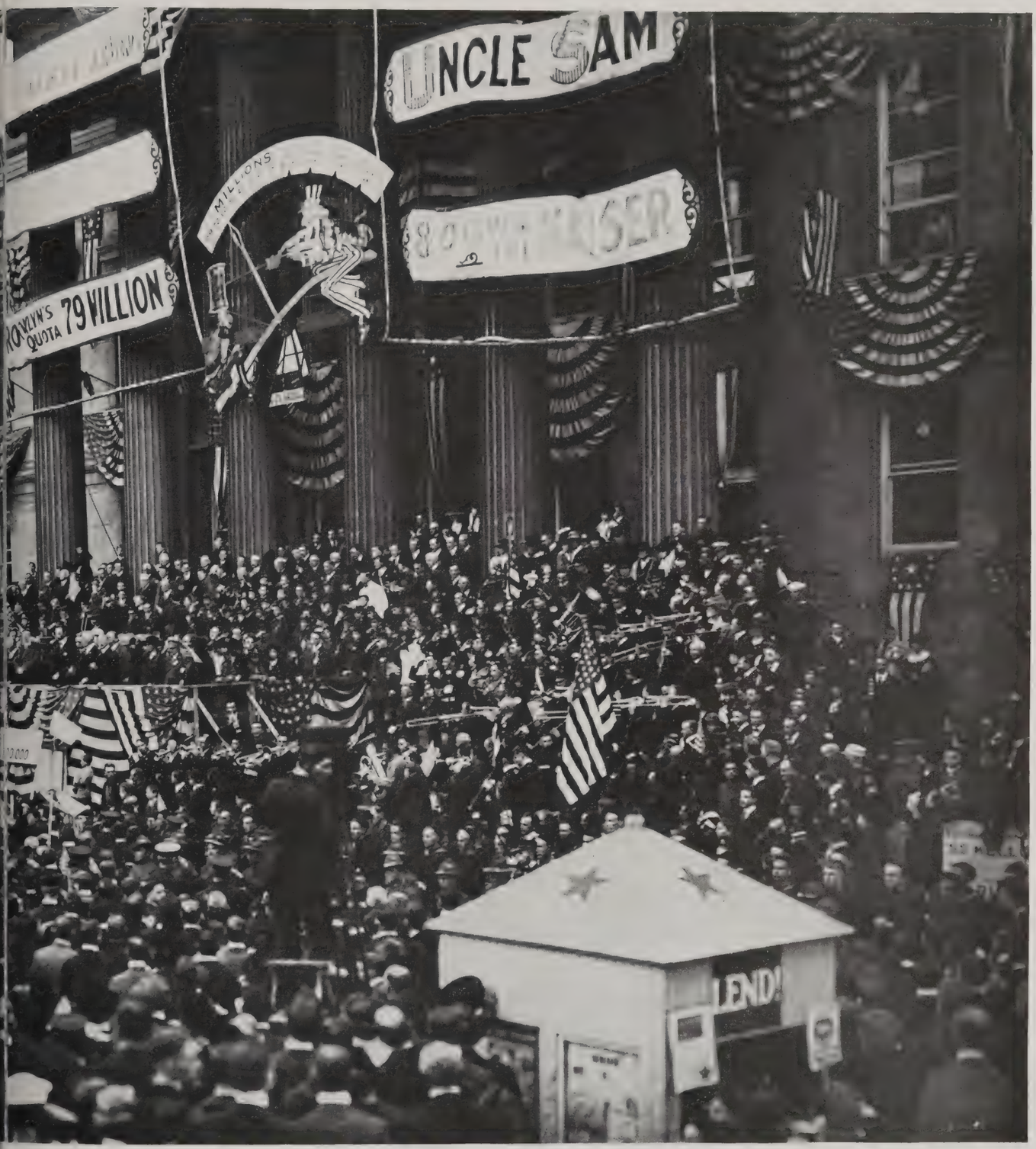
" 'Ere am I sweating my bloomin' soul out
All for a moldy bob a day. A bob
A day, aye, a bob a day and night as well.
No eight or ten hours a day for poor me,
With a 'arf 'oliday thrown in as well.
Not an hour in the bloomin' twenty-four
Can I call my soul my own. Sentry-go
And fatigue, fatigue and sentry-go, till
You prop yer eyelids with matches to keep
Them from shutting right down, or for a change
You sweat up and down a muddy bloody
Trench with a few ton weight on your aching back.
Mud to the middle, pulling one foot out
And then the other, feeling like a dam' fly
Stuck in the bloomin' fly-paper. Strike, you say!
Not bloody likely! The rations and "ammo"
Must get up the dam' line to feed ourselves
And our friend Fritz, if I drop dead in my
Muddy bloody tracks. Then for variety
You shin over the bloomin' top, yer 'eart
In yer mouth and 'ate in yer 'eart over
That devil's spit, No Man's Land, to pay our
Afternoon-tea call to old Fritz, or else
We're busy welcoming visitors that
Come without asking, with machine gun,
Rifle, bayonet and bomb. What a life,
All for a blinking, moldy bob a day!

Mates of mine, who make the "iron rations"
For old Fritz, you are 'ome in old Blighty
With women and beer and baccy galore.
They say you strike; well, may Gawd strike them
What told you to! What, mate, would you stab
Yer old pal in the back, and join 'ands
With old Fritz against me, me, yer old pal,
Me, who gives my life and strength and blood
To keep you, the gals, and kiddies safe at 'ome?
Strike me pink! you can't do it, not on yer life!
For Gawd's sake, play the game, don't fail us now
When we've gripped tight with the devil and strain
Every nerve for the strangle-'old, to crush him
Once and for all; don't stab me in the back
And help him free again. You can't, by the blood
Of those mates of ours who've paid the price.
Who have gone West. They'll curse you from 'eaven
And 'ell as I shall curse you from this bloody,
Battered line.

Carry on, pals of mine!
If there is a grievance—wait, 'old your 'and,
Beware of 'ot air and the German gold behind it.
Death makes our vision clearer over 'ere
And when this bloody war is over I'll come back,
And side by side we'll stand and see fair play
And clean up old, long-outstanding debts.
But now, for Gawd's sake, mates, don't fail me.
Carry on! Carry on!"



SCENE DURING EXERCISES AT BOROUGH HALL, BROOKLYN, WHICH CONCLUDED THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN PARADE OF THE MORSE



ZES, WHICH WAS REVIEWED BY GOVERNOR WHITMAN AND HIS STAFF WHO MADE A SPECIAL TRIP FROM ALBANY FOR THE OCCASION.



EDITED BY C. STEWART WARK

Sports in Full Swing

WITH winter and the accompanying love of the fireplace upon us, we still find all of the Morse endeavors along the sporting line in full swing and we predict that old Jack Frost is going to have a pretty hard time this year, if he intends to make the Morse athletes take to cover.

Just one look at the football team on one of these late November days is sure proof that what we say is true. The Morse "booters" seem to live on cold air and the way they tear around that Morse oval, their short pants flapping in the breeze, is enough to make the shivers run up the back of one of Brighton's "polar bears."

The boys surely are coming home with the "bacon" too, and we all may feel proud of the record they have made so far. Four games have been played since the game with the Submarines on October 13, the last game accounted for in the November issue of THE DIAL. All of these have been victorious for the Morse team, and we now lead the shipyard league and have a team which is considered by soccer experts to be one of the best soccer combinations in the country.

Besides being a winning team, the Morse Football Club is an organization of true sportsmen. Following is an extract from a letter recently received by Wilfred Hollywood, secretary of the league and the Morse Club, from the Sporting Editor of the *Newburg Daily News*. It refers to the game played with the Newburg Shipyard Club on October 27.

"Tell Sam Bell for me that he has a fine bunch of sportsmen as well as players in that Morse combination and I hope we will find equally as good men in the other combinations. Usually a number of scraps prevail when games are played here, but no such thing happened Sunday."

Baseball is now a thing of the past. The last game of the season was to have been played November 3, with the St. Agatha nine, but the game was cancelled. Perhaps what will always be considered by Morse and all semi-pro baseball rooters as the real ending of the season was the touching tribute paid to the memory of Eugene Sacks at the Farmers-Bushwick game on October 27. Sacks was killed on October 25th, while working on a ship at Pier 36. The Farmers with whom Sacks played ball, when not playing for Morse, all wore bands of black on the right arm throughout the game, in honor of their dead comrade and, during the intermission between games, Umpire Wilson had the crowd uncover for a moment in memory of Eugene Sacks. It was a sad ending to a wonderful baseball season, but we are glad to feel that Eugene Sacks was one of us. A true sportsman on the ball field, a good fellow among men, and a hard and conscientious worker for both our government and the Morse Company to the very end.

The St. Louis Club has been dickering with our star twirler, George Pennington, of late, and it is rumored they have been doing all in their power to get George back to the ball park in St. Louis. No one knows any better than all Morse fans, just how useful a man George is, and how dangerous he becomes when you stick a ball in his "mitt." We are all glad to know that others appreciate all this, but doubly glad to hear, from Pennington himself, that he is not to be tempted and that he intends to stick in the yard. Besides being a great ball player George is a "regular guy" and we are glad to hear of his decision.

New Basketball Captain

BASKETBALL prospects which have been "in the air" for so long have at last come back to earth and the way that things have settled ought to be pleasing to everyone. At a meeting of the Board of Directors held Friday, November 15, Dick Smythe was elected manager of the team for the coming season. Smythe is a comparatively new man in the yard, but comes to us with a coast to coast reputation among basketball "fans." He has played with the New York Nationals, St. Gabriels, Hazelton, Penn State League, and with teams in the Tri-State League.

Under his guidance it is hoped and expected that the Morse quintet will make a showing on the basketball court that we will all feel proud of.

The Employees' Association has decided to uniform the team. Practise and games, which will be held every Thursday night, will be conducted at St. Michaels Lyceum, Forty-second street and Fourth avenue. A tentative schedule has been arranged by Manager Smythe and, although dates have not been settled as yet, games have been arranged with both the Standard and the Robins teams. An authorized schedule will be made public in the near future.

Unless some new "dark horses" loom up, and it is hoped that every man who thinks he is that "dark horse" will make himself known, the team will probably be picked from the following men: Joe Sandifer, Rupert Brock, Dick Smythe, Frank Maher, Dutch Dennant, Jim Mahoney, Joe O'Neil and Jack O'Hara. All of these men have had a great deal of experience on fast "pro" and "semi-pro" teams throughout the country.

As yet, there have been no candidates for the lightweight team which is to be organized and which will play along with the "big fellows" every Thursday night. It will be to the advantage of every man in the yard of the 125 pounder class who thinks that he has basketball ability in him, to try out for the lightweight team. It is a chance to break into fast company and get some of the fine points of the game from the oldtimers. All men interested should watch the Work Orders for announcement of tryouts, see Manager Smythe, or leave his name with Joe Sandifer in the storeroom.

It is up to the employees of the yard to stick by the team and give it all of the support possible.

With the Pin Boys

By Thomas J. Plunkett, Bowling Secretary

THE Shipyard Bowling League received a grand send-off Thursday night, November 7, at the Thum Alleys, Thirty-first street and Broadway, New York. The Morse team defeated the Federal and Tietgen & Lang teams. This was a good start, and Henry Rochelle, the Morse team manager and president of the Shipyard League, gives all the credit to the classy bowling shirts that our men wore and the loyal crowd of Morse rooters on hand. George MacLaurin, boss of the "Farm," had a gang of "farmhands" with him. They cheered their boss lustily.

The writer, who acted as official starter of the tournament, introduced C. Blair Woodrow of the Sisco yard, who, after a short address, rolled the first ball. Mr. Woodrow has donated a silver cup as a prize for the winning team. He received a glad hand from everybody.

"Billy" Dunn of the outside machinists, climbed into the referee's stool and called the game between Morse and Federal teams at 8.30. Our boys won easily.

Bob Mullen of Robins, League secretary and official scorer who sat next to "Billy," was obliged to buy a drink for "Billy." He backed the Federal bunch, which was to be expected of a man from Robins, but we hope he'll know better next time.

In the next game, called at 9.30, Federal was defeated by Tietgen & Lang. The latter team looked very good, and the wise ones thought they would trim us up in great style, but when Captain Rochelle said, "Let's go," our boys started like winners and came through in fine shape. Rochelle bowled 221 and Willie White 219. Andy Anderson, MacLaurin and Amundsen held up their part in this contest also, and the backers of Morse picked up enough to pay for a little beefsteak party after the playing.

MacLaurin showed some of his old time form when he pulled off two hard split spares which started the house hollering.

On November 12, the second night of the tournament, Sisco won two games defeating Downey and Robins. Downey also beat Robins, so "Bob" Mullen will have to get busy if he expects to trim the Morse five.

Standing up to November 15:

	Won	Lost	P.C.
Morse	2	0	1000
Sisco	2	0	1000
Downey	1	1	500
T. & L.	1	1	500
Federal	0	2	000
Robins	0	2	000
Standard	0	0	000
Tebo	0	0	000
Johnson	0	0	000

THE yard tournament is again in full swing after the celebration of the Allied Victory over the Hun. The games scheduled for November 11 were postponed on account of the alleys being closed. The teams that were scheduled to roll on that evening will meet on Monday evening, February 24, after the schedule is completed.

Every team should be on hand early on the evening they are to bowl so that the tournament will be won by the team bowling best, and not by the team having the greatest number of forfeited games to their credit.

The printed schedules have been distributed throughout the yard, and now that there is not so much overtime work we should see some interesting contests.

Just a word to all you Morse fans. We've got about the finest collection of bowlers in our yard that there is in any industrial plant in the country. Bowling is interesting to watch as well as play, and you can have some fun at the Crescent alleys on Monday nights, the regular Morse night, or Tuesday and Thursday nights at Thum's alleys in New York.

Soccer Support Needed

by Wilfred Hollywood, League Secretary

DURING the past month, the Morse Soccer Club has won all of the games they have played. Several new players, added to the team recently, have proven themselves to be a decided aid in bringing victory in the last few games played.

One thing only is lacking and that is the moral support of the yard employees. Now that "soap" is getting to be out of style, we are looking for better backing. If the men in the yard wish to know where the games are being played, all they have to do is to watch the bulletin board at the main gate.

The club is competing in the War Fund Cup Competition which is being conducted by the S. N. Y. S. F. A. and it is the hope of all men interested in soccer, that the yard employees will do all they can to help the sport. In return the soccer club, with a good backing, will do its best to bring home a trophy for all of us to look at and be proud of.

The following is the standing of the Shipyard Soccer League, up to November 23:

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points
Robins*	3	2	0	1	5
Federal	3	2	0	1	5
Standard	2	2	0	0	4
Morse*	3	2	1	0	4
Submarine	3	1	2	0	2
Downey	1	0	1	0	0
Newburgh	2	0	2	0	0
Teitjen & Lang	3	0	3	0	0

*Robins credited with a victory over Morse, but game is under protest.

IN the opening round of the United States Football Association competition, Morse took the measure of the Standard Soccer Team, 4 to 0. The game was played on Sunday, October 20, at Hawthorne Field, Brooklyn.

Holgate scored the first point, after a demonstration of some very fine football. He was followed by Beardsworth who added another point to the Morse total before the half was over. Beardsworth made a penalty kick in the second half after which Holgate kicked the final goal.

The *Bridgeport Post* in commenting on the game states: "The Morse Dry Dock soccer eleven, which includes five of the famous Fall River Rovers, showed itself to be one of the most dangerous teams in the vicinity yesterday, by defeating the Standard Shipyard F. C. by 4 goals to 0."

Bell, McCann and Ross played great football for Morse. After ten minutes of play, "Sinky" Sullivan twisted his knee and was obliged to retire from the game. Morse felt the loss of his services and the score might have been heavier on the Morse end if the accident had not happened.

Line-up

Morse	Standard
Albin	Coupland
Booth	Best
Ross	Settle
McPherson	Adamson
McCann	Winning
Holmes	J. Neil
Holgate	Kennedy
Beardsworth	Bischoff
Bell	H. Neil
Sullivan	Dawson
McNaughton	Stock

Holgate (2), Beardsworth (2). Referee, C. Stott.

Our football "booters" traveled to Newburgh Sunday, October 27, and gave a large crowd of Newburgh soccer fans one of the finest exhibitions ever seen there for a long time. Our team defeated the Newburgh Shipyard Soccer Club by the score of 2 goals to 0. According to the local newspaper, "The Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company Soccer Team gave an exhibition of headwork not seen here since the days when the champion Tiger Club was in its prime."

Fine pass work by Morse players was a feature of the game. Newburgh kicked off and Booth drove the ball back to center. From that time on the Newburgh team was on the defensive. Beardsworth scored the first tally. In the last half of the game Waldron stopped the ball as it was going out of bounds and relayed it to Holgate, who booted the leather into the goal.

During the remaining twenty minutes of play the Newburghers came back with a flash of "pep" that for the moment looked dangerous, but failed to score before the final whistle blew.

Line-up

Morse	Newburgh
Albin	G. Derham
Booth	W. Derham
Ross	McDonald
McPherson	Gibson
McCann	Fletcher
Holmes	Russell
Waldron	Prokosch
Beardsworth	Neeson
Bell	Lamont
O'Donnell	Archibald
Holgate	Wilson

Beardsworth (1), Holgate (1). Referee, A. Parker.

In one of the most interesting and exciting games of the season the Morse team trimmed the Finley F. C. of Newark, N. J., by the score of 1 goal to 0, at Morse Oval on Sunday, November 3.

The Morse team seemed to have the game won at the very start, but the opposition was not as weak as it seemed and during the initial period the game was very evenly played, no goals being scored.

The game was played without a goal being made by either side up to the last two minutes of play. At that stage of the game, Bell, playing centre halfback for Morse, scored the only goal of the game giving the decision to the Morse team.

Our Crack Bowlers



George MacLaurin, Andrew Anderson, Henry Rochelle (Captain), William White and Harry Anderson

Line-up

Morse	Kinley F. C.
Albin	Shaw
Booth	McNair
Ross	Dodds
McPherson	Young
McCann	Lonie
Holmes	Hay
Holgate	Binnett
Beardsworth	McMerremy
Bell	Quinn
Smollen	Gallagher
McNaughton	Browning

Bell (1). Referee, G. Caldicott.

The Morse club found it pretty easy going on Sunday, November 11, in its game with the Queens Rangers, winning by the score of 15 to 0. This victory brings the Morse team into the second round of the War Fund cup tie competition and makes them eligible to play the champion New York Football Club.

Holgate carried the ball right through from center for the first goal of the game and Cartwright negotiated a free kick after a foul. Casey brought home the next score with a great kick from a corner. Holgate and Cartwright repeated their initial performances each scoring a goal, and Cartwright tallied the sixth with a fine thirty-yard drive.

Several new men appeared on the Morse lineup, Cartwright, Mackie, Casey and Brannigan. All of the new men played a great game for Morse, Cartwright scoring eight goals, Casey two goals.

Line-up

Morse	Queens Rangers
Holmes	Dickie
O'Donnell	N. Smith
Ross	Drummond
Bell	Gibson
Beardsworth	Neil
McCann	Robertson
Holgate	Campbell
Mackie	Wilkie
Casey	Hamilton
Cartwright	Hyslop
Brannigan	A. Smith

Cartwright (8), Holgate (3), Casey (2), Beardsworth (1), Ross (1). Referee, Tom Robertson.

The Burners and the Pipe Shop took to soccer as a means of settling, once and for all, any of the little differences they might have in the sporting line, on Wednesday, November 13, at Morse Oval. After a hard tussle the Pipe Shop shaded their opponents by a lone tally.

A large audience of Morse employees attended the game. "Jimmy" MacFarlane, manager of the burners team, was much in evidence during the early part of the game, but seemed strangely reticent toward the end. Jack Reynolds of the Pipe Shop says that, for once, they got "Mac's" "goat."

Line-up

Pipe Shop	Burners
T. Holt	D. McLeod
J. Jackson	N. O'Donnell
J. Ross	A. McNaughton
A. Harvey	S. Bell
F. Beardsworth	J. McCann
W. Smith	E. MacPherson
H. Holgate	J. Smollen
W. Mackie	A. Murray
J. Struthers	R. Stewart
J. Cartwright	W. Stelfox
R. Gore	D. Christie

Referee, W. Hollywood.

We have five new additions to the office force, and let us tell you they are some beauties.

These kitties may be seen any day in the boiler room.

With the Fight Fans

By Abe Yager, 2nd

FOLLOWERS of the padded mit and squared arena, attention! This column which ought to be of interest to you will be a part of the DIAL sporting page every month. In it all of the local news connected with the game of self defence will be published. We have a great number of "topliner" boxers and wrestlers in the yard whose boxing careers are being watched by many of the men here. We will try through this column to keep in touch with them both inside and outside of the yard, and will be glad to publish any items of interest to our boxing fans which you may have.

Phil Bloom, of the Hull Department, who has met nearly every boxer of note at his weight, is "there," when it comes to appearing at benefits. Phil paid all of the expenses for training and his fare to Bridgeport to box for the benefit of the United War Work Campaign drive. As usual, Phil put up a great scrap and was awarded the decision by the majority of the newspapers over his opponent Benny Valger.

Gene Bruce, of the carpenter shop, is the real thing when it comes to being a drawing card for the different theatrical managers. He is being booked from one local theatre to another nearly every week this season. Keep going, Gene! There won't be many more wrestlers for you to meet soon and then you can take a rest.

The press has had many words of praise lately for our own Eddie Wallace of the pipe coverers department. Wallace is always ready when it comes time for him to do his "bit" and has never been known to slack when asked to appear at any benefit. On Saturday night, November 18, Wallace shaded Willie Jackson of the Bronx in six rounds at Madison Square Garden, for the benefit of the United War Work Campaign. Both boys put every bit of the muscular ability they had into the fighting and boxed at top speed from gong to gong. Wallace received the newspaper verdict when the final bell sounded because of his very clever work during the final rounds.

Johnny Espin, the up-state heavyweight, who is now keeping his muscles in shape, driving rivets here, is feeling kind of "blue" at the present time for not getting the chance to meet Jack Dempsey of Denver at the United War Work Campaign benefit at the Garden on November 18. "I don't say that I could lick Dempsey," said Espin, "but that bout would have again given me a chance to get into the limelight after my long lay-off." We all hope that Johnny has better luck next time.

One of the newest additions to the number of boxers among us is little Charlie Goldman, who is working here as a machinist's helper. Many of us may not remember Charlie, but he came very near wearing the bantam crown at one time and was a popular drawing card when Jimmy Regan's old Pelican Club at Sixty-fifth street and Third avenue was in full swing.

Do you know, fellows, that Billy Burke of the Carpenter Shop was once a real dyed-in-the-wool fight promoter? Ask Billy about the days of the old Sunset A. C. some day and see what he says.

Jean Bruce Going Strong

JEAN BRUCE, whose prowess on the mat we all are very proud of, has been going along in great style of late. The last time we saw him in action at the September meeting of the Employees' Association, it looked as if Jean was in the pink of condition and going his best. Since then he certainly has proved it. At the Crescent Theatre, on October 15, he gave Nicola Montagano, the "Italian Cyclone," the roughest twenty minutes of his life, and although unable to down Montagano in the time allowed, Bruce showed his superiority decisively.

Again on November 12, in the International Wrestling Contests held at the Crescent Theatre, Bruce, greatly outclassed in height, weight and reach by his opponent, Ignatz Polonsky, made the Polish giant travel at top speed. Polonsky was floored heavily, and his weight was the only thing that saved him from defeat.

A Letter from Old Scout

THE editor of THE DIAL in answering a letter in the November issue stated that the letter in question was the kind he was always glad to receive. The letter was to the effect that the plumbers had not been mentioned in THE DIAL, so with the Editor's permission, I would like to say a few remarks:

My dear sister and sweetheart. I am glad to hear that you enjoy reading THE DIAL, but I'm very sorry to hear that you think the plumbing shop has been overlooked in its columns. However, in looking over the past issues, dating from its birth in January, I find there is hardly a copy in which a plumber has not been noticed. Now if I have missed your brother or sweetheart it's because modesty forbids me approaching. Trusting I do not *de-Mur*, I sincerely hope your brother and sweetheart are among the following.

Saturday, November 9, the Plumbers held a beefsteak dinner, but of course they didn't partake of beefsteak alone. There was also entertainment and each one present is willing to admit that D. Johnstone headlined the bill. They even went so far as to say Harry Lauder hadn't a thing on him. W. Whystock, better known as "Dundee Willie," danced a *Hieland Fling* and after seeing both these men perform it's strange to relate there was no oatmeal served as a first course to this meal.

William O'Day danced, and when we say danced we mean the real old professional kind of soft shoe dancing that the present generation doesn't see. We might state here by way of diversion that Mr. Jacobson paid very little attention to beefsteak and must hale from Baltimore judging from the way he went after the oysters. E. Rafter tried to do an Irish breakdown, but like the good old proverbial wagon, broke down.

Fred Wiles was willing to sing but didn't have time. He was kept too busy picking the beefsteak out of his teeth. Tom Hayden sang a very sentimental song, bringing tears to each and everyone's eyes, but Mr. Basil, the clever and much overworked piano player, says the tears were caused by the onions on the steak.

To cap the climax, the foreman, Mr. Murr, made a speech, in which he dwelt upon the vital issues of the day, political and otherwise, about our achievements in the past and present, how the great war was started and how it would end, the evils and good of woman suffrage, the monetary issue, and he even went so far as to prophesy that when Colgate and Pears and Fairbanks had ceased to be, so all their product too would disappear from Government work. He ended his most eloquent speech by singing that popular song, "Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home."

Again, dear sister and sweetheart, hoping your brother and friend were among those present, I beg to remain,

THE OLD SCOUT.

Due to conflict with both the Christmas holiday season and the Annual Ball on January 25, the next meeting of the Employees' Association will be held on January 15. No meeting will be held during the month of December.

More Honor Roll Names

WE are very glad to publish in this issue of THE DIAL the names of those employees that were accidentally left out of the Liberty Loan Honor Roll in the last issue.

Judging from the comments we have heard the November DIAL was found very interesting and we feel well repaid for the special effort, and time lost in producing such a complete record of our Fourth Liberty Loan drive. It would be well to preserve yours to show it to the boys now across the water when they return.

With the thought that perchance our announcement in connection with the list of subscribers may have been overlooked, let us repeat that the inaccuracies and omissions in the list were unintentional. To compile so large a list of names within such a short space of time without some mistakes is a task we frankly confess ourselves incapable of. Our surprise lies in the fact that there were comparatively so few mistakes.

A. J. Wandress informs us that his name was probably left out of the list last month because he subscribed to the Liberty Loan through the Pipe shop.

Henry Remuzzi reports that at the time the drive was on he was working in Hoboken on the Sutherland and could not get to the yard, but that he bought two fifty dollar bonds through his snapper, Mr. Quinn.

William J. Cahill sends word that when the plumbing shop committee received the bond books he was in the shop at the time and was the first one in that department to buy a bond. He possesses a $100 bond.

Nat A. Arvins says that when he discovered that his name was not in the list it made him feel like a slacker. We are glad, Nat, to set you right before the boys in the yard and hope that this notice will make amends.

To rectify the mistakes in the earlier list we are using the names of the following employees who have reported to us that they bought bonds but were not mentioned in our previous list:

Albert B. Genevese (room 115, office).
A. J. Wandress (6562 carpenter shop).
Augustus Gotlieb (6564 carpenter shop).
G. M. Bendiksen (office).
L. Santoro (441 outside machinist dept.).
Nat A. Arvins (3659 pipe shop).
William J. Cahill (3242 plumbing shop).
Monroe Goldman (office).
Edward Tiedeman (7481 joiner shop).
Thomas Hogg (346 outside machinist dept.).
Henry Remuzzi (2575 burners dept.).
George R. Germain (20929 hull dept.).
Daniel Kenny (3630 pipe shop).
W. H. Hill (347 outside machinist dept.).
Charles Jennings (21501 hull dept.).
John Gay (20851 hull dept.).
Robert S Gavin (1646 hull dept.).
Walter F. Toomey (21546 hull dept.).
Conrad Deiters (2607 burners).
Charles Julenssen (29783 boat crew captain).
Frank Gaffney (29761 boat crew).
George H. Brally (25205 copper shop).
Davidson Smith (20811 hull dept.).

Private Christian P. Hartmann, aged twenty-seven, formerly employed in our carpenter shop, died in the Base Hospital at Camp Jackson, South Carolina, on November 26, according to a telegram received at his former residence, 274 President street. Hartmann was drafted and left the Morse employ last June. He was sent to a trade school in New York, where he was stationed for two months before going to Camp Jackson. At camp he was an instructor in carpenter work.

You can always find excuses for not doing things you do not want to do.

A Job Well Done

ONE of the recent big jobs, undertaken by the Morse Company, which deservedly received the commendation of the United States Shipping Board was on the Shipping Board supply boat *Orian*.

Fifteen men of the boiler department working under snappers Bob Anstett and Marty Mulligan, on twenty-four hour shifts day and night, in five days retubed one double-ended boiler, did all of the caulking necessary and put in all new fire room supports and floors.

Working on an eight hour a day basis in normal times the job could not have been completed in less than three weeks' time. Under the war time "soap" schedule, four days more would have been necessary to complete the work if the men of the boiler shop had not worked at top speed and through the long hours which they did.

During the same space of time, the electricians, under the main supervision of James Greenfield, assisted by foreman A. Brondum and snappers C. McAndrews and H. Jost, rewired the entire ship and installed many new appliances, among which were several new cargo lights. Under normal conditions, this job, without overtime, could not have been finished in less than four weeks.

It is because of such work as this that Morse employees can justly feel proud of the part which they have played in the great world war. It was not necessary for the men of the boiler shop and the electricians to work as fast or as long as they did. They would have made just as much money if they had prolonged the job four days more, but it was a challenge to them to prove that the "Second line of Defence" was something more than a name and so they did what seemed to be the impossible.

The *Orian* was badly in need of repair. She was needed to carry supplies to our fighting men on the other side. The Shipping Board called up the Morse Company and asked that the work be done in the shortest space of time. When asked how soon the boat ought to sail the Shipping Board said, five days. Mr. Stephens was next on the wire, his men started for Erie Basin and in five days the job was done. That is the story in brief.

In the years to come, when all of the achievements of our country at war are reviewed and written down, the story of the *Orian* will not be forgotten. It will and ought to take its place among the many great things done by shipbuilders to free the world from the sword of the Hun.

Some of Our Boiler Shop Hustlers



From left to right—James Kerr, assistant foreman; George Jones; James Stephens, foreman; Patrick Fagan; Joseph Miskimin, assistant foreman; Martin L. Mulligan, snapper; Wallace Bentley, snapper.

When it comes to being "there" every time that a patriotic call is made for either financial aid or hard work, the boiler makers can always be depended upon. The boiler shop led all other yard departments in the number of Liberty Bonds bought during the last drive. The credit for this fine showing can not be given to any one in particular, but a great deal of credit is due to James Stephens, foreman, and his staff of assistants who worked very hard to put the boiler shop "over the top." Mr. Stephens was the largest contributor to the loan in the yard and one of the most enthusiastic Liberty Loan workers.

Remembers Our Soldiers

A PERSONAL gift of a sum of money was made recently by Ericola Rosa of the Electricians to the detachment of soldiers stationed at our yard. He received the following letter of thanks from Lieutenant Eiler in charge of the detachment in the yard.

Mr. E. Rosa.

DEAR SIR: Kindly accept thanks and appreciation of the entire Detachment for your kind and generous gift. The money will be spent in the Mess and all of the boys will be benefitted by it.

With our best wishes for the Detachment.

CHAS. L. A. EILER,
1st Lieut. U. S. Guards, U. S. A.,
Commanding Detachment.

Since "soap" became so scarce in the yard we notice that many of the benedicts in the machine shop gallery are bringing their lunch. Must be something compelling about this marriage business.

Lost

AN American flag, 36"x24", with a patch sewed in the middle of one of the red stripes. This flag was borrowed by the Outside Machine Department for the Liberty Loan Parade and has not been returned.

The Outside Machinists will greatly appreciate either the return of the flag to the machine shop shanty or any information which will lead to its recovery.

Conference Board Members,
Outside Mach. Dept.
S. Monsen, Wm. Dunn, J. Wilson.

We hear from quite reliable sources that "Red Hot" has been trying his hand at this dual personality stuff lately. The last time that he tried it, his other self took the form of a congressman. It was all right until he attempted a speech at a block party and the crowd got wise. "Red Hot" has decided since then to get into politics more gradually and go it easy for a while.

We are all born with common sense, but uncommon sense is a matter of development.

Repairing the S.S. Pequot

One of the Recent Big Jobs Done in Record Time in Our Yard



Repair Work in Progress, Looking Forward



The Pequot on the Ways



Repairing Damage to Shell in Aft Hold

Converting Coppersmiths

By

L. H. Haight

UNCLE SAM'S army of shipbuilders comes from sources as varied as his military forces. Men from almost every trade and profession are working on ships, helping to "build that bridge" to France. Young men girls and women are also numbered in this great army, even to electric welding.

One branch (the coppersmiths), however, seems to have been left on the switch, until some one threw off the breaks, when it was discovered that trained shipyard coppersmiths were as scarce as the proverbial hens' teeth.

The first call came recently from the Merrill-Stevens Shipbuilding Company. Requiring three coppersmiths, they sent a request to the Director of Education and Training, Emergency Fleet Corporation, Louis E. Reber, asking if he knew of any available coppersmiths; or, if not, could he possibly train three for their yards.

After a short investigation, Mr. Reber learned that Mr. Morse, of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, would permit the conversion of coppersmiths in the Morse shops. The next need was men to convert. The Conversion Department of the Emergency Fleet Corporation had a list of several men employed in allied trades who had expressed a desire to help build ships, and from this list three men with some coppersmith experience were selected, and placed in the Morse Company shop under Albert O. Jacobson, foreman.

Gus Furst, assistant foreman, was directly responsible for the converting of these men. Frank Martin, Staff Instructor, Conversion Department, Emergency Fleet Corporation, was in charge of the technical work. It was his duty to check up the daily progress of the men, and correct their daily reports.

The men converted were Charles E. Colliander, of Lindstrom, Minn., and Leonard Sutera and Charles Labdon, both of Brooklyn. So enthusiastic and earnest were all concerned, that in about five weeks these men were turned over to the Merrill-Stevens Company, not finished mechanics, but trained to do almost any job under a competent foreman.

This means that three men from kindred trades were converted into ship coppersmiths, for the period of the war, in order to help speed up the building of ships, with the ultimate result of banishing from the earth German autocracy—a condition which every American soldier fought to bring about, and for which every American citizen did his or her part, often at a great sacrifice.

Letters from the Merrill-Stevens Company, and from Colliander, Sutera and Labdon, indicate that this particular conversion problem was well done, showing the true patriotism of the men trained, and the men who were directly responsible for their training.

Questionnaires Important

NOW that the war is over the thought, in regard to questionnaires, most prevalent in the yard, seems to be that they are to be treated like "scraps of paper." Joseph Fair, of the employment office, who is handling the questionnaires, wishes to have it known that until further notice, all detail in regard to questionnaires must be carried out as before. There is one exception to this rule. All men over 37 years of age may disregard their questionnaires. The matter of classification cards is of the utmost importance. All men holding these cards should turn them in to Mr. Fair at the employment office, immediately.

Give some people their pick and they will pick flaws every time.

Things Shipfitters Should Know

By Walter Crawford

Superintendent of Our Hull Dept.

Number of Rivets in 100-Pound Keg

Diameter Inches	Length Inches	Number
1/8	1/2	17,500
1/4	1	5,200
3/8	1	2,034
1/2	1	968
5/8	1 1/4	514
3/4	1 1/2	284
7/8	2	178
1	2 1/2	104
1	3	88

When ordering rivets for flush work one diameter through hole should be allowed for clinching. For snap or hammered rivets, allow 1/4 diameter through hole.

Edge Distance on Plates

When marking plates for shearing, the distances from center line of hole to shearing line, should be 1 5/8 inch diameters.

Example

Size of holes Inches	Distance to shearing edge of plate Inches
5/8	1
3/4	1 3/16
7/8	1 7/16
1	1 5/8

Width of Attachment Angles

When the rivets are 5/8 inch or 3/4 inch, flange of angle should be 3 inches.

When the rivets are 7/8 inch, flange of angle should be 3 1/2 inches.

When the rivets are 1 inch, flange of angle should be 4 inches.

Countersinking in angles or plates, should be at least 1 1/2 times the diameter of the hole.

Stairway Treads—Distance Between

Stairway	8 inches
Engine room ladder	9 inches
Hold ladder	12 inches

Height of trestles for shop use 33 inches.

Breadth of Buttlaps, Buttstraps, and Edge Laps, with Size of Rivets

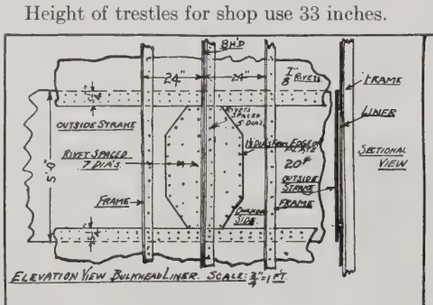
Diameter of Rivets	In. 5/8	In. 3/4	In. 7/8	In. 1	In. 1 1/8
Breadth of quadruple riveted buttstraps in ins.			22	25	28 1/4
Breadth of treble riveted buttstraps		14 1/4	16 3/4	19	21 1/2
Breadth of double riveted buttstraps	8	9 3/4	11 1/4		
Breadth of single riveted buttstraps	4 1/2	5 1/4			
Breadth of quadruple riveted buttlaps.....			12	14	16
Breadth of treble riveted buttlaps.		7 1/2	9	10 1/2	12
Breadth of double riveted buttlaps.	4 1/4	5	6		
Breadth of single riveted buttlaps.	2 1/2	3			
Breadth of double riveted edge laps..	3 3/4	4 1/2	5 1/4	6	6 3/4
Breadth of single riveted edge laps.	2 1/4	2 1/2	3		

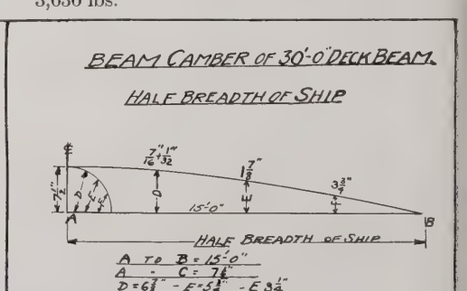
Weight of Smokestacks

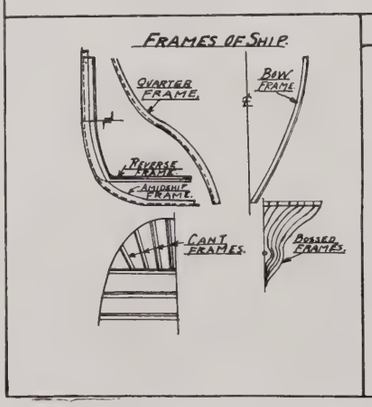
Thickness of Plating 3/16 x 12 inches Deep

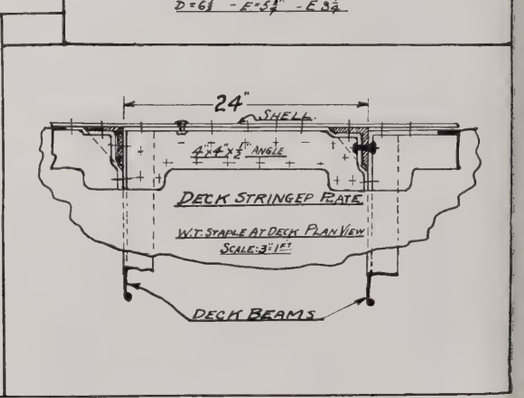
Diameter Ft.	Circumference	Weight Lbs.
1	3.42	23.56
2	6.283	47.12
3	9.425	70.68
4	12.57	94.50
5	15.71	127.75
6	18.85	141.37
7	22.00	165.00
8	25.13	188.50
9	28.27	212.00
10	31.42	235.70
11	34.56	259.00
12	37.70	282.75

Example—A smoke stack with a diameter of 7 feet x 20 feet in length would be equal to 20 x 165. If one foot is equal to 165 lbs., therefore, 165 x 20=3,300 lbs. plus 10% for rivets, laps and fittings, 330 lbs. Total weight, 3,630 lbs.

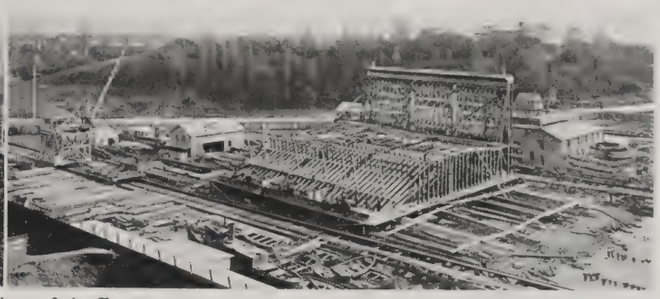












Two Birdseye Views of the Farm

Honor for an Old Stick

By C. Stewart Wark

THE Morse Company has recently purchased the lighter *Valvoline*, which has been undergoing repairs at the 'Farm." One of the new items in its make-up s a mast which can antedate many of the old ime employees in our yard.

Seventeen years ago this big stick of Oregon ine, which is seventy-five feet long and twenty-ive inches in diameter, was a part of the derrick vhich stood on the pier just south of the boiler hop. Several years ago, after long and faithful ervice, it was removed and under the ten eet of its length which had been driven under round, was found a coin which had been laced there for good luck. The records do ot show who got the coin, but the mast was aid away with a lot of other old timber and orgotten.

Then, very recently, the *Valvoline* be- ame in need of a mast. George MacLaurin, he "big boss" of the Farm, set out in earch of a mast for her. He finally reached he lumber pile and the old stick which ie remembered. Inspection showed that it vas in as good condition as in the days when t served as a part of the derrick. After a short ow down the bay, it was installed on the *'alvoline*.

Perhaps it is useless to draw a lesson from a tick of timber, yet some who are not too naterial of mind may see one there. Faithful ervice is never forgotten and many times the nore ancient among us are taking their places mong the younger generation, just as is this ld stick, without any one of the "wise guys" vho shout "time will tell" being able to know he difference.

Fireproofing the Farm

UNDER the captaincy of Arthur Nylund, the Farm fire department is making rapid progress toward being one of the nost efficient companies in our volunteer fire epartment system. Nylund has as his assist- nts Al Olsen and Edward Warden. Eighteen ther men from the yard make up the remainder f the company.

Fire apparatus which has been lacking for ome time has now been installed. There are our water hydrants, each provided with two engths of hose; sand and water buckets have een placed in every building, one chemical ngine is stationed near the office.

According to "Andy" Christie, who was very ctive in the organization of the Farm fire de- artment, the only thing that keeps the "farm re-eaters" from being the most efficient organ- zation of them all, is the fact that up to the resent time they have not installed his own riginal hose nozzle. "Chris" swears by that ozzle even if Fire Marshal Devlin seems to refer the "store" variety.

We all have a soft spot in our heads at birth —and some of us never lose it.

About War Service Badges

October 27, 1918.

"Editor of the DIAL.

"DEAR SIR: Would you through the columns of the DIAL advise the writer, should you be in possession of such facts, regarding war badges and medals.

"We see much in the papers of elaborations in designs and many plans being made, etc. Can a worker take any stock in this?

"As I came shortly after the war badges were distributed I unfortunately have none. Is there ever to be a further distribution? From time to time I heard that there was, but I am beginning to have my doubts; this is the reason of my inquiry.

"Any information along these lines would be appreciated.

"Respectfully,

"CONSCIENTIOUS WORKER"

Much publicity has been given the war service badges worn by shipyard workers and while we have been unable to learn definitely of any elaborations in designs, in all probability new designs have been contemplated. We have written to Washington for information and if anything definite can be learned we will publish it.

With regard to further distribution in our yard it is not likely that more badges will be given out.

Miss Martha Miller is a recent addition to the hospital staff. She has been doing day duty with Miss Campbell while Miss Jensen has been away, but will take care of the hospital work at night hereafter.

Jack Mulqueen, who has been absent from the Farm for quite a while due to sickness, was given a royal welcome on his return to work, by all of the "farm gang." "Mul" is one of the reigning favorites down at the new dry dock yard and the boys all missed his smiling face and merry tongue while he was gone.

A Few Farm Fire Fighters



Chief Arthur Nylund, George Webster and Edward Warden

Fire Department Improvements

By James Devlin, Fire Chief

THE new fire alarm system which has been delayed until all of the new buildings have been completed, is now being installed. About twenty-two alarm boxes will be placed throughout the yard. They will connect with eight alarm gongs placed at the different fire company headquarters. Each alarm box will have a number and, upon being pulled, will show the exact location of the fire to all companies in the yard. Signs which show the location of the nearest alarm box are being placed in conspicuous places in the yard. The alarm box at the different fire companies will repeat the alarm four times. This new alarm system will eliminate the yard whistle as a fire alarm signal. A great deal of the useless congregating by all employees at the scene of the fire will be eliminated under this arrangement.

An alarm board will be placed at all company headquarters. It will give the location of all alarm boxes. All members of the fire department will also be provided with copies of the alarm board.

The new hose company now has its headquarters in the new plate shop. It will be known as Hose Company Number 1. Louis Hohorst has been elected Captain. The newest hose wagon received is located in the welders' shop, and will be known as Hose Company Number 2. The hose for this company has not yet been received, but will be ready for use in the near future.

An explosion occurred in the basement of the electrical power room of the main office building at 4.30 P.M., November 13. Fire was caused by the blowing out of a transformer. The force of the explosion blew out the hollow tile partition wall on the south and west sides of the room.

Under the captaincy of Arthur Nylund, the farm fire department is fast rounding into shape and there is a noted improvement at every drill. Fire drills are being held every week.

Tom Hayes Elected

THE recent copper shop election, made necessary because of a tie in the previous balloting, resulted in the choice of Tom Hayes as a member of the Conference Board. He will succeed Harry Hammer, who has been appointed by the Board of Directors to fill the vacancy left by William Perkins as director representing the coppersmiths, plumbers and sheet metal workers department.

Dennis Place, boss sawyer at "the farm," and an employee under George MacLaurin over fourteen years, met an untimely death recently when a coal truck crashed into a motorcycle he was driving. The accident happened at 14th street and Fourth avenue while Mr. Place was on his way to work. Dennis Place was one of the best liked men at "the farm," always of a happy nature and liberal disposition, and his demise has brought sorrow to his fellow-workers.

Two Obliging Chauffeurs



George Case and Bob Walsh

Filazzo's Sofa Pillow

There is a fellow in Room 115
Who has a prize that should be seen,
It's a sofa pillow of rainbow hue,
Embroidered in pink and green and blue,
He guards his treasure from morn till night,
And if any one wants to start a fight
Just try to steal that "gem" so rare,
And when he sees his vacant chair
The war in Europe will seem quite mild
Compared with Filazzo when he runs wild.
So if your life you'd like to save,
And if you'd dodge an early grave,
"Beware," don't touch that work of art
Or Filazzo will shoot you through the heart.

P. S.—The girls in room 115 are very curious concerning that pillow. It must either be a family heirloom or a present from "sweetie."

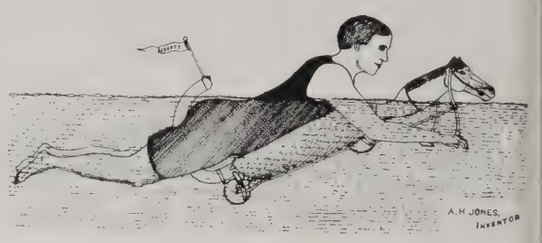
Fred J. Edwards, now at Camp Upton and formerly a member of our office force, Room 15, wishes to extend his sincere thanks for the wrist watch presented to him upon his departure for camp.

More Mixed Nuts



Jacob Jacobsen, Fred Hyman, Dan Shea, Fred Taylor, James M. Donovan

Invents Swimming Machine



THIS swimming machine works like a bicycle and besides furnishing a great deal of fun is one of the most practical devices yet invented for teaching a person to swim. A. H. Jones, No. 1678, of our hull department, conceived the contrivance, which has attracted the attention of several promoters. He perfected the machine during his spare time. "According to government statistics over 7,000 persons lost their lives through accidental drowning in 1913," said Mr. Jones, in explaining his invention. "I haven't the statistics for recent years, but I am sure there has been no decrease. It is a strange fact that many who are daily exposed to the danger of drowning do not know how to swim. A little forethought and training on their part would not only lessen their chance of drowning, but also improve their health because there is no greater exercise for the body than aquatic sports. I constructed this machine with the thought that it may help to reduce the number of these accidents. The device is very simple to operate and readily mastered by even a child and in its use one almost unconsciously learns how to swim."

Machine Shop Fun

The boys in the machine shop are "wise guys." If you don't believe it ask Charlie Morello—if you can find him. Charlie has left us, but, according to the boys he is now a much wiser man. Before his intended exit, he decided that a collection would be very appropriate and his suggestion got away strong with the boys. He said it was the draft that was making him go, but the boys know flat feet when they see them. "Al" Walker prepared a collection box with an opening in it just big enough to receive a washer, and they presented it and its contents to Charlie, who made a speech. A bucket of water, in the hands of a machinist with an eagle eye, ended the ceremonies. Charley got wet—'nuff said. Moral: Collections are a great thing but a "wise guy" and his bank roll are not easily separated.

Charles Febre of Room 115 is a rather fastidious chap in the line of restaurants. Well, Charlie, you could hardly expect to find a "Delmonico's" over here.

The girls in Room No. 111 will be mighty glad when the Casualty Lists cease being published.

Florence Fenk had them all fed up on Casualty List Literature for the past year and a half. Now all Ye Morse employees know the reason for Florrie's worried expression.

Young Cavanaughs

THESE little people swear that their papa, Tom Cavanaugh of the hull department, is the best natured daddy in the world, and we swear that he's the jolliest nut in the yard, if you know what we mean. Tom had promised to take these little folks to see "America's Answer," the night the Morse employees attended the Academy of Music, but on the last minute he had to disappoint them when he learned that only the employees were to be admitted. To make up for the disappointment Tom told the little ones that he would take them to Coney Island for a "big time" the following night and sure enough he did and what those kiddies didn't see at Coney Island wasn't worth seeing. We understand that the outing cost him a young fortune. This picture is one of the results of that outing.

Important Insurance Notice

IN order to avoid all unnecessary delay in receiving insurance benefits, kindly observe the following rules:

Advise the Insurance Clerk at once:

1. The date you stopped work.
2. The date you expect to return to work
3. The cause of your sickness or accident

A doctor's statement once *every* week until you are able to work.

There will be no delay in your claim if you send your doctor's statement promptly.

Don't wait until you go to work and then report your case as you will forfeit your claim

In case of death, a copy of the death script can be obtained from your undertaker and when presented to the Insurance Clerk the claim will be settled within twenty-four hours

If you are being treated in the yard hospital for accident, call in the Employment office and notify the Insurance Clerk so he can file your claim. You will not need a doctor's statement as the Insurance Clerk will attend to that.

If you are not already insured do not delay but come to the Employment Bureau and leave your application with the Insurance Clerk.

Our Captain Kirby regrets exceedingly he was unable to participate in the Burners and Welders' Liberty Loan parade, but he did not have time to wash his knees.



Mary, Aged 4½ Years; Thomas, Jr., Aged 7, and Joseph Aged 6

A Clever Little Dancer



Mildred Dorothea Maloney

Miss Mildred Dorothea Maloney, one of the oung ladies who so ably assisted us in our ourth Liberty Loan drive, is the niece of oseph G. O'Brien, of the boiler shop. Miss Maloney is well known throughout South Brooklyn because of her ability both as a ancer and as an elocutionist.

Two Victory Babies

PETER WILSON, of the joiner shop, and David McLeod of the burning department had double reason for rejoicing on November 11, when the Allied victory over the Huns was officially announced, for on that date both were blessed by the arrival of baby girls. Mr. Wilson tells us that he almost got pickled trying to decide a suitable name for the little seven-pound lady delivered to him, but finally chose "Victoria."

We haven't learned what Mr. and Mrs. McLeod have decided to name the young lady who has joined their home circle, but we hope that THE DIAL will have the privilege of publishing her first picture, and also the first picture of little Victoria Wilson.

In the meantime here's three cheers for the two young ladies. And, by the way, are there any other "victory babies" in the Morse family?

A Splendid Gift

W. H. WADSWORTH, pipe coverer, is another one of those patriotic gentlemen who has a keen appreciation of the splendid work the Red Cross has been doing, and to show that he can appreciate a thing of the kind in the right way he has turned over to Miss Jensen a note saying that he wishes to donate his back pay to the Red Cross. His back pay represents 600 hours of labor, a splendid contribution to a splendid organization by a splendid patriot.

It is with a great deal of regret that we learned of the wounds which the son of J. W. Smith has received in France. According to the information, Mr. Smith's boy, who had been doing noble work fighting, lost a leg and an eye in battle.

George Bracey of the tin shop gave a good account of himself in the Liberty parade.

Our Halloween Dance

By Thomas J. Plunkett

ONE of those nights long to be remembered by Morse employees and their families, October 30, another triumph for the Employees' Association. Was there ever a prettier sight than the "shadow dancing" with the colored lights thrown over the ball room of Prospect Hall, where the gathering was held? The "old timers" had to admit that it reminded them of an old-fashioned "party" where everyone for miles around gathered to make merry. We didn't have the cider and apples, but we had "Bevo" and "Scotch."

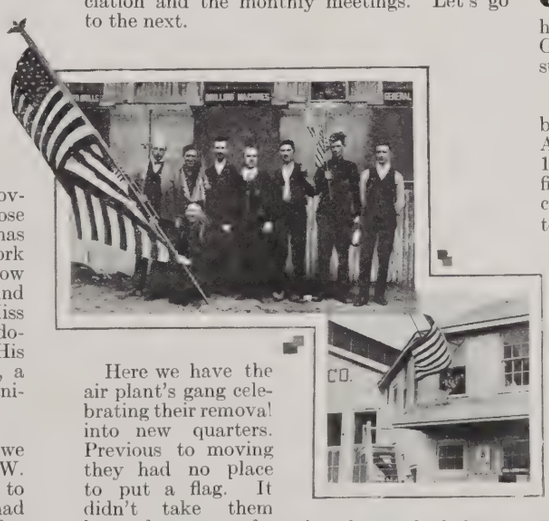
The hall was decorated with colored streamers and the flags of the Allied nations. Every guest and member received a fancy paper hat and noise makers on entering. The Morse Band played dance music far ahead of the modern "jazz." Bill Dougherty, our artistic trombonist, deserves praise for the assistance he gave Dan Shea. He kept the music on the job while the worthy "music master" and his entertainment committee greeted the arrivals at the door. Do not think that "Dan" or any of the Committee stood by the door all evening. Far be it! Didn't MacFarlane, Bright, McEwen, Sheedy and Mulligan see to it that they were not dry?

I thought that all of our wonderful dancers took part in the waltz contest held at our previous affairs, but I was mistaken, for each department this time was represented on the floor by at least a dozen clever steppers and the nimble-footed timekeepers were there in a body; also the light-footed efficiency men, who wear their rubber heels very close to the ground. Harry White was a conspicuous number on the floor, as well as in the guest boxes. He created a prize laugh when he sat down on a lady's hat. He afterwards declared that there was a bayonet instead of a hat pin in the millinery.

You've got to hand it to our workers and entertainers. Tom Coppinger sang songs as did little May Jones, daughter of our wrestling boilermaker, George Jones.

It's a wonderful spirit one finds among the Morse employees, both at work and play. That's what has placed the reputation of Morse men where it is.

Here's to that spirit, may it never die. It will not if we keep up our interest in the Association and the monthly meetings. Let's go to the next.



Here we have the air plant's gang celebrating their removal into new quarters. Previous to moving they had no place to put a flag. It didn't take them long, however, after the change had been made, to fling Old Glory to the winds. The accompanying pictures were taken during the flag raising exercises on the first day of the Fourth Liberty Loan drive.

Concerts Indoors Now

THE usual Tuesday and Thursday noon hour band concerts are now being held in the Association room on the top floor of the Carpenter shop. This change has been made because of the cold weather. It is the hope of the Board of Directors of the Employees' Association that just as many of the employees will make use of the rooms as gathered around the band stand during the summer months. Arrangements have been made to have the Morse quartet appear frequently. Tables provided with checker boards and magazines will also be placed in the rooms. Other improvements will follow as soon as it is certain that the facilities of the room are appreciated.

It is to the advantage of all of us to make use of the Association Rooms. Those in charge have shown a willingness to do all in their power to make our noon hour a greater pleasure than it ever has been before. Coöperation, in this case, is merely doing what is most pleasant.

One of Our Bandsmen



Frank Grecco, When He Was in the Italian Navy

Band Notes

JAMES HERBERT McCARTHY of the clarinet section of the band, and also secretary to Bandmaster Daniel F. Shea, has left us to accept a position at Savannah, Ga. The band members wish him luck and success. We expect him back, however.

When it comes to patriotism, Danny Shea's bunch is some great little band of patriots. After finishing the Victory parade, November 11, the band went to Coney Island and led the fire department parade there. At the conclusion of this engagement the members retired to a hotel for a celebration all their own. Despite the fact that most of them could have made $10 apiece that night they stuck together, declaring: "This is no time to make money, let's go, Dan."

George Mauru, of the cornet section, is back with us again after being laid up with the "flu."

Joe Katz, our piccolo soloist, who was injured while working on the dry dock recently, is recovering rapidly. Best wishes for you, Joe.

Frank Sheedy, for a week or more,
Had a court-plaster patch on the side of his jaw.
Now tell us, Frankie, don't get sore if we grin,
Did your wifey try to kiss you with a rolling pin?

A Little Coquette



Virginia Mulligan

ENTERTAINING seems to be a characteristic of Billy Burke's family. Burke, who is employed in the carpenter shop office, is one of the live members of our Entertaintainment Committee. The accompanying picture is of his niece, Virginia Mulligan. Virginia's father, Walter Mulligan, is employed in the paint shop. In a very few years it is expected that if Billy still adorns the personnel of the Entertainment Committee, the worries of the Committee will be at an end, for Virginia has dramatic aspirations and hopes some day to be reigning screen favorite at the Bay Ridge and the Prospect. Judging from Virginia's picture she is well started on her career. Who but a born actress could smile as she does?

Smiles Like His Daddy



Ernest McNeil Caulbi

SEE any resemblance in the smile of this little chap to the one which is usually found on the countenance of Ernest McNeil, wood caulker snapper? Well we are told that there is a resemblance and, of course, that would be natural, because Mr McNeil is daddy to this bouncing baby whose name is Arthur A., and who was ten months old when this picture was taken. To get the resemblance best one should see Papa McNeil while he is delighting in the brightlights of the Star, his favorite theatre.

A Young Rigger

IF it is true that the camera tells no lies, we are sure that this young gentleman will grow up to be a most husky and useful addition to the rigging department. He is Henry Bernard Williams, three-months'-old son of Henry James Williams, of the rigging department. According to his father, the younger Henry already shows signs of having lots of the Morse spirit. Knowing his father as we do, we are sure that such a state of affairs could not be helped.



Henry Bernard Williams, Aged 3 Months

Over the Backyard Fence

A Department Especially for the Wives

Conducted by Mrs. Otis Elliott Barene

An Xmas Fantasy

(Apologies to D. P.—"Vanity Fair")

TWO girls came strolling down the street. They had just left their toil. They came from the office at the foot of 56th street known as Morse's. They were weary and out of sorts, so they rested upon a pile of lumber nearby. Not far loomed the structure of the new dry dock. Close by the water gleamed. They sat there dreaming. Dreaming of Christmas and something new to brighten the season.

Across the street came men hurrying home with their dinner pails. Out of this group stepped two before the girls.

"Come," they cried, "we will take you to see the wonders of the season. Not far from here they are going to exhibit some new wonders of the twentieth century:

"Unselfish men.

"Men who are not conceited.

"Men who give up subway seats.

"Men who do not flirt.

"Men who make love to their own wives.

"Men who are anxious to marry.

"Men who are good-natured before eating.

"All these wonders you shall see and your spirits will be brightened."

The girls sprang to their feet, eyes sparkling. In a certain place a goodly crowd was gathered. The girls elbowed their way through, their excitement increasing. Restless women waited patiently. Everyone was anxious. Already the man who was in charge was two hours late. He was only a workman, but had a reputation for being world-weary. He had sought in vain for something of interest. This exhibit promised to satisfy him. He also wished to cheer these girls. Alas! came this opportunity. His own sex was to do it. Nearby a baby laughed and cooed. A dog barked.

The women became almost hysterical.

Suddenly a guard appeared and stepped before the assembled throng. His face was drawn and tense. All held their breath.

"There will be no exhibition to-day—our leader bids you all return to your homes, he has at last found something more wonderful. Life will be brighter, Christmas merrier. Peace has come."

Of course we can't do anything else but award this month's prize of $2 to Ellen Murray whose verse dedicated to Morse pipefitters, appears below. Here's the letter which accompanied the contribution:

334 51st Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Editor of THE DRY DOCK DIAL:

DEAR SIR: *In the last issue of* THE DIAL *we note the insert from a "Plumber's Sweetheart." As the pipe shop boys also have sweethearts kindly accept the following and if space permits insert same as a slight token from one who loves the boys of the pipe shop. The verse is written with apologies to Austin Dobson in "Of companionship my books."*

Peace

Merrily, merrily chime the bells
That bring the message of peace.
Of a brighter future it tells
When worldly discords cease.

The world was out of balance,
Only dark clouds could be seen
Now the silver lining is shining,
With blood—the earth has been made clean.

When autocratic power is overthrown
And throughout the world
The principles of democracy extend,
Then—and then only, will wholesale slaughter end.

Let us enlighten, and broaden, the mind of the people
Of the new world that is born,
Then everlasting peace will find a brighter morn.

ELLA K. LIVERMORE,
Seaford, L. I.

Thanksgiving

THANKS for work and plenty,
Thanks that it has been well done,
Thanks that among the men there is no envy
strife or hatred.
Thanks for the fine spirit that prevails in th
yard.
Thanks for the good men above it.
Thanks for the Editor's "Mariners' Prayer
in the April DIAL.
Thanks for what the men have done for th
Liberty Loan.
Thanks for the Re
Cross and the Ho
pital co-workers,
And thanks to Thee,
God, for Victory, Peac
and Happiness.

The Pie Wagon

Sing a song of sixpence,
A wagonload of pie,
Hundreds of the yar
men,
Clustering there near-by
A wagonload of stomac
aches,
A wagonload of pain,
Oh, where are all th
dinner pails
Of mother's one-tim
fame?

Sing a song of sorrow,
Hear the nurses sigh
Soon the care will be increased—
That dreadful load of pie!

Oh, where are all the "Someones"
That take care of the feed?
Get together quickly,
Do a noble deed!

Barnish the pie wagon,
Feed the men with food,
You will see the difference,
By their smile and mood.

To Morse Pipefitters

They dwell in the odor of lard oil,
They stand in a chilly shrine,
They are "warranted 'handy mechanics,'
These wonderful fitters of mine."

In their "dunderees repellant,"
In their redolent "crushed Levant,"
With their heavy, massive linings,
They are not jewels to prize, I grant.

Good tools that are steel jointed,
They have the strongest, heaviest, best,
They are graceful, attenuate, polished,
There may be better, but to me they're the bes

For the ones that I prize are yonder.
Away in the stream by themselves,
They look not for praise or for salvos,
Nor look they for the quitting bell.

Willy Bird with his hands all blistered,
And Powell the worse for wear,
With Collins, Palmer and Pace,
No better you will find never fear.

Now when they start in the morning,
'Tis a pleasure to greet them I weed,
For in friendship my heart is opened,
It's Morse pipefitters I love indeed.

ELLEN MURRAY.



Frank Falconer, compensation clerk, is getting into bad ways. He used to go to church more frequently than of late.

Mike Charles, our famous ventriloquist, says that when he dies he will throw his voice back to earth and tell us how it is up there.

Joseph McGovern, our "extinguished" office boy, is greatly interested in the pay roll office (girls).

Henry Harvey claims he is too "large" to be an office boy. Cheer up, Henry, you will be a great help to your Ma when you grow up.

Kathleen Morris's favorite question is, "Does it say in the papers when the Signal Corps will be home?"

Miss Olsen spends her lunch hour sewing and embroidering. Esther, those symptoms are suspicious. Is the wedding day approaching?

Jimmy Glym, our office comedian, is responsible for these:

"If your wife drinks liquor (lick her)."

"She has water on the knee from wearing pumps on her feet."

And he still lives!

Anyone like a game of checkers? Apply between twelve and one to our checker sharks, Mr. Schwartz and Mr. Fillazza.

Of course, we are not "nosey," but we would like to know why Miss Hildebrand visits Bliss' so often. Edna, what's the attraction?

Will someone kindly tell us where the fire sale on spats was? The girls in Room 115 have them in every size, color and style.

These windy days give Emily Mahon a fine chance to show those gray stockings of hers. Oh, Emily!

Did you hear about it, girls? They wanted Maude Wilson to represent "Starving Belgium" in one of our Liberty Loan parades. Ye Gods! She would look more like a feast than a famine.

Carlyle Stecker is some hard man to shave. So Conk says.

Germany's end should have been expected. She was ruled by efficiency experts.—*New York Sun.*

Obituary Notice

Harry Rees of the Cost Department and Miss Olga Sohns were married during the month of November, 1918.

Inevitably

The farmers may talk of bluebirds,
Of zephyrs the poet may sing;
But a tack upright
On the floor at night
Is the sign of an early spring.

Miss Cropsey says that she just loves men in uniform. What we would like to know is—does that include conductors and street cleaners?

From the looks of things we will soon have to widen the Yard Gates. Sam Potter is still gaining weight.

Jim Castle, our wild and woolly elevator man, is making some hit with the ladies. We are quite sure it is that Naval Aviator's uniform which has caused all the uproar. Going up!

After all these years the Daleys' of Wolcott street killed that goat and invited Tom Conk to Thanksgiving dinner.

Just think, Frank Maher has only been married one month and is smoking a pipe already. In six months more we expect he will be smoking a stove.

M. W. Meade is not smoking cigars these days since the War Saving Stamp machine is on his desk. He likes to watch the quarters go down the chute. Well, that is one good patriot to our credit.

Mr. Boyle, lobby superintendent, has an awful time paying off his force of strong arms, on Saturdays. Yes, the three of them.

The Garage employees are going to raffle off one of the chauffeurs for a turkey.

Responsible party can buy pool table cheap. Only those who can guarantee it a good home need apply. Joe Burns, Employment office.

ADVERTISEMENT: A well known pugilist wants engagement. Will scrap anybody with or without "rep." Apply to Kid Goodman, "The Fighting Harp," of Room No. 110. Will not be responsible for what happens to his opponents.

NOTICE: We have a new addition to the Chauffeurs Department. This bird is a cuckoo, daredevil Clancy Donnigan with the silvery voice and the watery eyes; the only man who ever picked up a sidewalk with a Ford.

Why is it that a girl is so timid in the presence of just a few of our "jackies," yet feels perfectly at home when surrounded by a battalion of them, eh, Marion?

"The dancer pays the fiddler." You bet they do. Mary and Marion decided to celebrate the Allied Victory, and went to the Hotel Astor for dinner. Ever since they have been walking to save carfare. "It's tough on the poor 'woiking goil!' "

No, Joe, that's not Mary Pickford, that's Miss M. Miller, our new night nurse.

Bob Mackin, our worthy night telephone operator, has been having a hard time of it in the hospital. Bob suffered an attack of influenza which developed pneumonia, and he is not yet beyond the danger point.

Famous Sayings

"Who's Goldberg?"—*Meta.*

"Clancy, go up and say good-night to the blond."—*Plunkett.*

"Is there anything else you want before I go?"—*Joe Henderson.*

"I am going to Gokeys"—*Jules Guerney.*

"Superintendent Hickman talking."
—*Hickman*

"Pull in."—*Harper.*

"Nothing to it."—*Miss Campbell.*

To a Dill Pickle

A fly and a flea
Were exposed to the "Flu."
O mercy, O me!
Now what should they do?

"Let us fly," said the flea
As he gave a big shiver,
"Let us flee," said the fly,
In my little old flivver."

So they swallowed some snops
That made them both wince,
Put old Lizzie in high
And we've not seen 'em since.
—*The Blockade Runner*

Who'd a Fenk It?

She said that she would marry Bill
She said the same to Joe
She promised Dick and George and Tom
Did patriotic Flo.

She wore a service pin for Jack
Another one to Phil
She wrote to Lew and Harvey
And still had time to kill.

Then, when they got a furlough
And all of them came home
They took her to the mad-house
With "Uniformis-dome."

By Joe Sims

Church Notes

Still water runs deep. Who would ever think of Dan becoming afflicted with the fair sex. Fifty-eighth street and Fourth avenue is a romantic spot.

Now that the new chapel at the Fifty-fifth street gate is nearly complete we will soon bid farewell to the little wooden church. No more will we feel the chills and drafts from its cracked walls or inhale the aroma of coal gas till we are groggy. The opening of the new chapel took place about December 1 and regular services are held daily with special shortage sermons Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

It is reported from reliable sources that Dan Lohman is demobilizing his six hundred men.

Herb Gabriel, the burner clerk, has just been drafted. Now he is all dressed up and no place to go.

While out on one of the recent emergency calls Officer McCarthy came upon a crowd of people, and after inquiring as to the trouble, he was informed that a child had been injured. He took out his book and with an air of authority turned to the child and asked, "Was youse on the wagon when youse fell off?" That ought to make a captain of you, Mac.

Church Hobbies

T. McCabe—Navy gates.
D. Lohman—Dupes.
R. Steirs—Bills.
Osterlie—Foremen's cards.



Cliff Anderson, Mr. Daly's stenographer, has the bowling fever, and wants to join the leaders in the League. As he told McMahon, he ought to make a good one. His father at one time bowled 287.

Joe O'Neill, of the welders, does not wish to be called a motorist as he wants it distinctly understood he is an aviator. His machine insists on climbing trees, and is more in the air than it is on the ground.

A certain tinsmith working on the *Moorish Prince*, in making out his card spelled the ship the following way: "Murray Sprints," and added "7 hours." When Mr. Sheedy, tinsmith foreman, got the card he said, "I always knew Murray was fast, but he sprints eight hours instead of seven."

Old man Weston may be some pedestrian, but he's got nothing on Dan Shea who walked from the yard to Fourteenth street on the day of the peace celebration and finished in Coney Island that night, and I hear that some of his family say that he walked in his sleep. Now a certain thing happened to Dan on this day which I won't tell, but for full information look up any Encyclopedia and read the mythical story of Narcissus. This is deep stuff, but it's worth looking up.

Jack Byers, the Apollo Belvedere of the store room and receiving clerk in general, is proud of the fact that up to date he has resisted the more or less enchanting wiles of the descendants of Mother Eve, the original apple woman. Of late however, his morose and unsettled frame of mind leads one who knows to say: "Ah, well, they all fall in time."

Who is the patriotic man in the copper shop that stood in Park Circle and sang "The Star Spangled Banner," and was the immediate cause of quite a few dollars being collected for the Red Cross? The man who told me this, claims the information is given as a hint to the patriotic individual to hunt some other circle in which to demonstrate his vocal ability.

Joseph Rosenstein, alias "Blubber," of the outside machinist's shanty is one of the most strenuous collectors of funds, especially if it's for a good cause, but when a man comes up and hands him a nickel (Blubber says it should be spelled knuckle) it's more than he can stand and the fellow that offered it couldn't either. Keep this under your high hat, Joseph.

Some people call money tin, and we might ask for instance: "How much *Tinn* are you *Worth?*" Since "soap" has been cut out, however, neither of two outside machinists are apt to say anything of the kind. Puzzle—Read this again and find out who they are.

Sam Polansky of the copper shop has sons in the service. On the glorious day, Monday, November 11, when pandemonium broke loose with the accompanying tears, laughter, wailing, hugs, kisses, contempt, revenge, sobriety, intoxication, singing, dancing—in general *Dementia Americanus*, Sam felt so good that when all hands knocked off, he appointed himself host of a bunch of his mates and royally entertained everyone of them. Hope to see the boys soon, Sam.

It's about a year ago since John Wixted, of the burners, was dead and resurrected again. As a long distance swimmer he was in a class by himself, for in the coldest of weather he swam the length and breadth, with the aid of a log, of the whole Long Island Creek, and it is claimed he only hollered for help about 500 times.

Some people are saying they think the ex-Kaiser's punishment doesn't fit his crime. Now, Con Moloney, of the boiler shop, declares he's willing to cross the ocean amidst a nest of U-boats, to stand six feet deep in a mud laden trench and that he wouldn't be afraid to go "over the top," but he's glad the war is over as he claims the hardest part of the whole war was filling out his Questionnaire. He says it's worse than a shortage slip.

Harris, of the copper shop, Ike's brother, has been trying to do the latter out of a job. He was told to clean the copper shop windows and thinking it would be a *putty* good idea, he took all the glass out, cleaned it, and put it back again. Ever since then Ike says it *panes* him to hear of it.

Jimmie Dunn is out with his tools and has for his mate an abbreviated helper. On the cruiser *Des Moines*, Jimmie was working under a grating with his helper standing over him. A Navy man passing and not looking above the grating, said to the snapper: "Who is that medium sized person working on the pump?"

William Porter, of the Traffic squad and *Admiral* of the *Commodore* truck of the yard, is the proud father of a boy born October 18. Color of hair, uncertain, but weight, you ought to hear him tell it—*ten pounds*.

A sure sign of winter; quite a few from every department in the yard are growing moustaches. Jack Reynolds of the pipe shop is wearing a heavy sweater. All departments want more steam turned on, and Bill Roach has a pair of new shoes and wants to bet the outside machinists will win the bowling tournament this winter.

Lost, strayed or stolen, in or around the new boiler shop, from November 11th up to the time this article was written: Jack Drew, Bill Schroeder, Mike O'Neill and Jack O'Brien. Any information as to the whereabouts of said persons will be welcomed by George Petley.

During the peace celebration John Ericksen was walking along Fifth avenue with his wife when two sailors came along so overjoyed that they tried to steal her away from him. John dreamed that night that the German vandals in Belgium had stolen the largest part of the female population, and he says his experience was no joke and would upset any man's peace of mind.

There is one man who follows the even tenor of his way, and like a man I wrote up some time ago, he is never idle. One of those rare kind who takes the initiative, and should there be nothing in sight to be done he hunts around till he finds something to do and does it with that sincerity that means something accomplished. That man is Tom Lennon of the pipe shop.

G. M. Miller, one of the yard foremen, encountered the strong arm of the law the other day. Said "strong arm" tried to pick up something that looked like a silver quarter and blamed George for it. The incident occurred on a ferry.

The bosses and office force in the inside machine shop have taken up "high" art. They've got a picture of a lily on their office door which is highbrow stuff if we know anything about it.

Here's one we are told is an absolute fact. A new comer who claimed he was a thoroughly experienced shipfitter, in looking around for the name of the ship he was working on, jotted down on his work card: "Twin Screw, Look Out for the Propellar." Now he's a goner.

I asked Mr. John Sjursen, of the rigging loft, if he had any news from his department for The Dial, such as births, marriages or deaths or anything extraordinary. He said: "No, only the boys can find a truck any time these days."

Charley Fitzsimmons, the one time fleet-winged messenger of the pipe shop, is no more serving in that capacity. He is now serving his apprenticeship under Joe Lowe in the art of making straight pipes into crooked ones. I never thought he'd bend to such a position.

One of the worthy watchmen who sports a red mackinaw, informs us that it is no use sending The Dial to his home, as nobody's ever there, and this is his explanation: "My wife works, my kid works, and I'm here."

"Westy" Barker, of the blacksmith shop, stepped out for a while the other night and came back home minus ten dollars which he didn't spend. "Westy" says it would be all right in normal times, but when a fellow is celebrating Kaiser Bill's funeral even a Third avenue "soda fountain" barkeep ought to let a fellow alone.

Ben Pearson of the blacksmiths is afraid of only one thing these days, and that is the "flu bug." Every time that a sneeze is heard down in the shop, Ben feels for his pulse.

It looked suspicious when a colored deacon walked into the store room. Miss Collins blushed, and Jack O'Hara blushed, and Jack Byers blushed. In fact the only face on which there wasn't a blush was the preacher's, or at least you couldn't notice it.

Frank Whitman claims he is a direct descendent of the Iroquois Indians. From the looks of Frank, that tribe must have been a fine looking bunch of scalped Indians.

Joe Cain and Walter Strunk of the wood caulkers must be soul mates by the way they stick together.

Pete, the car washer (garage) has bought a pair of smoked glasses so his weekly wages will appear double.

Joe Carroll left his table in the lunch room to get a glass of water and found on his return that his pork chops had disappeared—since twenty others were eating pork chops how could Joe tell which was his?



The GREATEST MOTHER *in the* WORLD

holds a sacred place of honor within our homes and in our hearts

THE message that the American people stand as one behind our brave boys and gallant Allies, is the most cheerful "Merry Christmas" we can send them.

Let us make this a Red Cross Christmas—let us see to it that every member of every family joins the Red Cross. She is warming thousands, feeding thousands, healing thousands from her store—the Greatest Mother in the World.

All you need is a Heart and a Dollar

RED CROSS CHRISTMAS ROLL CALL

December 16—23

Contributed through Division of Advertising

ADVERTISING TO VICTORY

U. S. Gov't Comm. on Public Information

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by

MORSE DRY DOCK AND REPAIR COMPANY

PRINTED BY WILLIAM GREEN, A CORPORATION, NEW YORK

We Were With You, Uncle Sam

NAVY YARD, NEW YORK, October 21, 1918.

Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co.,
Foot of Fifty-sixth street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I am enclosing a copy of a letter from the Commanding Officer of the Powhatan commending the force at your yard for their excellent work.

I wish to congratulate you on the number of letters of this tenor that have been written by the Commanding Officers of ships repaired at your yard.

Will you please make the contents of this letter known to your Mr. Lockwood and express my thanks to him.

Very sincerely yours,

(signed) G. E. BURD,
Rear Admiral, U. S. N.
Industrial Manager.

U. S. S. POWHATAN

From: Commanding Officer, October 1, 1918.
To: Commander Cruiser and Transport Force.
Subject: Satisfactory Work on Switchboard.

1. The work of installing an entirely new switchboard by the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company deserves special commendation. A summary of this is as follows:

(a) Installed temporary switches to handle the ship's lighting circuits, thereby causing no loss of time on other important work going on in the ship.

(b) After all circuits were transferred, removed old switchboard.

(c) Installed two generator panels and one distribution panel in place formerly occupied by the old board.

(d) Connected feeders from generators to new panels, and transferred all circuits from temporary switchboard to permanent distribution board.

2. The above work was started Thursday September 5th, at 6.00 P.M. and all circuits were connected to new board Saturday, September 7th, at 9.00 A.M.

3. The wires which were being handled were live wires and due to the excellent work of Mr. H. G. Lockwood, in charge of the job, the work was done on time and without a single accident to either the material or workman. It is recommended that a copy of this letter be forwarded to the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, calling particular attention to the work of this foreman, Mr. Lockwood.

(Signed) J. P. MURDOCK.

Another Letter

NAVY YARD, NEW YORK, October 30, 1918.
Hull Division

From: Construction Officer,
To: Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company,
Foot Fifty-sixth street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1. The Construction Officer desires to express his appreciation of the work of cleaning the bilge lines on the U. S. S. Rijndam and the manner in which this work was performed by the employees of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company. Mr. Noble, his assistants and the mechanics under them exerted themselves to the utmost to complete this job, and their efforts were so successful that the ship was able to make her sailing date and not be held over as was expected when this job was undertaken.

2. The Construction Officer congratulates the Morse Company on having such men in their employ. These men performed this work in a purely patriotic spirit and stayed long after their regular quitting time in order to complete the work and not delay the ship.

3. This case is one of many where the Morse Company has shown its excellent spirit.

GEO. H. ROCK,
Captain (Constr. Corps.) U. S. Navy,
Construction Officer.

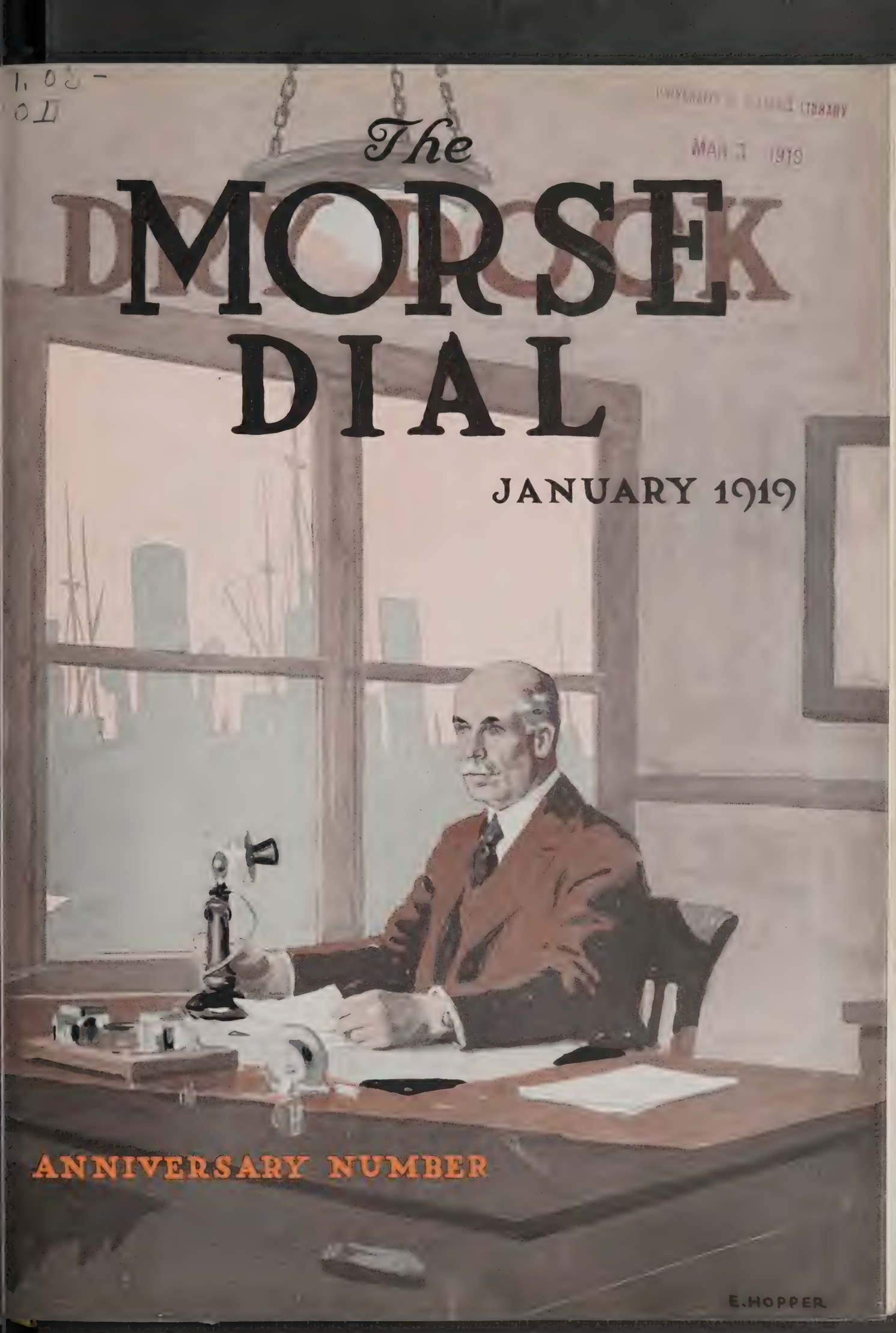


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The MORSE DIAL

JANUARY 1919



ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

E. HOPPER

Defeating Trouble

By Bert Edward Barnes

THERE are over two hundred million lead pencils used that have rubbers on the end just because people make so many mistakes.

One of the common mistakes of most people is to let trouble get the best of them.

Have you ever noticed that the tide turns when it reaches its highest point? Trouble does the same thing.

The individual who hangs on until that highest point is reached is the one who defeats trouble.

I am reminded of the past year.

The plant was going full blast night and day and it seemed as though the elements had conspired to help the Kaiser.

First came the fire which swept the yard. A few days later during a heavy gale a passenger steamer parted her lines and damaged and nearly sank the dry dock.

Before the week was over another rough sea sent the tug *Emerson* to the bottom near one of our docks, and blew down the big sign on top of the machine shop, carrying with it part of the roof.

Just about the same time a section of the new dry dock got tangled up with a high tide, crashed into a pier which crumbled into kindling wood, and started sailing away for a beach.

Trouble indeed.

I kept away from the Boss for three days and only went near him when something pertaining to my work made it necessary. Of course, I had nothing to do with these calamities, but I knew that—well you know how you know.

My surprise came, however, when I timidly ventured the remark: "Don't like to bother you with this little matter in these times of trouble, but——"

"Trouble"—and he actually smiled as though he had never heard the word before—"oh! that's nothing. Reminds me of that old poem about the poor unfortunate whose 'hoss went dead and his mule went lame and he lost six cows in a poker game.' "

As soon as I could excuse myself I sneaked away into a corner and made a few notations on my cuff.

One notation was to write an editorial about defeating trouble and the other notation was to look up that poem about the "poor unfortunate."

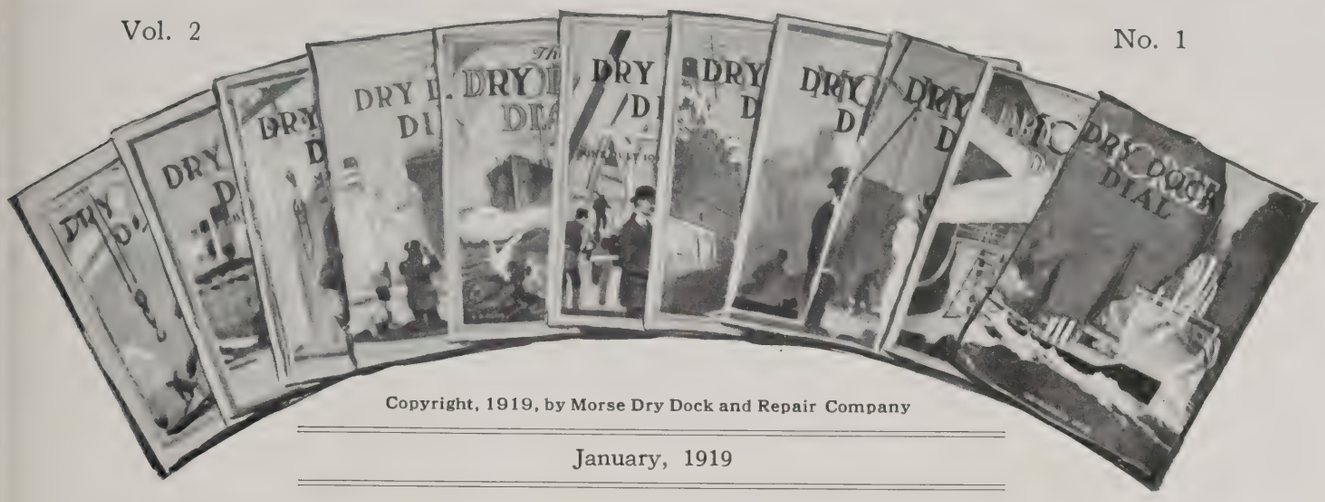
If you have read this far you've read my editorial. I hope you can understand what I am driving at. If you can't then read this poem, written by Stanton, the Georgia poet, and you will understand:

His hoss went dead, an' his mule went lame,
He lost six cows in a poker game;
A hurricane came on a summer's day
An' carried the house whar he lived away,
Then an earthquake come when that wuz gone,
An' swallered the land that the house stood on!
An' the tax collector, he come roun'
An' charged him up fer the hole in the groun'!
An' the city marshal he came in view,
An' said he wanted his street tax, too!

Did he moan an' sigh? Did he set an' cry
An' cuss the hurricane sweepin' by?
Did he grieve that his old friends failed to call
When the earthquake come and swallered all?
Never a word o' blame he said,
With all them troubles on top his head!
Not him! He climbed on top o' the hill
Whar stan'in' room wuz left him still,
An', barrin' his head, here's what he said:
"I reckon it's time to git up an' git,
But, Lord, I hain't had the measles yit!"

MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

Vol. 2 No. 1



Copyright, 1919, by Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company

January, 1919

How The Dial Is Made

AN employee asked the Editor a few weeks ago in what building in the yard the press on which the DIAL *is printed was located and how big a machine it was, and if the Editor himself operated it.*

This particular employee is a real DIAL *"fan," as enthusiastic about the magazine as any one else, swears by it as "one of the best things he ever had," and swears at the Editor when he fails to receive his copy, so he cannot be said to lack appreciation of it.*

What he does lack, however, is an understanding of the time, labor, energy and expense it takes to produce a publication like ours, and unless we are seriously mistaken there are a great many others who likewise have no understanding of how the DIAL *is made.*

This is our chief reason for devoting so much attention in this issue to our work.

A secondary reason is the fact that this issue marks the first anniversary of your magazine, and it seemed not out of place to tell you something about it.

Our article has two authors, the Editor and the Assistant Editor. That part which speaks complimentary of the Editor was written by the Assistant, and that part which praises the Assistant was written by the Editor, so that it cannot be said that either is guilty of handing himself a bouquet.

If after reading our story you are of the impression that we have a cinch, and that an Editor's life is one long, sweet dream, please do not forget that besides preparing and producing your magazine, we also are charged with the task of handling the Company's publicity, as well as a photographic department, which now includes a motion picture outfit. Thus do we manage to keep busy.—EDITOR.

IT isn't generally known that hens' eggs are used in the manufacture of a magazine like ours. The editor didn't know it himself when he started the publication a year ago, despite the fact that he had been in the newspaper business over twelve years. So you see we have learned something within the year, and, like the generous hearted souls that we are, we wish to share our knowledge with you.

Therefore if you will go along with us we will try to give you an understanding of what a big enterprise the making of a magazine like this really is.

The aviators over in France have coined the word "Gimper" as a name for a "guy who will stick it out with you, no matter what happens." Now that you have all agreed to be "Gimpers," that is, to stick it out with us, we will proceed with our article, first satisfying your curiosity about those eggs.

In THE DIAL each month there appear many pictures. These pictures, for the most part, are reproduced by copper engravings, known as "half-tones." These copper engravings are the work of experts who have spent years in learning the art of making them.

The engravings are very expensive. Perhaps one reason for this is the fact that strictly fresh raw eggs are required to make them. At any rate this is where the eggs enter into the manufacture of our magazine. About a dozen eggs are required to make the engravings used in a twenty-four page issue of THE DIAL. It may also interest you to know that in addition to eggs such common household articles as sugar, salt and castor oil are also used, all being combined with chemicals to make the composition on which an impression is taken to produce an engraving.



The Dial Editor

Not to dwell too long on this one subject, we will take up other phases of our work

This juggling of words must seem a queer business to those of you who have never ventured into the realm of the paste pot and pounding typewriter, so let us start at the very beginning, and the beginning of every DIAL is the "raw" news itself.

News is the life blood of this type of a magazine. We could fill our pages with the cleverest fiction it is possible to obtain, and with the writings of the greatest thinkers of our time and yet we would fail to produce a publication which would be as interesting to *YOU* as THE DIAL is.

And what is news?

Webster's says news is "something strange or newly happened, a report of a recent event, information about something before unknown, fresh tidings, recent intelligence."

As we see it, news is a peculiar thing, like the wireless waves and the electricity that help us to communicate with each other. These things are present, and we all realize that fact, but to put our finger on the exact spot where they may be found—that is a different matter.

So it is with news. It is always around, yet most people would hardly think to pick it up, and if they did try they would not know where to go for it—they don't know it when they see

Therefore, the first thing THE DIAL staff has to do is to find news. In a big industrial organization like ours, employing so many individuals and where activities are so varied, it is not a difficult problem for a person trained in that particular line of endeavor. There are centers of news in every community whether it be a shipyard or a sleepy village. So that news is the easiest thing in the world to find if one is trained to recognize it.

The difficulty comes in recognizing it, and then in selecting it. There is a saying known to every newspaperman that "all news is bad news," which means that a good deal of the news one gathers is not worth the time and trouble it takes to jot it down.

Perhaps we can best indicate the kind of news we are particularly concerned with by quoting something we read in one of our esteemed contemporaries a short time ago:

"If any reader has taken a vacation, married, returned an umbrella, paid back a borrowed dollar, bought a horse, automobile, or baby carriage, planted a war garden, built a chicken house, robbed a baby's bank, made a speech, been reduced, promoted, received a raise, won anything, done anything, been in a fight, we're glad of it, because that's news."

News for THE DIAL is gathered by the editor and the assistant editor, usually from sources which are known to be productive of what they want. For instance, when news items about the employees of a certain department are desired, one or the other goes hobnobbing for a while with the men of that department.

Frequently, by asking an innocent question in the employment office, the hospital and other places which are the centers of yard activities, news items are developed.

To supplement this, THE DIAL is blessed with many "good friends," who see to it that the editors hear about what Bill Wienke's baby did the night before, or how John Kenwell's dog is getting along, or about some new stunt "Red Hot" has pulled off.

Sometimes we get a bit of news written on the

The Dial Goes Over the Top in the Last Battle of the War

November 14, 1918.

My dear Mr. Barnes:

Well, the big game is finished, and I am still on deck just waiting for the old command, "Homeward Bound."

My main idea in writing is that I want to tell you a little story that probably you may like to hear. As they say, just a little dope.

Just before seven o'clock, Sunday morning, November 10, a little mail reached me, and among it I found the September copy of THE DIAL.

At that time we were in reserve at an active front, and being very heavily shelled, and I stuck it in my pocket.

The following morning we went over the top and I carried THE DIAL over with me in what proved to be the last battle of the war.

When this battle stopped my battalion were on their way in one of the wickedest barrages I have ever seen, but peace was called at eleven, and at one of the most advanced points in this section we sat around the campfire and looked over THE DIAL.

I thought perhaps this may interest you, so I wrote it for your reference. I expect to see you all soon and hope that I can still get back with the boys. Anyhow, just look for me soon.

Give my regards to all the boys.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY C. WIESMANN,
U. S. Infantry, A. E. F., Somewhere in France.



Roger Moran and Miss Marion Hayes, Contributing Editors; C. Stewart Wark, Assistant Editor; Bert E. Barnes, Editor; William Roth and Thomas Plunkett, Contributing Editors, and Miss Joan C. Sharp, Office Assistant. Below: John Powell, "Dry Dock Poet," Edward Hopper, Cur Favorite Cover Artist, and Jacob Moses, a Contributing Editor.



Picture at left shows corner of Finishing Room in Miles Engraving Plant in New York City. One of the presses on which proofs are made can be seen in the corner. Picture at the right shows gallery where subjects are photographed and negatives developed.

ack of a time card or scribbled on the edge of work order. Again we get it in a more artistic form when it is written by some of our contributing editors (God bless 'em) to whom for heir honest efforts and able help the editors of THE DIAL are forever indebted. Speaking of ontributing editors, it should be understood hat any employee, or his wife, mother, sister r sweetheart can become one by the simple xpedient of sending us information regularly.

Trained newspaper men usually have big ars, big in the sense that they hear much which he ordinary person lets slip by, and as we go bout the yard, we frequently pick up informaion which is of great interest to our readers, ut which we would never obtain in other ways.

Whenever there is a special bit of news to be eveloped however, it usually falls to the lot of ne assistant editor to get the data. For exmple, when we receive information that a ecord has been made on some particular job, ne assistant editor is sent out to get the details. Tow and then it is one of the contributing ditors who gets the assignment, or the editor imself who goes after the data, but usually the ssistant editor does the stunt.

Perhaps many of you have noticed him urrying around the yard, pencil usually beind his big ears, note book in hand, and his ell-rimmed glasses poised intelligently on his ose. Mr. Wark, who enjoys the title of ssistant editor, came to THE DIAL a little over our months ago. He was formerly a reporter n the Brooklyn Daily *Eagle*, not an editor or a esk man or any one of those "lords of the city oom" who put in fancy words that we love to ead every morning at the breakfast table, but "district man," one who covers a certain secon of the city and goes to everything, from a urder to a strawberry festival. In other ords, he was a "news hound."

Wark, of necessity, learned to get all the news at there was to be had in South Brooklyn, his istrict, because he found out early in the game at if he didn't get it someone else would, and that happened frequently he would be out of job. He had learned his work well and came his position here with a well developed "nose r news." It isn't necessary to cite the many nprovements that have been made in THE IAL since he joined its staff.

After the news in its rawest state has been llected, the typewriters in THE DIAL office gin to click. Don't get the idea that we ake collections of news and then assemble it the same systematic way that the laundry an gets your weekly allotment of soiled llars, for that would not be practical. We t and assemble the news whenever we can, t for the sake of time and space we will make r story slightly diagrammatical.

The news from the timecards, from our contributing editors and from Wark's hieroglyphics is smoothed out a bit with the aid of typewriter and copy paper, and then it is turned over to the editor, and the "supreme test," the hairline between the wastepaper basket and fame, has been reached.

Before coming to the Morse yard, your editor was one of the newspaper nobility that we spoke about. He had been a reporter and an editor on newspapers in Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Indianapolis, Bridgeport, and other cities. Before coming here he was a war editor on the New York *Evening Sun*. Needless to say he had acquired a facility for wielding the blue pencil in a fairly accomplished manner, and his judgment of news and material has helped to give THE DIAL the high rank that it has among its contemporaries.

Sometimes his blue pencil travels at a furious rate, and copy comes back looking like a futuristic picture in a Washington Square magazine. At other times the author is more lucky, and only a few symbolic marks mar the beauty of the author's work.

Then again, there are times when those present hear a sharp grunt from behind the editor's "mahogany" desk, and if they look quick enough they may see a streak of yellow flying toward the wastepaper basket. That streak is the copy paper one has been pounding for the last hour or so. Without a wastepaper basket how void of excitement this little game would be.

Thus is news for THE DIAL gathered and prepared. In speaking of news we mean the lengthy articles as well as the short items. Frequently it takes a great deal more time getting data for a story than it takes to write the story. Now and then some governmental agency sends in an article already written, about what is being done to keep up the moral spirit of our soldiers and sailors, or the editor runs across a worthwhile item in some other publication which requires only a few clips of the scissors, and a daub or two of paste to get it on its way to the printers. For the most part, however, the material that is used in THE DIAL is developed within our own organization.

Before we depart from the subject of news and how it is gathered, we must not forget to say more about our contributing editors. These generous, good-natured souls are individuals who work for the pure love of the thing. They get nothing for their labors but whatever glory may be in it, but oh! how helpful is their work to those who have the responsibilities of producing the magazine on their shoulders. We are sure that nature has reserved a special place in the heavenly kingdom for all of our contributing editors.

Such matter as the contributing editors send in usually goes direct to the editor's desk, and there it is put to the "supreme test" mentioned above.

And just a word about this "supreme test" and what it means.

Frequently items of news reach the editor, which, if used as sent in, would do irreparable harm to some individual or individuals. This isn't because anyone desires to perpetrate anything harmful, but usually because an item which may seem innocent enough in itself to the person responsible for it, may not be the innocent lamb it appears. News items have a habit of parading around in sheep's clothing, like the wolf in

Says "The Dial" Leads Them All

WHEN the first issue of THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL *came out, early in the year, it was commented that the editor would have a very difficult job in keeping the wonderful pace set in the initial number. The October issue, which is the ninth number of* THE DRY DOCK DIAL *which is published by the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, is conclusive proof of the leadership of this publication in the field of periodicals issued by the shipbuilding companies.* THE DRY DOCK DIAL *is well prepared, its reading matter being solid, and at the same time serving the purpose of interesting the men employed by the Company. The illustrations are of the type appearing in the high class magazines. Bert Edward Barnes, the editor of the breezy* DRY DOCK DIAL, *is to be commended for his successful effort in stimulating war spirit in the shipbuilding plants of the Company.—The Marine News, November* 1918.



At the left is seen a corner of the Routing Room of Miles Plant where waste metal is cut away and plates are blocked ready for shipment. At the right is a corner of the Etching Room



Monotype Machines and Operator

that nursery story about Red Ridinghood.

It is the editor's responsibility to discover the disguise before it is too late, and to give you an idea of how difficult that is, we are going to call your attention to an experiment which was made once by a celebrated publishing house in Glasgow.

This house attempted to publish a work which would be a perfect specimen of typographical accuracy. Everything was done to attain that result. Six experienced proof-readers were employed, who devoted hours to reading each page, and after it was thought perfect the proofs were posted up in the hall of a university with a notice that a reward would be given to any person discovering an error.

Each page was thus subjected to public revisal two weeks before it was printed, and the publishers felt sure that they had obtained their object. When the work was issued, however, several errors were found in it, one of which was in the very first line of the first page.

So you see we have our troubles.

After a story has passed the "supreme test" it is then sent on its way to the printers. First, however, it is necessary to mark on the copy just what type to set the story in, and the size of the title, or "head" as we call it, and the editor has to figure out before hand just about how much space he is going to have available for that particular story.

To correct the mistakes in a piece of copy and to prepare it for the printer requires much care, and frequently it is necessary to read the article over several times.

Copy is usually sent to the printer in batches and in a few days the matter is in type and ready for further attention from the editor.

The type used in THE DIAL is cast by a monotype machine. When copy is received it is checked up by the foreman of the composing room and then turned over to the monotype operator. She or he then proceeds to operate a keyboard something like a typewriter, and this operation punches a lot of holes in a narrow strip of paper, somewhat similar to the holes you find in your piano-player rolls.

The punctured paper rolls are then placed in a casting machine and fresh type is made, all set and in its proper place. From the casting machine the next step is to the proofing machine where a boy daubs the face of the type over with ink and then takes an impression from it on white paper. These first proofs are sent to the proofroom for corrections, and then two sets of proofs are made, one on white paper, and one on colored paper.

These two sets are then sent to the editor and his task of "making-up" begins. "Making-up" means planning or designing the book, arranging the engravings in the pages in a way to get the desired effect, and deciding the place each page will occupy in the magazine. "Making-up" in a manner which will give a publication a distinctive "dress" and make it effective takes a great deal of time and infinite pains to produce the desired result. Where type is run around engravings as is so frequently done in THE DIAL, the task involves more care than if it was put into the magazine all of the same column measure.

One of the very difficult problems the editor has each month is to make the amount of type he has fit into the amount of space at his disposal. Frequently if the magazine is to be of sixteen pages, the editor finds himself with enough matter to fill twenty-four or more pages. Then it is a case of selecting from what he has the matter that cannot be held over to the next issue.

To make up a page the editor takes what is called a "dummy," which is a sheet blocked out the exact size of the page of THE DIAL and pastes onto it proofs of the engravings he is to use on that page and then the colored proofs of the type matter. Most of the work of "making-up" is done with scissors and paste.

When a page is made up the dummy is sent to the printer and the men who handle the type (who, by the way, have to be skilled workmen), begin to place the engravings and the type within a metal form, according to the way the page is laid out on the dummy. This is slow work because type is sometimes slippery stuff to handle, and if even a few lines get "pied" it means that those few lines have to be set over again on the machine. Spilling the type and getting it all mixed up is what is meant when we say "pied."

It takes the editor between fifteen and twenty minutes to paste up a dummy page, which means that it takes close to eight hours to make up twenty-four pages. The printer, of course, has to have more time than that, and so it goes all down the line, every operation requiring time, care and expert knowledge and ability.

It may surprise some of our good readers to know that it takes an army of men to produce THE DIAL each month. The William Green Corporation, of New York, which manufactures THE DIAL, is one of the largest printing establishments in the world, occupies every inch of a building which takes up a whole city block, and employs many hundred hands and brains. It produces books in every language and during the war turned out millions of pieces of printed matter for the Government.

The small neighborhood shop we are all so more or less familiar with could not manufacture a magazine like THE DIAL within a month after every bit of copy was turned into it, and by the time the magazine then came from the press everything in the publication would be stale news.

When the printers have completed their task of putting into the page forms the engravings and type, proofs are taken of those pages and these proofs then are sent to the editor whose duty it is to again go over the matter to catch any possible mistake or typographical erro and to make the necessary corrections.

When these page proofs are finally O. K. th printers then lock the page forms into a large form which holds sixteen of them. Each pag has to be arranged with such care that if it i out of the way even so much as the breadth o a hair, a poor printing job will result.

When these larger forms are locked up th magazine is then ready to be "put to bed," a those in the trade say. Putting the magazin to bed means putting the forms on the press and here is another bit of work which require expert knowledge. All of THE DIAL is printe on one large sheet of paper, first on one side an then on the other, with the twenty-four pages s arranged that the sheet will fold and cut in thei proper order.

The paper which is used is known as "coated' and is of very fine quality, being produced i the famous Warren Mills at Cumberland, Me

Two flatbed Miehl presses are used, eac holding one of the sixteen page forms. Thes presses run at the rate of 1,000 copies an hou From the presses the sheets go to the bindery where they are put in big folding machines an then inserted within the cover pages which hav been prepared in the meantime.

The books are then ready to be stitche trimmed and delivered to the mailing depart ment where they are inserted in envelope which have been addressed beforehand.

While the editor is busy with the preparatio of news and with his "dummy" pages, othe work, as vital to the success of the forthcomin issue, is being done by various craftsme Work by our artist, on the cover that is to dec rate the issue at hand, has probably been begu a long time before work on that particular issu of the magazine has been started.

Artists are hard people to hurry, and a work done under pressure is very seldom of th highest type. The man who has made a goo majority of the covers for THE DIAL, Edwar Hopper, is an artist of considerable note, an on poster work, which is his specialty, he is co sidered by many to have no peer in the countr

Poster work is a comparatively new branc of art, and has as its basic principles simplici and a centralization of interest on a subje that will have a definite appeal to a certa class of people.

Mr. Hopper's covers for THE DIAL ha aroused a great deal of interest among all class of the marine world. Incidentally Mr. Hopper poster, "Smash the Hun," which was posed f by Peter Shea, an employee of the Morse Cor pany, took first prize in the United Stat Shipping Board poster contest.

An idea of what is wanted for a cover desig is usually given to the artist by the edito



Just Before Putting The Dial to Bed

Then an idea sketch is made for the editor's approval, and if that is accepted the real work of making the drawing is begun. Mr. Hopper's drawings are usually done in water colors. THE DIAL covers are usually of two colors.

When a cover drawing is completed by the artist it is sent to the engravers and engravings which will reproduce in color are made from it. These engravings are very expensive because of the expert workmanship required in making them.

The H. C. Jones' Engraving Co., of New York, makes most of THE DIAL cover plates.

Our story is already running too long, and to burden it with more details about the mechanical operations of producing a cover might prove too much for even you good-natured "gimpers."

We haven't touched in any way upon the vast amount of detail involved in producing the magazine, such as artwork, photography and so forth, nor on the great amount of time which it takes to keep our mailing list up-to-date, but we hope that this article has succeeded in giving you a better understanding of just how much energy, time, thought and expense go into the production of your magazine.

Now why do we wish to emphasize these things?

To answer that question perhaps, it would be best to tell a story about old "Sitting Bull," an Indian chief who had spent his life on the deserts of the West, and was brought to New York to see some of the modern wonders of the world. He was shown the Woolworth building, the Brooklyn bridge, the subway tubes, and many of the great engineering wonders of the day.

When asked what he considered the most wonderful thing he had seen, he walked across the room of the hotel where he was staying and pointed to a water faucet. This simple little thing was greater to this old Indian, who had borne the hardships of life on the deserts where water was not always to be had, than all the skyscrapers of New York. Umph! What a great thing it was to have a constant supply of water in every room.

And so it is with the little things of everyday life. We see them so often we lose all sense of appreciation of them. If THE DIAL can bring home to you a keener appreciation of the little things of everyday life, the editors will feel that they have accomplished something.

THE DIAL started at a desk in the employment bureau, a department which was even then overcrowded. For the greater part of the past year the editorial sanctum continued there. Recently, however, a new office has been provided.

If THE DIAL has been helpful to you in the past year, if it has served to interest you and to create within this great industry a more friendly, family spirit, then it is going to be of even greater value and interest to you in the new year, with our improved facilities for handling it.

Our new office is on the top floor of the North building, an office which boasts of a flood of light, some striking pictures on the wall, some pretty green curtains, a dark room for photographic work, and a stenographer in the person of Miss Joan Sharp.

A story of how THE DIAL is made would not be complete without naming the contributing editors.

John Powell, "Dry Dock Poet," is perhaps the best known and the most widely read. He started his career as a vaudeville actor and has traveled over almost every inch of the United States. Powell and his wife for many years formed one of the most popular vaudeville teams in the country. While on the road he had many opportunities for seeing the funny side of life in many of the smaller towns in which they played. He made use of this fact by writing humorous articles on any little incident which might come to his attention. These articles were sold to many of the newspapers in the middle west and Canada. He is now employed as material man in the pipe shop.

Jacob Moses, of the electrician department, was, before coming to our yard, editor and publisher of the *School Comrade*, a magazine for high school students. His work is one of the bright spots of the editorial page of THE DIAL.

Marion Hayes, Roger Moran and Margaret McCarthy are the people to whom we are indebted for most of the news which comes from the office. Occasionally, we have a special article from Moran, and then every month the three of them assemble in a secret conclave, which is the reason why the "Office Cat" is so full of good-natured fun and so eagerly read by all of the office force, although we are not saying just "who" is the "Office Cat."

William Roth was, up to a few days ago, our "Church" correspondent. With the "Church" now a minus factor Roth will be forced to find a new field for his efforts. His little jingles about the men in the yard and his work on the "Church Psalms" have given us many a laugh.

To Tom Plunkett, of the Employment Office, we are indebted for a complete report of most all of our social events. Lately Tom has become a bowling "fan" and is now giving us news about the bowlers.

Abe Yager 2d, nephew of Abe Yager, sporting editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, keeps us in touch with all of the doings in the world of the "squared ring."

Mrs. Otis Elliot Barene and Ella K. Livermore are the only two members of the contributing staff of THE DIAL who are not Morse employees. Mrs. Barene is the wife of Otis Barene of the Rigging Department and Mrs. Livermore is the wife of Wallace Livermore of the Caulking Department. Mrs. Barene and Mrs. Livermore are helping to make "Over the Back-yard Fence," the page devoted especially to the women of Morse employees, of greater interest and value with each succeeding issue of THE DIAL.

Vincent Consoli has been elected a member of the Conference Board to represent the inside machinists, succeeding Louis V. Schatzel, who has left the Company.

The National Marine Says

MR. Bert Edward Barnes, sometime newspaper man, now editor of THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL, *whose "I Am the Ship" was reproduced in the June issue of The National Marine, has shown a decided spiritual insight into the issues of the war, especially in his articles on maritime affairs. His work has a special appeal for the practical mariner as well as for the lay reader. Contemplating the need for ships, he wrote "The War That the Hun Made," which we published in the September issue.*

Our readers will like his "The Mariner's Prayer," we think, which goes:

> *O Lord, now that I have found Thee, lift up mine feet from the rough road of life and help me to cross safely the gangplank of temptation into the ship of salvation. Let the hand of prudence guide the helm and the winds of love fill the sails and the Good Book be my compass. And Almighty God, whose patience with humanity is everlasting, keep all hidden rocks of adversity from my course; let my bow cut clean the fresh waters of righteousness; steer me clear of Satan's torpedos and may the bright rays of hope never die out of the lighthouses along the way that I may make the run of life without disaster. And Lord, if it be Thy pleasure, I would ask that the tides bear unto me in letters of gold the true meaning of Thine Ten Commandments that I may be a mariner worthy of Thy blessings. Let not mine eyes be darkened by the fogs of evil; keep ringing loud for mine guidance the bell-buoys of faith, and when I have at last sailed into the port of death may the Good Skipper of the Universe say: Well done, thou good and faithful servant, come and sign the log and receive eternal happiness as your salvage reward.*

The foregoing is a good, able-bodied, sound, Christian prayer for any sailor ashore or afloat, and we commend it to our thousands of seafaring friends. With a homely, sturdy pen, Mr. Barnes is doing his country yeoman service.—The National Marine, November 1918.



Big Trimming Machine with its powerful knife capable of cutting through 50 copies at once

THE "VONNIE" REDEEMS HERSELF

Once Notorious German Raider, Now Undergoing Repairs in Our Yard, Proves Her Right to Americanization after Being Tamed by Yankee "Gobs"

By Anthony F. Moitoret
Chief Yeoman, U. S. N. R. F.

WHEN the former North German Lloyd liner *Kronprinz Wilhelm* limped into Hampton Roads, Va., to coal, and was interned in the spring of 1915, after about eight months at sea as a German raider, her officers and crew had concluded that her work in the war was done.

But they were wrong, as so many millions of their countrymen were wrong in the objects for which the Central Empires fought, for the career of the good ship, which couldn't be blamed for having been "Made in Germany," wasn't half finished. It was her destiny to live down the odious reputation of having been on the wrong side, and in her service as an auxiliary cruiser and transport for Uncle Sam, to more than make up her damage to the Allied cause by the capture of fifteen vessels while a German raider.

In carrying thousands of American soldiers to France, at the same time acting as a protective convoy for other transports, in defying the subs and occasionally peppering at them with her guns, the re-christened *Kronprinz Wilhelm*, now the U. S. S. *Von Steuben*, which has been a "guest" of the Morse yard since November 10, has proved conclusively her right to naturalization as an American of unquestioned patriotism, like her great namesake, Baron Von Steuben, who came over from Germany during the Revolutionary War to help out General Washington.

The *Von Steuben* came to like the climate on this side of the water during her two years' internment, and when the United States entered the war she entered on the second phase of her war service. She was taken over by the U. S. Navy in April, 1917, and fitted out as an auxiliary cruiser in the Philadelphia navy yard, where she was commissioned on June 9, 1917, under Commander Stanford E. Moses.

All through the long summer months and into the fall of 1917 the *Von Steuben* and her crew, itching for active service at sea, were held in the navy yard while the work of converting her into an American naval vessel was in progress. Many of her staterooms were torn out, her furnishings were removed, especially any pictures of the Kaiser and the Clown Quince that were found, her main dining salon was converted into a crew's mess hall, and a battery mounted consisting of eight 5-inch guns, four 3-inch guns, two 3-inch anti-aircraft guns and four one-pounders.

She made her trial trip the last of September, 1917, a short cruise off the American coast, and a month later started for France with troops. It was a trying voyage, that first trip to France, for the U-boats were cutting lively capers in those days, and a dash through the zone was not exactly a lark for a crew that was having its first experience with that sort of thing. But the "Vonnie" arrived safely, unloaded her troops and hurried back for more.

And that came to be the *Von Steuben's* regular grind, across and back, across and back, nine times in all, becoming rather monotonous for the crew, were it not for an occasional brush with a sub, and varied only by a trip to Balboa, Panama Canal Zone, for repairs in January, 1918. Christmas dinner was served while the ship lay in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, en route to the Isthmus.

While the *Von Steuben's* men could swear to having actually seen a submarine but once, there were moments of tense excitement on practically every trip. General quarters, the battle drill, was held every day at sea, and the officers and men, at look-out stations or at guns, went through the drill in a manner that boded ill for any U-boat that might have the temerity to pop its periscope above the waves.

Thus, all was as orderly as a drill when a salvo from one of the guns rang out on the afternoon of June 18, 1918. No *Von Steuben* man will ever forget that day. Captain Yates Stirling, Jr., who succeeded Commander Moses in command, was on the bridge, and to his quick thinking and cool action the men give credit for foiling the lurking U-boat, which let fly a torpedo that seemed to miss the ship by a matter of a few feet.

The *Von Steuben* was returning from France, and was alone at the time. The submarine had sunk another ship a short time before the *Von Steuben* appeared over the horizon, and was lying in wait among its victims' lifeboats, using them to lure on what it expected would be its second victim. Captain Sitrling was not deceived, however, distinguishing between the submarine and the lifeboats, and maneuvering the ship in a manner to dodge the torpedo.

In the meanwhile the *Von Steuben's* guns were not idle. They fired broadsides in the direction of the spot where the periscope had been seen. Again and again the ear-splitting salvos rang out until more than a score of shots had been fired, while depth bombs were dropped over the stern. Satisfied that that particular U-boat would keep below for the rest of the day, the "Vonnie" romped on.

There were no lives lost on the *Von Steuben* that day, of course, although it was the nearest thing to a battle the ship experienced. But

MANY interesting vessels find their way to our docks throughout the year, but, perhaps, there has never been a vessel laid up here that has had the interesting and varied career of the U. S. S. "Von Steuben," whose beautiful outlines grace our waterfront at the present time.

The "Vonnie," as she is affectionately called by the many husky "gobs" who now make up her crew, started her adventurous career as the "Kronprinz Wilhelm," the pride of the North German Lloyd Steamship Line. She arrived in the port of New York after her maiden voyage on September 25, 1901. Her very first trip was an adventurous one, for in the very middle of the Atlantic she was struck by a tidal wave which, although it failed to do any great damage, caused a panic on board, and very few of the passengers were able to get any great comfort out of the remainder of the trip. The following year, she earned the title of "Queen of the Atlantic," which she kept for many years.

Beside being one of the fastest ships afloat, the "Kronprinz Wilhelm" was considered the most palatial of all trans-Atlantic liners. Her social hall, a marvel to all who saw it, was finished with the finest of silk brocade, contained pictures of all the principal Prussian cities, and boasted of a lifesized portrait of the former German Crown Prince. Needless to say, these Hunish decorations have long since been relegated to the scrap heap where they belong, together with the erstwhile rulers. In this day of triumph over the ambitions of one Herr Bill Hohenzollern, the allegorical painting, which once decorated the smoking-room, and which was supposed to represent the exact words of the ex-Kaiser who said, "Our future lies upon the water," is a laughable illustration of his ego.

Another thrilling foretaste of the adventurous career in store for the "Kronprinz" came in the year 1907, when she hit an iceberg which cut a large hole in her side. Her many air compartments and safety devices enabled her to make port. Again in 1908 she collided with the "Crown of Castile," and was obliged to put back for repairs. Her trips as a peaceful passenger ship continued until the outbreak of the Great War. She came to be known as the "music ship" because all noted musicians seemed to prefer her accommodations when a trip across the ocean was necessary. At another time she acquired a great deal of publicity by having as a part of her cargo seven million dollars in gold.

The outbreak of war found the "Kronprinz Wilhelm" on this side of the Atlantic with Allied warships patroling the waters just off Sandy Hook. Her services were needed by the German government, however, so after hasty and frantic preparation which was the gossip of all New York at the time, she slipped away from her pier at Hoboken on the night of August 4, 1914, and for a time seemed to have disappeared from the earth. About a month later, a neutral vessel reported having seen her transferring coal to the German warship "Karlsruhe" in West Indian waters. Thrilling chapters of history were thereafter written in her log. On September 26 she sank the British steamer "Indian Prince. In February two more merchant vessels were sunk by her guns, and the "Bellevue," British, and the "Montagel," French, followed in quick succession. She seemed to be the proverbial phantom ship, unheard of for several weeks, and then the survivors of another one of her victims would announce to the world that the "Kronprinz" was still at large.

Fourteen vessels sunk was her record up to April 12, 1915, when after a chase by British warships she was forced into the harbor of Newport News. While there, six of her officers and six seamen took advantage of the hospitality of the United States, and made their escape from what they probably knew was to be internment. They fled in the steam yacht "Eclipse," which they had purchased. The "Eclipse" was reported sunk by the Australian cruiser "Sydney" on October 20, with all lives lost. With the period of American protection without internment almost at an end, it seemed as if the "Kronprinz" was to again make a dash for the open sea, but at the last moment was officially interned by the United States Government on May 4, 1915.

At the request of the owners of the boat, work of again changing her into a peaceful merchantman was started so that she would be ready for use at the end of the war, but her days of war were not yet over, and she was officially seized by the United States Marshal on February 4, 1917, and turned into an auxiliary cruiser and troop ship which, renamed the "Von Steuben," is now flying the Stars and Stripes.

This in brief, is the history of this most beautiful of all ships, up to the time where Mr. Moitoret begins his interesting story. Mr. Moitoret writes about the "Vonnie" with an intimacy which could only come from being a member of her gallant American crew. His story is the work of a trained writer because Mr. Moitoret was formerly a newspaperman in San Francisco, Denver and Cleveland, and is also author of a humorous story about a rubber ship which appears in Harper's Magazine for January, and which originated from his experiences on the "Vonnie." "The Dial" is indebted to Mr. Moitoret for this splendid contribution which will be of such interest to its readers.—The Editor.

the vessel has had her heroes, nevertheless. On March 5, 1918, while firing at a floating spar that looked dangerously like a periscope, a shell exploded prematurely, throwing a shower of steel fragments on deck, killing two of the crew outright and wounding several others. And on September 6, 1918, when the ship ran into a tropical hurricane, three of the crew were washed overboard and lost.

The "Vonnie's" luck, now something proverbial with the crew, was conspicuously to the fore one morning in December, 1917. The ship was about forty miles off the Nova Scotian coast when the ammunition ship and the Belgian relief vessel collided in Halifax harbor, causing the explosion that wrecked that city. Had the *Von Steuben* been a few hours ahead of her schedule she would have been in the immediate vicinity of the colliding vessels and her fate would have been that of the shell-torn ships her crew viewed in the harbor, some of which looked as though they had stormed Heligoland or the Kiel Canal.

In spite of her distance from the scene, the blast was distinctly heard, and the concussion felt. A cloud of heavy smoke was seen over the horizon; the sound of cannonading was heard, and the detonation made the "Vonnie" tremble. The first impression was that the submarines were busy, or that a naval engagement was in progress. Did the *Von Steuben* change her course and flee for safety? Not the "Vonnie"! She may have changed her course, but only to make a bee-line for the scene of trouble.



The "Vonnie" in Panama Canal Locks, Taken from Her Crow's Nest

Land came into view, the cloud of smoke, now black, now with puffs of white, was seen pouring up behind low-lying hills. The men aboard the *Von Steuben* then realized that the explosion had been on land, and when a pilot was picked up as the ship neared Halifax harbor first fragments of the real facts were at hand.

Visible evidences of the wholesale destruction caused by exploding shells from the wrecked ammunition ship were everywhere. Part of the city already lay in ruins, while the flames were still spreading. That night snow fell, a gale blew, and with the fires ashore lighting up the ghostly wrecked ships in the harbor, the *Von Steuben* gazed upon a scene that was indeed tragic.

The *Von Steuben's* men were not there to look on, however. They were there to aid the stricken citizens of Halifax, and working parties were soon ashore with picks and shovels, digging in the ruins for bodies, carrying wounded to hospitals, and bringing first aid to the homeless. How well they performed their task of mercy was told in the censored news dispatches which praised the work of the crew of "an American naval vessel." That vessel was the *Von Steuben*.

Luck—tempered largely with good judgment—prevailed on another occasion when the *Von Steuben* collided in the submarine zone with another transport. Although both ships were loaded with troops, not a life was lost. There was not even a panic, for the *Von Steuben's* men were trained for the unexpected, and the *Von Steuben* reached France with her convoy on scheduled time.



The U. S. S. "Von Steuben" as She Looked Before the War

A "mere incident" also in the list of her exciting exploits was the transfer of nearly two thousand troops from a burning transport at sea. An all-night job it was, but the *Von Steuben* stood by, and the next morning was off like a greyhound for France at top speed. The other transport got back to port safely, but the *Von Steuben* delivered two shiploads of fighters, instead of one, at a French port.

For a number of voyages the *Von Steuben* wore a distinctive camouflage, the work of the ship's painters. Instead of the futurist patchwork she now wears, and which has become quite common, the "Vonnie" had a destroyer painted in black on either side. These two companions looked formidable and business like enough at a distance to have fooled any submarine. How many submarine commanders were deceived will never be known, of course, but the crew had as much confidence in the fake destroyer convoy as in the present low visibility crazy-quilt camouflage.

But the *Von Steuben's* a happy ship, with a happy crew, despite all the ups and downs of war and the subs. Something approaching an *esprit de corps*, as the French say, was developed under Captain Stirling, and this spirit has been encouraged by the present commander, Captain C. R. Miller.

The ship boasts a crack band of twenty-four pieces, which gave concerts twice daily while taking the troops over, and will undoubtedly take a prominent part in the musical end of the celebrations that will surely be held aboard while the soldiers are en route home. The crew is keen for sports, and has basketball and baseball teams that have made creditable showings. And not least of the amusements on board is the activity of the ship's thespians. Under the direction of the chaplain, Lieut. (j. g.) Joseph T. Casey, the sailor singers and actors have staged many a show that was the delight of troops and visitors from other naval vessels stationed overseas. Moving pictures are shown nearly every evening.

As an example of the sort of talent found in the large crew, "The Old Von Steuben Rag" may be cited. This musical composition, which the ship's quartet has been singing before New York audiences in the past month, was written by two members of the crew, Edward Young and John Campbell. Presented as one of the musical numbers of a minstrel show aboard, the song was such a success that the writers decided to have it published.



"Bill" and "Tomatoes," the "Vonnie" Mascots, Having a Friendly Tussle Before an Interested Onlooker

The *Von Steuben* is the only transport having two daily papers, so the editors of *The Daily Scuttlebutt Gazette* and *The Pay-office Picayune* claim. These two publications, "printed" on typewriters, with the aid of carbon paper, each have their respective fields, the *Gazette* being published for the chief petty officers, while the name of the *Pay-office Picayune* indicates its clientele. Interest in the papers, however, extends beyond these limitations, and each paper has an enthusiastic following that daily scans the bulletin boards for the "latest."

The ship's wireless picks up official navy press dispatches while at sea and each morning at breakfast a brief report of the big events from the world at large is furnished by the radio operators.



This Little Tug Has All It Can Do to Push the "Vonnie" Against a Dock

And the ship's mascots! No story of the *Von Steuben* would be complete without mention of "Bill," the goat, and "Tomatoes," the playful canine, who have proved themselves good sailors and are now old salts. These two are loved by all, in spite of the fact that "Bill" has a ready appetite for anything lying loose, and they are close pals. It's a rare day that "Bill" and "Tomatoes" don't engage in a friendly tussle.

In justice to "Tomatoes" it ought to be mentioned that "Bill" hasn't really qualified as a mascot, despite his long service, for his digestion balks at cotton waste, and the "Vonnie's" "black gang" declare that a navy goat that won't eat cotton waste isn't "there" as a seagoing mascot.

"Tomatoes," however, has learned to discriminate between uniforms and refuses to become friends with any but bluejackets. Soldiers taken over by the ship once tried to



The Vonnie's Crack Baseball Team

kidnap him and succeeded in getting him ashore, but "Tomatoes" found his way back. Shore liberty has no attraction for him.

The *Von Steuben* was built by the Vulcan Shipbuilding Company at Stettin, Germany, in 1901. She is 663 feet long, with a beam of 66 feet and a depth of 43 feet, and has a gross tonnage of 15,000 tons. She has twin screws, propelled by two sets of six cylinders, four stage expansion reciprocating engines, each unit having 18,000 indicated horsepower. When in the transatlantic passenger service before the war her best day's run was 540 knots, and her fastest passage, from New York to Plymouth, England, was made in 5 days, 9 hours and 46 minutes, an average of 23.01 knots per hour. She has an authorized complement of 42 officers and 960 men, but usually carries about 52 officers and 1,150 men.

Named After a Patriot

By J. Moses

QUITE a number of men in our yard are somewhat puzzled as to why this great vessel, whose original German name was Kronprinz Wilhelm, was renamed Von Steuben, also a German name.

For the sake of those eager for information on this question, I compiled the following facts from an encyclopaedia.

Baron Friedrich Wilhelm von Steuben, a German-American soldier, was born at Magdeburg, Prussia, in 1730. He accompanied his father, who was an officer of engineers, to the siege of Prague in 1744, and in 1747 entered the Prussian army as a cadet. He served throughout the Seven Years' War and toward its close in 1762 was appointed aide to Frederick the Great.

Visiting Paris in 1777, he was persuaded to go to America and offer his sword to the patriotic forces. He joined the army at Valley Forge early in 1778 and in May was appointed major-general and inspector-general of the army. He rendered conspicuous service in drilling and re-organizing the army, teaching the men the use of the bayonet, and organizing an efficient staff, the want of which had been much felt, particularly at Long Island and Brandywine. He served with distinction at Monmouth, was a member of the André court-martial, commanded for a short time at Virginia in 1780 and was active at the siege of Yorktown.

After the war he retired to a tract of 16,000 acres given him by the State of New York, near the present Steubenville, in Oneida County, and lived there for the rest of his life.

He died in 1794.

His *"Regulations for the Order and Discipline of the Troop of the U. S.,"* which he wrote during the war (1780), was used in the army for many years.

Give credit where credit is due. Despite his German nationality, he must be honored for the glorious service he rendered to this country. Hence the renaming of this monster of the seas after him.

A street in Utica, N. Y., and the city Steubenville, Ohio, are also named in his honor.

MacFarlane's Hat in Ring

By Old Scout

IN accordance with information received from a reliable source, we are in a position to state definitely that the popular president of our Employees' Association, James MacFarlane, has decided to seek re-election on the strength of his successful and meritorious record throughout the past year, in which the organization has reached its most flourishing condition both numerically and financially.

On the strength of this information I decided to interview President MacFarlane. I reached the burner shop as the five to seven whistle was blowing and will never forget the scene of animation and bustle that met my gaze. The genial president was surrounded by scores of men belonging to his department all receiving orders from him as he sent them to the several ships undergoing repair. Many of the names still cling in my memory. There was the *Von Steuben, James McGee, Overbrook* and *Des Moines*. Mr. MacFarlane seemed to be omnipresent, and his orders were obeyed and unquestioned by any employee, which shows again his knowledge of men and his fitness for leadership. After the assigning of the workers had been completed, I was ushered into a sanctum or private office used by President MacFarlane and located in the rear of the burner shop. My first question was if he intended to seek the presidency of the Association for the coming year. He replied promptly that such was his intention as he considered a second term due him and because everyone was agreed that he had made good in the position for the present year. It was here that the fighting spirit of the clan MacFarlane asserted itself. He invited the opposition, should any be developed, to bring against him only the best to be had—men worthy of his steel, who it will be an honor to defeat.

"I am not looking for easy marks," he said; then with the celebrated MacFarlane smile, he continued, "I was elected by a landslide last year, this year I expect a tidal wave."

My next question was, what part he expected his famous goat, "Pershing," to play in the coming campaign, to which he answered:

"As his name implies, he is an offensive fighter. The word retreat is not included in his vocabulary. Emulating his illustrious namesake he has never tasted of defeat, but goes steadily forward from victory to victory. You can say for me, that like the old guard at Waterloo, 'Mac's goat may die, but he will never surrender.'"

I could not fail to see what a very busy man Mr. MacFarlane was and decided to take up no more of his very valuable time, so thanking him for the cordiality of the reception accorded to me and wishing him success and further victories to be achieved, I said, "Good-bye."

Attention, Foremen and Snappers

IF you receive any notice that one of your men has met with an accident or that he is sick you are requested to notify the insurance clerk, Charles Kling, in the employment office, at once, so that the disabled man will receive the benefits he is entitled to.

In the past, heads of departments have, through oversight, neglected to report cases of sickness or accident. Most workmen are under the impression that if they notify their foremen when they are sick or hurt, that that notice is sufficient. It is sufficient if the foreman in turn notifies the insurance clerk immediately. If he does not, the injured or sick man cannot collect benefits, as the New York State law provides that claims must be reported in ten days. He, therefore, suffers the loss of the insurance benefit.

A little coöperation in this matter will avoid the loss of benefits by those entitled to them.

The Powhattan Job

THE letters appearing on the back cover of the December DIAL pertaining to the work done by the Morse employees on the U. S. S. *Powhattan* elicited much interest among those who worked on that boat. We are very glad to use a list of the men of the electrical department who made such a remarkable record, both in time and workmanship, in installing a new switchboard and at the same time keeping the boat in full working order. The job was started at 6 P.M. Thursday, September 5, and was finished by noon the following Saturday. The men worked two whole days and nights without sleep.

The Government needed the boat badly. The Morse employees appreciated this need and despite the intense heat of the cramped room in which they worked and the hardships which they had to endure, they completed the job in record time.

Before the job was undertaken, electrician boss, James Greenfield, called the men aside and told them that the reputation of the Morse electrical department was at stake and that it remained for every man to do his work as quickly and as well as possible. He said that he had given his word of honor that the boat would be ready by sailing time. Not one of the Government officials believed that the job could be put through in such short space of time.

Boss Greenfield knew his men, however, and he knew that he could bank upon getting the desired co-operation in every department in the Morse organization.

The success of the job is due to the efforts of every individual whose name appears below: Robert Alexander, Joe Cartlan, Ed. Flynn, R. Gooch, G. Hagen, Carl Johansen, Thos. Johnston, E. Lewis, H. G. Lockwood, D. McKean, W. Moore, Milton Morse, Chas. Noble, A. Palmer, Richard Paaske, Charles Stahl, Charles Stensland, Paul Stensland, Joseph Sullivan, Al. Sundstrom, O. Swanson.

Association Funds

AT the November meeting of the Employees' Association, Mortimer W. Mead, treasurer of the Employees' Association read the following report:

Medicine and Relief Loan	$15.00	
General expense, salaries, etc.	148.05	
Entertainment	208.60	
Insurance	1,123.40	
Bowling	45.00	
Band	50.65	
Football	28.15	
	$1,618.85	
RECEIPTS		
Insurance and dues		$2,765.70
Liberty Loan refund		4.00
Football		33.00
		$2,802.70
Bank balance	$1,089.46	
Cash on hand	97.49	
	$1,186.95	
Receipts, November	2,802.70	
	$3,989.65	
Expenses, November	1,618.85	
Balance	$2,370.80	
November 26, cash in bank	$2,281.56	
November 26, cash on hand	89.24	
	$2,370.80	

FINISHING the BIG JOB







OUR boys are coming home; some of them are back among us already and, very soon, "Fighting for Uncle Sam" will be only a memory, something to look back to and reminisce over on rainy days when clearing out the bookcase or the attic shelves.

As long as there are any of our boys still far away from home there will be a department in THE DIAL devoted to their interests and to the interests of those of us who wish to keep in touch with our old friends.

We still receive news from the front, written before the signing of the armistice. These letters are interesting because they show how confident all of our fighting men were of the ultimate result of the war.

Jimmy Kent, who we all remember as one of "Baldy Whit's" bright young men, is now taking a course in Harvard in preparation for construction work in France. Kent is the only man taking the course who is not a college graduate, but says that he is sure that his "alma mater," the Morse yard, will get him through with the rest. We showed this letter to Whitman and he grinned all over when he read it. It is some letter and we can't blame Whitman for feeling proud. Kent writes:

"I am now going to night school four nights out of the week, working hard to enter the examinations for Harvard for four years' construction work in France. There are three classes taking it up. I am in the second class, which will start on or about the eighteenth of next month. I am the only one who is not a college graduate, but, just the same, I come from Morse's and that's good enough for me and it if takes a lot of good Irish nerve, I'll be first in line. They can't fool me on any kind of engines or boilers. Say, you can't beat Morse's yard for system no matter where you go. I've been down in a steel company yard for a month now, and I can't see any system as yet. Every department is pulling against each other and they simply sleep on the job. It isn't like Morse's yard, where all of the men jump right to it and are on the job all the time, knowing that Uncle Sam needs the ships. Why, there are from 17,000 to 18,000 men working here and they only put over a little over a million for the last Liberty Loan, while there are, I suppose, only one-fourth of that many men in Morse's and to go over a million for them sure is great. You have got to hand it to the boys at Morses'.



Michael Sannes, One of Our Riveters Who Saw Service in France.

"It does my heart good to sit down and read the Morse DRY DOCK DIAL more than all of the newspapers printed. I just get sore as hell when I don't get that DIAL. Some yard, boy. Hurray for Mr. Morse."

Bill Major, whose interesting letters each month have become one of the features of these pages, writes to Richard Allen of the office. Major is with Mechanical Repair Unit 301 and has seen a great deal of France and fighting at the front. His letter follows:

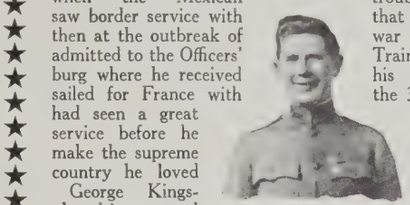
"I certainly was very pleased to hear from you. I also have received letters from Mr. Morse and from Mr. Filbert. As you said in your letter, I certainly have had a lot of experience and have been to the different fronts several times and have traveled from coast to coast in France several times, which is a trip that Jack Finneran would like to get, but he has not been transferred. I think that I am through driving automobiles as I have been having considerable trouble with my eyes for the last month or so, but I am still in good health otherwise. I wish you would tell Tom Conk, Jimmy Donovan and all of the employees in the yard to come to life and write a friend a letter. You know there is nothing that makes a fellow happier than to receive a letter or a newspaper from home. I hope that my eyes get better and that this war ends soon so that I will be able to get home. I certainly am anxious to see the new dry dock in operation. I suppose that the yard is working night and day, for, as Mr. Morse states, he is finishing every job as quickly as he can for he knows that when those boats are fixed up the boys will use them to see the Statue of Liberty. We have the Statue of Liberty painted on the stage curtain here and it sure does look good to me. Give my regards to all of the boys of the office and yard, also all of the girls. I suppose there are very few of them that I would know now, but I will take a chance. Tell Mr. Daly I have a truck for him for New York pick-ups. Has he still got that old-time saying of his when he sees a captain of a ship coming up to him for something he had bought? He used to say: 'I just had them on the wire and they said the truck was on the way.' Give my reagrds to Mr. Morse, Mr. Hall, Mr. Hanbury and all of the office. I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

E. M. Peattie, another one of our faithful correspondents, is now attending officers' training school behind the lines in France and hopes to have bars on his shoulders when he pays his next visit to the yard. In a letter to Mr. Allen, he writes:

"Yours received some time ago, but owing to our going to the front I could not answer same, but will say that I am lucky to be here at the present time. It has been rather stiff on us boys the last two months and we have been through all kinds of fire and weather. The weather has been miserable lately, especially in the trenches, where there is plenty of mud to make things uncomfortable, but we showed the Hun what was in the Americans so I think that they know by now that America is in the war. Most of our fighting was done in the woods and that made it hard for us all, though afterwards we got through the woods and into the open where we had things our own way. I can consider myself lucky that I am still alive, for I sure had many narrow escapes. It looks to us as if the end will come soon, for the way they are surrendering and getting pushed back is too much for them. After we came back from the front I was sent to the officers' training school where I am now putting in some stiff training. It looks like a



John McCarthy, a Member of the Morse Band, Who Has Been Serving at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.



Lieut. Charles Turner

It is with regret that we note the death of Lieutenant Charles Turner, Company D, 308th Infantry, and formerly of our burning department, who was killed in action on October 3, according to an official War Department telegram. Lieutenant Turner's record of service to his country was an enviable one. He died a noble death with the bravest lot of men that ever fought under the Stars and Stripes, the "Lost Battalion." Lieutenant Turner had been a member of the old 14th Regiment N. Y. N. G. for ten years when the Mexican trouble broke out. He saw border service with that organization and then at the outbreak of war with Germany was admitted to the Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg where he received his commission. He sailed for France with the 308th Infantry and had seen a great deal of very active service before he was called upon to make the supreme sacrifice for the country he loved so well.

George Kingsbury, formerly employed in our yard as a holder-on, died in the hospital at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on November 9 from wounds received in the battle of Chateau Thierry. Like many more of our former co-workers whom we can never forget, the call to active service could not come too quickly for Kingsbury and he enlisted at the outbreak of war, joining the Sixth Regiment United States Marine Corps. His brother, Charles Kingsbury, is employed in the yard as a riveter at the present time.

James M. Murphy, formerly employed here, has been wounded in action, according to a War Department telegram received by his mother, Mrs. Tillie Murphy. He was drafted in September, 1917, and went to France with Company B, 306th Infantry, the following April, after a short training season at Camp Upton. He is twenty-five years old and lived at 7215 Third avenue.



Philip Joseph Cipollina, 302nd Eng. Co. C, A.E.F., Among the First to Go into Service from Our Yard.

tough proposition but I am going to stick to it and try hard for the bars. We are miles from the firing line and in the southern part of France. Nearby there is a large city of one million population and we may be able to visit that soon, but at present they are strict with us. How is everything around the office and yard? At this school there are 5,000 men trying for commissions, but it is certain that all will not pass so I have as much chance as the other fellow. I trust that you are in the best of health. I am feeling fine and enjoying life behind the lines. Remember me to all in the yard, office and hospital and tell Mrs. Waterman that I don't think that I will be able to eat her turkey dinner on Christmas for it will take time to get us all back to the U. S. A."

Private Raymond J. Butler, formerly employed here, now with Company B, 12th Machine Gun Battalion "over there," is one of the boys who seemed sure of the quick conclusion of the war. In a letter to Dan Shea he wrote:

"I am dropping you a few lines to let you know that I am still alive. I have just come from the firing line. No doubt you have been reading about the good work done by the first army corps. Believe me, it was hell. The Germans are putting up a good fight, but they are not strong enough for the Yanks. The boys have the good old Yank spirit and they know that they have everybody in the good old U. S. A. backing them up. They are trying to finish it quick and by the looks of things now it won't be long before all of the boys are back with their old friends. Give my regards to all of the boys and tell them that I hope to be able to be working along side of them again very soon."

Frank Fox, formerly of the hull department, now with the 124th Infantry in France, is another one of the boys who seemed sure that the war was about over, before we had any idea of it on this side of the water. In a letter to Dan Shea, he wrote:

"Just a few lines to let you know that everything is going O. K. over here. All of the French girls sure are some chickens. I certainly wish that you were here to see some of the Germans getting knocked over. Tell all of the boys that I was asking for them and tell Jack Sweeney in the machine shop also. It will only be a short time before we will all be coming home and that's straight goods."

Eddie Shea, now in France with Ambulance Company 21, writes in part to his brother, Danny:

"I was lucky as far as crossing the pond is concerned. I made the trip in six days. Most of the fellows I met were on the water thirteen or fourteen days. Things over here are pretty lively now. The big show is now open and going strong. The big guns have been roaring for the last few days, but as I write these few lines it is as quiet as Greenwood. Maybe by to-night we will have a few more fire-works. You know every day over here is the Fourth of July. The machine guns go over and they put me in mind of the riveters in the yard. But, of course, passing rivets and stopping machine gun bullets are two different trades. How are all of the boys in the band? Give my best regards to all of them; also to Mr. Benner, Plunkett and all of my friends as you meet them. Let me know how the baseball team is coming along and send me THE DIAL."

Richard Richardson at Camp Jackson, South Carolina, writes to Tom Plunkett:

"Just to let you know that I am not one of the lucky ones to get a crack at the K. I am still down in camp working hard as a chauffeur. We were all ready to go over seas when the armistice was signed so I suppose it is all off now. I was a truck driver in the 60th Field Artillery for the ammunition train, a train consisting of 30 trucks, but now they have me working hard doing work for the Quartermasters. Tom, I want you to thank the Morse Dry Dock Association for their kindness in sending me THE DIAL every month, and also for the cigarettes which came in handy. In this month's DIAL there were some fine letters that you all were sending to the boys in France. I was very much surprised to hear that F. Crossan had gone over. The pictures in THE DIAL are fine, but very "home-sickening" and it sure does make one think of old times, especially when I saw the old Stevens car in the parade and the happy faces of all the workingmen. The picture of Mr. Morse and his daughter is also good. The Office Cat sure did make me laugh. Florence Semon says she likes a man she can look up to. Go to it, Flo. Christmas is coming and men are scarce. That was a good one, Tom. Tell Mr. Hall I send my congratulations to him for displaying the service flag also my best wishes to James Donovan on his matrimonial romance. Give my best regards to all and don't forget to give the Association my thanks for their kindness."

Phillip Cipollina, formerly employed here, is now in France with the 302d Engineers. He writes:

"Just a few lines to let you know that I am in the best of health. I suppose you people in the States read about our division going over the top and taking quite a few prisoners. They certainly were old looking men. For a couple of days we couldn't meet any more 'Boche,' but then we met young men averaging from sixteen to twenty-three. It looks as if the Kaiser has put out his 1920 class. The boys had just been resting for a week or so and then started out for the front lines again. You can imagine how fast our boys have been advancing when you realize that our artillery could not catch up with them. This time they are going to make their next stop at the Kaiser's Palace and then use it for a laundry shop. Believe me, it is no joke being out here. Give me dear old Brooklyn any time and I wouldn't give the Gowanus Canal for all of France. I've been over here seven months and I've seen so much of France that I am sick of it. Give my best regards to Billy Kerr, Paddy Fagan and the rest of the boys."

Corporal Raymond Slough writes from behind the lines in France:

"The package of DIALS was received a few days ago. They were very interesting and brought back memories of old times in the yard. After reading them through I passed them down through the ward in a B. E. F. hospital and they were read by Yanks, Tommies and Jocks, all comrades on the "Big Job." Coming as they did when all talk, thoughts and news articles were about peace they reminded a fellow that he would soon lose his good home in the Army and have to hustle for a living."

Herman Friedman, formerly employed here as a tinsmith, writes that the boys may expect him back soon. Friedman is in France with the 309th Field Artillery. His letter follows:

"Just a few lines to let you all know that I am still living and feeling fine. I am at the front, but, just at present, we are resting. Write and let me know how things are going at the Morse Dry Dock and how the rest of the boys are getting along. Things were pretty tough for a while, but now it is all our way. Give my regards to all of the boys at the tin shop and tell them that they may expect me back in a short while. Give my regards to Mr. Perkins and to Mr. Murray."

J. V. Haber, formerly of the tin shop, is now in France. Haber left the Morse employ last May and, according to his letter, expects to be back with us very soon. The letter follows:

"I have been thinking of the days when I was a 'soap hound' in the yard. I left the yard in May to enlist and have been in several forts in the States, but have at last reached the big town in France. I have been here about a month and don't think it will be long before I will be back in the U. S. as things look pretty good over here. I would appreciate it very much if you would send me a copy of THE DIAL, as I would like to read about the doings in the yard. I received some cigarettes from you some time ago and must apologize for not writing you before, but when a fellow is a rookie you know how it is. Well, I think that I will close now with best regards to the boys in the tin shop and the Association."

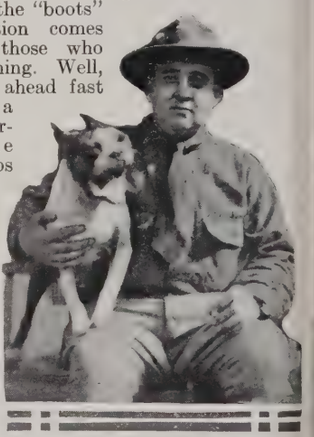
Jerry Gregory, one of the old cost department boys, is now in France with the 109th Infantry. Jerry writes to Dan Shea:

"Just a few lines to let you know that I am still in the ring. I have just come back from the front lines for a rest and I surely am going to take advantage of it. This surely is one great life if you don't bend, but that don't appeal to me. How is everybody getting along at the Dry Dock? I suppose they are still heating rivets for that old British cruiser or doping up some new stuff for THE DIAL. According to the latest reports the Germans can't last much longer and when it is all over we will all be down at Prospect Hall dancing at the Grand Annual. Give my best regards to Rottach and all the rest of the bunch."

Fred Rask writes to Tom Plunkett that he expects to be admitted to officers' training school. Rask is a drill instructor at Paris Island at the present time. He writes:

"It has been a long time since I have written to you, but I am still on the map. I did not get a chance to go across. They shoved me into the N. C. O. school and the result is that I am a drill instructor, and expect to go to the next officers' training camp. I may take a trip up to New York for Christmas, and if I do I certainly will drop into your office. I'll bet the old gang are pretty well split up. When you see me again I doubt if you will recognize me. Have changed considerably and can handle any kind of a "boot," who comes along, big or small, fat or thin, they are all alike to me. They certainly must have shot pep into me instead of serum. Monday I take my company out to the rifle range and I will have it easy for a couple of weeks. You know, down here, the sergeants and the corporals train the "boots" and promotion comes rapidly to those who show something. Well, I am going ahead fast enough and a corporal's warrant in the Marine Corps is something. When we leave the Island we are usually raised to top or gunnery sergeants."

(*Continued on page 15.*)



Gilbert Conk, Formerly One of Our Chauffeurs, Who is at Camp Upton

Tugboat Fleet Grows

AN addition was made to the ever increasing Morse fleet at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, December 1, when the new tugboat *E. P. Morse*, which has been under construction ever since the first of last June, was hoisted from the north pier into the waters of New York Bay by the big Merritt & Chapman derrick.

The *E. P. Morse* makes the fifteenth member of the Morse fleet, which now consists of six tugs: The *E. P. Morse, Arthur Kills, Dewitt C. Ivins, Anson M. Bangs, Utica, Solicitor*, four launches, the *Say When, Say Yes, Why Not, Emily*, two welding barges, *Captain Kirby, Captain Roach*, three lighters, *Game Cock, John Hallock* and *Panuco*.

Miss Marion Hayes, of our office force, broke the bottle over her bow, the derrick coughed a few times, and the *E. P. Morse* was swung from her position on the north pier and dropped gently into the water.

Walter Crawford, superintendent of the hull department, submitted designs for the boat about a year ago. The work of "laying down" in the mold loft was started during the month of February under the supervision of Charles Gryttine of the mold loft, and actual construction began on June 1, 1918. Because of the war-time rush work on Government ships, the *E. P. Morse* was given only casual attention, work being done on her whenever there was anything resembling a slack time in the yard. At times there were ten, and at other times fifty men at work on her. Under different conditions she would have been in commission in at least half the time.

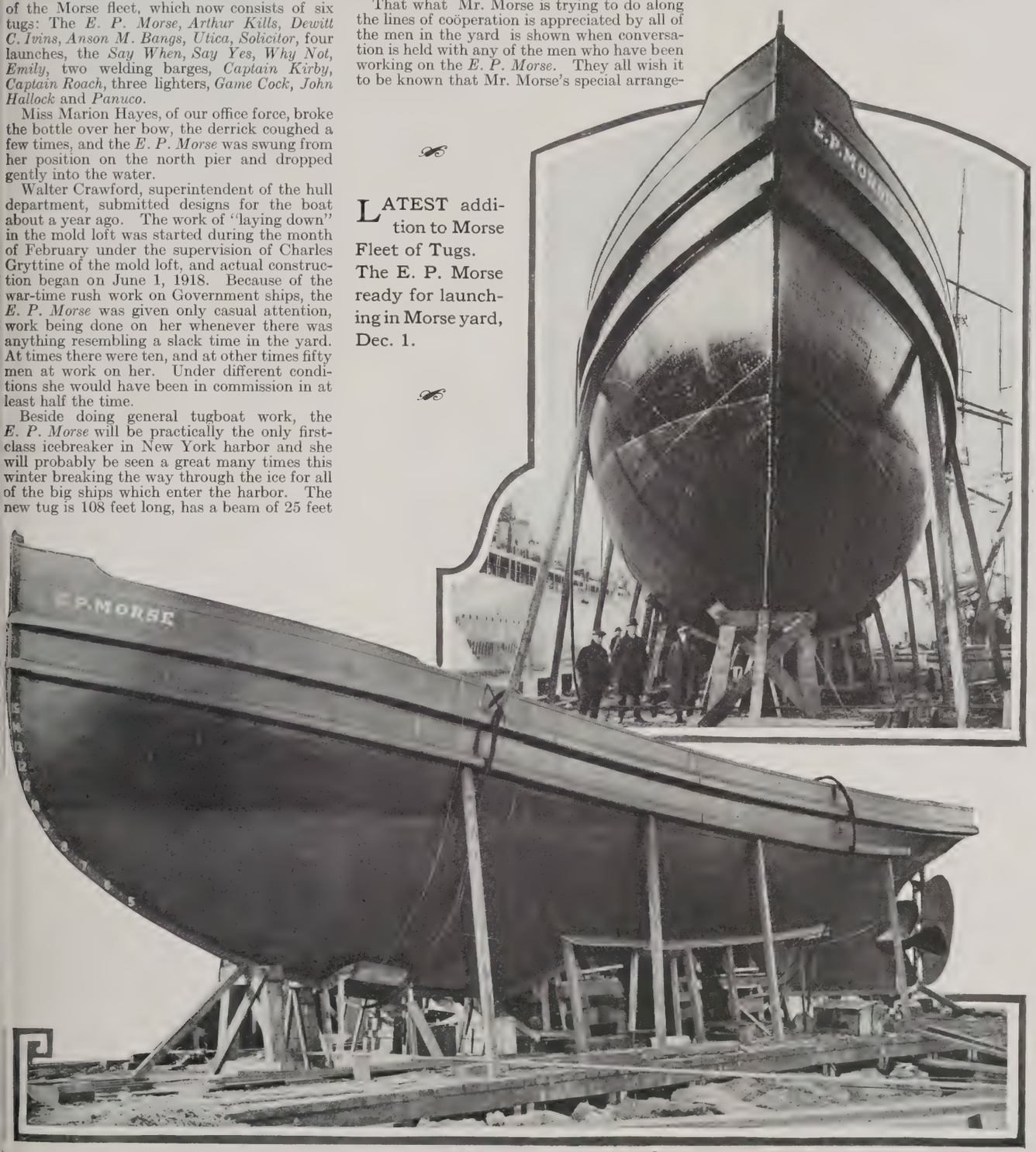
Beside doing general tugboat work, the *E. P. Morse* will be practically the only first-class icebreaker in New York harbor and she will probably be seen a great many times this winter breaking the way through the ice for all of the big ships which enter the harbor. The new tug is 108 feet long, has a beam of 25 feet and a molded depth of 14 feet. She will be equipped with the very latest type of high power engines, and can be used as either a coal or oil burner.

Several foremen have had charge of the construction work since the keel was laid last June. William Kane of the hull department is the foreman who had the honor of finishing the work and bidding the boat a last farewell before she slid into the water. His predecessors were William Hughes, Chris Monk and Sam Lorenzo.

That what Mr. Morse is trying to do along the lines of coöperation is appreciated by all of the men in the yard is shown when conversation is held with any of the men who have been working on the *E. P. Morse*. They all wish it to be known that Mr. Morse's special arrangement, whereby men working on the tugboat should be paid for ten and one half hours' work while putting in a nine-hour day, was appreciated. This special arrangement was made so that the men working on the tug would not be at a disadvantage among the other men engaged in Government rush work which gave an opportunity for a great deal of "soap."

"It is not enough to be busy: so are the ants. What are you busy about?"—*Thoreau.*

LATEST addition to Morse Fleet of Tugs. The E. P. Morse ready for launching in Morse yard, Dec. 1.



Pictures by A. Pagano, Company Photographer.

A Job to Be Proud of

"MORSE did it." We all remember that slogan written on a sign carried in one of our recent parades. The truth of that statement certainly becomes apparent when the President of the United States would have to say those very words if asked who made his quarters so comfortable on his trip across the Atlantic.

When it was decided that President Wilson was to attend the peace conference in France, the Navy Department had very little time to decide on a ship to convey him and his party across the ocean. The U. S. S. *Agamemnon* was the original choice. At the last moment a change in plans was made with the result that the U. S. S. *George Washington* was designated as the ship to make the trip, the *George Washington* affording better accommodations for the large party that was to accompany President Wilson.

The *George Washington* before the war had been one of the most palatial of trans-Atlantic liners, but her days as a transport, too, had been many, and practically all of her elegant furnishings had been chipped away. It was necessary to bring the big liner back into first class condition in a very short space of time.

The Navy Department, perhaps they remembered the *Orian*, had all of the repair companies in New York harbor to choose from, and gave the job to the Morse Company. Work was started immediately at Pier 6, Hoboken, under the supervision of L. A. Noble, superintendent of our Hoboken office, and after seventy-six hours of work the *George Washington* was turned over to the Navy Department in as good if not better condition than she was in her palmy days before the war.

Practically one room an hour, refinished, redecorated, repainted, and repaired is the record made by Morse workmen on the job.

Besides this work a considerable amount of damaged furniture was rebuilt. Furniture that could not be rebuilt was supplied from the navy storerooms. One hundred and six new panes of glass were placed around the promenade deck in order that it might be completely enclosed in glass, and sixteen bathrooms were entirely rebuilt so that hot and cold fresh water might be supplied instead of the salt water in use at the time.

Forty-nine staterooms were entirely renovated. In some cases it was necessary to replace all of the woodwork, in other cases such excellent patchwork was done that no one could notice the difference.

An example of this work is in the President's own suite, situated on the port side of the main deck. The suite, which is said to have originally belonged to the Kaiser, was finished in dark mahogany. The rooms had been used for Army officers' quarters during the time the ship was doing transport service, and a great deal of the woodwork had become chipped and scratched.



Joseph A. Landon, Painter Foreman

Such excellent piecing in of new wood was done that the difference between the original and the new wood could not be noticed. For this artistic work a great deal of credit is due to Joe Landon, the foreman in charge of the decorating. Joe is justly proud of his part in making the President comfortable on his trip across the Atlantic.

Frank Moll, working under Landon, was in direct charge of the decorating in the President's suite.

Mrs. Wilson's suite, directly opposite the President's on the starboard side of the boat, was also almost entirely refinished.

Besides the staterooms, one conference hall, situated in the forward part of the ship was rebuilt, furnished and decorated in dark green. Desks were installed, and a large base for maps placed in the center of the room. The two smoking rooms situated aft, and the ladies' lounge were also refinished and decorated, the trimmings being of grey. The mess hall, adjoining the ladies' lounge, had to be furnished with tables sufficient to accommodate the presidential party, and all of the C deck corridors were refinished.

All of this accomplished in seventy-six hours is a record of which we all may feel proud. Our work records during war times are known to many; it seems only fitting that we should make one of the first records in this new era of peace.



Ralph Bisdale, Pipe-fitter Snapper

To show that the work done on the *George Washington* was appreciated, we print the following letter of commendation from the Navy Department:

November 30, 1918.

Mr. E. P. Morse:

The work which has just been completed on the *George Washington* has been so satisfactorily performed that I wish to congratulate you on the excellent organization and personnel that has made it possible to efficiently handle such a big rush job.

In seventy-six hours they have repainted, decorated and repaired the following rooms, and have replaced a considerable amount of damaged and missing furniture:

1 Conference hall, 49 State rooms, 2 Smoking rooms, 16 Bath rooms, 1 Ladies' lounge, 1 Mess hall, C Deck corridors.

The work has been done under the supervision of L. A. Noble, who has taken a great interest in the work and his personal supervision of the workmen and the ready co-operation with the ship's officers have gone toward producing such excellent results.

COMMANDER PERKINS, U. S. N.

The following list of names of men who did the painting in the rooms of the President, Mrs. Wilson and Secretary Lansing, has been given to us by Joe Landon, painter foreman, who cannot speak too highly of the work done by these men, and of the assistance that they gave him in making the record they did: James Hand, Snapper; Frank Moll, Joseph Santori, Fred Busch, James Whitley, Fred Booke, Charles Olsen, Sidney Long, I. M. Henderson, Thomas Sorenson, A. Taylor, Joseph Lake, Andrew Strogarek.



Samuel Samuels, Joiner Snapper

The following joiners who worked on the *George Washington* have received the commendation of Mr. Noble, superintendent of our Hoboken office: S. Samuels, Snapper, A. Fevans, C. Herlihy, A. Anderson, H. Joberg, G. E. Larson, C. Hellgren, B. Paulsen, H. Hansen, J. Lignell, F. Malmborg, F. Biggs, O. Skoglund, J. Ilbertersen, J. Ost, G. Olsen, O. Mathisen, J. Hasselo, C. Smith, N. T. Nelson, H. Hansen, W. Ericksen, H. Melsom, O. Bugge, O. Reinertsen, O. Olsen, C. Johansen, G. Duncan, W. Purcell.

N. T. Nelson and H. Hansen were the joiners who did all of their department's work in the President's suite.

Rescues a Sailor

JACOB BOYER of 20 South Street, employed on a barge which was at the time in our yard, is the hero of a remarkable rescue, staged at twelve o'clock at night when a sailor on the *Moorish Prince* fell overboard.

Boyer jumped into the water without a moment's hesitation and succeeded in getting the sailor on to the barge just in time. This all happened during the peace celebration, at a time when there seemed to be no restriction on the amount of rum which the men in uniform were able to obtain.

The sailor aside from having a skinful of the filthy stuff, also had four bottles of whisky in his pockets and was in no way able to save himself from his plight. All the more credit to Boyer.

"The MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL for November, published by the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, foot of Fifty-sixth street, South Brooklyn, has many interesting photographs of the impromptu victory parades that were held upon receipt of the news that the war was over. Among those interesting items is the honor roll of former employees in France and subscribers to the Fourth Liberty Loan."—*Marine Journal.*

Simon Printz of the blacksmith shop, says that we got things a little twisted in the November DIAL when we gave him all of the credit for a big job done there. Printz says that he is only a helper, and that his boss Charlie Christiansen ought to come in for a little praise. Well, here it is, Charlie!

Thoughts at Random

By J. Moses, 6153

A CERTAIN friend of mine in the yard has developed a habit of quoting wise sayings and attributing their originality to his credit. To him I wish to dedicate the following:

We all can quote,
Few can originate;
Quoting originations
Is not originating quotations.

This, friend, is original.

A short time ago I was invited to a discussion by members of a ladies' club on the subject, "The Ideal Man." Unexpectedly, I was the only man in the audience of about fifty young ladies between the ages of eighteen and thirty. I was considerably embarrassed. Very few of them thought that men have at least a few good habits. I was asked to give my opinion on the subject. I merely stated: "Man can't be ideal when woman is unideal. When among a group of young ladies in quest of the 'ideal man' I see about twenty per cent. of them moving their jaws up and down, like cows chewing the cud, that is, chewing gum in public, and when ninety-nine per cent. of them mingle in society with faces powdered and painted, pretending that the artificial color of their skin is the natural one, is it not mere hypocrisy on their part to hunt for the ideal man? As man is the offspring of woman, he cannot make faster progress than the source from which he is derived."

I was told that at their next meeting it was resolved never to invite another man to their discussions.

A great many artists have some peculiar whims by which they express their artistic temperament. For instance: Paderewski, the pianist, loves to play billiards. Ysaye and Maude Powell, the great violinists, indulge in fishing and collecting old violins, respectively. Fritz Kreisler and Jascha Heifetz, also world-known violinists, adopt war orphans and collect war-like trophies. John Powell, Dry Dock poet, chews tobacco.

While working on one of the transports, in Hoboken, among an army of colored troops, one of them threw a piece of paper at me accidentally. He apologized and walked on. I was curious enough to pick the paper up and this was written on it:

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me,
I would be pure, for there are those who care,
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer,
I would be brave, for there is much to dare;
I would be friend to all the poor and friendless,
I would be giver and forget the gift,
I would be humble, for I know my weakness,
I would look up and love and laugh and lift."

Worth while picking up. What say you?

It's real facts that you don't have to be born here to be real American, for Hodne and Munson, of the outside machinists, say so. Both of these gentlemen experienced the spirit and demonstrated it by taking a day off and waving two American flags down town. These two from a mechanical standpoint have and will always help to keep the U. S. leading the machinery world.

Members of the carpenter foremen's Saturday night "literary club" have lately been missing the charming smile of one of their members. What's the matter, Harvey? Is it the carpenter shop truck that keeps you away?

Archibald and Moses

(By the Latter)

E. ARCHIBALD, 5707, an elderly gentleman of the electrical department, while in good humor, passed the remark regarding my editorial, "The Wisdom of Silence," in the November DIAL, that, "if I couldn't write a better editorial than that, I wouldn't write at all."

In the same unoffensive tone I hereby take occasion to defend my brain-child by relating the following fable:

An old owl who acted as judge to decide which of two contestants, a canary and a crow, would render the sweeter musical selection, the award to the winner being the right of pricking the loser's right eye, handed down his decision in favor of the crow, which lost no time in digging his bill into his opponent's most precious organ.

Said the old owl to the canary bird: "You are certainly justified in shedding so many tears at the loss of your eye."

"I do not weep for the loss of my eye," retorted the victim, "but at the thought of who the judge was."

Fire Drills Planned

ACCORDING to Fire Chief James Devlin, a series of drills to instruct all members of the Morse Volunteer Fire Department in the use of the new equipment which has recently been purchased, will be instituted around the fifteenth of January. These drills will consist of instruction in counting stations, answering alarms, stretching hose to the scene of the supposed fire, connecting up to hydrants and water connections, seeing that the hose is stretched in a straight line without kinks or bends. Instruction will also be given in methods of opening and shutting the nozzle slowly in order to prevent bursting of hose under pressure.

The electric wiring for the new fire alarm system which was started by Mr. Greenfield on December 3 will be completed and under operation very soon. The new hose wagon which has recently been purchased for the fire department will be placed in the old quarters of the chemical engine at the pipe shop. It will be in charge of Captain John Lowe.

The chemical engine will be moved to the welder shop and placed in charge of Captain Henry Pauli, formerly in charge of the machine shop engine. Leonard Privetera has recently been made captain of the machine shop engine.

Instructions have been given to all members of the fire department that, hereafter, the practice of opening the valves of chemical engines immediately upon arrival at a fire must be stopped. Such action allows the contents of the chemical engine to mix, and this mixture is valueless unless used at once. Members of fire companies will not open valves until positive that contents of engine are needed.

We Now Have an Ambulance

WE have all noticed the new Morse ambulance standing at the Fifty-fifth street gate now and then. Few of us, however, have had the chance to test the advantages it has to offer. The ambulance was purchased recently by Mr. Morse, and is being used to convey injured and sick employees from the yard hospital to their homes, another addition to the many things provided by the company for the comfort of the employees.

Some fellows are so busy holdin' their jobs that they ain't on the job.

Let's not be overanxious to grasp an opportunity that is too hot.

Our Monthly Meeting

By Thomas J. Plunkett

FOLLOWING the business meeting at the November entertainment of the Employees' Association, Dan Shea introduced little John Schroeder, son of George Schroeder, of the pipe shop, who sang popular songs. He made a great hit especially with the song, "Give a Little Credit to the Navy," which was well applauded by many sailors from the vessels in the yard who were present.

Curry Gentry of the U. S. S. *Albany*, one of those double jointed fellows who bends and dislocates himself, was next on the program. His work was very good, and the tricks he performed were very difficult. Then came an old timer, Harry Thompson, the mayor of the Bowery, who told some old jokes in a new way. Harry was recognized by a few of the old gallery gods and made himself right at home.

We also had a little Scotch in this month's collection of entertainers. Arthur Smith, of the pipe shop sang a few of Harry Lauder's numbers. His dialect and singing was good, and the pipefitters cheered, and of course our president, Jimmy MacFarlane, chirped his approval.

Then came a feature of the evening. A real magician, J. Santemma, who works in the joiner shop, put on some interesting stunts. Fred Daddi, boss of the joiner shop, gets the credit for digging this bird up. Santemma had some good tricks. His most popular one required the use of wine. Dan Shea must have been wise to this part of the program, because Dan and Jimmy Donovan each received a drink. The rest of the members, about eight hundred strong, started after the magician, but he got away in safety.

Another good act was the trio of Sheehan, Berks and Lee, singers and comedians. One of the boys sang a popular wartime ditty, entitled "He's Me Boy," which pleased the crowd very much. Another good song, entitled "A Little Cozy Corner in the Y. M. C. A." proved popular.

The Morse jazz band played good music throughout the entertainment. Get up early and don't miss a single part of the next great show in store for you. This comes on January 15, the December meeting being combined with the January meeting because of the holidays.

Many Enjoy Recreation Room

THE Assembly Rooms, top floor of the carpenter shop, have established their worth as a noon-hour recreation center. That the advantages of these rooms and the facilities they offer for recreation at the noon hour is appreciated by a good majority of our employees is proven by the large crowds which gather there from twelve to one o'clock. Checker boards have been installed and our "fireside athletes" are becoming more numerous day by day. The band will give their regular noon hour concerts there until the warm weather comes back and arrangements have been made for the quartet to appear at regular intervals.

Those in charge of the rooms wish to call to the attention of the men who are using them the fact that several rubbish barrels have recently been placed in convenient places. Use of these barrels for old newspapers, wrapping paper and extra lunch would be appreciated.

Heard in the New North Building

Doughboy on his way to the third floor barracks: "Hey, is that elevator running?"

Painter at work in the shaft: "No, but the stairs ain't painted."

Shipping Items

Answering the appeal of the Red Cross, Miss Mary Meyers, nurse in charge of the L. H. Shattuck, Inc., Shipyard Hospital, is offering a course in practical first aid work to the young women in Portsmouth, N. H.

* * *

The first of the forty-five steel vessels to be built in Japan for the United States Shipping Board has arrived in this country, been accepted and placed in commission under the American flag. This ship is the *Eastern Sun*, a cargo carrier of 9,066 deadweight tons. She was built by the Kasawaki Dockyard Co., of Kobe, Japan.

* * *

An interesting sidelight on the industrial development of Hog Island is contained in the statement that the big yard makes demands upon its telephone system equivalent to that of an average city of 50,000 persons. Calls handled through the fourteen positions in use on the Island's switchboard number about 125,000 weekly, which compares favorably with the average in cities in the 50,000 population class.

* * *

Chairman Hurley, of the United States Shipping Board, has been elected an honorary member of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Shipbuilders' Club of Astoria, Ore.

* * *

Steel Topsides, publication of the Supple-Ballin Shipbuilding Corporation, Portland, Ore., thinks former Director General Charles M. Schwab is a humorist. It reports that he asked J. Leonard Replogle, of the United States Steel Corporation, if it was true that he (Replogle) was getting $1 a year for his services to the Government. Replogle replied that it was. "You are worth twice that much," Mr. Schwab said.

* * *

The Shipping Board, through Edward N. Hurley, Chairman, has authorized the commissioning of a training ship on the Great Lakes, for the training of apprentices as seamen, firemen and cooks on lake cargo carriers.

* * *

The American flag has been raised over the first of eight former German steamers which were seized some time ago by the Uruguayan Government. This is the *Artigas*, once known as the *Wiegand*, a vessel of 8,800 deadweight tons. The other German ships that shortly will follow the *Artigas* into the merchant marine of the United States increase the new tonnage thereof by 62,000.

* * *

Reducing from ten days to twenty actual working hours, the time for learning to handle the rivet gun as experts, is the feat reported by three young men in the school for riveters at Hog Island.

Heavy Responsibility

The man behind the controller of a shipyard crane holds within the grasp of his hand the lives and limbs of his fellow-workers. A moment's thoughtlessness or carelessness on his part may result disastrously, therefore, no man is burdened with a heavier safety responsibility than the crane operator.

To avoid accidents and attain maximum efficiency in the handling of material by cranes, the foremost considerations should be the employment of competent sober men of physical fitness—especially sight—with mechanical and electrical experience, and the establishment of a definite and adequate signal system between the operators and floor men.—*Emergency Fleet News.*

Things Shipfitters Should Know

By Walter Crawford

Superintendent Hull Department

Weight of Round Iron per Foot in Pounds

Round Iron 1 in.	in diam. x 12 ins.=	2.6 lbs.
Round Iron 2 ins.	in diam. x 12 ins.=	10.6 lbs.
Round Iron 3 ins.	in diam. x 12 ins.=	24.0 lbs.
Round Iron 4 ins.	in diam. x 12 ins.=	42.7 lbs.
Round Iron 5 ins.	in diam. x 12 ins.=	66.7 lbs.
Round Iron 6 ins.	in diam. x 12 ins.=	96.0 lbs.
Round Iron 7 ins.	in diam. x 12 ins.=	130.9 lbs.
Round Iron 8 ins.	in diam. x 12 ins.=	171.0 lbs.
Round Iron 9 ins.	in diam. x 12 ins.=	216.3 lbs.

Weight of Square Iron per Foot in Pounds

Wt. of sq. iron—1 in.	sq. x 12 ins.=	3.4 lbs.
Wt. of sq. iron—2 ins.	sq. x 12 ins.=	13.6 lbs.
Wt. of sq. iron—3 ins.	sq. x 12 ins.=	30.6 lbs.
Wt. of sq. iron—4 ins.	sq. x 12 ins.=	54.4 lbs.
Wt. of sq. iron—5 ins.	sq. x 12 ins.=	85.0 lbs.
Wt. of sq. iron—6 ins.	sq. x 12 ins.=	122.4 lbs.
Wt. of sq. iron—7 ins.	sq. x 12 ins.=	166.6 lbs.
Wt. of sq. iron—8 ins.	sq. x 12 ins.=	217.6 lbs.
Wt. of sq. iron—9 ins.	sq. x 12 ins.=	275.4 lbs.

Weight of Material—One Square Foot One Inch Thick

Steel	40.80 lbs.
Iron	40.00 lbs.
Lead	59.24 lbs.
Zinc Cast	36.42 lbs.
Cast Iron	37.50 lbs.
Wrought Iron	40.00 lbs.
Forgeings	40.80 lbs.
Castings Steel	40.80 lbs.
Copper	46.00 lbs.
Brass	44.50 lbs.

Weight of Wood—One Square Foot One Inch Thick

Mahogany	4 lbs.
Hard Pine	3.3 lbs.
Soft Pine	2.5 lbs.
Teak	4.16 lbs.

Any of the above weights multiplied by 12 will give the weight per cubic foot.

Weights of Steel and Iron Plates

Weight per square foot in pounds

Thickness in Inches	Iron Lbs.	Steel Lbs.
1/4	10	10.2
3/8	15	15.3
1/2	20	20.4
5/8	25	25.5
3/4	30	30.6
7/8	35	35.7
1	40	40.8

Weight of Chain

Size of Link Inches	Weight in Lbs. per Foot
1/4	.75
3/8	1.60
1/2	2.50
5/8	4.18
3/4	5.75
7/8	7.65
1	9.80
1 1/8	12.65
1 1/4	15.50
1 1/2	17.00
1 3/4	23.00
2	32.00

Abbreviated Marks on Plates, Templates, Etc.

A E—After End.
A P—After Peak.
F P—Fore Peak.
F E—Forward End.
S DK—Shelter Deck.
U DK—Upper Deck.
T T—Top Tank.
P DK—Poop Deck.
F DK—Forecastle Deck.
B DK—Boat Deck.
O DK—Observation Deck.
C S K—Counter Sink Holes.
D C S K—Don't Counter Sink Holes.
C S K over—Turn the object over and C S K.
S—Shear Mark.
P M—Pitch Mark.
O S—Other Side.
T S—This Side.
S P—Stem Post.
Scarph—Scarph.
B H—Bulkhead.

Boats Davits (Steel)

Size of Boat	No. of Persons	No. Persons in War Zone	"R" Rad. at Top	"H" Hght. Above X	"D" Dia. of Dav.
20 ft.	18	12	5 ft.-0 in.	8 ft.-0 in.	4 in.
24 ft.	30	20	5 ft.-6 in.	9 ft.-0 in.	5 in.
28 ft.	50	33	6 ft.-3 in.	10 ft.-6 it.	6 in.

Diameters are for boat and sufficient men to launch.

Wood Deck Fastening

When deck planks are 6 inches in width, or under, single fastenings is sufficient. When they are above 6 inches and not exceeding 8 inches in width, there must be 2 bolts in every plank in every beam.

Pine Wood Decks

Diameter of Bolts in Pine Planking

When the planking is from 2 inches to 3¼ inches thick, ½ inch bolts are used.

When the planking is from 3½ to 4 inches thick, ⅝ inch bolts are used.

Teak Wood Decks

When the planking is from 2 inches to 2¾ inches thick, ½ inch bolts are used.

When the planking is from 3 inches to 3¼ inches thick, ⅝ inch bolts are used.

There should be at least three planks between each butt on the same beam.

Lloyd Rules as to Bulkheads

A ship 220 ft. long, 4 bulkheads.
A ship between 285-335 ft. long, 5 bulkheads.
A ship between 335-405 ft. long, 6 bulkheads.
A ship between 405-470 ft. long, 7 bulkheads.
A ship between 470-540 ft. long, 8 bulkheads.
A ship between 540-610 ft. long, 9 bulkheads.
A ship between 610-680 ft. long, 10 bulkheads.

Cold Weather Suit

A standardized winter suit for shipyard workers has been devised by experts and submitted to the Bureau of Standards at Washington, D. C., for tests. At first glance the suit looks like a cross between a diving outfit and football regalia. It is a two-piece garment with blouse effect and a storm collar. It is tight-fitting around the neck, wrists, waist and ankles. The suit is especially designed to protect men on outside work during extremely cold weather.

Increase

In order to meet the bunkering needs at Hampton Road, which next to New York is the most important turn-around point on the Atlantic seaboard, the Port and Harbor Facilities Commission will install eleven De Mayo bunkering machines. Through the faster loading of cargoes, these machines will greatly increase the outgo of coal at Hampton Roads.

Ye Editor a Movie Man

A MOTION picture camera has been purchased by the Morse Company with the object of producing films which will be of interest to the Morse employees and also to furnish the Company with pictures recording its activities and its progress.

The camera at present is being operated by the Editor of the DIAL, who doesn't know a blessed thing about it but who hopes to be successful enough to obtain a few "screen screams" for some of our forthcoming meetings. So, if you see a movie-man gunning around the yard do not get alarmed.

The Editor's first attempt to produce a picture will be shown at the Annual Ball of the Employees' Association. This picture will show some of the high lights in the Morse organization and will include in it as many of the employees as it is possible to take. A picture of this kind will give the families of the employees a good opportunity to see what the yard looks like, also the nature of the work done here and the vast size of our great industrial establishment. Anyone who misses this picture is going to miss a good deal. This is going to be the real thing, with emphasis on the real.

How To Make Money

Some people in business are always trying to carry out their own wills. Others try to fulfill the purposes and desires of their employers. Which would you say will succeed?

Money is always a return for service rendered. And service means doing, not what *you* want to do, but what *someone else* wants done—not in *your* way, but in *another's* way.

Remember that simple fact, when you wonder some time why you are not getting more money. Put yourself a moment in the place of your employer and think out *what* you would want done and *how* you would want it done.

Then go ahead and do it.

Right here let it be said that there are certain fundamental things that every employer looks for in his employees. Honesty, industry and order are the chief. Not that these alone will bring you any great measure of success. But their absence will almost surely kill your every chance for success in the business world.

Having acquired these "rock-bottom" virtues, look around and see some of the other things which employers want—and which they pay for.

Do them, and you can't help making money.

The Mirror.

Puzzlers

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?
  Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
  Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head what gems are set?
  Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use, when shingling the roof of his mouth,
  The nails on the end of his toes?

What does he raise from a slip of his tongue?
  Who plays on the drums of his ears?
And who can tell the cut and style
  Of the coat his stomach wears?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail,
  And if so, what did it do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder-blades?
  I'm sure I don't know; do you?

Belle—I hear the Government is badly in need of camouflage artists.

Nell—It is a wonder you have not been snatched up with that complexion, dear.—*Baltimore American.*

I Don't

My parents forbade me to smoke.
  I don't!
Nor listen to a naughty joke.
  I don't!
They made it clear I must not wink
At pretty girls, nor even think
About intoxicating drink.
  I don't!
To dance or flirt is very wrong.
  I don't!
Wild youths chase women, wine and song.
  I don't!
I kiss no girls—not even one;
I do not know how it is done.
You wouldn't think I have much fun.
  I don't!

Fighting for Uncle Sam

(*Continued from Page* 10)

Patrick Diggins, formerly of the pipe shop, writes from Camp Stuart in Newport News, Va., to give his regards to the boys in the yard. He says he has been chased around from one place to another.

John E. Peterson, a former chauffeur, writes from Camp Upton:

"Just a line to let you know that I received a package of cigarettes from the employees of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co. I want to thank the employees very much for thinking of me, for they surely did come in handy. I also want to thank you for the package of DIALS I also received. Pretty nearly everyone in the barracks wanted to look at them. They are changing hands yet. As soon as one fellow gets finished there's another waiting for them. They think they are fine and I think you people are very kind to send the stuff you have to us boys, as it sure was great for our comfort. Give my best regards to the boys, as most all of them know me as 'Red.' "

John R. Scott, who formerly worked here under Number 1883, and is now in the 9th Company, 2d Prov. Battalion, at Camp Upton, writes under date of April 13:

"This is the life. Nothing to do but drill, work, eat and sleep. The weather just now is terrible. It's raining, hailing and snowing, but that doesn't stop us from drilling. We get plenty to eat. Sundays it is chicken and it's good. Don't forget to send me THE DRY DOCK DIAL once in a while, as it is a good magazine to read, and I'd like to know what's going on in the yard. Give my regards to all the fellows in the burning shop."

Another letter from Peattie addressed to Mr. Morse, tells of his work in an officer's training school behind the lines in France. He writes: "Just a few lines to let you know that I am still alive and far back of the lines. At present I am attending the officer's training school, taking a course in infantry training which will take from six to eight weeks. We have to work and study hard, but it is a big difference from ducking shells in the line. From the camp you can see the snow on the top of the Alps, as we are not far from the Swiss border. While at the front, our division had some hard times in driving the Germans though. In the end we had them on the run, and they have been running ever since. The Americans are doing fine work here and, from what the papers say, I think that the war will end before Christmas. We all look forward to that day, as there will be many glad hearts waiting for their beloved. How has the work been at the yard? I trust that the yard has been going full blast and that it continues for years to come, for I think shipbuilding and repairing will be the main thing in the next ten years to come. Hope that this finds you and Mrs. Morse in the best of health. Remembrances to Miss Jensen, Miss Travers, Miss Hayes, Mr. Hanbury and Mr. Hall."

A Good Suggestion

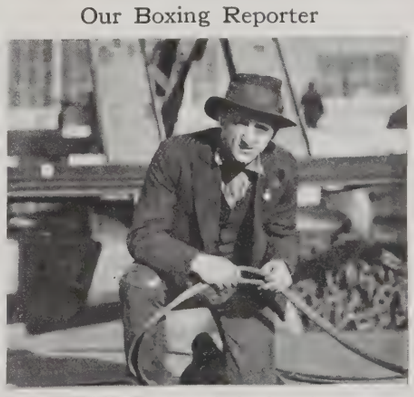
This paragraph appeared in *Collier's* quoting a Buffalo judge: "To the married man who thinks he cannot get along without his drinks, the following is suggested as a solution to the bondage of his habit: First—Start a saloon in your own house. Second—Be the only customer, and you'll have no license to pay. Give your wife $2 to buy a gallon of whisky, and remember there are sixty-nine drinks in one gallon. Third—Buy your drinks from no one but your wife, and by the time the first gallon is gone she will have $8 to put in the bank and $2 to start business again. Fourth—Should you live ten years and continue to buy booze from her, and then die with snakes in your boots, she will have enough money to bury you decently, educate your children, buy a house and lot, marry a decent man, and quit thinking about you."

A Busy Man's Prayer

With gratitude for thy protection during the night watches, I begin, O Lord, the new life of a new day. My path will be the busy thoroughfare; walk Thou with me unseen. My thought must be of stocks and bonds, of houses and lands; let not my heart cleave to these things, but, through the sweet influence of Thy spirit, incline me to seek things that endure. I shall be tempted to-day—I may be drawn to the verge of some awful mistake; in the swift moment of danger when I cannot withdraw to the closet of prayer, give me to know the right and the power to do it. Let not trifles ruffle my temper, nor disappointments unman me; let not exacting duties make me selfish and churlish; give me rather a sunshiny face, a forthright hand, and the joy of a word fitly spoken to some timid, discouraged soul. Strength for the day's service give me in such measure as Thou willest; pass by my sins of omission; and when the shadows fall, bring me again, unsullied by word or deed, to sweet, refreshing sleep. Amen.

Plan for more than you can do,
Then do it.
Bite off more than you can chew,
Then chew it.
Hitch your wagon to a star,
Keep your seat, and there you are.
—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Our Boxing Reporter



ABE YEAGER, 2d, of the burning department, who was formerly a newspaper reporter, is keeping tabs for THE DIAL on the prize-fighters employed here. Although Abe's column of prize-fighting news is only two months old with this issue, we are sure it is going to be a mighty interesting feature of our magazine. We have some live prize ring fighters in our yard and inasmuch as Abe knows most of the boys and has had writing experience we are sure that he is going to keep us well posted.

A Year's Improvements

WITHIN a short time the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company will put into operation its new sectional dry dock, and with the many new plant improvements that have been made during the past year the facilities of our yard will be increased 500 per cent. over what they were before the war.

While this may indicate a growth that seems almost unbelievable, the unparalleled demand for ships, which was one of the striking phases of the war's effect on industry, should not be overlooked in contemplating our growth.

When the war started the Morse Company, if not the largest ship repairing company on the Atlantic coast, was one of the most efficient. Its facilities for handling work were at that time the equal of any other, and with men at the head of every department who had spent a life time in their particular work, the Morse Company had created for itself a business reputation second to none.

With the war, however, came a demand for ships which made even this splendid organization pathetically inadequate in view of the tremendous volume of work required by the government.

Realizing long before this country entered the conflict the situation which was dawning, the management of the Company began to speed up on its work of improving its plant. Certain improvements had already been contemplated and some had even started, but these represented for the most part the more natural improvements that mark the growth of any industrial establishment.

The new dry dock had been designed and planned years previous, and work on it had been in progress some time in the yard at the foot of 59th street known as "The Farm."

"Speed-up," then suddenly became the slogan of the Morse Company the minute the war began, not only in the work it performed on the ships which were sent to its docks for repairs, conversions and so forth, but also in new plant construction, and even at the outset of the world war buildings began to spring up almost over night.

First came temporary structures, many of which were actually thrown together within twenty-four hours. Then came the permanent buildings. For instance, there is the new fabricated steel and glass plate shop, one of the most up-to-date plants of its kinds. Then there is the new cement carpenter shop located in front of the administration office. To-day the office building is twice the size it was when the war began.

On the north side of the yard is a large four story brick building, which houses seven or eight departments and also accommodates office forces that cannot be housed in the main administration building. The copper, sheet metal and plumbing departments are now



located in a modern brick structure which replaces wooden frame buildings that occupied the same site a year ago. A steel and glass blacksmith shop is practically completed; a new steel and glass extension to the machine shop has been added, new power and air plants have sprung up, and in the short space of a year practically a new plant has been builded out of the old. The new steel and glass forge shop, fitted with power presses to aid facilities for turning out the heaviest forgings, is also a new addition to the plant.

The new air plant on the north side of the yard is one of the finest of its kind in the port of New York. It is equipped with two new P. R. E. electric air compressors, Westinghouse motors, capable of taking care of all present and future requirements.

The new air plant was put into use on August 16 and is in charge of Chief Engineer James Collins, whose assistant is Edward Collins.

In addition to the new buildings there are the new facilities for handling the work required of the Company. A most important departure is the fleet of tugboats, barges, lighters and dredges which the Company has acquired. When the Company found itself unable to buy new tugboats, no matter how much was offered, it didn't wait for some fairy to come along and produce one, it began to build one, and only a short time ago the tugboat *E. P. Morse*, which was designed after the *Francis Hackett*, one of the best-known tugboats in the port, was launched. The *E. P. Morse* was built especially with the thought that it could serve as an ice-breaker, the experience of the shipping trade last winter being kept in mind. Had there been more tugboats of the type of the *E. P. Morse* and the *Francis Hackett*, the coal shortage would have been less serious. The Morse fleet did yeoman service in breaking through the ice which tied up harbor shipping facilities so seriously. This year it will be in an even better position to deal properly with the Weatherman if the old gentleman takes it into his head to freeze things up as tightly as he did last year.

Naturally the question arises as to whether these improvements will be made use of now that the end of the war is in sight, whether the Company hasn't outgrown whatever demand there may be from henceforth for its services.

Mr. Morse should, by reason of his life-long connection with the shipping trade, be able to speak with authority on this subject. We have his word for it that the rebuilding and repairing of ships will continue at the present highwater mark without a letup, and that the repair yards of the country will have all the business they can attend to for two or three years to come.

In line with this judgment, Mr. Morse proposes to continue the improvements in the plant under the same "speed-up" program which marked the course of the Company's enterprise during the past year.



Pictures Taken by A. Pagano, Company Photographer

THE MORSE
DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, and to the interests of the Company.

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Beginning Our Second Year

"THE shortest day in all the week is the one that finds us working with all our physical and mental energies. The longest day is the day that finds our heads and hands empty."

Every day during the past year has been a mighty short one for the Editor of your magazine, but Lord, how we have enjoyed our work.

True happiness comes from one thing—*Service*. We flatter ourselves that we have been of *service* to our readers.

We know that we have because we have soul-burning letters from many who have found the publication worthy of their interest; we still feel the firm squeeze of many a hearty handshake, and haven't we enjoyed the confidences of a troubled mind now and then!

Good fellowship has been our great privilege for one solid year.

We have tried to inject an occasional smile into the serious business you have had in hand, and thanks to the valued aid of our contributing editors, we have succeeded beyond our fondest hopes.

"To breathe into the pages of this magazine the life and spirit of the men and women employed by the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co., is the task to which your Editor has set himself."

These were our first words to you. How well we have succeeded in our task is not for us to say.

But it is our desire to reiterate this pledge because we know that only in that way can we continue to make this publication what you desire it to be.

On this day, a year from the time we started the Dial, we do not have to caution you that the success of the magazine is dependent upon your coöperation. We know that that coöperation is ours without the asking, that it comes without our bidding.

Thus does the Dial go into its second year and its second volume with assurances of greater success and of greater service to its readers.

B. E. B.

* * *

What the War Has Done

"IT is an ill wind which blows no good," is a famous saying when good comes of evil.

This is just what has happened in this wonderful universe to-day. When this great war first threatened our land, people were in favor of peace, peace at any price. Some prophesied revolutions, others said they would never fight on foreign soil. Some said it was a rich man's war and they would not take part in it. But lo—a sudden unexpected change took place. Our President, who had always seemed the symbol of peace, finally brought the nation to an awakening glory—a glory in which it was worth while sharing. Over night the nat on awoke to its duty—that of freeing the world and making it a real decent place to live in.

But now let us see if what we have participated in has any other results than victory. If not, all this life blood and tear shed has been in vain.

Any great deed, unless it has achieved some valuable end, is a waste of time and energy. But here we have a few good results. First, the elimination of class prejudice (the melting pot at the camps brought that about), wherein a millionaire's son and a laborer were seeking the same goal, later fighting side by side, ready to sacrifice either for the other. Secondly, the elimination of sects and race prejudice; for what mattered it if the buddy by your side in the trench was of a different religion or color? He was your friend in need and was *all* there to make the supreme sacrifice should that time come.

For we have all heard the famous biblical saying: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Mrs. Otto Peterson.

* * *

Get the Tenth Straight

WE retain only about one tenth of what we hear, the psychologists tell us. Taking their word for what it is worth, it looks as if all of us have a pretty hard job on our hands at this little remembering game. The question is, if we only get a tenth of anything that is told us, do we get that tenth straight?

We recently attended a little noon hour oration which consisted mostly of yard scandal. There had been some minor difficulty down around the docks. The "orator" of the group had a pal who had told him what he was repeating.

At once the question of the little tenth came to our mind. The pal may have had a just grievance. He told his friend, who remembered a tenth. And now the friend was telling his friends, padding out that tenth with nine other parts from his own imagination. His audience would remember a tenth of that, and if they told someone else—well, the end is more easily imagined than seen.

The point we are trying to make is this—we only get a tenth. As long as that is so, why not make it the best tenth that we can get? Remember that the originator of any story is entitled to fair treatment, and that he is not getting it when you believe something which is nine-tenths a product of the imagination. Remember that the man who starts a story is not always right, and that in that case we get one hundred or two hundred per cent. of pure fiction. Fairness is a manly virtue. Cultivate it. Be fair to your pal, be fair to the other party; be fair to your boss; be fair t, your fellow-worker. Always, while you listen, remember the tale of the little tenth.

C. S. W.

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Praise for Mead

SPEAKING of giving credit where credit is due, we are reminded of the fact that very few men are willing to handle the finances of a $30,000 organization without being paid a salary for doing so. Mortimer W. Mead, treasurer of the Employees' Association, deserves high praise for the able manner in which he looks after the Association finances. He doesn't get a cent for doing it, and what is more he doesn't expect it.

B. E. B.

* * *

A Hand on Your Shoulder

When a man ain't got a cent,
And he's feeling kind of blue,
And the clouds hang dark and heavy
An' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren,
Fer a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

It makes a man feel curious,
It makes the tear drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter
In the region of the heart!
You can look up and meet his eyes;
You don't know what to say
When his hand is on your shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound,
With its honey and its gall,
With its cares and bitter crosses—
But a good world after all.
An' a good God must have made it—
Leastways, that is what I say
When a hand is on my shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

James Whitcomb Riley.

A Youthful Poet

DON'T know whether this stuff will interest you or not," said George J. Miller, outside foreman, one day as he handed us a batch of copy. "My son wrote it and I thought perhaps you would like to use some of it in THE DIAL," which information developed the fact that George J. Jr., aspires to be a poet, author, actor and playwright. To encourage George Jr., in his ambition we are using three of his poems and we have no hesitation in saying that there's real merit in them, if our humble judgment amounts to anything.

"To Win This War"

To win this war our country needs
Men to do its valiant deeds;
Mothers to send their boys and bear
Their sorrow in a silent prayer;
Fathers to subscribe to each and every Liberty Loan,
And keep the fires burning till the boys come safely home;
Big sisters to knit sweaters, warm and nice,
To protect our boys from snow and ice;
Little sisters to copy big sisters' deeds,
And knit some wristlets which every soldier needs;
Loyal little brothers should also help our cause
By saving pennies they get for going to stores,
And investing in Thrift Stamps over here
To help us complete Kaiser Bill's bier;
And the big brothers who go to work,
They, their duty should not shirk,
Each week they should buy a War Savings Stamp
To help the brave fellow who is out in camp.

Remember He's Young

When you see a fellow fooling,
And the things he does get you mad,
Remember that once you were a boy,
And once you, too, were bad.

If you see him take a carpet tack,
And place it on the steno's chair,
Don't get hot beneath the collar,
Or begin to curse and swear.

Remember he is youthful,
To him life is one big dream,
Cause its trials and its sorrows
Have not yet appeared upon the scene.

Then look back to your childhood days,
Which have fled like birds of the air;
Don't you wish you could go back to them,
And be free from worry and care?

Did you ever sit on a winter's night,
Watching the burning logs splutter and glow
And thinking of your boyhood days,
Those good old days of long ago?

Didn't your heart beat a wee bit faster,
Then a tear drop or two come to your eye,
And a funny feeling come o'er you,
As you looked back at the days gone by?

Remember we all have our share
Of joy, of gloom and of sorrow.
Boyhood days are the days for joy;
Gloom and sadness are for the morrow.

So don't be hard on the boy
Who still has his childhood hours,
For they soon will have to die
Like birds and beasts and flowers.

Remember each boy wants to look back,
When he is old and bent and gray,
And he wants to remember the joy and the fun
He had in his short childhood day.

A few lines to make the older folks remember childhood days are the days for fun and joy unconfined.—*The Author.*

Words He Didn't Forget

The shells and shrapnel shots were falling, in a trench, far over the sea;
While a doughboy told a story, which his comrades listened to attentively;
He was telling of a pretty girlie, back in his home town,
Where the sun is always shining, and the trees are never brown.
He was telling of the gingham dress she wore when first they met;
And he was telling of a letter, the words of which he can't forget.

Chorus

Just a little line to you Bill, just a little line to say;
That I am thinking of you, Bill, all the livelong day.
The birds are always singing, everywhere I roam;
And the wind is always whispering, telling me you'll soon be home.
Our little house will soon be finished, upon the old town hill;
And then everything will be waiting, for your return, dear Bill.

While the Big Bertha's shells were falling and the machine-gun's fire spit;
Bill's company went over the top and poor Bill was hit.
The doctors thought they couldn't save him (he was wounded in both hips.)
But still he kept the words of that letter on his lips.
Then later on he rallied, and the doctors pronounced him better;
And they say it all occurred through the wording of that letter.

Here's to Our Country

By Arthur Vance

Just a little patriotic toast that everyone should know, written by me for the boys of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co:

Here's to our country and our Allies in this war,
Here's to General Pershing who knows what he's fighting for,
Here's to our soldier boys that will fight anywhere they are sent,
And here's to Mr. Wilson, our Honorable President."

It should be understood by everyone in the yard that there is nothing compulsory about the insurance plan. If, for any reason, an employee does not care to take out a policy he is in no way obliged to do so and should have no hesitation in notifying the insurance clerk to that effect. Some employees have the impression that to ask to have the assessments stopped would jeopardize their position. This is absurd and entirely out of sympathy with the purposes of the insurance plan. Any employee now being assessed is at liberty to cancel the insurance if he does not desire it and he need have no fear of being discharged or penalized in any way. But it should be borne in mind that the insurance is a good investment and a big help in time of bitter need.

"Mr. Meant-to has a comrade
And his name is Didn't-do—
Have you ever chanced to meet them?
Did they ever call on you?
These two fellows work together
In the house of Never-win,
And I'm told it's haunted—haunted
By the ghost of Might-have-been."

Texaco Star.

What Is Tonnage?

By Frederick P. Porter

THIS question has very often presented itself in the layman's mind when reading newspaper reports of ship losses and the question is a most natural one.

The term tonnage, as used by the shipping world, describes two distinctly different measurements. One being a measurement of weight, the other being a measurement of space.

Under measurement of weight we have displacement and dead weight carrying capacity and under measurement of space we have gross and net tonnage.

Germany reports the allied and neutral ship losses in displacement tonnage. England reports losses in gross tonnage and our shipping board reports ship construction in dead weight carry capacity tonnage. Hence the puzzle occasioned in the mind of the average layman.

Displacement and dead weight carrying capacity tonnage is a measurement of weight. The first being the weight of the ship. The second the weight that the ship can carry.

Archimedes, a famous Greek geometer, discovered that the volume of water that a body displaces is equal to the weight of that body and it has been found that thirty-five cubic feet of water weighs one ton. Hence if we measure the volume of a ship at the light trim water line we have its displacement or the weight of the ship which is displacement tonnage.

Now if we again measure the volume of the ship at the full load water line and subtract the displacement we have the weight that she can carry or dead weight carrying capacity tonnage.

We now come to gross and net tonnage, which is a measurement of space within a ship and dates back to the early British mercantile days when England's ships were largely engaged in carrying wine from France to England, the wine then being shipped in casks of nearly equal size called tuns.

The cask known as tun then being a volume of 100 cubic feet has since been corrupted to the word ton and is now a measurement of 100 cubic feet of space within a ship.

In the early days a ship's size was known by the number of tuns of wine she could carry, and to-day our ship and insurance brokers know a ship's size by her gross or net tons of 100 cubic feet of space.

Gross tonnage being a measurement of under deck space plus the closed-in space above deck such as engine room, cabins and enclosed bridge.

As engine room, galley, crews' quarters, etc., can earn no money, nor can space above deck exposed to the sea and weather, these spaces when deducted from the gross tonnage give what is known as the ship's net tonnage.

Lloyd's, of London, have certain fixed rules which govern the allowable and non-allowable parts of a ship in the estimating of gross and net tonnage.

Roughly speaking one can figure the different tonnages in the following way. Dead weight will be two-thirds of a ship's displacement. Gross, two-thirds of dead weight carrying capacity, and net will be two-thirds of the gross tonnage.

As an example: a ship that at the light trim water line displaces we will say 15,000 tons, her dead weight will then be 10,000, her gross 7,000 and her net 4,500 tons approximately.

Miss Ascum: "Do you know, I often wonder why a ship has to weigh its anchor every time it leaves port."

Mr. Dumley: "Why—er—the weight is constantly changing, you know, because of the—er—binnacles and things that accumulate on the anchor."—*Philadelphia Press.*



EDITED BY C. STEWART WARK

IF 1919 isn't some year for Morse athletics we miss the best guess we ever made and will be after Tom Plunkett of the Employment Office for hiring the "jinx" himself. "Gentleman Jinx" is the only reason in the world why Morse teams shouldn't be having a corner on about every pennant and championship cup that can be won in this section of the country, if the situation at the present time is any indication of the future.

In the first place, we have the football team, making itself resemble a Kansas cyclone, by the way that it is rushing along toward a monopoly of the silver cup output of the United States.

Since the first game of the season early last October when the Robins outfit, which must have collected all of the horseshoes in Brooklyn the day before, beat our team by the score of 1 goal to 0, we have played eleven games, not counting one game forfeited to us by the Chinese students, and have won all of them.

By defeating the Longfellows on December 1, we won the United War Work Campaign Trophy and according to all of the members of the squad there are a lot more silver cups coming the Morse way before the season is ended. Incidentally, the football schedule calls for games right through the winter and the whack of bat against ball will be heard on Morse Oval before the pigskin chasers take to cover for the summer months.

The bowlers, too, have been making things pretty lively for all of the other "tenpin" artists in the city and are heading the Shipyard Bowling League at the time that this issue of the DIAL goes to press.

Beside football and bowling we still have among the list of our winter sports basketball, and things look much brighter for that sport at the present time than ever before.

Men interested in the basketball situation are, at the present time, hard at work on a schedule for the Morse team.

Bill Petrick, foreman in the pipe covering department, who is now handling the Morse team, has done a great deal toward breaking up the dark clouds hanging over the basketball situation. Petrick has had a good deal of basketball experience and is a valuable addition to the personnel of the team. He has assembled around the Morse colors a collection of big-leaguers who will be hard to beat, and is very proud of the fact that every one of them is an old employee in the Morse yard or office. Some of the men have been employed here over two years.

Dick Smythe is running the team on the court. He is undoubtedly one of the best all around basketball men in the East and under his guidance the future of the Morse quintet seems to be assured.

The basketball team deserves the support of every sport "fan" in the yard.

Soccer Team Wins Cup

THE winning streak of the Morse soccer team was halted, but not broken on Sunday, November 17, by the weather man. Our football "booters" were to have played the New York F. C., but the game was called on account of rain.

To show that they had lost none of their former "pep" because of the lay off of the previous Sunday, our football team traveled up to Lenox Oval on Sunday, November 24, and gave the New York F. C. their delayed beating to the tune of 3 to 1. Morse and the New York combination lined up before one of the largest crowds that have attended a soccer game this season. After twenty minutes of play, Mackie scored the first goal for Morse after receiving a beautiful pass from Brannigan. Fifteen minutes later Brannigan made another pass to Casey, who scored the second goal for Morse. In the second half the New York outfit came back with a lot of "pep" and after several minutes of play Vandewege landed the ball in the Morse net. Their spurt of speed, however, came too late, and Brannigan made it possible for them to chalk another one up for Morse before the whistle blew. Result: Morse 3; New York 1. For Morse, Mackie, 1; Casey, 1; Brannigan, 1; New York, Vandewege, 1.

Lenox oval seems to have some great scoring attraction for the Morse team. On Thursday, November 28, our soccer team again traveled uptown and showed the men from Robins that something was radically wrong when their football men topped Morse on the score board earlier in the season. The score at the end of the game stood 2 to 1, with Morse on the heavy side. Things looked bad for our boys during the earlier stages of the game, and Van den Euyden scored the first goal of the game for Robins after twenty minutes of play, from a free kick. Beardsworth duplicated Van den Euyden's performance before the whistle blew for the end of the first half, and the score stood at tie. The Morse men proved their worth in the second half by being able to stand up under the fast pace set throughout the game by both sides, and after fifteen minutes of play Casey went through and put Morse in the lead which they kept throughout the remainder of the game. Result: Morse, 2; Robins, 1. For Morse, Beardsworth, 1; Casey 1; for Robins, Van den Euyden, 1.

Due to a slight mix-up in the playing schedule our football men were to have played a game with the Chinese students on the morning of Sunday, December 1, at Lenox Oval, but the orientals failed to appear, and we took the game by default.

At the same field in the afternoon, Morse took the final cup tie match of the season by defeating the Longfellows 2 goals to 0. The first half of the game ended without either side being able to score. The even play continued throughout the first twenty minutes of the second half of the game, then Casey made the first tally for Morse after a long run by Bell. Ten minutes later Cartwright went through with the second and last goal of the game.

The winning of this game gave the Morse soccer team the United War Work Campaign trophy. It was presented to our boys at the Dolphin café after the game was over by "Big Bill" Edwards, who declared that it was the team work of the sort seen in soccer, rugby and baseball that won the war for the Allies and America. Gold medals were also awarded to every member of the Morse team, silver medals being given to the Longfellows.

Final score, Morse 2, Longfellow 0. Goals, Casey 1, Cartwright 1.

After a month's work for the War Campaign, the Morse soccer team turned its attention to the Shipyard League games by entertaining the Federal Shipyard F. C. from Kearny, N. J., on Sunday, December 8. The "Feds" started out with a lot of confidence. During the first ten minutes of play they seemed to carry everything before them and only the cross bar saved the Morse goal from being penetrated at least once during the attack. The Morse team, then, seemed to get its bearings and Cartwright, cleverly eluding several of his opponents, started the scoring for the home team. O'Donnell accepted one of McNaughton's crosses and the Morse team had two tallies to their credit. Again, several minutes later, McNaughton passed one right to O'Donnell's toe with the resulting third goal for Morse. The fourth Morse tally was due to the quick work of Holgate. O'Donnell netted the fifth one. Shortly before half time Edmundson scored a second goal for the Jersey team. After thirty minutes of the second half had been played off, McNaughton started off on his own, sent a long one to Holgate, who netted the leather for the sixth Morse tally. Result, Morse 6, Federal 2.

Proud of Soccer Trophy

By Wilfred Hollywood, Hull Department

THE soccer club made a promise not long ago to bring a trophy back to the yard. The members have been true to their word and are very proud of the trophy, now in their possession, which was put up for competition between the soccer clubs of New York State. The trophy is known as the United War Work Cup. A certain percentage of the gate receipts from the games played for this cup was given to the United War Work Campaign Fund and from all of the games that the Morse club took part in $1,500 was collected for that worthy cause. The Morse team certainly did its bit, for it played in all of the important games which drew large crowds.

In the first round, the New York Chinese Club forfeited to us. The Orientals did not seem to realize that it was to be a charity game and asked for a certain sum of money which our team refused to pay them. Our boys were willing to lose a half day's pay so that the game could be played and naturally did not feel like allowing their opponents to collect money while they suffered a loss.

In the second round the Queens Rangers were defeated by the score of 15 goals to 1. In the third round the New York F. C. received the surprise of their lives when they were forced to bow before the ability of our football players. The greatest feat of all was the winning of the semi-final from the Robins Dry Dock outfit. They had put in a week of special training expecting to bring the cup to the "basin" and the odds were greatly in their favor. We also won the final from the Longfellows and now the cup is ours. Someone accused me of being "too previous" when I said that we would bring a cup to the yard before Christmas. Results now speak for themselves. During the past month we also stopped the winning streak of the Federal Shipbuilding F. C.

The men of the soccer squad appreciate the attendance of Miss Jensen and her staff at their

games, not forgetting that Dan Shea is getting to be a regular "soccer bug" too.

The United War Work Campaign Football Cup was donated by Mr. Clust of the New York jewelry firm of Diejes and Clust. Competition for the cup was held under the direction of the Southern New York State Football Association, and sixteen teams were represented in the competition. Besides the cup now in the possession of the Morse team medals were given to all of the players. The team is now entered in the competition for the National Cup, senior soccer trophy of the United States, and the American Football Association Cup. It will enter for the Southern State Cup competition later in the season. It has reached the third round in the National Cup competition and the second round for the A. F. A. Cup.

LEAGUE STANDING

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points
Robins*.....	5	4	0	1	9
Federal.....	5	3	1	1	7
Morse*.....	4	3	1	0	6
Standard....	2	2	0	0	4
Submarine...	4	1	3	0	2
Downey.....	1	0	1	0	0
Tietjen & Lang	2	0	2	0	0
Newburgh*..	4	0	4	0	0

* Robins game with Morse and Newburgh protested.

With the Fight Fans

By Abe Yager, 2d

FRANKIE FAY, one of the yard force, made quite a hit at Newark, recently, when he conceded nearly sixteen pounds to Banty Lewis of Jersey City, and then gave him a grand four round lacing. Fay, who has quite a following among the boys in the yard, was both surprised and pleased to see quite a number of them at the ringside. Frankie must be right "there," for his manager tried hard to get Jack Sharkey or any other bantam to meet his protege, but they all sidestepped. Lewis was the only man available and was a sorry mess when he stepped out of the ring. It is hoped that Fay will be able to meet Frankie Burns or Pete Herman, the bantam king, in the near future. We all wish Frankie all the luck in the world, and we would like nothing better than to have a champion in our midst.

Fay has met and defeated many good men in the flyweight and bantam class. He has fought and beaten some of the best men of his weight in this State. Among other men of ability who have crossed mitts with Frankie might be mentioned, Dick Loadman of Baltimore, Jack Sharkey, Dave Astey, and Joe Lynch of New York, Jimmy Murray and Joe Leonard of Brooklyn. All of these boys are top-notchers in their respective divisions. Fay traveled to Newark on November 6 and easily defeated Joe Forgone of that city. Things went Frankie's way throughout the contest, and Forgone was a badly beaten man when he stepped out of the ring. Fay is training hard for his many coming engagements and expects to be a busy man throughout the remainder of the winter. He is training with Pete Smythe of South Brooklyn, and Solly Woods, the fast Bay Ridge boy now in the Navy. Our old friend Johnny McAvoy is managing Frankie.

The boxing and wrestling bouts held at the regular monthly meeting of the Employees' Association for December were the most entertaining series of matches that we have seen in a long time. The bouts were between some of the fastest boys available and, through Willie Burke who was match-maker, the boys were paired off pretty evenly. A finer set of bouts could not have been seen even if an admission fee had been charged. Five boxing and wrestling events were held, and a pleasant evening was spent by all those present.

"Al" McCoy, former middleweight champion, crossed mits with "Irish Jack" Smith, C. P. O. and middleweight champion of the U. S. Navy. They boxed an exhibition of three two-minute rounds, and both men showed up to good form. McCoy, after the long lay-off he has had, was pretty fast, and Smith had to step a lively pace. In the second round, Marty McCue, a lanky Jackie from the U. S. S. *Des Moines*, who was the third man in the ring had to pry the men apart, and he and McCoy nearly tumbled from the ring.

Johnny Levine of the plumbing department fought to a draw with Tony "Kid" Dunn of the pipe shop. The two lads had the crowd up on their feet all through the bout. Oscar Carlson of the carpenter shop was referee.

Frankie Fay, after a strenuous day at a chipping gun, pitted his skill against "Red" Nulty of the U. S. S. *Des Moines*. It looked pretty stormy for Fay in the first round. He came back strong after that, however, and both outboxed and outslugged the red-headed lad from the navy. This does not belittle Nulty in any way, as he has the makings of a great fighter, true to the traditions of all of Uncle Sam's boys. A little more experience will put him among the top-notchers. Marty McCue also officiated in this bout.

Maxey Marks, a product of New York, now of the burning department, outboxed Johnny Lundy who was brought all the way from Virginia by "Al" McCoy. The boys made this bout very amusing. Maxey worked the old bean game on Jimmy MacFarland, our Association president, who was induced to act as referee. "Mac" ducked and dodged all through the contest as some of the blows landed by the boxers went MacFarland's way. Marks went into the ring with a mouthful of beans and when Lundy let a blow go at his jaw, out came the beans. "Mac" thought that they were Maxey's teeth, decided that the party was getting too rough and went to break the men. Investigation proved that things were not as they seemed, and he allowed the fight to continue.

Two sailors went on in the last bout of the evening and furnished us with some very exciting moments. Young Steward of the U. S. S. *Des Moines* and Joe Daly, champion of middle and foreign waters, fought on even terms. Willie Burke of the carpenter shop was the third man in the ring.

All of the bouts were of three rounds with two minutes of boxing to the round.

George Jones of the boiler shop pinned the shoulders of Young Munday, Italian middleweight champion, to the mat in the one wrestling match of the evening with an overhead throw and scissors in nine minutes and one second of tiresome work. Jones' bulk showed on the Italian after a strenuous battle. Johnny McAvoy, the well-known referee, acted as sponsor in this bout.

Marty Mulligan held the watch for all of the bouts of the evening. Mulligan has passed away since that time, and we all mourn the loss of one of our best sportsmen.

After their match at our meeting Jones and Munday traveled to the Crescent Theatre where they again put up a slashing exhibition which ended in a draw. George is giving a little more of his time to training of late, and his recent performances show the good results of his efforts. We expect to find in Jones, in the near future, a close rival of Jean Bruce and a shipyard champion at his weight.

Willie Burke who, assisted by Dan Shea, has full charge of the boxing end of our monthly entertainments, has called our attention to the manner in which some of the men attending our shows have been treating the boxers. They have been in the habit of passing remarks which are characteristic of ringside chatter, but inasmuch as the men who appear at our boxing shows volunteer their services and get nothing for their efforts, these remarks are usually out of place. We should all appreciate their services enough to avoid these taunts. Sneering remarks will not help to attract high class talent to our monthly meetings, so let us be liberal with our applause, but miserly with our sneers.

Frankie Callahan, the fast Brooklyn lightweight, is still on our books as a painter. Some job, hey, Frankie?

Jean Bruce of the carpenter shop, hailed as the shipyard wrestling champion, wrestled Martin Sudecker to a draw after eighteen minutes of rough tactics at the Crescent Theatre on November 11. The men put up such a sensational and exciting contest that Referee John Dunn stopped the bout before fisticuffs became the fashion.

Battling Kiddy, one time well-known bantam, is now one of Jimmy MacFarlane's star burners.

Eddie Wallace, ex-pipe coverer, Phil Bloom, ex-shipfitter's helper, Charlie Goldman, ex-machinist's helper and Johnny Espin, ex-riveter, are the "mysterious guys" of the yard. Anyone knowing of their whereabouts will kindly notify the peace conference at once.

Tom Smith, Sr., of the carpenter shop, uncle of Gunboat Smith, the heavyweight contender, is "there" with the mitts. He gave us an idea of what he could do up in the Assembly rooms one day when some of the boys were stepping around the ring for a little noon hour recreation. We would like to see more of you, Tom, at the next stag.



George Jones and His Daughter, May

BOTH Mr. Jones and his daughter are enthusiastic members of the "Morse family," George, as a wrestler at the monthly entertainments and May as a singer at our Liberty Loan rallies. Our readers will no doubt remember the activity of both George and May at the bandstand on the memorable day of the Boilermakers' Rally, which netted $45,000 toward our Liberty Loan subscription.

With the Pin Boys

By Thomas J. Plunkett, Bowling Secretary

YOU bet we are proud of our bowlers. The Morse quintette is leading in the New York District Shipyard League, and each time they bowl at Thum's alleys they are one step nearer the much coveted bowling trophy which will be presented to the team winning the championship.

Take off your hats to Henry Rochelle, George MacLaurin and the rest of them, they are making bowling history not alone for the Morse Company, but for the shipyard workers as well. It doesn't matter who they are up against, they come home with the bacon every time.

Undefeated to date, and in addition having the highest team average, highest individual average and highest score, we can proudly boast of their record.

You can't keep us away from the silver loving cups now that we have the habit. Pretty soon we will need to enlarge the Association rooms to care for all of the trophies. Watch the score-board at the yard gate and get ready to inspect the medals our boys will be sporting next February.

There is renewed interest in the yard bowling tournament. One of the dark horses, the hull department team, upset the new dry dock team which seemed to have clear sailing. Now it will be nip and tuck right up to the final game.

The carpenters, pipe shop and electricians are going strong, and there will be some great contests. Joe Landon's painters have also struck their stride and look like trouble-makers.

The boys from the store room have broken the ice by winning a game, and hope to muss things up before the tournament closes.

The boat crews have withdrawn from the tournament, and the riggers have taken their place. The riggers are late in starting, but will make some noise before the final game.

Come up to the alleys on Monday nights. Don't forget that any man who has been in the employ of the company over two weeks, is eligible to bowl with his department team. Everyone has a chance for a prize. One big score may do the trick.

Standing of the New York District Shipyard Bowling League

Games at Thum's Alleys.

	Won	Lost
Morse	8	0
Tietjen & Lang	5	1
Sisco	5	1
Federal	4	2
Downey	3	3
Robins	2	4
Tebo	2	4
Johnson	2	4
Standard	0	6

High team score (Morse).....941
High team average (Morse).....846
High ind. average (Rochelle–Morse).....191
High ind. score (Rochelle–Morse).....246

We Win at Basketball

THE basketball team opened its season at St. Michael's Lyceum, Forty-second street and Fourth avenue, on Thursday, December 19, by defeating the Brooklyn All Stars by the score of 51 to 29. The Morse quintet proved its superiority over the All Stars from the very beginning of the game, and merely toyed with the visitors until the final whistle blew.

After the first two minutes of play, Joe Sandifer found an opening and shot through for the first tally of the game. From that time on the Morse outfit dropped the ball through the basket with clocklike regularity.

Music for the dancing which followed was furnished by the Morse band.

Saves President's Ship

A DANGEROUS fire on the U. S. S. *George Washington*, the ship President Wilson sailed on, which might have seriously hindered her sailing on time, was put out in a courageous manner by one of our riggers, Thomas McNanny, of 391 Douglas street, Brooklyn, before any serious damage was done.

While Morse employees were at work on the *George Washington*, just a few hours previous to her sailing, a gas bottle burst into flames. Details of McNanny's courageous act are given best in the following letter, sent to Mr. Morse, by the Hoboken employees:

"*Mr. Morse,*

"DEAR SIR: Just a few lines to let you know that the man by the name of Thomas McNanny, No. 9033 rigger, was working on the *George Washington* the other day, when one of the gas bottles went afire. Every man left the ship and the sailors, and left only McNanny on the ship to fight the gas, and he stuck to his post till the end came. He took off his coat and plunged on top of the flame of gas. At first it looked like the side of the ship was going. We were all waiting to hear it, but when we came back on the ship McNanny had everything safe. Then the captain and the commanding officer took him up to the sick bay and took his name and address, and told him he would hear from them. So, Saturday, November 31, they called him in the office and told him he would hear from Washington in a few days.

"Mr. Noble, the superintendent, brought him into the office, and Mr. Noble told him he wished him luck. They all thought at first the ship was done for, but it was a surprise to everyone. McNanny thought of Mr. Wilson going over to France, and something had to be done, and he did it, and the ship will sail with the President anyway.

"Mr. Morse, we thought we would write in his behalf in the case that the firm would entitle him to a reward, as we all think he saved a lot of damage for the firm.

"Hoping you will look after him, and you can call on any of the men who were working on the *George Washington* that day (as no man would take the chance he took), we remain,

"Very truly yours,

"THE MEN OF HOBOKEN."

McNanny was complimented by both the commanding officer of the navy detachment at Hoboken, and the captain of the ship.

It is such work as this that makes us all proud of the spirit which exists in the hearts of all Morse workmen. The men who worked on the *George Washington* at Hoboken added a new page to the history of Morse achievements, but if it had not been for McNanny all of their work might have been in vain. McNanny has been rewarded by the Company, and the matter has been brought to the attention of the congressman from his district.

Piez Is Director General

THE Board of Trustees of the Emergency Fleet Corporation has elected Charles Piez to the position of director general of the corporation in place of Charles M. Schwab, who resigned. Throughout the period of Mr. Schwab's active identification with the corporation, Mr. Piez held the position of vice-president and general manager, and no one connected with the corporation has so intimate a relation to the actual work of the shipyards, or so comprehensive a knowledge of the manifold activities of the corporation as Mr. Piez.

The girls in Room 115 are rushing the can at noon hour. We were under the impression this was in a dry zone, but you never can tell.

Sh-h-h-h! Billy McPherson is married.

More Smokes Sent Out

FIFTY dollars' worth of tobacco and cigarettes was recently sent to former employees now in the service. This latest shipment brings the balance of our "smoke fund" down to $25. It is thought that this amount will be sufficient to cover all future expense until all our boys are back with us again.

The money which we all put into the smoke fund certainly could not have been placed to better advantage if we are to believe some of the letters received from many of our boys in camp; but now that the war is over it is very probable that the fund will be discontinued like many other war time funds which have served their purpose well, but are no longer needed.

Cards Please Our Heroes

TO prove to all former Morse employees now in the service that they were not forgotten at this Christmas time by their former co-workers and friends here, Christmas cards were sent to every one of them by the Employees' Association. The cards were very artistic little folders bearing the words, "Season's Greeting," and a cluster of Allied flags and holly on the outside cover. On the inside of the folder was the message, "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from the Employees' Association, Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company." That the cards were appreciated by our boys in the service is proven by the many letters of thanks that have been received.

Did You Lose Anything?

THE following articles have been found in or about the yard and are being held at the Employment Office. They may be had, upon proper identification, Liberty Loan book, must be identified by number, issue and amount paid; war zone pass belonging to Thomas Brown; prayer book, property of Alfred J. Ciacolici; memo book, property of Edward M. Jordon; several memo books unsigned; wallet belonging to A. Borgeson; pocket book belonging to Hans G. Hansen; pocket book belonging to John Kenny.

Notices

December 2, 1918.

IT is imperative that all storerooms and shops where men are not working be locked at night and keys left with Mr. Potter at the gate. Please see that this rule is strictly lived up to.

A. W. MURRAY, *Superintendent.*

November 20, 1918.

General Notice

Complaints have been received from the tool keepers, that the employees' tool boxes kept in the racks in the air tool room have been broken open and tools stolen.

The Company does not assume responsibility for these tools and any man keeping a tool box will be obliged to provide a lock for the box, and also have his number painted on the box for his own protection.

The tool room will be open to give out the boxes from 6.30 to 7.30 A.M. and open to receive boxes to the latest hour that any job works in the yard. Numbers on the boxes must correspond with the number on the employee's work badge.

A. W. MURRAY, *Superintendent.*

Many a man would feel like a fish out of water if by chance he should manage to get out of debt.

Church Psalms

THE Church can boast of having the first war veteran to return to the yard. "Herb" Gabriel was drafted the day before peace was declared and spent three days at Fort Wadsworth, for which period of service he received three bucks and an honorable discharge. "Gee," says Herb, "Sherman may be right, but I didn't mind this war much."

Bill McCarty, we hear, has a dame,
She is nearsighted, tongue-tied and lame.
And from all we have heard,
She must be a bird,
But Bill loves the girl just the same.

Harry White, efficiency expert, plays no favorites with his slips. He handed one to Dan Lohman and the result nearly broke Dan's heart.

Transports aren't the only things in Hoboken that are camouflaged. You should have seen Frank Whitman's face after a truck got through splashing water-soaked real estate over it.

Jimmy Weldon has a dog,
Of teeth he has but one,
He tried to bite a piece of meat,
And now that dog has none.

Have you seen the new derby that "Whit" is sporting lately? It looks as though he was the last one to go home from a wake and that was the only hat left.

Dan Lohman wishes to deny the report that he is to be married early in 1919.

Famous sayings at the Church:
"Give us a chew, Mac."—*Whitman.*
"Have you guys got your payrolls signed?"—*Lemmere.*
"This is Lohman speaking."—*Lohman.*
"Hey, Bill, look!"—*McCarthy.*
"Gimme a check."—*Osterlie.*

Willie was a pay-roll clerk,
At fifteen bucks per week.
And when the yard boys got a raise,
A yard job he did seek.

He got a job down in the yard,
And worked "soap" every night,
Which sent his brand new salary,
A soarin' like a kite.

He used to come and tell us,
What a wise guy he had been,
Showed us his fat pay envelope,
And would stand around and grin.

But the "soap" days are now over,
Eight hours—a day's work.
Now little Willie's wishin'
He'd remained a pay-roll clerk.

All hands at the carpenter shop are anxiously awaiting the news of the date when their own genial storekeeper and "Little Eva" are to take the "big leap." Now is the time to do it, Chester. The back pay will be all gone very soon.

We hear that Cy MacLaurin is again in training. If not, why the constant use of the assembly rooms every day after five o'clock? Perhaps it is just to take off weight, but we greatly fear *another* pugilistic encounter.

Roy Carter is very fond of ice cream, according to the boys. Why not buy a freezer, Roy, and make some at home while you are not making any "soap"? (This joke is very deep. If you don't get it, ask Roy.)

Bob's Fish Story

THE machine shop has a fishing club. It seems to be a strange time of year to start an organization of that sort, but our news comes from reliable sources, and we feel that it must be true. Meetings are held on Steeplechase pier every evening at eight o'clock. These meetings are conducted by Robert Pira, president of this noble organization. When the fishing isn't good, they put in the time telling stories of the kind that only good fishermen can get away with. We heard one the other night on President Bob, information coming not from one of the members of the fishing club, but from a sergeant of our police reserves.

Bob and the blacksmith shop twins, Pearson and Christiansen, met him on Fourth avenue very early one morning and told him all about it, and a lot more too, until the worthy sergeant, remembering his duty, sent them on their way. The story is a long one, too long for details here, but has to do with a little outing at the foot of the pier, a pair of blue overalls, and some bait that went overboard along with some perfectly good "coffee." Bob will tell the rest of it. One thing that we will say is that they had him working on saloon fixtures on a ship in Hoboken all of the next day.

Commendation

THE following letter of commendation was received by Mr. Morse recently. The letter speaks for itself and shows that the spirit of generosity which has been continually shown by Morse employees throughout every patriotic drive, is appreciated by people not in any way connected with our Company.

The letter follows:

Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co., Foot of 56th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: We beg to thank you for the very handsome contribution amounting in total to $6,649, received from the employees of your good Company, for the United War Work Campaign, Inc.

We have forwarded this to-day to the chairman, Mr. G. Foster Smith, president of the Nassau National Bank of Brooklyn, who wishes me to express to you the very warm thanks of the Committee. This is a splendid tribute, and shows the fine spirit that animates your organization.

In behalf of the Campaign Committee permit me to remain,

Most gratefully yours,
PAUL E. BONNER, *President.*

Band Is Complimented

MOTOR CORPS OF AMERICA
Brooklyn Corps
92 Herkimer Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
November 20, 1918.

Mr. Daniel Shea, Leader Morse Dry Dock Band.

DEAR SIR: The Motor Corps wishes to express its appreciation of the music furnished by Dry Dock Band on the occasion of the victory parade Saturday, November 16.

It is such a great help to have good music for marching, and it was a long hard march. The band never faltered nor flagged for an instant, but played inspiring music every minute from start to finish of the parade.

Every woman present spoke in the highest terms of the help this splendid music was to us.

Please convey our sincere thanks to the men who played and marched that day.

Very truly yours,
MARGUERITE M. OGILVIE,
Captain in Command.

Bud Hart and Andy Anderson were caught with their heads very close together the other day, and when that happens the boys always scent trouble. What's coming off, "Al"?

Future Band Member



Stella Boilin, Aged Two Years

HERE we have one of the future alto players in the Morse Band. The person in question happens to be Stella Boilin, the two-year-old daughter of Harry Boilin of the band; but, according to Harry, the fact that Stella will grow up to be a fair young lady will not hinder her from being one of Dan Shea's horn-tooters. "After they get the swing of voting," says Harry, "they won't stop at anything." So we are expecting a great deal from Stella. If she has only half of the Jazz band "pep" that her daddy has our bandstand is sure to be decorated with more than the usual overalled variety one of these days.

Band Notes

FRANK GRECO, whose picture as an Italian "gob" appeared in the December issue of THE DIAL, is one of the most talented members of our band. He studied music at Milazzo, Italy. He came to America in 1901 and played with several leading bands and orchestras around New York, led his own orchestra for three seasons at Coney Island, then spent two seasons with Shea's band before coming to the Morse band. Greco served his term of four years in the Italian Navy as a bandsman. He is a cornet soloist.

James Herbert McCarthy, formerly a clarinet player in our band, has been laid up with the "flu," according to a letter received by Bandmaster Shea. McCarthy left the Morse employ some time ago to accept a position at Savannah, Ga.

Andrew Arenth, cornet player, was injured recently by the explosion of a steampipe. He is recovering rapidly.

The band is now hard at work practicing on several operas which it intends to use in some of the industrial band competitions which are to be held this winter. These selections will also be played at the annual ball. The selections which will probably be played that night will be: selections from "Aïda," by Verdi; "Bohemian Girl" selection by Balfe; "Pique Dame" overture, by Suppé.

He that succeeds makes an important thing of the immediate task.

My Life

By John Powell, "Dry Dock Poet"

(Not by request, but by myself)

MR. BARNES wrote a short item some time ago, to the effect that I would write a short history of my more or less eventful life, but as modesty forbids me mentioning my good traits, which are about one-eighth per cent., the other part of my life might upset the affairs of State, owing to the said State having to provide three more meals a day to another unfortunate protege.

The above I would call an apology, or in other words a preface, although I'd hate to tell you what the public would call it. So with these few momentious, deep, almost original remarks, I will in my humble way inflict on an unsuspecting shipyard public the most harrowing (whatever that means) tale, of the Seven ages of Me, or six, I mean so far, but the seventh may come after our patient readers realize the time they've wasted when they might have bettered their lives reading the noble life of that illustrious citizen Capt. Collier and his daring deeds in the sewers of Canarsie. But to use a Latin phrase, *Pip-feteo red-ledeo,* which means leak out, so to begin:

TO begin with, as most criminals say when first entering the services of the State, I was blessed with illustrious parents. That is, they were considered the bright lights of the community in which they more or less (mostly less) honored with their residue (accent on the *Due*).

My Father by dint of hard work on an ice plantation in Mississippi accumulated enough of fungus Carnegie to move to Alaska, where he, bought an orange plantation, which some of the natives prophesized would be a lemon, and it was here I first saw the light of day, or I should say days, as the first day I was born was six months long. This is the reason that since coming to New York I forget to go to bed, and when looking at the sign of Chalmers underwear, and gin rickeys, and the Passing Show on Broadway, I am reminded of the Northern Lights and I never know the time of day or night. But as the fellow said in the elevator when he got off at the sixth instead of the fifth floor: "I'm getting ahead of my story," so back to Alaska.

My mother and father not being used to perpetual day worked so long that they'd ring the dinner bell twelve o'clock at night, and the supper bell twelve o'clock in the day, and then forget to go to bed, and start right in working again. Now while my heart was willing, yet my constitution was getting too much daylight knocked out of it, so with a tear in my eye, and the same in my shirt (you must blame the English language for this) I left Juneau, in June (jou-know this is the best time to leave), and after a tempestuous voyage, I landed in Seattle.

ONLY one little incident of the voyage needs recalling. After being two days out an awful storm sprang up and the captain of the ship we were on shouted, "All hands on deck." Now I only had two, but I placed them on the deck, and some big man stepped on them. Well the storm kept getting worse, and like my spirits the ship began to sink. To make a long story short, just as the ship was going down for the last time, I was reminded that my violin was in my cabin, so I rushed down below, grasped my fiddle under my arm rushed up on deck again, threw it overboard—the violin I mean, not the deck—then jumped myself, stepped upon the bridge and walked ashore.

I finally landed in New York and while looking around for something to pick up, I wasn't particular what it was, I happened to spy a showbill and then remembered that at one time all my family away back was in the show profession before going into the ice business. My Grandfather was an acrobat. They used to tie a rope to the gallery, the other end to the stage, and then the stage hands would pull another rope and grandpa would slide for life and never fall. The last time he did the trick, the sheriff pulled the rope, and he's never done the trick since. My oldest brother was so meek looking when a child, that my parents, and of course his parents too, christened him Ham after Noah in the Bible, as they thought he'd be a preacher, but he, alas! as father used to say, landed in show business. He was a contortionist—a bender, a twister. He was so wonderful the people used to call him boneless Ham.

SO then and there I decided without the public's consent to be an actor. I knew I was funny, for my people away back were born in the prohibition south, and that accounts for the dry wit in our whole family. I can also lay claim that everything is original with me, that is, others have said and done the things before, but on hearing them only once, and to my knowledge having never heard myself tell them before, I can safely say they are original with me. For instance I wrote this beautiful pathetic ballad, without any help and sang it at my first performance:



John Powell, Dry Dock Poet

In memory's dream I often see my home so far away
'Tis the sweetest spot in all this world to me,
Where sweet scented flowers perfume the air
and nature smiles so gay
It's there my heart is longing now to be.
I long to hear the song birds in the morning sing so sweet
And the sunshine down upon us cast a smile
Far away from city care and strife, just nature's safe retreat
In my quiet little home in Coney Isle.

Chorus

Oh I'm often longing now to own a little shack and cow,
As for chickens every breed and every style.
There are plenty there I know, so I think I'll pack and go
To my quiet little home in Coney Isle.

THE manager came to me after the performance and said that the best thing I had said was in the last two lines of the chorus, and he advised me to take the first train. Of course he was no judge of talent. The audience received me coldly too, but I didn't mind that, coming from Alaska. But a bartender under the theatre in a saloon I went in, told me I was the best thing in the show, and he treated three times. When I asked him why he thought I was the best thing in the show, he said: "While you were on the stage I did a big business down here." I was glad there are some people who appreciate talent.

Well then I found a partner by the name of Wood, so we *branched* out under the name of the Wood Brothers and made our initial *bough* in an act called "Down Among the Chestnuts." Our first performance was not a success for when the audience got one look at us, they laughed so much, I thought they'd *split.* The manager called us off, and split two dollars between us. Then Wood and I split.

AFTER I split with Wood I got a drug store calendar and learned some new jokes, and got another engagement, and still called myself "Wood with the Wooden Shoes," and danced a clog. After the manager saw me he put on the bills: "Wood with the Wooden Feet," and that night he told me to beat it.

Then my talent turned toward the dramatic, that is towards it. I never really reached it. Perhaps I can tell it all better in verse:

When I was young I used to be, the pride of our town.
My people used to say I'd make an actor of renown.
So for my future I had planned a great Bohemian life
I advertised and I was taken on for trial one night,
And everything came my way everything came my way.
I was lucky the very first night
The manager said I was out of sight
I got engaged right there, a leading part to play
The money was low, but I said I'd go
And everything came my way.

At last we played a town where I was known for miles around
And friends had sent me notes which read: "We'll send you bouquets down."
But on the first night I appeared, my mind was filled with awe
Instead of bouquets in the front, tomato cans I saw.
And, everything came my way, everything came my way.
Somebody hollered get off you *ham*
I tried to get off and got hit with a can,
The manager said: "Get off, you'll die if there you stay,"
I got on my legs, when good and bad eggs
And everything came my way.

I FINALLY became successful in a nautical drama called: "The List of the Nepthis."

The scene was laid in the Morse shipyard, and the plot was that the ship wanted to commit suicide and didn't care on which side she did it. She was finally saved, and goes to Brazil where she lives, I hope, in happiness forever after.

For a grand climax as the ship sailed away, the young hero, a pipe fitter's helper, sings:

"I'm only a pipe fitter's helper,
I'm doing the best that I can
And there is but one consolation,
I'm helping a pretty good man.
My duty I never am shirking,
My work every moment I do
But the trouble is I only get forty-six,
While the fitter gets seventy-two."

Powell's Patter

WHILE walking along the street the other night, I heard a few young people having quite a controversy and above the noise of the others was a young lady's voice saying: "I don't want you to call him Joseph. I want you to call him Girard. *G*. I never *Luft* so much in my life. (This joke is a little far-fetched, but I brought it from Fourth avenue.)

If you find that you are indisposed, ambition on the wane,
You've got the Flu.
If you eat three squares a day and find in weight you never gain,
You've got the Flu.
And if you find you're shaky in the legs around the knees,
And find you can not work above three hours a day with ease,
When you mention Bolsheviki and find you have to sneeze,
You've got the Flu.
Now don't think by what I'm going to say I'm trying to pull a joke,
About the Flu.
Or poking fun at friends that may lay down some day and croak,
With that old Flu.
For that it is an awful thing is without question true,
It gets the little and the big, the many and the few,
It's the only thing that ever got Red Hot, Conk and Russell too,
Look out for Flu.

We've always understood that the *Nyanza* was the source of the Nile and have no conception of its scenery, but to judge from the name of the pipe fitters who worked on the ship *Nyanza*, there was a *Forest*, *Wood*, a *Cliff*, *Fog* and a *Hunter*. It's too bad they didn't have Tony Gunn, a helper, on the job. It would have made a happy hunting ground.

Speaking of the copper shop and tin shop and plumbing department of our institution, while a year ago they occupied the most modern buildings in the yard, still if you look at the changes that have taken place, both in shops, men and material, it shows the rapid strides our yard has made. First of all the extensions to the buildings, the lavatories which afford such a contrast to the place under the old restaurant, the added space which makes it possible for these departments to undertake things they could never do under old conditions, the promotion of men that have made all these things possible, mentioning Murr, Wiles, Tiggen, Furst, and others. The whole in general, spells success for the three departments, the coppersmiths, plumbers and tinsmiths.

My days of overtime I see each day as in a dream
Between the *Pocahontas* and the ship *Evangeline*,
But oh, what changes came about, with fear I get the shakes,
To think some day they may bring in some ships from off the Lakes.
For when the former ships were here we never saw our homes
Until we worked the *Yankee*, *Masaba* and the *Jones*.

You've heard of b*u*yers spelled with *u* in English perfect spelling,
You've heard of sellers spelled with *c* which does not link with selling,
Which goes to prove our language often times poor man deceives,
For I know *Byers* without a *u* that don't b*u*y, just receives.
And this same *Byers* agrees with me a *gale* does not mean *gayly*,
Nor does, says he, work left undone from day to day, mean *Daly*.

"I Wonder Will She Smile"



Always on the Job

By Miss Margaret McCarthy

No matter what is going on
At any time of day
Mr. Barnes is right on hand
Without the least delay.

As soon as he hears the music
Of Danny's famous band
He takes his little camera
And leaps upon the stand.

The soldiers from the other side,
And politicians too,
He gets a snap-shot and a speech
From them before he's through.

He's always on the lookout
For an item for THE DIAL
When he sees this thing about himself
I wonder will he smile.

Electricians Raise Money



We all remember the great showing that the electricians made during their parade for the Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign. Here we have the flag which they carried, and in which they collected sixty dollars which was turned over to Miss Jensen and given to the Red Cross.

We Swiped this Picture



Mr. and Mrs. Morse Vacationing

MR. and Mrs. Morse were sojourning at White Sulphur Springs in West Virginia the first part of December. While walking about one of the wooded paths in a beautiful spot, two thousand feet above the sea level, they came upon a patch of tea-berries and stopped to pick some. Mrs. Morse remarked about the quantity of them, and incidentally spoke of how high she had heard they were in places such as the Biltmore Hotel. Mr. Morse very soberly responded: "Seems to me that they are pretty high here." We hope the boss sees this because we want him to know that he is no more immune from the omnipresent "eye" and "ear" of THE DIAL than anyone else. Truly THE DIAL sees and hears everything.

Song of the Back Pay

By William F. Roth

Sing a song of back pay
Just been given out,
Made an empty bankroll
Looks so big and stout.
Went right home to wifey
With the old long green,
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the queen?

Gave her Christmas presents,
Nice things trimmed with lace,
Perfume for her boudoir,
And powder for her face.
Got the kiddies presents,
Candy, fruit and toys
And all the other goodies
For little girls and boys.

A smoking set for Grandpa
New specks for Grandma Sue
Paid up all my Liberty Bonds
And bought War Savies too,
Got myself a flivver
That goes without a crank,
And put all that was left of it
Down in a saving bank.

Co-workers of Stanley Warren of the electrical department, and of Harry Coleman of the outside machinists department, will be deeply moved to learn of the very sad and sudden death of Mrs. Warren, who is Mr. Coleman's oldest daughter. Mrs. Warren died at the age of twenty-nine years, after a very brief illness of influenza. She leaves two daughters, one six and one three years old.

Tribute from Our President

DEAR MR. BARNES:

I may be late in tendering my best wishes to THE DIAL on its first anniversary, but nevertheless they are truly sincere and I trust that continued success may attend your efforts to maintain the high plane on which our paper rests.

From its initial issue it has stood for the best things, the right things and the big things that count. To the men in the yard it has been an inspiration and light that has guided them unerringly along safe and sane lines.

In the other shipyards your paper has many imitators, but no rival. It belongs in Class A, like everything else the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company undertakes to do.

We owe you a deep debt of gratitude for the publication of the letters from the boys who went from us, thousands of miles across old ocean's crest, prepared to make, if necessary, the supreme sacrifice for God and Country.

It was one of the best, right and big things THE DIAL has done.

Before the advent of THE DIAL friction was often observable among the different trades. To-day everything is harmonious and all work together, in perfect accord, and with the utmost good will and fellowship.

When the glad tidings is spread around the yard that a new issue of THE DIAL is being circulated, you can detect on the faces of the men a look of suppressed excitement and expectancy, and I believe, even though strange as it may seem, for many days after the new issue appears the men are known to forget all about their back pay, and might never again think of it, but their wives won't let them forget it. Someone has said, "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." Although not a man of iconoclastic tendencies I am sometimes forced to think that the hand that wields a trenchant pen after the manner of THE DIAL editor must often give the dear ladies a very close run for their money, if I may use the parlance of the betting ring.

In conclusion, Mr. Barnes, I hope you have many more anniversaries before you, and that THE DIAL will continue its work for years and centuries to come.

I am, your sincere friend and well-wisher,

JAMES MACFARLANE,
President Employees' Association.

The Place to Kick

THE new office of THE DIAL is located on the top floor of the North building. All business in connection with THE DIAL will, from now on, be handled directly from that office. If you change your address we should be notified.

There are still many men in the yard who are not receiving THE DIAL. We are anxious that every man receive the magazine regularly. Our office is open every noon hour for your convenience. We solicit any complaint you may have to make about your magazine.

Will Pay Employees Inside

DURING the cold winter months to come it will not be necessary for the men to wait in line out in the yard in order to get their pay on Saturday. Arrangements, discussed at the December meeting of the Welfare Committee, have been made by Frank Whitman, chief timekeeper, which will enable all men to get their pay indoors. The exact locations of the pay booths have yet to be decided upon.

Enjoyable Xmas Party

CHRISTMAS was celebrated by our office force on Monday afternoon, December 23, when a Christmas celebration was held in the Association room, new carpenter shop building. In order that there might be plenty of time for all of the office force to get acquainted with each other, and through the kindness of Mr. Morse, the office closed at four o'clock.

At the door of the Association room, leather diaries were given out as souvenirs of the occasion. There was dancing, singing and refreshments. Santa Claus was impersonated by Henry Rochelle. The presents which he distributed from his position near the Christmas tree were in the nature of jokes. The mistletoe which hung very near Santa Claus also helped to make the party a merry one, for Henry played the part of old St. Nick well.

A great deal of credit is due to the committee on arrangements for the excellent way in which the party was conducted. Every effort was made to see that all present should become acquainted and have a good time. The committee follows: James M. Doremus, chairman; J. M. Donovan, Helen D. Tillotson, Thomas J. Plunkett, Mrs. Margaret Waterman, Dan Shea, Miss Jensen, James Glynn, Fred Brackett, Richard Boyle, Charles E. Kelly and Ernest K. Miller.

Their Hobbies

Hall	Between the Acts.
Baker	Helmars.
Murray	Richmond Straights.
Frank Maher	Nail Files.
Joe Henderson	Telephone Books.
Roger Moran	Apples.
Marion Hayes	Gobs.
Mary Travers	Stuffed Figs.
Florence Fenk	Casualty Lists.
Mrs. Tillotsen	Requisitions.
Jack Hall	Worklists and Soap.
Mr. Allen	Rush Bills.
Christobel Olsen	Dentists.

Famous Sayings

"What are you eating."—*Mary Travers.*

"I'll tell the world."—*Charles Sheerin.*

"What about my Rolls worse."—*Mrs. Waterman.*

"That is carburetiously speaking."—*Frank Brewer.*

"A little service, please."—*M. W. Mead.*

"Who's this was asking for you."—*Frank Maher.*

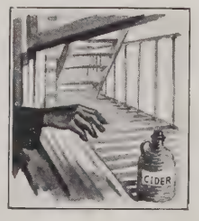
"Well, well, if it ain't the kid himself."—*Joe Henderson.*

"Harry, how much are you out?"—*Doremus.*

"Miss Casey, this is a rush voucher."—*Baler.*

They Copped the Cop's Cider

NOW as a rule for drink that's strong I have
but little use. My only failure is at
night to drink some Apple Juice, And
this alone is for my health, a tonic which I take,
And just to keep it cool I place it on the fire
'scape. But no more will I put it there, for
very sad to say, A thief one night he came along
and took my jug away,
So after this I'll surely
find another place to
hide her, And so to
make it doubly sure
I'll go to sleep be
cider. And should this
thing occur again I
promise without fail,
As Captain of the cops
I'll place the guilty
one in jail.



Championship Decided

IT all started with an argument. Lots of things start that way. John Wixted, snapper of the burning department bottle gang, was passing the buck with one of the bosses at the air reduction plant.

"I got a fellow," said the air reduction boss, "that can pass bottles so fast that—"

"Wait," said John. "One of the fellows in my gang, why, he's so fast that one day—"

Just before the whistle blew they both decided that argument wasn't getting them anywhere and that the best thing to do was to have a contest. They picked the following day as the date and to show that they meant business each covered the mahogany with a ten spot.

Jimmy Southard, king of the bottle tossers of the burning department, represented our yard, and incidentally Wixted's ten spot. Charlie Bulfin was the chosen champion of the air reduction outfit. They put two hundred empties weighing about 150 pounds apiece on the ground in batches of one hundred, backed two trucks up to each pile and then the speedkings went to it.

The way those bottles flew into the trucks made the dumbbell act at the Orpheum last week look like a moving picture going backwards. Charlie was going strong, but every once in a while Jimmy would sneak one in while no one was looking until at last the score stood Southard 72, Bulfin 60.

"You win," said the air reduction "champ," "I quit."

Wixted split the ten with Jimmy, which shows just how near the tightwad class John is in. All the burners grinned and 'lowed as how when it came to tossing bottles there was no outfit in these parts that could beat them.

Then we saw a fellow in the crowd hiding behind the biggest grin we have had an opportunity of seeing for sometime. It was Jimmy MacFarlane.

"Huh," says Mac, "who says my pet Angora is still hanging around loose? Jack Reynolds and his pipe shop gang may have got our number at soccer, but when it comes to being regular huskies you can't beat the burner boys."

Was he right?

"Go Some" Moran's Dream

After drinking a bottle of *celery tonic* which I won from Kid Quinn, I had the following dream:

I dreamed I died and departed from this vicious world and was standing on a line, similar to the Back Pay line, to see St. Peter, and after a rather long wait I finally succeeded in seeing St. Peter, but much to my surprise I was told by the Good Saint that I could not enter the Golden Gates as he did not allow any plumbers in Heaven.

"Well," I said, "I just saw you let Dundee Willy in."

"Oh!" said St. Peter, "he isn't a plumber, he only let's his imagination get the best of him."

Frank A. Brennen, head of the "back pay" department in the North building, received a very pleasant holiday surprise on December 22, when he was presented with a gold watch by the members of his department. William R. Monahan made a short presentation speech, which was answered by Mr. Brennen.

Marion Hayes received a little Christmas present during the holiday week. It was a box of candy, a double H being the only identification mark left by the sender. Of course Marion thought—but it wasn't. The initials were those of Harry Harvey, one of our office boys. (This joke is very funny if you read deep and get it.)

All Through the Money from Morse's

By John Powell, "Dry Dock Poet"

Now fellers I'm not edecated,
My language I know's on the blink,
I wish I'd have known the guy Webster,
And then I could say what I think.
When a kid's school is only the dock front,
It's a cinch that he'll grow to be thick,
But why I am happy to-day I must tell,
If only in words of a hick.
My Mudder and old man were ailing,
By old man, my father I mean.
With five of us kids in the outfit
T'was hustle 'tis plain to be seen.
Not a bone in his body was lazy,
He'd work on the docks when in luck
But a thing called the rheumit'z got him
And Dad could no more push a truck.
Now Dinny, my brother, was older
Than me by I think just a year
So he made up his mind to shake school books,
And hustle to help Mother dear.

I remember the morning he told me,
With the Joinal in hand, not to speak
To Mother or Father about it,
He'd a job at four dollars a week
So right then and there I got thinking
About a young buddy of mine
Who got a job in a shipyard,
And told me how he's doing fine
So early the very next morning,
I went down and got a permit
By telling the gink how the old man was fixed,
And I had to do my bit.
So for Morse's I started next morning,
To make sure I wouldn't be late
By the time that the whistle was blowing,
I was right there outside the gate.

Then a soldier says: "Where are you going,
And where is your button to show?"
When I told him I only was looking for work,
He said, "Wait an hour or so."
I waited and soon a crowd gathered.
I wondered who these men could be.
I found they were only poor mortals
And all looking for work like me,
And I worried when I looked around me,
And saw all these men at a glance
Their size and their age, and I said to myself
Now where will a kid have a chance.
But soon a man came and he asked me:
"Are you looking for work," I said "Yes."
Well he said: "You can start passing rivets,
"Though you're small you'll be alright I guess."
I can't tell just how I felt then.
But somehow t'was manly and proud
To think that he'd picked out a poor little kid
From all the big men in the crowd.
I was hired and I worked good and steady,
And on week end would take home my pay.
And what brother Dinny was making a week
I was sometimes making a day
Just a month from the time that I started,
The snapper says: "Eh, Kid Dwyer
"I want you to go heating rivets,
"So get busy and start up the fire."
When passing I hadn't been loafing,
I'd been watching just how it was done
And that day I fired hot rivets faster
Than the driver could handle the gun.
Well a year now has passed since I started,
I'm a riveter now glad to say
And Dinny, the brother, is heating,
The rivets I'm driving to-day
And we've had the best doctor for Daddy,
As Mother will say with a sob
It's all through the money from Morses',
The old man is back on the job.
So that's why I told you I'm happy,
And the family blesses the date
When I quit school and asked for a permit,
And then stood outside Morse's gate.

Interesting Communication

I'M only a workingman, and damn proud of it. In this country of ours which has so many varieties of people, there ain't anybody that's more representative of the whole bunch than I am. Because I'm an honest law-abiding citizen and all that, it makes me kind of mad the way some people act, and because I think that there are a lot of you fellows that think the same way that I do about it, I'm taking the liberty of writing this letter to you all and hope that it will be published in THE DIAL.

I was down on Broadway the other night, don't get around there very often, but just happened around there this particular night, and on one of the corners there was quite a crowd collected. Not being in a hurry I stopped to listen. I'm a bit hard of hearing, and the fellow that was doing the talking was going at it pretty hard, so I didn't get it all, but I heard just enough to get me kind of interested, and was trying to get more, when the fellow in back of me grunts out loud, spits through his teeth and growls: "Bolsheviki."

I turned and saw an aristocratic looking fellow with a plug hat and a cane. He noticed me too, and said: "You look like an intelligent sort of a fellow. What are you hanging around here listening to this rot for?" I didn't say anything, but just kind of wondered what he was hanging around for himself. He made me kind of mad, because he kept sticking around after advising me to go home, and what's more he didn't keep quiet like I did, but kept on growling and disturbing everybody around him.

Then too, the speaker kind of got my "goat." He was a funny looking gent with lots of black hair, and a longer neck than I have ever seen on any other man in all my life. He talked quite a bit about the downtrodden working man, and I suppose that meant me, but when he started to tell us all how he and his gang were going to lift us out of this terrible rut it kind of made me mad. To think of a little runt like him helping me. Why, he couldn't get away as a heater boy in our gang.

The two of them, the fellow with the plug hat, and the little gent with the hair, started me to thinking seriously. Why is it that the both of them bother so much about us fellows? One of them trying to keep us from hearing things that they think we shouldn't, just as if we were five-year-olds without fully developed minds, and the other trying to give us a lot of bull about being downtrodden, and all that bunk.

I ain't downtrodden, and none of my pals are as far as I know, except the ones that are married, and they like it. We all got good jobs, good homes, enough to eat, and are darned glad we don't have to wear plug hats all the time. Once a year at the annual ball is enough for me. If our faces do get dirty we can wash them, and be as smooth as the next fellow when we step out at night. That's why it gets me kind of insulted when some of these long haired gents try to help me.

I could probably cover his roll and leave a hundred at home with the wife. As for the fellows with canes, I'll tell them right now that I've got one myself and would use it if I didn't feel kind of foolish and childish when it is around.

What I want them both to do is leave us alone. When we want help we'll holler and let them know. Just at present I, for one, am too busy to give them any time. The wife's got to have a new dress, the kid's got to go to school, and I'm thinking seriously of buying a motorcycle with a side car. Anyhow it ain't Bolsheviki we want. Look what they did to Russia.

A BOILER-MAKER.

We hear that James Greenfield, boss electrician, is going to offer a prize to the electrician who finds out how long a short circuit is; also they tell us that Joe Plant is going to give a prize to the carpenter who drives the most nails with a sponge.



The Hull department boasts of having a real, live honest-to-goodness cartoonist in the person of Jack Loding. Jack has been so busy backing out "bum rivets" he hasn't had much time to do much work for The Dial, but during the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, he drew several cartoons for the Hull department which attracted much attention. The above cartoon is one used in the Liberty Loan parade.

Stopping the Leak

ONE pin is just a trifle, but let the force of a store, say thirty helpers, waste two pins a day, and we have the following amazing figures:

Two pins a day wasted by each person totals sixty.

For one year, 22,630.

Figured at the lowest price of common pins, we find almost $60 worth of pins have been wasted at the rate of but two lowly pins per day—almost enough to keep an economical person in clothing for a whole year.

A great waste also takes place each year in the use of carbon paper and typewriter ribbons. Typewriter ribbons are generally discarded after they go back and forth through a machine a few times, yet the use of a ribbon can be lengthened by simply reversing the same after it has been on the machine a while. Turn or reverse the ribbon so the type strikes another section. In this way you have ribbon that will again last as long as a new one.

In a certain house a record kept showed ten stenographers each used one ribbon a week, making 520 a year at sixty cents each—a total of $300 a year. This was cut in half, or a reduction of $150 was made by this simple factor. Carbon paper, too, is a heavy expense.

Another source of great waste is that of using an expensive sheet paper or letterhead to make memoranda. Some concerns use all the envelopes received in the course of business for this purpose, but even a better way is the use of small tablets, having one or more at hand at all times.

Rubber bands, with their daily increasing cost, are quite an item of expense in a year more especially the larger sizes.

To what extent economy is practiced by the largest concerns is shown by the fact that such a well-managed organization as the Pennsylvania Railroad cut down expenses on the most unusual item of red ink. It was found that red ink was being given out in almost as great quantities as the standard black. Upon investigation it was found that the red ink wells were of uncovered design and the contents evaporated very quickly—in fact, more red ink was wasted by evaporation than was used.

Dust, dirt and disorder cause, per year, a greater waste of money than the combined fire loss of the country, as once let a delicate fabric get soiled or shopworn, due to dust or dirt, it loses its value by many per cent.—*The Public Ledger.*



Master Kenwood Sheehan

A Good-natured Boy

William F. Sheehan, of the carpenter shop, known among his friends as "Father," tells us that Kenwood, whose picture we have here, is just one chuckle after another, and the best-natured youngster in the neighborhood. Kenwood is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Sheehan, who live at 345 Third street, Brooklyn. The above picture was taken a few years ago.



Joseph, Thomas and Daniel Reynolds

Note the military bearing of these young people and of course you will recognize immediately who their daddy is. Jack Reynolds certainly has the militaristic spirit.

Watching Myself Go By

I love to study my fellow-men,
To sit and watch them hurry about,
To guess and wonder and guess again
And try to figure their motives out;
But even better I love to sit
And watch and study myself a bit.

I love to feel as the wheels go round
Away inside my cranium thick
I think of my soul till, I'll be bound,
I almost fancy I hear it tick.
I sit and wonder about it all
Till last spring seems to have been next fall.

I sit and wonder why I am I
Instead of being my neighbor, Smith:
And whether I am human and, if so, why,
And whether this living's a joke or a myth;
And whence came all the machinery
That whizzes and zips inside of me.

I wonder why I was put right here
Instead of on Venus or maybe Mars.
There were plenty of folks without me, that's clear;
So why for once more did they drop the bars?
But, the bars being down for my entrance in,
Then how did it happen that I wasn't a twin?

And why did they make it so hard to find
My proper place 'neath the sky's big cup?
And why was I given this restless mind
That hurries along till I can't keep up?
Why will it not stop at my mild request—
Just stop for a minute and give me a rest?

And so I sit and wonder and think
Of the way my thought like a stream goes by,
And wonder if I'm on frenzy's brink
Or whether all men are the same as I.
But most of all I wonder—do you?—
What makes me wonder the way I do!

—*Walter G. Doty, in Judge.*

A Westerner who had never seen the ocean was standing on the beach and he asked the beach guard:

"Say, mister, do you fellows sell this water in case folks want to take a sea bath in their rooms?"

The beach guard thought he would "jolly" him along and told him it was fifteen cents a bucket, or two buckets for a quarter.

The man seemed to think that was too expensive and went away. When he came around again it was low tide.

"Great Scott," said he, "but you've sold a lot since morning, haven't you?"—*Ladies Home Journal.*

A Son's Letter

HERE is a fine manly letter, full of heart throbs. It may help us to read this clean, strong-souled youth's last words. He was killed in action shortly after writing them.

"To My Father: This is a final message for you to read when I am dead. There will be so little else—just the brief official notification. 'The Secretary of War regrets . . .'; maybe a belated letter or two, speaking only of the small happenings of the day; perhaps the tale of a brother officer as to how I fell; beyond that nothing. And therefore, now, beforehand, I say farewell.

"There is no need of many words. But I want first to thank you as your son. You have been to me the best father a fellow could wish. I want to thank you for the gift of a clean and strong and vigorous and healthy body, straight limbs and thews that could serve America at her need. For the gift of a powerful intellect and a discerning mind—thank you. For the long years of self-denial that made my education possible; for the guidance and teaching that kept me straight in the days of youth; for the counsel and help ever freely proffered when I asked; for all noble things in your example—again and most earnestly I thank you.

"Secondly, as to my death. Inasmuch as we be men together, there is little need for words. It is in a good cause that I lay down my life. All the things that I hold dear in life I willingly give up since it is required of me. I am proud and glad to be one of those whom America takes, who in their bodies pay the price of her honor. And though in your heart there will be sorrow, you will also be proud; and you will not grieve overmuch.

"All good things be unto you! May the coming years bring wider field of service, honorable work, strength and wisdom to perform it; and in the end peace and contentment and quiet rest."

Meet Little Sunflower

This little miss, whose name is Vivian, is all golden and sunshine, and among the neighbors is known as "Sunflower." She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ivar Lindquist, of 250 Sixty-first street, Brooklyn. Her daddy is employed here as a rigger and every night when he gets home Vivian toddles up to him with his slippers. Vivian is twenty-two months old.



Miss Vivian Lindquist

OVER *the* BACK YARD FENCE



When Dreams Come True

About six months before we broke with Germany, my daughter, then eight years old, awakened me in the middle of the night. She had been dreaming, and was very much excited. She dreamed she was coming from school, and across from the school on a hill were a lot of German soldiers. They were firing on the school children. She said, "Oh, mama, the children were lying all over the street dead, and I looked down toward the bay, and the water was rising over the land. It came up over the hill where the German soldiers were, and they were all drowned. When I looked again, the water was flowing in red, white and blue stripes. It didn't come near the rest of us, and we got home safe." My children are very patriotic, and were just as confident of America being victorious in the beginning as they are to-day. Every evening they had to have the newspapers read to them and the different battles explained. One night Wallace, Jr., woke up crying. He too, had been dreaming. He was all out of breath as he had just been chased by a big German. He dreamed he was on a farm and the German was chasing him in an aeroplane. (He must have been doing some running.) At last the aeroplane came down and the German gave chase on foot. He thought he had been running so long he was almost ready to drop, and just as his pursuer had caught up to him he came to a big farmer (he must have been Uncle Sam) who seized the German and put him down a well. He said, "Who do you think the German was, Mama? The Kaiser." Although Wallace, Jr., is living on a small farm now, and aeroplanes have been flying over his head all summer, he has not been chased by the Kaiser. And the American children have not been subjected to German atrocities. The stars and stripes have truly flowed over the land both over here, and "over there," and saved our women and children from the jaws of German kultur. Had it not been for our gallant men "over there" and our men in "the second defense line," as one of our writers said (our shipyard workers) we would have been left to our fate.

ELLA K. LIVERMORE, Seaford, L. I.

Isn't He Cute?



Master Joseph W. Kudrie

Joe Kudrie says that this young seafaring gentleman will make one of the best chippers and caulkers ever employed by the Morse Company and Joe ought to know because this happens to be the picture of his own three-year-old son. If caulking is a hereditary instinct we are sure the young fellow will be a world-beater at it.

Open Letter to Dear Sister and Sweetheart

Your verse and note about the plumbers interested me greatly. Never before had I realized their full importance. Especially now, as a Christmas offering I am moved and settled in my own nest built in a fine old cottage.

Ten windows with different views are in it, kitchen ones look out on the Bay—from the living-room one can see the new dry dock, and in the parlor—a tree of heaven grows directly outside. From all these is the beauty of the morning light, the swaying of trees and little home-made gardens. Yet with all this have I been made to see what a fine art is plumbing, for alas, I have it not. How happy would I be for a tiny knowledge. What a big factor the plumbers must be in the yard, and how indispensable to our ships.

MRS. OTIS ELLIOTT BARENE.

A New Year's Resolution

THE following contribution from Mrs. E. Gilleland of 129 51st street, Brooklyn, came to the editor's desk with a note which stated that the contribution, "A New Year's Resolution," was dedicated to "Mr. E. P. Morse and to his employees."

Mrs. Gilleland's very thoughtful article was very thankfully received, and we are glad to find a place for it in this issue of THE DIAL:

May New Year's Joys be yours. Implant the New Year Spirit in your hearts. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad that another year is gone and the dawn of another twelve month is in sight.

This is the Season of Joy and Happiness. Even here, unsatisfying and trying though the environment is, one can be happy after a fashion. Try to keep your health! To do your work! To live a better and far more purposeful life! See to it that you grow, and gain and give! Never look behind you! Though you wait in weakness and in meekness you will sooner walk with power.

Do not give way to despair! Don't let yourself become at all discouraged. Look ahead! Make some good resolutions for the New Year! The Past is dead; Present conditions will change. The future is sweeping fast upon us.

Face forward. Look toward the light! Somewhere the sun is shining. You will not always live among the shadows. The Star of Hope sheds its effulgent rays upon the pathway of the future. Life in its better, finer, sense stretches before you as it never did before, and still holds promise for you all.

Thought for the Month

Peace lies not in the external world. It lies within one's own soul.

RALPH W. TRINE.

Love's Labor Lost

Fixing special dinner dishes for the "soap hound" who appears not.

The man who practices what he preaches usually preaches short and carefully prepared sermons.

A Talented Miss

This young lady who is the daughter of Charles Jennings, one of our valued shipfitters, took part in our Liberty Loan drive and attracted much attention because of her charming appearance. Little Miss Jennings is just as talented as she is pretty.



Helen Marion Jennings, Aged 7 Years

Acknowledgments

Brooklyn, December 15, 1918.

DEAR SIR:

Will you be kind enough to put this thanks in the monthly DIAL.

To the boys of burning department: I want to thank you for the collection you have taken up for me,

Yours truly,

JOHN RHERN, a burner.

Employees' Association, Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co.

The friends of C. P. Hartmann wish to thank you for sympathy shown in our present sorrow over our beloved friend.

A Valued Employee Gone

MARTIN L. MULLIGAN, boiler maker's snapper, died in the Coney Island Hospital on Sunday, December 1.

"Marty," as he was known throughout the yard, was one of the hardest and best workers that ever wore a Morse badge. His heart was in the work that he was doing here, his loyalty to the Morse Company could never be doubted, and as an expert boiler-maker he was without a peer in the yard. Mulligan first came here about two and one-half years ago, and practically from that day on was one of James Stephens' right hand men.

Mr. Morse in speaking of Mulligan said: "On several life and death jobs that we had during the year, such as the retubing of the boilers on the S. S. *City of Lincoln*, he helped to make history.

"A few days before he was killed he was in my office to see Mr. Hanbury, and I called him over to my desk and had a talk with him. He gave me that little old sweet smile of his, and went through the door, and that was the last time I saw him."

"Marty" was the snapper of jobs on many of the other ships that were in our yard for repair during the past year. Among them might be mentioned the *President Grant, Orion, Finland, Huron* and the *Norman Bridge.*

Perhaps a tribute which would have pleased "Marty" most of all, could he hear it, was one paid to his memory by Mr. Stephens, who said: "Mulligan's death cost us four days' time on the *Von Steuben.* I couldn't get a man to take his place."

We have been asked to inform August Gliesman, a pipefitter's helper, that it is against the law to carry dogs on a subway train.

Big Time Ahead

THE big event of the season, the annual ball, is very near at hand, and, judging from the gossip heard around the yard and office, it is going to be about the most pretentious affair that Prospect Hall has ever housed.

The date is the evening of January 25. Prospect Hall is on Prospect Place just off Fifth avenue. All of the hall has been leased, and less crowded conditions than prevailed last year are assured.

Exactly what will happen is a secret. All of the "oldtimers" will tell you that it would take some "wise guy" to prophesy just how a Morse employees' annual ball will turn out, but one thing is certain—the tickets are one dollar apiece, fifty cents more for reserved seats, and everyone who does not take a chance and come will have a life long regret.

A "big time" vaudeville bill will start the evening's entertainment, music for the entertainment being furnished by a professional band. The Morse band will play several selections, and the quartet will sing. A feature of the entertainment will be a moving picture film showing the Morse plant, and including in it as many of the yard employees as possible. We have all seen the camera man grinding his way around the yard for the last month or so. To assure a satisfactory picture the company has purchased its own motion picture outfit, and THE DIAL editor has undertaken to produce the film feature. Pictures of the employees coming out of the yard, going to work, and at their jobs, will be shown, and every attempt is being made to include all of the employees and departments. Because of lighting conditions it is not possible to take many interior scenes, but those which are possible will be included.

Dancing to the tune of our own Morse band will conclude the evening's entertainment.

Badges for the various committeemen, floor managers and attendants have been procured.

The arrangement committee will consist of Fred Taylor, chairman, William Dunn, Otis Barene, Henry Pauli, George Hamilton, William Burke and Harry Stagg; advertising committee, W. J. Daly, chairman, Francis Falconer, William Wherry, Richard Cors, Robert Dutcher, Daniel Basil, Sidney Monsen, Joseph Landon, George Rothwell, John Powell, Charles Kelly, Joseph Lowe, Daniel Murphy, James Coffey, Clarence Wilson, William Filbert; reception committee, Mortimer W. Mead, chairman, Roger Moran, Charles F. Burke, Joseph Freeman, John Peate, H. J. Harper, Joseph Henderson, J. McLellan, William Thompson, Andrew Christie, Harry England, Arthur Nylund, Harry Gardner; floor committee, Carlyle Stecher, floor manager, Thomas J. Plunkett, assistant floor manager, Frank Whitman, John Cantwell, Thomas Coppinger, Thomas Smith, Jr., William Voege, Phillip Farley, Eugene McMahon, Henry Rochelle, James Collins, George Pennington, aids.

An Ode to The Dial

It's just a year ago this month THE DIAL first went to press,
And many changes to us all have happened, more or less,
So greeting you as each man's friend, accept this little lay,
In thanks for all the good things you've recorded day by day.
And while at times a little ridicule you're prone to poke,
It's been that kind of innocence that one would call a joke.
You never slight the lowly and to you each man's the same,
Regardless of the job he holds, regardless of his name.
So may each one in years to come while looking o'er their file,
Revive the memory of old friends that's mentioned in THE DIAL.

Inventors, Attention !

NEW YORK, December 12, 1918.

Editor of THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL, *Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company.*

DEAR SIR: I am a workman in the hull department, and while I was reading THE DIAL I noticed the invention of a swimming machine. Well, the cold weather is coming. See if you have an inventor who can invent a hose in which the air will not freeze and stop the riveter from his work in the winter months. Well, here is one from me. Why not get a metal hose like they are using for steam, and have an electrical heating wire running around it and keep the water that is in the air of a temperature that would not freeze. And also something for new plate shop. This is for straightening out plates without pounding with wooden hammers.

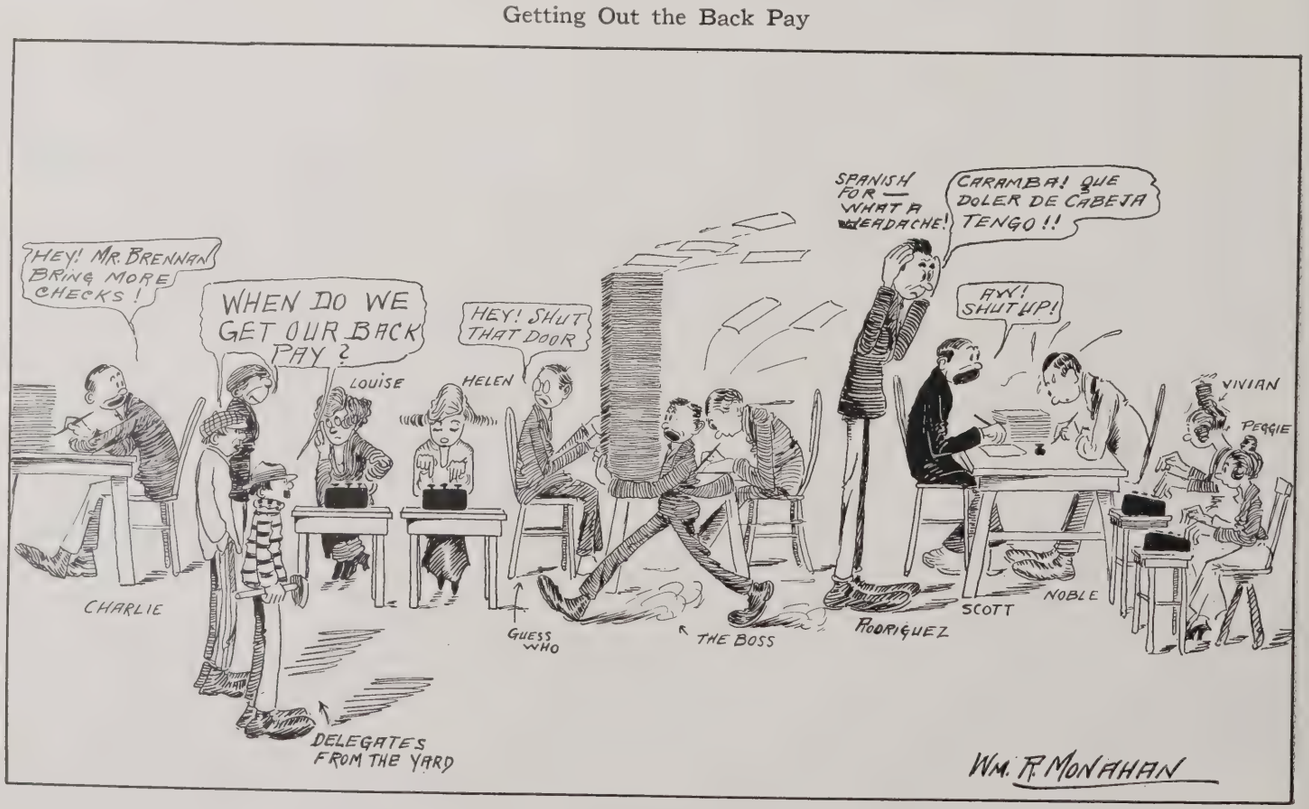
My name—not this time.

Book on Shipbuilding

"A HANDBOOK of Practical Shipbuilding," by J. D. MacBride, Superintendent of the Hull Construction at Hog Island Shipyards, has come to the Editor's desk. The DIAL does not make it a practice to advertise text-books, but in this case we feel that we are rendering a service to the Morse employees by calling attention to Mr. MacBride's book, which is said by experienced shipbuilders to be a practical and worth-while publication. It is published by the D. Van Nostrand Company, 25 Park Place, and sells for $2.

Members of Co. B, 10th Battalion, U. S. Guards, wish to thank Mrs. Waterman for her kindness in supplying table linen for their Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners, served in the barracks in the North Building. Her courtesy went a great way toward making the dinners the success that they were.

Getting Out the Back Pay





Mr. Dooner received a hearty welcome from the members of his force in the disbursement department on his return to business after a recent attack of influenza. His appearance was hailed with delight by his subordinates, who missed him sorely.

The quiet little stenographer of room 202 appears to be much peeved since the rearrangements of desks. There's one consolation, Marie, Mack is still in the same room.

What are you going to do when it snows, Mack? Jersey traffic has nothing on the B. R. T. when it comes to traffic.

The members of the disbursement department are worried about the change in George's disposition for the past few weeks. Don't worry, George, they always come back.

Diana has been exceptionally happy since the demobilization of the Naval Reserve. When may we expect the wedding announcement, Diana?

Nowadays everybody has a hobby. Miss De Verna's is red beads.

Since Helen McKenna has been working over in the new building she has been on her good behavior. We wonder if one of the young fellows over there might be the reason. That's right, Helen, nothing like making a good impression.

Who said Napoleon was a wonder? Have you seen our Little Wonder, Roger Moran, answer four telephones at once?

Elizabeth Morrisey knows a sailor,
Billy is his name,
She fights with him whenever he's home,
But she loves him just the same.

Joe Luft, they say, is very fond of playing: "Ring around the rosey." We always knew Joe was domesticated.

Tom Plunkett, Dan Shea and Jim Sheedy attended the performance, "Friendly Enemies," recently, and were so moved by the play that they shed real tears most of the evening. Of course they didn't tell us this. We got the information from—we'll never tell.

Peggy Deverna, the backpay office "vamp," doesn't care for the attentions of the third floor doughboys. We bumped into an explanation of her sentiments on the North Building stair case one day, and were glad that the third party there wasn't us.

Why the rush on Wednesday evenings, Petey? We have our doubts about this military training business.

Kathleen Morris has a sweetheart,
He's with the Signal Corps,
If she doesn't receive mail every day,
She certainly does get sore.
The thing that worries Kathleen,
While he's on the other side,
Is that he will forget her,
And win a nice, French bride.

Did you hear about it? Genevieve Moran has just returned from Miami, Fla., one of the world's most fashionable resorts, after a month's sojourn. "C-A-N-A-R-S-I-E next stop. All out."

Now we know why Maude Wilson shed such bitter tears when the Fifteenth Infantry (colored regiment) left here last summer for France. Who ever thought that Willie Williamson, famous aviator and watermelon hound, was among them? Cheer up, Maude, he is on his way back with the General.

One day last week: Henry Rochell stopped in to see George MacLaurin at the Farm. George was about to answer the call of the inner man when suddenly the 'phone rang. While poor, unsuspecting George was in the 'phone booth, Henry did a clean-up job.

Too bad MacLaurin did not stay in the booth a little longer and Henry would have walked away with the new dry dock on his back. *Bow-Dide-Bow-Bow!*

We are all joyful now that our peerless male telephone operator, Bob Mackin, has at last returned to work after a severe illness. Say, Mack, we sure did miss you.

Did you hear about it? Mr. Alexander Smallie has joined the "High Diving Snow Birds" at Bush Docks. While attending a survey at the Bush Docks, he took a high dive into the icy water, accidentally. My word, beastly rotten, don' cher' know?

We really don't know what has happened to our superintendent, A. W. Murray. He was lost for two whole hours one day last week when we found he had taken Charlie Hallock's cart out for an airing. Naughty, naughty.

Seiler and Dugan, two nice boys,
They ride you fast, they drive you well,
They get there without going like ——

Overheard in the Purchasing Department:

Arthur, king of the brass hounds: "You are wanted on the telephone, Mr. Daly."

Mr. Daly: "Find out who it is."

Arthur: "Who is this speaking, please?"

Party on the other end of wire: "This is personal."

Arthur: "He says he is Personal, Mr. Daly."

Mr. Daly: *Fireworks, Explosions, etc.*

Cheer up, Art, the price of ivory still "sores."

Recollections of a pleasant evening by Kate Bourke:

"I had the swellest time last night. I was out with a fellow in his car and he took me to Bristol's for supper."

'S matter, Kate, was the "Busy Bee" closed?

Chickens

Mr. Hoover, tell us when
We can bake a nice fat hen.
Things don't taste just like they uster
Since we have to eat tough rooster.

Walshie's Wedding

By Tom Conk and Red Hot

YOU see it was this way: In the first place they were not even invited but "horned" themselves in on the celebration.

On Sunday noon, November 17, the gang were all assembled in Dead Eye Dick's Emporium when Red Hot suddenly discovered the nuptials were to take place that very day. "Holy Smock, Tom, he has deceived us," shouted Red Hot to Tom Conk, his law partner, and straightway they hastened to the morgue.

When the bridal party ambled down the centre aisle there was Conk and Red Hot in the bald head row. What could be more encouraging to a poor unfortunate about to cast himself upon the rocks!

Well, everything went as merry as a funeral bell until poor Walshie heard Red Hot's silvery voice screech out upon the stillness, "Aha, 'tis too late Bobbie," and Conk chimed in "Go to it, kid, the charge of the 600 had nothing on you."

Then Walshie promptly fainted and in the excitement someone (without mentioning names) relieved him of his Ingersoll.

When Bobbie returned from the land of Poppies the law firm of "Conk & Stecker" had departed for parts unknown.

Later that evening everything was merry at ——. The voluptuous swell of the music floated out upon the starry stillness; they were all seated around the table enjoying the wedding feast, when suddenly the door bell rang, and behold, the rascals enter.

Bobbie tried to appear nonchalant and in his efforts he swallowed his teeth, yes, the both of them. We really don't know how Bobbie did it, but he actually tolerated those two for the rest of the evening—until 10.30 P. M. Conk says they left of their own accord at that time, but we doubt it.

For further particulars, see Walshie, Chauffeurs Department.

Hops, My Dear

by Brewer

The following is a specimen of Frank Brewer's literary efforts. Shsh, Frankie does not know we stole this manuscript:

Bring beck, Aw! bring beck, Ouch bring beck
my Tommie to me Tommie
My Tommie lies over the ocean, My Tommie
lies over the sea
Therefore as we might say in the old country,
There were three men in a boat walking across
the old country
When Dizzy Dan stepped up to the Kaiser and
said:
"King Phillip, Why don't thouest slip me
a couple of
"Simoleons to try and stem the tides of old
Norways Dikes
The night being dreary and the moon
shining or shedding
Its silvery effervence o'er the placid village—
Then I awoke. —*Frank Brewer.*

From the Chicken Farm

We have another "Hon and Dearie" in our midst—Jimmy and Emily. What we want to know is is it as serious as it looks?

One of our new girls heard the boys always saying that they were going to the "Church." She innocently asked, "Do they allow the fellows to go to church during business hours?" Never mind, Elizabeth, you will learn.

Edna Hildebrand loves all the sailors. She says so herself and who should know better.

Miss Hoffmann is losing her weight and temper. Yes, she travels on the B. R. T. every morning. You have our sympathy, Elizabeth; there are others in the same boat.



His Excellency, High Plenipotentiary, James Devine, has been promoted to yard, steam and air inspector. His new position, he claims, is quite a pressure, but how many pounds he doesn't know. While at a show the other night he heard someone hissing the actors. He immediately gave up his seat, thinking he was at the yard, and went out to find the leak. He is hoping for an open winter.

Adolph H. Rochelle has been wondering how to get to a fire quicker. To solve the problem he negotiated for the purchase of that familiar old red flivver, for sale at a dollar ninety-nine. While he thought this was plenty to pay, still he had to have it, so he bought it from the owner and he's thinking of buying the pay booth—where it stands—for a garage.

Born October 28 to Mr. and Mrs. Otto Dalquist—William Hardnot Dalquist. At last Oscar has ceased expecting. Good luck to all of you.

Speaking of John L. Sullivan, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries and Johnson being there with the punch, how is this? Jimmy Keenan of the boiler shop with three men, Al Johnson, Tim Sullivan and Pete Bartelson in eight hours punched 4,500 holes. Some record, some men.

Does anyone remember the Sunday morning when Mr. Honeyman lost his hat boarding the *Nepthis?* And to add insult to injury someone had stolen the other hat he had on board and he went around all that day hatless and singing, "There's nair gude luck aboot the hoose."

Ed McGibney, of the boiler shop, is threatening to be a rival of Jim Flynn of the boiler room. He has bought a farm on Long Island, and in the spring is going to raise goats. Goat to it, Ed.

Pee Wee and Blubber of the outside machinist's tool room are studying philosophy. If there is anything you wish to know about opportunity, lost or otherwise, you would do well to consult the Socrates and Aristotle of this department.

Not wishing to cast up things, how many remember casting up one rough day on the *Easton,* when all that was visible above the water line was her smoke stack?

Don't forget to invite yourself and bring your own sandwiches to the monster party soon to be announced, given by the big chief of the boiler shop, Con Moloney. His chief advisers will be O'Brien and O'Neill, Mc Mamara and best of all, Champ Boyle, the lone fisherman from Canarsie.

This being THE DIAL'S first anniversary we are thinking of what became of the baseball team the sheet metal shop organized? It never materialized. And also the clam-bake. I am going to ask George Olsen and Harry Hammond the next time I see them.

The tool room in the copper shop has been enlarged, and Tommy Hayes is eating accordingly to keep up with the tool room.

Al. Murray of the sheet metal shop has worked in one place for thirty years as foreman —take an example, boys.

What is the matter with the dry dock? A wheel job and Joe Worth wasn't on it. We always thought if a job was *worth* doing, Worth was the most *worthy* man, and in fact it wasn't *worth* doing if Worth wasn't on the job.

Arguments on the cost of living and the cost of meals almost caused a rupture between two helpers of the inside machinists. Art Vance, one of them, suggested a referee naming Amiel, of the gallery tool room, and Amiel, to settle it said: "I drove a sausage wagon long enough to know the trade."

Like our DIAL, which is no respecter of persons, so the institution of Morse's is run. It's the unobserved things that count, and those in line for promotion are readily recognized. For instance, take the boiler shop. Previous to THE DIAL being published, each man mentioned here was a helper, now they all are press men: James Keenan, John Fritz, George Bibee, A. Buck, Frank Malloy, Frank McNamara and George Petley the checker of all material leaving the shop. So merit wins its own reward.

Some of the inside machinists were on their way home from work. When passing 720 Fifty-first street, they heard a noise, similar to that made by a can tied to a dog's tail. One man said it was a shame to use a dog that way, but upon investigation found it was S. Rutledge and his new player piano.

Charley Brightsen, of the new machine shop, has got to have his little joke. A helper came to him the other day, and said a certain ship had left port. Charley said, "I heard she put back with four plates broken." The helper in amazement said: "*No.*" Charley said: "*Yes,* they fell off the captain's table." And there's men on the Island for worse than this.

Did you get it, have you seen it, the two by four timekeeper's sentry box at the gate? Curry can get through the door, also Ingraham; but if Camelia gets that job he'll have to stay outside.

Ed. Carroll of the riggers, working in Hoboken, and on the ship *America* which sank, had occasion to raise a chain tackle that sank with her. He rigged up another tackle to raise it, but found it weighed ten pounds more than the capacity of the one he was after, but the mystery was solved when he found enough eels in the sunken block and tackle to feed all the riggers in the yard. Don't take my word for it. Carroll told me this.

There's an old saying, "In time of peace prepare for war." Scotty Mengies predicts a dry season, so he was well prepared to meet emergency, and if you visit his cellar it's as plain as *Black* and *White* what he did.

This is the birthday of THE DIAL, and for memory's sake we will mention the following: *Wilmot, Everson, Easton, Hackett, Joyance, Winchester, Alberta, Evangeline, Nepthis, El Siglo* and *El Sid,* and they, like the men, have done their bit.

If you want to hear old times about the yard get Dan Waldron and V. Campbell into conversation.

A. Della Pietri (Duke) is some Beau Brummel. To see him come to work in the morning would make a stranger think he's just returned from a full dress affair.

Every time January rolls around Vic Foley, the traffic timekeeper, thinks of his corner in the old office and unconsciously hums: "My Old New Hampshire Home."

Chris Fonss, shipfitter, came into the yard on the morning of December 6 with a grin on his face that looked to be about a yard long. The reason—one baby girl, details unknown because Chris was reticent, but she must be a wonder, judging by the smile.

I always knew there were outside machinists, outside plumbers and outside pipe fitters connected with Morse's, but I never knew there were outside blacksmiths till Charley Small told me there was a light forging shop outside the yard.

What do you think of a shipfitter on a job in Greenpoint wanting a 115 pound burner to carry a 300 pound acetylene tank. I don't care how many *Banks,* it can't be did. Canning even says so.

Former watchmen, Bill Voss, certainly is having his ups and downs these days. Bill is running the new elevator in the North Building.

Notice to snappers of the pipe shop—When you have searched in every conceivable place for fittings or valves in the pipe line that are out of the ordinary and fail to find any, consult Hughey Pace, alias "Capt. Kidd and his treasure," and he'll surely find what you're looking for. He has saved the day many a time. So much for memory.

Fred Daddi is a great admirer of "high" art, judging by his picture collection in the joiner shop. Anyone having any pictures for sale can probably strike a bargain with Fred. Apply at the joiner shop office.

We don't want to question any man's whereabouts, his habits or business in general. We don't want to question why you left Ridgewood for Flatbush, and while we were inquisitive enough to find the name of one, we are not going to try and find the name of the other, but oh, Charles Stewart Parnell Davis, where did you go after you got shaved?

Mr. Bright, of the pipe shop, sent a three and a half inch globe valve to Charley, the tool maker of the gallery in the old machine shop, with the orders to make it non-return. When a helper went after it the next day Charley said: "No, it's not done, I didn't know you wanted it. The order says, non-return, so I thought I could keep it."

It is rumored around the gallery floor of the machine shop that our old friend Chaplain Vance is thinking very seriously of leaving us—and why? That is the worst part of it all. He is going to open up a vaudeville house in Brownsville.

Someone told Jack Van Zuilen that Flatbush is the greatest place on earth and he still believes it.

Let's Go!

WHERE — To Prospect Hall
WHEN — January 25th at 8 P.M.
WHY — All the boys will expect to see you there

You have the date, the place and the reason—What is it?

The Employees' Association ANNUAL BALL

All of the "old-timers" know about it. They wouldn't miss an Annual Ball for a week's pay. It's the big "get-together" of the year. All of the "regular guys" are getting their tail coats pressed and brushing off the old plug hat.

Entertainment by "big time" vaudeville stars
Music by the Morse Band and our own quartet
Moving pictures of the yard—perhaps you're in them
Dancing until the milk wagons begin to rumble

TICKETS ONE DOLLAR APIECE
FIFTY CENTS EXTRA FOR A RESERVED SEAT

Don't let a dollar stop you from having the time of your life. It's up to you to make this occasion a success.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM GREEN, A CORPORATION, NEW YORK



Copyright International Film Service

THE George Washington on Her Way to France with President Wilson and the Peace Mission.

THE get-together spirit found among the employees of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company is one of the big factors in the successful work turned out by them. Morse employees have many notable records to their credit. The Government recognized their ability to produce satisfactory results in quick time when it called upon the Morse Company to put the *George Washington* in shape for the President's trip to France. The ship was ready when the President was and sailed without delay. No job of such momentous interest has ever been handled in so short a time and with such satisfactory results. Without the team-work in the Morse organization the task could not have been accomplished. That team-work goes with every job that the Morse Company undertakes.




The
MORSE
DIAL
FEBRUARY 1919
E. HOPPER

Here Is The Man

A Toast to the American Shipbuilder

By Homer McKee

WE have drunk to the health of the best of them all—the American soldier.

We have drunk to the memory of Paul Jones, and of Farragut, and of Dewey—and to the health of Sims' Jackies—God bless them, the sea never knew their betters;

—but, back in the obscurity of his own modesty, there is one other whom we want to drag out, and, against his wishes, make him stand here and submit to the admiration of his countrymen.

This man is an especial and an unsung hero, although by no manner of means could you get him to admit it.

He is the one uncrowned servant, the one INDISPENSABLE, without whom—there could have been no victory.

He has undone in months the murderous intent of forty years.

Here is one man who upset the German scheme—the man who got Pershing there in time, two million strong—the man who fed Belgium, who succored France and Italy, and who brought back hope to the sturdy, bleeding heart of game old England.

Here in the man who has taken the past mockery of the American Merchant Marine, and made of it a big dream that is coming true.

Here is the man who took the great, new America, and built for her a dress that would fit, and do her honor on the seven seas.

Here is the man who made a monkey out of Von Tirpitz, and who forever sold the world on the American will to live and to see that others live—and to get there on time—IN SPITE OF HELL AND HIGH WATER.

Here is the man who built the bridge that could not be built—the bridge across which Victory rushed Defeat into oblivion.

Gentlemen, a toast to—the second savior of mankind—the AMERICAN SHIPBUILDER.

Courtesy of
MIDWEST ENGINE CO.
Indianapolis, Ind.

MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

Vol. 2 February, 1919 No. 2



Something to Crow About

WE like to think of a dry dock as an operating table. Not that there is anything pleasant about an operating table but because the description is somewhat significant of the nature of the work done in our yard.

Some bright headline writer on one of the New York papers has referred to us as "Samaritans to the Ships." We like the phrase because it puts a human touch to our work, and after all are not ships like human beings; they become sick or wounded and have to be laid up for repairs.

As with ordinary mortals if their disease or wounds are more than superficial, an operation is necessary. To heal a serious wound in a ship it usually is necessary to "lay her up on" dry dock. So you see after all a dry dock is more or less similar to an operating table, at least in its use if not in its size, cost and construction.

And to stretch our comparison a little further, why isn't a ship repair yard really a hospital for ships? Well, we are going to contend that it is, even though there are some hard-headed materialists who will think our suggestion silly and ridiculous. We insist that ships are human.

Now when a community opens up a new hospital, or when a hospital adds a new operating table to its equipment the newspapers of that community devote columns to the event. Oh, we don't mean to say that that is so in the larger cities! It isn't. The newspapers in the larger cities really don't know what news is; they would rather waste a dozen columns on what some gang of Bolsheviki cut-throats did over in rotten Russia than devote a column to some important event nearer home.

To be fair with our Brooklyn papers let us remind you that Brooklyn really is only a "small town." The newspapers in the smaller cities are more entitled to be called *news*-papers than are those in the metropolitan cities, because they are the ones which chronicle real news. And as we said before, when a community is blessed with a new hospital or a hospital adds a new operating table to its equipment, the matter receives due notice in the *news*-papers of that community—that is if the editor knows his business and is onto his job.

THE DIAL is the *news*-paper for our yard—our community—and we are going to blow our head off in the rest of this article about the new dry dock we have just put into commission, and some of the vital things which relate to it.

YES, when completed that new dry dock will be the largest sectional floating dry dock and the most efficient dry dock we know anything about in the world. This may sound as though P. T. Barnum had written it, because it is so boastful, but we'll wager a dollar to a dill pickle that our assertion is a fact.

The third of the three sections now in commission was launched on December 28; it was towed down from "The Farm," where George MacLaurin and his efficient employees had constructed it, added to the other two sections which had been completed earlier, and on January 16 the three sections went into commission, thus actually doubling the dry-docking facilities of our Company.

When the fourth section is completed, that section will be added to the three now in use and our dry-docking facilities will be increased that much more. The same with the fifth and sixth sections, and before another winter gets around it is expected that all of the six sections will be in operation. When that event takes place we will do some more crowing. You bet your life, because it doesn't happen once in a lifetime that a new dry dock the size of ours goes into commission, and an event of that kind is one big event in shipping circles, particularly now when ships are so vital and necessary. (*Newspaper editors please note.*)

THIS nation is embarking on a shipping project which promises to replace the American flag on the four seas. Just now some of the newspapers would have us think that the outlook for a real, honest-to-goodness American merchant marine is rather dubious, but the American people have a way of getting what they want and they want a merchant marine second to none in the world, and when they begin to want hard enough they'll get it.

To have such a merchant marine the nation will need ship repair facilities to keep that merchant marine from decay. Every blessed man in the Company should feel himself a part of one of the most vital industries in the country. What would a community be without its doctors, its hospitals? What would our nation be without ship repair workers and ship repair yards?

During the war we did our bit, did it well, did it willingly, and we established a record for efficient work which to-day is known even beyond the Rhine. Our soldier boys have spread the word, and who were better able to do so? Weren't they carried over there by the hundreds in ships which we repaired, and aren't they being brought home by ships which were made ready by Morse employees for that purpose? Why, we even helped to make President Wilson's trip to France a comfortable and a successful one. Crow? Indeed we can crow, and crow lustily because we have a record to crow about.

The war is over, but Uncle Sam has a new fight on his hands and that fight concerns every man, woman and child. It isn't necessary to point out that that fight has to do with the establishment of that merchant marine we all want so badly, or how much the success of that merchant marine will mean to us all, so let us pass on to the next proposition which in a few words is just this: Are we going to back our Uncle Sam in his new fight?

Silly question, indeed, to ask of Morse employees. Of course we are.

The third section of our new dry dock slid down the ways at the "Farm" at exactly ten minutes of four on Saturday afternoon, December 28. It was as successful a launching as could ever be hoped for. The big 100 by 300 foot structure slipped into the water as gracefully as a yacht.





THREE SECTIONS OF OUR NEW DRY DOCK NOW IN COMMISSION



At 3.45 the Morse tug *Solicitor* backed up and hitched on to the section, she steamed ahead for a few feet, the rope tightened, Mr. MacLaurin gave the signal, there was a puff of steam from the tug smokestack and the section began to slide. So perfectly had the ways been constructed that hardly any pull from the tug was necessary. As she hit the water, a huge wave, 130 feet long and ten feet high, swept on before her. It was a sight well worth seeing and a rather awe-inspiring one to those who were standing on the pier. For a moment it looked as if the pier and all on it would be swept away. A moving picture operator thought that things were coming his way and the picture came to a full stop when the water rushed over the pier.

After the section had been well started on its journey toward the main yard, the launching party assembled in Mr. MacLaurin's office, and the offices of the various departments. Refreshments were served to both the guests and all of the men working at the "Farm."

Construction work on this, the newest

(*Continued on page* 19)

This Month's Cover

BEFORE you go any further turn back and look at our cover. No doubt many of you will recognize it as the famous prize-winning poster of our artist, Edward Hopper. For the benefit of the new men in the yard and our readers not acquainted with Mr. Hopper's work a word of explanation is necessary.

The poster was drawn from a picture of Peter Shea, one of our employees who worked on the angle slab. The picture of Mr. Shea, who has since joined the navy, was snapped by the DIAL editor and given to Mr. Hopper. From the snapshot and from such atmosphere as Mr. Hopper was able to get by visiting our yard he made the poster and captured the first prize ($300) in the poster competition conducted by the United States Shipping Board. There were 1,400 posters to choose from—Mr. Hopper's won out.

Before the poster was reproduced for distribution, the armistice was arranged and war posters were no longer needed. Believing, however, that the poster carries as vital a lesson to-day as it did at the time it was drawn, the DIAL through the courtesy of Dr. Charles A. Eaton, head of the National Service Section of the United States Shipping Board, is using it as a cover. It should remind us all that the part which the ship-workers of this country, and especially the Morse employees, played in winning the war should not be forgotten.

Pictures of Mr. Hopper's poster have attracted widespread attention. We are able to publish a letter which Mr. Hopper received a few weeks ago and which, we are sure, will interest every employee of the company who has followed Mr. Hopper's splendid work for the DIAL. The letter follows:

"49 Lincoln street,
"Richmond, Melbourne, Australia.

"E. Hopper.

"DEAR SIR OR MADAM: I hope you will overlook the liberty I am taking in writing you this note, but while reading the *World News*, I saw a picture of your famous drawing, "Smash the Hun," and my word! what a beauty it is, too. Well, friend, I want to tell you that I had a picture taken from it and raffled it for smokes for our boys "Over there" and got £42 10 shillings ($206.89) at one shilling a ticket.

"Now you see what a famous hit it made. I am a young Australian girl, twenty years of age, so my word! that wasn't bad, was it? We are all excited here at present because there is great talk of peace, but half of this side of the world thinks it only rumors.

"Now friend, as I have forwarded my address please do let me hear the consequence of my strange adventure, because I will have to wait such a long time for an answer. I will now conclude with every success to you in the future and please send a little note back. I remain,

"Yours respectfully,
"Miss Eileen Cluett."

Mr. Blake, formerly of the hull department, is now attached to assistant superintendent's staff as an inspector of repairs.

Make money your god and you will have the devil to pay.



The Snapshot of Peter Shea used for a model

Gobs Like Deighan

SINCE the *Von Steuben* has been in our yard many of our men and the "gobs" on the *Vonnie* have become close friends. One of the most popular men who has worked on the boat is Jack Deighan, of the carpenter shop. Deighan, besides making himself agreeable while at work on the boat, entertains different groups of the sailors at his home from time to time.

According to all of the boys who have been at the Deighan home, Miss Mae Deighan, Jack Deighan's daughter, is one of the prettiest girls in Bay Ridge. With her brother, who is employed here as a pipefitter, she assists in providing pleasant evenings for the men of the *Von Steuben*, many of whom are total strangers in this city.

We are in receipt of the following letter from George Primm, fireman, 2d class, of the *Von Steuben's* crew, which explains the appreciation of the *Vonnie* boys for the hospitality of Mr. Deighan and his family:

"To THE DIAL *Editor:*

"MY DEAR SIR: Reading over your last issue of THE DIAL I noticed that there were pieces about some of the yard men, so I am going to ask you to do me a favor and put a piece in the next issue about Mr. Jack Deighan, a carpenter working on our ship. Since we have been in this yard he has entertained quite a few of the boys at his home. He has also a son who works on our ship as a pipe fitter, and a daughter, Miss Mae Deighan, who is one of the prettiest girls in Bay Ridge. With her friends she helped to make the evenings pleasant. We dance, sing and have refreshments. If you will do this favor for us we will be very much obliged."

Editor's Note—If Mr. Deighan will send us a picture of his daughter, THE DIAL would be delighted to publish it.

Putting the Kaiser on the Blink

EX-KAISER BILL, wherever he is at the present time, probably never heard of Fred Taylor, Morse shipfitter's snapper, and of all that Taylor did to put the Hohenzollern family on the blink, but that doesn't alter the situation any. Taylor did his bit for Uncle Sam and we all are proud of the record that he and his gang of gun foundation builders made during the war.

Forty-six gun foundations built and installed on vessels laid up at the Morse docks is their war record. Three of these foundations held guns that sank German submarines. They were the foundations laid on the *Florence*, *Frank H. Bush* and the *Vigo*.

Not only have our shipfitters laid gun foundations which were directly responsible for the winning of the war, but they have made a record for quick construction which it is believed has not been beaten by any shipyard in the country. On next to the last ship that left our docks before the signing of the armistice, the *Wierengren*, it was necessary to place a gun foundation in very little time. Usually the work of construction takes six men about two weeks. Taylor and his gang, however, needed only about one third of that time. In four days they had completed the job.

So many new war records are being brought to light during these first few months of peace that many of us are getting immune to anything that resembles enthusiasm. That state of mind is, after all, the highest tribute that could be paid. We are so used to hearing about Morse records that there is nothing new or thrilling about them, but when the history of the war-time achievements of our yard is fully compiled and written, the work of Fred Taylor and his gun foundation builders should not be forgotten.

They Helped to Put the Kaiser on the Blink



Back Row: Nicholas Changio, John Smith, B. Schaffler, Allen Bell.
Front Row: Oscar Aurola, Dennis Holden, Charles Moravec, James McDermott, William Shannon, Louis Berringer.
Seated: Fred Taylor.

Anatomy of Success

Get up on your toes.
Put the best foot forward.
Stiffen your backbone.
Throw back your shoulders.
Hold up your chin.
Keep a stiff upper lip.
Keep your eyes and ears open,
And your mouth shut.
Use your head,
Go ahead,
And get ahead.
—*H. W. Dee, in Texaco Star.*

Mister Trouble of Troubleville

By William F. Hooker

(In Erie Railroad Magazine)

MISTER TROUBLE, of Troubleville, is a man who has lots of it, but never quite enough, so he looks for it.

And he's a great hunter, and seldom fails to bag some game.

When times are dull he borrows it, for he must have it.

He's a regular hog, and if you have more than you want he'll take all you've got.

He'll even buy it.

When he is real hungry for it he will steal it—bound to have it by fair means or foul.

If there is no other way, and he has spare time, he writes an anonymous letter; or if the 'phone is at his elbow he'll clap it to his ear and call up someone, refusing to give his own name, insist that he's a friend and demand that you tell him all about it.

He wants you to know your troubles are known, especially if you are to blame.

If you are in trouble he is gleeful, and he stays up nights to gloat over it.

If you haven't enough trouble Mr. Trouble will make some for you.

He's an expert and loves his job.

He's an industrious cuss.

Mr. Trouble is also a critic, but would make a poor soldier, because he is afraid—not exactly a coward—although that name often fits Mr. Trouble, especially when he adds "maker" to his name. His middle name is Anonymous, and he is rightly middle-named, because he is of a retiring—maybe sneaking would be better—disposition.

Trouble likes darkness, dark places, gloom and some devilment; so while he is well known by reputation he is not prominent in any kind of society. You might say he's an outcast by choice—a pessimist, a pacifist, but never a pugilist. His favorite pastime is making mountains out of molehills when he is manufacturing trouble and getting ready for the harvest.

Sometimes Trouble is not Mister, but of the opposite sex; then again it is a hermaphrodite—neither one nor the other, but Trouble just the same.

He thrives on it. He loves it, whether it is his own or yours. Sometimes it is his middle name, his family and given name altogether. He would like to be famous, but it takes daylight for that, and he doesn't know how to utilize it —all is darkness to him.

If he thought he would even deflect as much as a tiny wave of light he would collapse for fear his name would be changed to Happiness or Cheerfulness or Kindness or Goodfellow.

Trouble is not an old man, and thank heaven he isn't going to be. He is a melancholy suicide, and when he has accumulated a fortune of his stock in trade he will do the right thing, viz.:

GO JUMP IN THE RIVER!



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Four-masted schooner Luther Little leaving ways at Fall River, Mass., said to be the first boat of its kind launched at that port in forty years. She took her plunge fully rigged to hasten away in response to the urgent demand for ships.



REPAIRING THE KANSAN

This American liner had an adventurous career before the Huns sent a torpedo through her bottom. Prior to the United States entering the war, while on her way to England she encountered the U-boat 53 off Nantucket, but after being searched she was permitted to continue her trip unmolested because she flew the American flag. After discharging her cargo in an English port she started back again, but hit a mine and was taken to the harbor of Saint Nazaire, France, where temporary repairs were made. She then returned to the United States and permanent repairs were made by the Morse Company. After that she started with another cargo for France, but met her fate on her way over.

Homer McKee's Prayer

WE do not know who Homer McKee may happen to be, but certainly Homer McKee's Prayer, as published in a recent *Bulletin* by the Kansas State Board of Health, is something that would be worth while for all of us to consider, and if we commit the principle to heart we cannot go far astray. Here it is:

Teach me that sixty minutes make an hour, sixteen ounces one pound, and one hundred cents one dollar.

Help me to live so that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience, without a gun under my pillow, and unhaunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain.

Grant, I beseech Thee, that I may earn my meal ticket on the square, and in doing thereof that I may not stick the gaff where it does not belong.

Deafen me to the jingle of tainted money and the rustle of unholy skirts.

Blind me to the faults of the other fellow but reveal to me my own.

Guide me so that each night when I look across the dinner table at my wife, who has been a blessing to me, I will have nothing to conceal.

Keep me young enough to laugh with my children and to lose myself in their play.

And then when comes the smell of flowers, and the tread of soft steps, and the crunching of the hearse's wheels in the gravel out in front of my place, make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple:

HERE LIES A MAN

Thoroughness

THE secret of mechanical, commercial, financial or any other preëminence is disclosed in one word—thoroughness. He who loves his work will be thorough. His incentive is not the mere need of subsistence but the human impulse to excel, to develop himself and to be of real service to mankind

Faith is the Willingness to get Stung twice in the Same Place.

Tribute to Dan Shea

WE are glad to publish the following communication signed by "A Workingman," because it gives us an opportunity to clear away a misunderstanding which seems quite prevalent in the yard. Also it gives us a chance to say something that we have been wanting to say for a long time about our good friend Dan Shea, and to say it in a better way than if we had just sat down and tried to write without something to spur on our thoughts.

What better tribute could be paid to Dan than is contained in "A Workingman's" letter, which follows:

'*Mr. Barnes,*

"DEAR SIR: Your anniversary number of THE DIAL is the best so far published, to my mind, only you have missed one thing. I am an old-timer in the hull department and would say: Credit where credit is due must prevail with all the rest of the good-fellowship stuff. The real man of the Employees' Association and the one who made THE DIAL possible, is Daniel F. Shea, the biggest figure in the firm, second to Mr. Morse, whom you have overlooked in your anniversary number. I am speaking for the majority of the boys in the yard. A WORKINGMAN."

A tribute indeed, and one which is richly deserved by Daniel F. Shea, leader of the best industrial band in the country, and one of the prime movers in the best and most representative Employees' organizations in the world. Yes, you bet, credit where credit is due, and we are going to join "A Workingman" in saying that Daniel F. Shea has done perhaps more than any other individual in the Company to make the Employees' Association a success.

But we are going to suggest a correction of an apparent misunderstanding as to who and what is responsible for THE DIAL and its success. Dan has had nothing to do with THE DIAL except to give it his moral support and to help us from time to time in providing news items for the magazine. Lord knows we have tried hard enough to make Dan a regular contributing editor, but Dan has his hands full in looking after the band and in attending to such duties as befall an Assistant Superintendent of Welfare, and we can't blame him for not having the time to do scribbling for us.

Just to show that we are not selfish in this matter we are going to use a letter which Dan wrote himself when we showed him "A Workingman's" communication:

"*Mr. Barnes, Editor* MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL.

"FRIEND BARNEY: I received the card you left on my desk this morning addressed to you and signed by 'A Workingman.' Believe me, Bo, it makes me feel as if I had a financial interest in the firm. I wish you would insert an article in the next issue explaining to this guy that my capacity in the employ of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co. is that of Assistant Superintendent of Welfare, and that while I feel grateful that my efforts are appreciated by the boys in the yard, I would like to have it understood that as far as THE DIAL is concerned I have had very little to do with it, and I am not entitled to any credit for its great success except from the boosts that I am always ready to give it. The fact that it is the best plant publication in existence is due to no one else but yourself. If you are not responsible for the success of THE DIAL then no one else is. I don't know where I can dig up enough credit to pile upon you for the splendid publication you are giving us. You alone deserve all the credit.

"Your friend,
"DAN SHEA."

When Dan sent us this letter we went chasing around to find him to tell him our thoughts on the subject. We couldn't find him so we are going to write them for him and everyone else interested. Both Dan and "Workingman" are wrong about who deserves credit for the success of THE DIAL.

That success is due to no *one* individual so much as it is due to the men in the yard and office. Seems funny to say so, doesn't it, but it is a fact. If the editor of the magazine and those who assist him didn't have the wholehearted support and coöperation of everybody in the plant then there would be no DIAL or success to boast about. We are doing what we know how to do, but no matter how much we know about our business or how hard we work, we couldn't achieve what we have if we didn't receive the right coöperation and support.

When discussing the question of individual credit we mustn't overlook the fact that those who foot the bills for the magazine are the ones entitled to whatever credit there is. The Company itself pays for the magazine, and contrary to the general impression the dues which the employees pay into the Employees' Association do not pay for a thing connected with THE DIAL.

The association dues pay for the monthly meetings, the athletics and the various welfare benefits, but not for THE DIAL. To our knowledge there isn't a single shipyard magazine in the country which is supported by the employees of the yard, mostly because the expense would be too great.

THE DIAL costs real money and is but one of the many indications that the management of our Company has a liberal policy. The publication is of value to the Company and more than pays for itself by keeping you employees informed about its policies, and in building up a coöperative spirit and a more compact organization throughout the yard.

In the old days the management of an industrial organization seldom considered that its employees were entitled to know anything about its policies, its aims and its purposes. It never occurred to industrial heads that the employee was entitled to anything more than his weekly pay. But the order of things is changing. Industrial heads have come to see that a clear understanding between employer and employee is absolutely necessary and one of the ways to make a clear understanding possible is by way of the printed word. That is why plant publications are springing up all over the country, why there are something like 1,500 of them today, whereas but two years ago there were only 600.

Of course someone is going to say that we have a whole lot of nerve to call this "your magazine," when it is paid for by the Company. Well, our answer to that is just this: THE DIAL has never refused to publish an article or an item submitted to it by employees, and has repeatedly solicited articles. We should not "wash our dirty linen" in the columns of the magazine so that our competitors can laugh at us, but whenever the question of airing an honest opinion, or explaining a misunderstanding or giving attention to a fair-minded and justifiable complaint is concerned, THE DIAL has never and never will be found wanting, so long as it is handled by the present Editor.

The Secret of Success

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.
"Push," said the Button.
"Take pains," said the Window.
"Always keep cool," said the Ice.
"Be up to date," said the Calendar.
"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.
"Make light of everything," said the Fire.
"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.
"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.
"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.—*Exchange.*

Don't try to obtain the best by getting the best of the other fellow.

Do You Want to Fight?

BOXING under the direction of Dan Shea is the latest form of amusement indulged in by the crowds which assemble every noon hour in the Association Room, top floor of the new carpenter shop building and, from all present indications, this form of after dinner pastime has come to stay.

The bouts are not very formal affairs, all of the regalia of the prize ring, outside of the ring itself and the padded mitts, is lacking, and champions at the game are not encouraged to perform, but that doesn't mean that the exhibitions are not interesting.

Anyone who aspires to shine in the world of pugilism can get a chance to show what he is worth. Just step into one corner of the ring and some other chap will be sure to be in the other corner in about two seconds, Danny will help you put on the gloves and away you go. When you get tired, stop. There is no rule against it.

With the installation of boxing as one of the amusements, the Association Rooms are increasing in popularity every day. Music is provided almost every noon hour by either the band, some of the jazz band artists or the quartet. If you prefer to be quiet and rest after eating your dinner you will find lots of company in the alcove part of the room and most always a stray newspaper to read. For those who enjoy sport of the non-strenuous variety there are checkerboards enough to go around, and for the athletes who like exercise but not as much of it as boxing provides, there are parallel bars ready for use.

A great deal of time and expense has been taken to make the Association Room an interesting place in which to spend the noon hour. New features are being added from time to time and will continue to be added as long as the men of the yard show that they appreciate what is being done for them. Appreciation in this case can only be shown by attendance. If you are not already a frequent visitor on the top floor of the carpenter shop at noon time it is time that you started to be.

Nothing makes work more pleasant and easier than fellowship and a friendly feeling toward the man who works beside you. At noon hour in the Association Room you get the best opportunity to make new friends among the other men in the yard. If you do not take advantage of this opportunity you are not doing justice to yourself.

A Borrowing Blacksmith

January 2, 1919.

Editor MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL,
Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co.

DEAR SIR: I loaned my fountain pen to a blacksmith while having our photos taken for a war zone pass in the store room on Tuesday, Dec. 17, 1918, and as I cannot locate him in the yard, I would like to ask you to publish this in the lost column if you have one, and ask him to please return it to the pipe shop for me, as I prize it very much being that it is a present from a very good friend who is deceased.

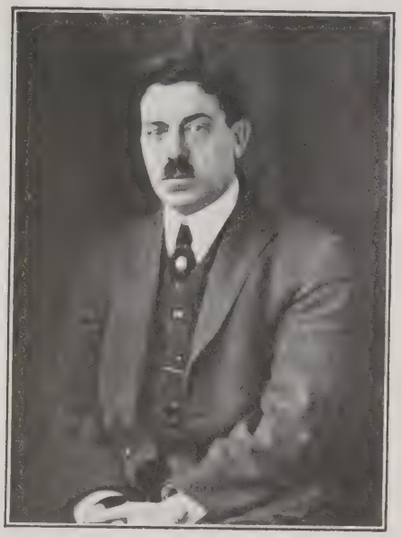
Wishing you all a happy and prosperous new year.

Thanking you very kindly, I am,
E. C. FOSTER, JR.,
45 Somers street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Goes Into Vaudeville

TOMMY SPINARD, until very recently a member of our burning department, has forsaken the shipyard for a place in the limelight, and, almost any time now, we may see his name spelled with electric lights over the Orpheum or the Prospect. Spinard is a very clever little actor and has teamed up with Gertrude Kerpen, a Bay Ridge girl, well known to many of the men in the yard. They have been booked to play on the Orpheum circuit.

Company Photographer



THE excellent picture used in the January issue of THE DIAL, showing the yard as it looks to-day, was taken by A. Pagano, who has been doing the Company's photographic work for fifteen years. He has a studio at 87 Nassau street, New York. Mr. Pagano handled, in a very creditable manner, the task of making war zone pass pictures of the employees of the yard during the war. In the big rush season he turned out as many as 875 pictures in one day.

It is needless to point out that Mr. Pagano's work in connection with the war zone pictures was a great help to the employees themselves in view of the fact that it saved them time that otherwise would have had to be spent in getting pictures elsewhere.

Mr. Pagano has been a photographer for twenty-five years, and is one of the best commercial photographers in New York.

A Real Patriot

CORNELIUS M. ANSTETT, of the blacksmith shop, is very proud of the part played by all of the members of his family during the period of the war. Mr. Anstett, knowing that he was too old to fight, left a position in Jersey at the outbreak of war to work in the Morse yard where he thought he could be of most service to Uncle Sam.

He has five sons. The eldest, Percy Anstett, is a veteran of the Spanish American War. All of the others were in some kind of government service. Bob Anstett is an assistant foreman boilermaker in the Morse employ. William F. Anstett was doing essential government work in the rubber business. Austin Anstett, although a cripple, did his "bit" by working in a ship yard at Port Newark. The youngest son, Cornelius Anstett, Jr., is a part of Uncle Sam's fighting forces overseas.

Room 115

Now that the boys are coming home we hear that one or two girls in Room 115 are contemplating taking the fatal step. How about it, girls?

Room 115 has lost its vampire. We are all eagerly waiting to see "Who is Next." We have quite a few candidates, but as yet none have been elected.

Have you a little hope-chest in your home, girls? There sure is some army of little "hopers" around here. Well, here is luck, girls, et us hope it *will* not be hopeless.

Better Insurance Benefits

ACCORDING to arrangements made by the Employees' Association with the insurance company which is handling insurance for Morse employees, starting January 1 of this year, any man who is now holding a single benefit policy may increase it to a double benefit policy by notifying Mr. Kling, the insurance clerk. Mr. Kling's desk is in the employment office where he can be found any noon hour.

Previous to the new arrangement, there were some men in the yard who by special arrangement with the insurance company had been receiving double benefits. These men paid for their policy by monthly payments and nothing was deducted from the pay envelope. From now on no monthly payments will be made, but all insurance money will be deducted from the pay envelope every week.

Especially among the new men in the yard the difference between the single and double insurance plan is not clear. For the benefit of all those who do not understand the different insurance plans we give the following explanation.

Under the single benefit system, an employee who subscribes for the insurance pays eighty-five cents a month to the insurance company. This money is deducted in weekly instalments from his pay. The first week in the month twenty-five cents is deducted, during the other three weeks twenty cents is deducted.

In return for this eighty-five cents a month, the employee receives, if sick, seven dollars a week, after the first seven days of sickness. He may receive this benefit for twenty-six weeks. If incapacitated because of accident, either occupational or non-occupational, a policy holder receives seven dollars a week from the day that the accident happened and may receive this benefit for fifty-two weeks. In case of death, natural or accidental, the family of a single benefit policy holder receives $100 death benefit.

Under the double benefit plan, a policy holder has deducted from his pay envelope, fifty cents on the first week and forty cents on the three succeeding weeks of the month. In return for the expenditure of this money, he receives in case of sickness, fourteen dollars a week, after the first seven days of sickness. This benefit may extend over a period of twenty-six weeks. In case of accident, he receives fourteen dollars a week from the day that the accident happens and this benefit may also extend over a period of fifty-two weeks. For accidental death, occupational or non-occupational, a death benefit of $200 is given to the policy holder's family. For natural death the benefit is $100.

Another item which has been causing considerable confusion is the very last clause on the insurance policy, which reads, "In addition to the above benefits the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company will pay one hundred dollars toward the funeral expenses in case of death by sickness." This does not mean that an additional hundred dollars will be added to the death benefit received because of accidental death, but has reference to the benefits that the beneficiaries will receive should the insured die as a result of sickness.

Thanks—Clancy

To Mr. B. E. Barnes:

"The editor's lot is not always a happy one. There are, however, many pleasures in the task that warm the heart, and to these pleasures I wish to add a Happy New Year and infinite success.

CLANCY."

Thanks, Clancy, the same to you and many of 'em. What would this world be without real friends?

"Efficiency"

A serial play in three acts, written and staged by, ABE YAGER, 2D

Place: The Morse Yard. Time: Anytime. Act 1, On a ship. Acts 2 and 3, At the "Church"

ACT I

SNAPPER ON THE JOB: "Here's something for you."

WORKMAN: "What is it?"

SNAPPER: "Oh, you know."

WORKMAN (reading aloud): "Smoking and loafing in fire room."

SNAPPER: "They got you, hey?"

FELLOW WORKMEN (all gathering around, in chorus): "Another slip. Why don't you get wise to yourself."

WORKMAN: "Wait till I go up and see this guy White. I'll let him know something."

ACT II

WORKMAN: "Where's Mr. White?"

WHITE: "Right over here."

WORKMAN: "Well, did youse send for me?"

WHITE: "Yes."

WORKMAN: "Well, I'm not guilty. Youse must have the wrong guy this time."

WHITE: "How do you make that out?"

WORKMAN: "Well, I wasn't working on that ship."

WHITE (after a little thinking): "I'll have to look into this matter."

WORKMAN: "Well, see that you do."

ACT III

Workman leaving "Church" bumps into Whitman.

WHITMAN: "Are you working now?"

WORKMAN: "Yes."

WHITMAN: "Well, you know the rules of the yard, don't you?"

WORKMAN: "No, sir."

WHITMAN: "You are not supposed to come here during working hours. Can't you read the sign outside?"

WORKMAN: "Well, I come up to see White."

WHITMAN: "It's going to cost you two hours, then."

WORKMAN: "I'm going to quit. What do you think I am?"

WHITMAN: "Do as you please."

WORKMAN (back on the job, to other men): "I gave that guy White the gab of his life."

OTHER WORKMEN: "Some bunk."

MORAL—Signs and Notices were made to be read. It pays to get wise to the fact.

How Do You Do!



William Robbins, superintendent, machine shop; Mr. Copp of the Hawaiian Line; Charles Brightsen, foreman, new machine shop; Charles Small, foreman, blacksmith shop; William Ritchie, foreman, machine shop; Robert Kingston, assistant foreman, machine shop, on a tour of inspection—or maybe it's a joy ride that they are taking. We prefer the latter suggestion, because no one ever saw a bunch of machinists at work all dolled up with stiff collars and ribbons in their buttonholes.

Yard Rules Adopted

THE yard rules, a copy of which will be placed in your pay envelope soon, were the direct result of several complaints about penalties and fines heard at the January meeting of the Employees' Association. The quick action taken by the Conference Board in this matter ought to show all of us what open discussion will accomplish.

Immediately following the Association meeting on January 15, arrangements were made for a meeting of the Conference Board on Friday, January 17, for the purpose of reviewing the complaints. At that meeting, the rule making it necessary for all employees to wear their yard badge on the cap was discussed, and the subject of fines for yard offences was brought up.

For the purpose of discussing these things in detail and arriving at a definite policy which would govern all future action on the part of the company, a committee was chosen to confer with Mr. Hanbury, industrial representative.

The committee consisted of: William Lansing, rigging department; Vincent Konop, inside machinists; H. G. Hoover, pattern shop; Edward Knipe, electricians; Alex Moffat, burning department.

This committee met with Mr Hanbury on Monday, January 20, and decided that a definite policy on the subject of yard regulations and penalties should be adopted. Rules embodying this policy were drawn up and at another meeting held on Thursday, January 23, the rules were adopted and ratified. The rules adopted were recommended by the Conference Board committee and adopted and ratified by the Conference Board itself at the January 23 meeting.

A change in the wording of the efficiency slip was also made. Those present at this last meeting were: all foremen, snappers and heads of departments, Association directors, Conference Board members and Mr. Hanbury, representing the Company.

Smile

Like bread without the spreadin',
  Like a puddin' without sauce,
Like a mattress without beddin',
  Like a cart without a hoss,
Like a door without a latchstring,
  Like a fence without a stile,
Like a dry and barren creek bed,
  Is a face without a smile!

Like a house without a dooryard,
  Like a yard without a flower,
Like a clock without a mainspring,
  That will never tell the hour;
A thing that sort o' makes yo' feel
  A hunger all the while—
Oh, the saddest sight that ever was
  Is a face without a smile!

The face of man was built fer smiles
  An' thereby is he blest
Above the critters of the field,
  The birds an' all the rest;
He's jest a little lower
  Than the angels in the skies,
An' the reason is that he can smile;
  Therein his glory lies!

So smile an' don't fergit to smile,
  An' smile, an' smile agin;
'Twill loosen up the cords o' care,
  An' ease the weight o' sin;
'Twill help yo' on the longest road,
  An' cheer yo' mile by mile:
An' so, whatever is your lot,
  Jes' smile, an' smile, an' smile!

Augustin W. Breeden.

If we only had the money we have lost trying to get more!

THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL *for December gives a striking picture of the Fourth Liberty Loan parade that was reviewed by Governor Whitman and his staff at Borough Hall, Brooklyn. This publication is one of the best gotten out by various shipbuilding and ship repair plants throughout the country.—Marine Journal.*

Annual Ball a Success

A CROWD which fully came up to the expectations of the committee in charge was present at the annual entertainment and reception of the Employees' Association held in Prospect Hall on Saturday evening, January 25. Due to the foresight of those in charge, the whole hall had been rented for the occasion, and although even with the additional floor space there was none too much room, the crowded conditions which marred to some extent the pleasantness of last year's ball were not so noticeable.

The entertainment, which started at half past eight, consisted of a vaudeville bill, band concert, several selections by the Morse quartet and a moving picture of the activities of the yard. Five vaudeville acts of unusual merit were offered. Booth and Leander gave a combined clown and bicycle act that was very well received. The Sherlock sisters and Foley sang and danced. Belle Baker, an old Morse favorite, sang comedy selections. Fanny and Kitty Watson entertained with a song and dance act and Mr. Billy Burke presented a sketch entitled "Thick and Thin," an episode of circus life. The Morse band, as usual, proved to be one of the most popular entertainment features of the evening. It played three selections; the "Star Spangled Banner," "Orpheus Overture," and a "Bohemian Girl" selection. The Morse quartet, consisting of Thomas Coppinger, John Woods, Thomas Johnston, Flo Jones with Artie Meyers at the piano, sang several of our old favorite songs.

The last number on the entertainment end of the program was the moving picture. Many views of the yard, recent events of note, the yard force at work and pictures of the executive offices were shown. It is regretted that the current of electricity was inadequate to throw the pictures on the screen as clearly as was desired.

Following the entertainment, the grand march was held. It was led by Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Morse, Mr. D. J. Leary and daughter, Lieutenant Jessie Morse Cantwell and Commander Stevenson Taylor, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Morse. Bouquets of red and white narcissus and carnations, representing the colors of the Association, were distributed to the ladies as they marched about the hall. One hundred and fifty bouquets were given out. Dancing followed, with the Morse Band furnishing the music. Music for dancing was also furnished in the smaller hall adjoining the auditorium and in the grill-room where many little parties gathered and danced until a late hour.

Boxes along the right hand side of the hall were occupied by Mr. Morse, his party, and guests of the company. The remaining boxes were occupied by the representatives of the various departments in the yard. The hall was beautifully decorated with palms, evergreens and smilax, flags, streamers and bunting. On a stand at the left of the stage there was a huge floral reproduction of the Morse button, while in the very center of the stage large portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Morse were surmounted by an electric sign which read "Our Boss and Co."

The committees were as follows:

Arrangement committee: Fred Taylor, chairman; William Dunn, Otis E. Barene, Henry Pauli, George Hamilton, William Burke and Harry Stagg; advertising committee: W. J. Daley, chairman; Francis Falconer, William Wherry, Richard Cors, Robert Dutcher, Daniel Basil, Sidney Monsen, Joseph Landon, George Rothwell, John Powell, Charles Kelly, Joseph Lowe, Daniel Murphy, James Coffey, Clarence Wilson and William Filbert; reception committee: Mortimer W. Mead, chairman; Roger Moran, Charles F. Burke, Joseph Freeman, John Peate, H. J. Harper, Joseph Henderson, J. McLellan, William Thompson, Andrew Christie, Harry England, Arthur Nylund, Harry Gardner.

Floor committee: Carlyle Stecher, floor manager; Thomas J. Plunkett, assistant floor manager, Frank R. Whitman, John Cantwell, Thomas Coppinger, Thomas Smith, Jr., William Voege, Phillip Farley, Eugene McMahon, Henry Rochelle, James Collins, George Pennington, aids.

Mrs. George Krieger

In Memoriam

IT was hardly a year ago. How George Krieger and I jollied about our marriages. Work was a plenty and we could not stay away more than a day or two.

At times we joked about which of us would be a father first—the pleasantest dream of newlyweds!

But a lasting union between George and his wife was not predestined.

Fate dealt George a merciless blow!

Spanish influenza, that cruel epidemic which has robbed the world of more lives in a single year than all of the four years of war combined, also claimed Mrs. Krieger, an innocent victim.

After a brief illness, she died Wednesday night, January 22, leaving to George an eternal remembrance of their happy marriage, a child, the fruit of their love.

How cruel Fate is to some of us! Or do we think she is cruel because we don't understand her?

Her ways and methods of dealing with us human mortals will remain an insoluble problem for the rest of eternity. And in our ignorance of her means of ruling this sinful world, we must bow our mournful heads in obedience to her whims, and murmur silently, "Thy will be done."

The men of the electrical department express their heartfelt sympathy for George Krieger and his family.

J. MOSES.

General Notice

Time cards of employees who have worked on more than one ship during the day must show on which ship or ships any overtime was worked.

In other words, if you worked on three or four steamers during the day and continued to work overtime at night make your time card out so that there is no doubt which job was done in overtime.

A. V. MURRAY, Superintendent.

Oh! Boy!

THIS young lady should have known better. She told us that THE DIAL would never publish a picture of her because we would never get one. When anyone tells us we can't do anything it is that thing we want to do most. Of course, she didn't know this when she defied us. The picture will introduce to you one of our valued contributing editors.



Miss Margaret McCarthy

History Repeats Itself

By William Roth

SOMETIME way back in the dark ages during the 13th or 14th century (I can't remember that far back) we are told that the Church of Europe was abolished, all the Bibles were confiscated and a very terrible time followed. There were only a daring few left who defied the orders to crush the church, but they did dare and Christianity was restored to the world.

In 1914 there came one Wilhelm, who admitted that he was the Almighty (although we didn't believe him) and he came very near putting a crimp into the Church of Europe again.

Then, changing from world-wide to local history, by orders of the main office, the "Church" of Morse was "canned" and the disciples of Frank Whitman were scattered around the yard like leaves in a windstorm.

The "bibles" dating back into last year were confiscated, the "confessional slips" disappeared and some one got away with McCarthy's supply of chewing tobacco.

These loyal sons of the "Church," however, believed that all was not lost and a mission was organized under the leadership of "Rev." A. G. Day, assisted by "Rev." J. J. Reddy and the following missionaries are now hard at work in every corner of the yard:

Osterle, is attempting to pacify the outside machinists; Lemere and Burke are trying to educate the Hull Department; Gabriel is bringing the spirit of the "Church" to the blacksmiths; McCarthy is preaching prohibition to the pipe fitters; Koehler is fumigating the riggers; Roth is shaving the wood caulkers; and Lohman is keeping time under Rev. Mr. Whitman.

Besides these honest workers there is Weldon, our foreign missionary, who is carrying the good word to the wilds of Hoboken, assisting Lloyd Noble as professor of English. The missionaries hold meetings every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday to rectify the shortcomings of all those who believe.

American Shipbuilding

THE whole story of how American shipbuilders outbuilt the U-boats and helped win the war is told in a book called *The Shipbuilding Industry*, just published by Houghton, Mifflin Company, 4 Park St., Boston. The authors, Roy Willmarth Kelly and Frederick J. Allen, have written the book with the assistance of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, and Charles M. Schwab has contributed an introduction. It tells the complete story of shipyard organization and how ships are built in a way that will give every shipyard worker who reads it a bigger and broader idea of his job and of the part he is playing in the whole great enterprise. *The Shipbuilding Industry* has 300 pages of reading matter and 100 pictures and diagrams. It sells for $3.

Smoke Up

Tobacco is a dirty weed—
I like It!
It satisfies no normal need—
I like It!
It makes you thin, it makes you lean,
It takes the hair right off your bean,
It's the darnedest stuff I've ever seen—
I like It!

We are all very curious to know where Jack Beyers, Otto and McMahon, of the purchasing department, spent their Christmas Eve. Say, Jack, we never knew the curbstone could serve as a nice, comfortable Morris chair. OOooo, naughty, naughty, Jackie!

Locates Her Lost Son

THE following letter comes from the mother of one of our former employees who wrote to the DIAL asking our assistance in obtaining the address of her son whom she had not heard from. Her original letter appeared on page 14 of the November DIAL. The accompanying letter is self-explanatory. We feel happy that we had the opportunity of serving this devoted and patriotic mother.

75 Denison Rd., Colliers Wood,
Merton S. W. 19 England.

Editor of THE DIAL,

Dear Sir: I take much pleasure in thanking you for your kindness about my son, whom I am very pleased to be able to tell you, I am hearing from again pretty often. I heard from Camp McClellan, Anniston, Alabama, then from Fort Scriven, Savannah. He is Corporal W. Thorogood, D Battery, Coast Defence Artillery Corps, Fort Scriven, Savannah.

He tells me that he has written regularly so I can only put it down as letters lost through the Huns sinking our ships. I would be much obliged if you would forward the letter either to Savannah or 366 Lenox Avenue, New York City, as he says that address will find him again.

Thanking you for the trouble you have taken on our behalf also for your kind letter and the magazine, which apart from the fact of the inquiry for my son, I think is a most interesting paper, and one I shall certainly keep to show my other two boys *when* they come back from overseas, one in Russia and one in Egypt. So you see the three brothers are well scattered.

Wishing you every success, I remain
Yours gratefully,
MRS. THOROGOOD.

P. S. I see there is a mistake about dates, it says February 9, it should be September 9, as was exactly four months without a letter. I don't know whether I dated my letter wrong or if it is a misprint on your printer's part. If it is my fault will you please forgive it and put it down to the anxious time I was going through, but, *thank God*, that part of it is over.

We Have a Cartoonist

WILLIAM R. MONAHAN, a member of Mr. Brennen's "back pay" department, is the originator of some of the cartoons which are appearing in the DIAL. Mr. Monahan, as a cartoonist, is well known in newspaper circles. He has been a contributor to the comic sections of the *Evening World* and has had a great deal of his work accepted by the Burrell Newspaper Syndicate. He will be remembered by many as the originator of "The Rising Generation," a series of cartoons which appeared in the *World* quite recently.

Beside being a cartoonist of considerable note, Mr. Monahan is well known throughout this section of the city as a writer of the topics of the day, a columnist and a war-work speaker. He was a four-minute man for all of the patriotic drives held during the war, and in the Red Cross drive in May, made fourteen addresses in one week.

His articles which have appeared in many of the leading New York newspapers have received the commendation of many eminent men, among them Elihu Root, Thomas A. Edison, Nicholas Murray Butler, John Wanamaker and many United States senators.

We are very pleased to admit Mr. Monahan's work to the columns of the DIAL and feel sure that his pencil and ready wit will brighten the pages of our magazine considerably.

James Tester, one of our blacksmiths, is going around these days with a broad smile. He is now a proud father to a bouncing baby boy (James Edward).

A Popular Band Member



Vincent Pisano

THIS gentleman is one of the reasons why our band, whenever it is mentioned in the daily papers, is always spoken of as the "famous Morse Band." Pisano is very proud of his membership in our band and has only one other hobby beside keeping his horn shiny and clean, that is twirling the ends of his mustache. No, he is not German, but a good, true, patriotic American-Italian.

The Dial Editor's Nightmare

By H. D. T.

(As related by himself after his first day with the new moving picture machine.)

I dreamed I owned a movie house,
Upon the great white way,
And all the Morse employees,
Sought jobs there every day.

The office boys arrived
Asking parts for juveniles,
And said if such were needed
They would sign as crocodiles.

The office girls rode in a van
And insisted they be vampires,
So I signed them then and there,
Then I had to hire umpires.

Marion claimed she was the best,
This brought them all to cuffs,
They yelled and fought until they had
To use their powder puffs.

The carpenters and painters
Came along with all the "props"
And next the soldiers from the barracks,
Who wished to act as "cops."

The Cost Department entered next—
Leading men they wished to be
And following close the nurses came;
They just looked in at ME.

Comedians from the Pay Roll,
Electricians by the score,
Directors from the store room,
Oh! I was getting sore.

Then Mrs. Waterman arrived,
Then cook with a sewing machine,
'Tis then they say I sat up in bed
And loudly I did scream:

"As owner of the movie house
I must not, cannot shirk!"
When friend wife whispered in my ear;
"Get up! It's time to go to work."

FINISHING the BIG JOB

Sergeant Frank P. Sheridan, formerly employed here, died of influenza in a base hospital in France on October 31, according to official information received by his aunt Mrs. Nellie Payton. Sheridan left the Morse employ soon after the outbreak of war and joined the Twenty-third Regiment. After a short training period at Spartanburg, he sailed for France as a member of Headquarters Company, 106 Infantry. In a letter received by his aunt about four months ago, he said that he had been slightly wounded and was in the hospital.

Word was received lately through George Liddle, formerly a watchman in the Morse employ, that his grandson E. R. Wight was wounded in action just a few days before the armistice was signed and that he is now in a base hospital in France. Wight was a carpenter's helper here and enlisted in the old Fourteenth Regiment at the outbreak of war. Later he was transferred to Company A, 106 Infantry, and saw service in France with that unit.

DO I get my job back, Tom?"

"Sure; when do you want to begin?"

That's most of the news that we have been hearing from the boys in the service during the past month. Our fighters, whose careers we have been following from month to month by the letters which have appeared in THE DIAL are coming back, and we can expect, very soon, to have practically every one of them with us again. It is a great thing to realize that so many of them want to come back to the old job that they had before they were called to the colors. It ought to make clear to us that the Morse family spirit is not just a mere jumble of pretty words, but an actual fact. News from across the water is very scarce. Our boys who are still over there are so eager to get back home and talk, writing seems out of the question. From the camps here we have a great many letters, practically all of them full of thanks for THE DIAL and for the Christmas cards and cigarettes sent to them by the Employees' Association.

William J. Lacy writes the following letter to James Greenfield. The letter is one of the few we have received this month from the fighting front in France, and gives a very interesting account of the fighting just before the armistice was signed. The letter follows:

"Just a few lines to let you know that I received THE DIAL a few days ago and I sure was interested in it. As a matter of fact, I have my head in it every time that I get a chance during the day, and I hate to leave it. Well, Jimmy, we have just come off of one of the liveliest fronts that there was over here. After hiking over what I imagined was every square foot of France for about eight days we have landed here, I don't know the name of the place, but I know where it is. We had been in a hospital captured from the Huns, and a dugout, which killed about a thousand men. Many a night while 'Jerry' was over visiting we made good use of those dugouts. The Germans sure did intend to stay for some time, but were sadly disappointed. They retreated so quickly that they left most everything behind them. Some of the officers' quarters were just being built and others were fitted up in great style, fancy electric lights, pianos and-so-forth. The Huns were dug into the hills like rats, making ideal machine gun nests everywhere. Things got pretty hot there at times and we were real lucky when our time came for departure that no one was killed or wounded. Our division was cited there for bravery, and it is expected that we will be homeward bound in a short time. Now that victory is won we feel that we have done our share. Dear old Bay Ridge can't appear any too soon to suit me. My best regards to yourself and the boys at the yard and a grand success to THE DIAL."



Pvt. Milton Jaros

Silas F. Gillen is still in France with the 106th Field Artillery. He writes to Dan Shea:

"No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me, but I was reading a *Standard Union* the other day and read, 'music by Dan Shea.' Well, I sure was glad to see it and the consequence is that I am now writing this while I have the spare time. How is every one? This is one big night for the boys over here. The armistice has just been signed and the boys are celebrating with flares of powder that light up the hills and valleys for miles around. It is a God-send that we do not hear the big guns roar again and I hope that it will not be long before I am home. How is Mr. Robbins? I guess he don't remember me. Does it seem like two years since I worked there and you worked beside me? On my trip across I had the pleasure of being on the big ship that was in the yard for some time, the *Koenig William II*, and I had a fine ride. I hope that this finds you and everybody in the best of health."

William F. Condon, whose picture appears on this page, was formerly employed in the pipe shop. He is shown in the picture standing beside a field piece which he had camouflaged. Condon enlisted in the old 14th Regiment, but was transferred to the Camouflage Division before that unit sailed for France. He saw service in France with the Camouflage Corps and was wounded on September 2, according to a letter received by T. F. Downes, one of his old friends in the pipe shop.

Fred Rask is with the Marines at Paris Island, S. C., and expects to be sent to Officers' Training School very soon. To Dan Shea he writes:

"I want to thank you and the members of the Employees' Association for the Christmas package and card. I never realized how one enjoys receiving mail from friends until I came down here. At present, I am drill instructor and have charge of an entire company. I expect to go to Officers' Training School soon and may stay in the service a few years longer. I was home on a furlough last week, but was so rushed that I did not have time to come out and see you much as I wanted to. I like the Marine Corps and there are a lot of fine fellows here, but I am sorry that I did not get a chance to go across. My company went, but I was held out for 'Non-Coms' school. Would like to hear how Ed came out. Did he go across? I wish a Merry Christmas to you, 'Whit,' 'Red Hot,' Plunkett, Benner and the rest."

Dan O'Donnell, who is now back with us, wrote from Waco, Tex., just before returning, the following letter, which may be of interest:

"I received the Christmas card and also the cigarettes and am more than thankful to you for your kindness and I wish to express my appreciation to the Association for the great work that they are doing for the boys. To tell you the truth these things are appreciated more than the boys can express in words. This camp is completely cleaned out. There is one battalion and our company left and we are now guarding the camp until a company of regulars come to relieve us. When they are coming we do not know, but we hope it will be soon as guarding an empty camp is like guarding a cemetery. Tell Mr. Whitman, Miss Jensen, Mr. Jacobson, Miss Mae Murphy and others that I wish them a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

John Powell cherishes the following letter, which he received from Thomas P. O'Connor, formerly of the pipe shop, who has been at Camp Greenleaf, Ga. O'Connor was inspired to write after reading the numerous letters about our Liberty Loan drive which appeared in the November DIAL. Evidentally it was his first attempt with a typewriter. Powell informs us that "Right Measurement," as O'Connor is known among his pipe shop friends, would have no objections to our using it as he wrote it, so here goes:



William F. Condon

"DEAR FRIENDS: Well Boys I Have received your very welcom dial

and i was surly very glad to read some of the things that are going on down around there in the yard and i also think that there is some very fine peaces in the little dial. Well to begin with when the boys sent me those buts, i sure was in need of them and i thought it was very fine of them to send them to me and i sent two letters and one card since and have not got anny answer but i will send this one telling you a few things about the camp and i hope you receive it o.k. Well, there is only about 1,000 men in all of camp greenleaf now and there use to be 75,000 out here. All are gon over, i am doing a little pipefitting hear in the hospitals and barracks, all repair work, nothing to it. i am now a corpral, no buck private for me. i was a first class Private for about 2 months and then i got an other measurement. i got 2 stripes. i am also got about 15 men building walks in front of all the barracks this is a terrible mud hole. When it rains you cant walk. i seen George Steggemen the other day he said he was down there on a 10 day Furlow he also told me he was down to see the boys, he is still a buck private. A fellow will always be a buck private unless you can get your own measurement. you cant be asleep and get stripes, a fellow has always got to be on the allert, no fooling. Well boys what do you think of the war, i think it was pretty good news dont yous, i suppose youse fellows had a corking time down there when the news came in. They certainly did raise hell around here. The bunch got out of bed that monday morning at 1.30 am and went to town they say they had a regular stampede it must have been great down there. i wish i was there. we are having the life of rilley down hear no fooling, we just had a corking good dinner chicken, i have got a camera. i am taking pictures. will send you some down when they are done. Show them to erni and the boys. i showed the dial to some of the captains and i told them i use to work down there and they looked it all over and seen the names for those liberty bonds and they said it was a verry fine showing and they certainly did do there bit and i told them about the pipe fitters they said it must be a corking good bunch down there, they think that ship yards are the only place to work and i showed it to all my friends now i am going to send it down to my wife she thinks there is some very fine reading in it. The world belongs to me out hear, even the ships upon the deep blue sea. Well so long Powell Old top i send my best regards to all the boys. Tell them to be sure to get the right measurements. So long from your Old Friend Measurements Tom.

"When Fellows Go A Way From Home
"And leave Good Friends Behind Em
"Theres Nothing Left To Do But Send
"Good wishes out to find them
"So hears a million More or Less
"For your good luck and Happiness.

"What do you think of this for A Ammature. Some Measurement. I thank the Boys for those Buts and Good Luck to all i am some typewriter. Good night and happy dreams to all."

John McCarthy is still in Camp Hancock, Ga., and expects to be there for some little time to come. In a letter to Dan Shea he writes:

"The greeting card and DIAL received and I was very glad to receive them. THE DIAL is a very interesting book, because it tells all of the news and doings down in the old town. The papers here are all the same every day. The only change is the headlines. When the game broke up I thought that I would be back to see the boys, but I was greatly mistaken. The band was the first to break up. Then we were handed rifles and made to drill continuously. Next each company was grouped in States and we were waiting for the word go when the C. O. calls for me and now I am in the Camp Headquarters office and expect to remain here for a few more months, mustering the boys out. Received word from my brother in Savannah. I don't think he will stay long, because he says it is very slow. I wouldn't be surprised if he is on his way home now. Well, I hope that I see you all soon. Give my regards to Jack Boner and George Jones and Tom Plunkett. I suppose that the band is busy at parades and benefits now, but you were always right there in a pinch. I wish you and all the office a Merry Christmas."

Milton Jaros wrote as follows from Camp Gordon, Ga., just before he returned to work here in the pattern shop:

"Have received the package of cigarettes which you sent me and I thank you one and all for them. They come in very handy and I am enjoying them very much. Well, friends, I will be getting my discharge in a week or two and will be back on my own hook soon. Hoping that we will see one another soon, I send my best regards to all."

Richard Campbell writes to Dan Shea, from Camp Humphreys, Va.:

"I received the package and also the card of greeting from the Association, which I highly appreciate. I guess I can consider myself pretty lucky that I was not sent across after hearing of my brother's misfortunes. Knowing that your brother Eddie went over, but hearing nothing further, have often wondered how he made out. I judge, Dan, that everything is going along all right without me. Not being much of a correspondent I will bring this letter to a close. I hope to be dishing out nails soon for Mr. Fisk."

Joe Keegan, formerly a member of our band, also writes to Dan from the Naval Training Station at Newport, R. I.:

"I received the cigarettes that you sent me and, believe me, it made me feel good to think that you all were thinking of me. I am much obliged, Dan, to you and the rest who sent them. We have our applications in for our discharges and expect to hear from them any day. Some fellows have gone home already and I'll be home soon. I'll sure be glad to get back with you fellows and have some of the good times that we used to have. To-night instead of moving pictures we are going to have championship prizefights. Mel Cogan is to be one of the boxers. I don't know who the rest are. They are having five six-round bouts and I am thinking of the rackets we used to have down at the carpenter shop once a month. Give my regards to Mr. Benner, Tom Plunkett, Bill Dougherty, Joe Fair and all of the band."

Thomas A. Doody is with the 22d Infantry at East Potomac Park, Washington, D. C. In a letter to Dan Shea he writes:

"I wish to thank you for the package of cigarettes which you sent me. I sure was glad to receive them. I also received a card of greeting from the Association and would like to have you thank all of those that are in the Association for me and I wish to extend my heartiest wishes to all of the boys for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I would like to be back in the Morse yard for Christmas instead of here. Give my regards to all of the boys."

Fred Dean writes the following note from Picatinny Arsenal, Dover, N. J.:

"Many thanks to you and the Association for the smokes which I received. They certainly come in handy. I also received THE DIAL and enjoyed reading it immensely and hope to continue receiving a copy of each issue. Please accept my heartiest wishes for a Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year and extend the same to everyone in the office."

George Seibold, now at Sierra Blanca, Tex., with the 8th Cavalry, writes that he received the Christmas greeting card from the Employees' Association and also the cigarettes which were sent to him.

John Burke writes from Camp Wadsworth, S. C., that he is very thankful for the smokes received from the Employees' Association and that he wishes everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Thomas Fallon, formerly of the storeroom, is stationed at Vancouver, Wash. According to a post card received by Dan Shea he is feeling "bully" and wants to be remembered to all of the boys.

George W. Lee, formerly employed here, is stationed at Camp De Sourge, France. Lee has been one of the our most faithful correspondents. His letter written to Dan Shea, follows:

"Just a few lines to let you know that I received the DRY DOCK DIALS for the months of June, July, and September, and want to thank you and the Morse Dry Dock Company for your thoughtfulness in sending them to me, as you know, Dan, reading matter is very scarce "Over Here." I sure do appreciate them and especially the doings around the yard. I want to congratulate the coworkers of the Association and also the Editor for their patriotic work. Well, Dan, I would have dropped you a line sooner, but I have been kept very busy lately and now that I have a little time to spare, I thought I would write and let you know that I am still among the living. There are quite a few Brooklyn boys here with me, but I haven't run across any from the yard. We are having plenty of rainy weather lately, and have not seen the sun in two weeks. So you can imagine how delighted I will be to get back to God's Country. I will have to close now, Dan, as taps are blowing, and I want this letter to go out with the morning mail. Hoping to hear from you soon. Give my regards to all the boys in the yard and also the office.

Eddie Shea, younger brother of our own Dan, is with the American Army of Occupation "somewhere in Germany." Eddie has seen a lot of active service and, according to his letter, is now traveling so fast that he finds it a hard job to keep up with the different customs and languages which are met on the way. His letter follows:

"Well, Dan, I have traveled quite a lot since the armistice was signed. I suppose you have read of the American Third Army on their march to the Rhine. Believe me, we climbed some tall hills in the last few days. This is a very small town (Sohren) where we are now. My bed is in what was once a school-house. Little low desks like those in the kindergarten. I have a large stove and *beaucoup* wood. That word before wood means "plenty" in French. It

Our Greatest of Mothers

"And for your country, boy, and for that flag, never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you—no matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or abuses you. Never look at another flag; never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag, remember, boy, that behind officers and Government and people even, there is the country herself—your country—and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother, stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your mother!"—*Edward Everett Hale.*

is pronounced (Bu-coo). Like the French girl used to say to me, "Americ soldat beaucoup sigsag," which means American soldier good and drunk. I just got going good on the French language, when we moved to Germany. In France it was *qui, qui* (wee, wee). Now it is *yah, yah,* so you see we have a hard time to keep in society. Well, Dan, I am looking for some DIALS any day now. With love to Julia, Eddie and little Dan and best regards to all at the dock. I will write soon again. Enclosed you will find a picture of four of my pals. I was to be in this, but I was too lazy to get out of bed that morning."

Eddie's address is A. C. 21 4th S. T., A. P. O. 746, A. E. F., France.

Soldier Praises Shipworkers

THE following interesting letter was received by Mr. Morse from a soldier in France. William F. Devine, the writer, was never employed by the Morse Company, but his ideas, expressed in the letter, on the subject of the shipyard worker and his part in the war are of so much worth, especially to us, that we print his letter which follows:

"La Vauge, Vosage Mountains,
December 22, 1918.

"*The Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company,*
care of Editor of THE DRY DOCK DIAL.

"SIR: I want to congratulate you, also your staff, on your work in connection with the Morse DRY DOCK DIAL. I have just finished reading your October edition, which proved very interesting. I noticed that there was one remark made, about Swedes and slackers, by a man who signed himself, 'Sailor.'

"I have just read of 'A Veteran's' answer to said 'Sailor,' and have a few remarks to make. If 'Sailor' is not too egotistic, he will see the point as we do. I wish to state that I never was employed by any shipbuilding firm, and never will be, as it is out of my line.

"He says that Swedes are slackers. Well, I wish he was over here in these mountains today, and during some of the hard days and nights we have passed. I have paid particular attention to the men of different nationalities, when it rained 'iron confetti,' and the Swedes are as good soldiers as any that ever wore O. D. I have slept alongside of them in a trench, and when the chow failed to appear, they never kicked. They possess initiative and snap, and, in justice to them, I have made the above statement.

"I arrived in France about a year ago. Shortly after we landed we learned that the ship that brought us over, the good old *President Lincoln,* had been sunk by the Huns. When we read of this and other contemptible crimes that the Germans had committed, it made our blood boil.

"What good would we be able to do if it had not been for you men, working night and day; working like hell so that we could get to France, to give battle to the greatest criminal army of cut-throats in the world. You worked with the same spirit and zest that we did, and no doubt when you were swinging a sledge, or we were ducking machine gun bullets, Mr. 'Sailor' reposed quietly in his hammock in a nice warm ship.

"I hope that this little note of appreciation will reach you, 'Mr. Veteran.' This letter is not written to reproach or insult anyone, but it is written with the true Christmas spirit, which is prevalent among us, at this time. Wishing you and all my fellow-men a Merry Christmas, I remain,

"Very truly yours,
"WILLIAM F. DEVINE.

"Master Signal Electrician,
"Co. 19, 1st Air Service Mech. Regt.
"A. P. O. 764, A. E. F.
"A Brooklyn Boy,
"146 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y."



Four Buddies of Eddie Shea, Who was Formerly Employed Here as a Time-keeper and Who is a Brother of Daniel F. Shea, Our Bandmaster and Assistant Welfare Director. Eddie Shea, Who is With an Ambulance Corp Somewhere in Germany, Writes an Interesting Letter Which Appears on the Soldier's Page.

Saves Fellow-worker

JOSEPH RADOW, driller's helper, who is confined to his bed with a broken leg, is very grateful to John T. Butler, driller, for assistance given him, which Radow says saved his life.

While working on the *Cayama* several weeks ago, Radow slipped, fell into one of the hatchways, and would have fallen on top of an open steel door, which stood ajar, if he had not been caught by Butler.

Butler, who is not a very big man physically, held Radow as long as he could in the hope of receiving further assistance. None came and he was forced to let him drop. Before doing so, however, he cleared him of the protruding door and straightened him out so that he would hit the bottom feet first. The result of Radow's fall was a broken leg, but the accident would probably have had fatal results if it had not been for Butler's timely assistance.

This incident brings to mind the subject of "Safety First," which cannot be too often dwelt upon. Open hatches on a ship laid up for repair seem to be a menace which cannot be overcome. Since this is the case, the only safeguard that can be relied upon is extreme caution while at work. A workman is not only doing himself an injustice if he persists in being careless about safety first rules while working on a ship, but he is endangering the lives of his fellow-workmen and decreasing his usefulness as a member of the working force. Taking an unnecessary chance is not the kind of bravery which commands the admiration of anyone especially when by taking this chance you might be putting the lives of others besides yourself in danger. Caution is a virtue, most certainly a shipyard virtue, which should be cultivated.

Soap Suds

By Bill Wherry

The old "McGee" has gone away,
She lasted quite awhile.
She brought some "soap" for a winter coat
Which made John Loding smile.

Fred Taylor rushed into the dry dock,
Thinking to make some "soap."
When he got there he cried in despair,
Oh, hell, it's a government boat.

The Christmas spirit was everywhere,
Otto Leader cut his hair, ha ha.

Look out for the fellow who looks out for himself.

Blacksmiths in a New Home

ONE of the big changes which has occurred in the yard during the past month is the removal of the blacksmith shop from its old quarters in the machine shop building to a new steel and glass structure of its own at the foot of the South Pier. The new shop has not been completed as yet, but the open side on which the remainder of the building will be constructed has been boarded up in order to protect the workmen from the cold, and work is going on, on a larger scale than ever before.

In regard to the moving of the department from the old to the new quarters, a great deal of credit is due to Charles Small, foreman of the Blacksmith Department, for the efficient way in which the change was handled.

A great deal of detail is involved in the moving of a department as large as the blacksmiths no matter how short the distance from the new to the old quarters may be. Under the supervision of Mr. Small, the blacksmith department was moved into its new home without the slightest let-up in the amount of work turned out by the department.

They Did Their Part Too

IN enumerating the men who did very creditable work on the U. S. S. *George Washington,* in the January issue of the DIAL, we neglected to mention several men whose efforts to put the *George Washington* in shape in record time, certainly are worthy of the highest commendation.

Isaac Harris was the glazier who did all of the glazing in the President's suite. We hear from very creditable sources that Harris' enthusiasm for his work was so great that he woke up a storekeeper in Hoboken in the middle of the night in order to get glass enough to finish the work necessary.

Oscar Kruger, the Morse "sign king," was responsible for all of the gilding in the presidential suite. From the Hoboken office we hear the highest words of commendation for the work done by Yeoman Morton Baehr, who did all of the clerical work on the *George Washington* while she was in the hands of the Morse Company.

CAPT. DAVID MAURICE ALOYSIUS ROCHE, son of Capt. David T. Roche, of the Morse transportation fleet, died of pneumonia on December 26. His wife, Mrs. Hazel Foster Roche, died on December 30, after a very brief illness.

We wish to extend the most sincere sympathies of everyone in the Morse employ to Captain Roche in his bereavement.



Frank Kinsella, One of Our Popular Wood Caulkers. We Say Popular Advisedly. Of Course He's Popular. Anyone Must Be to Have Two of Them at the Same Time.

Pay-roll Talk

By R. R. Piper, Cashier and Paymaster

I HAVE been asked to contribute to the DIAL what may be called a "Pay-Roll talk."

I wish to say at the start that I fully realize that the employees' interest in the pay-roll is confined to obtaining his pay as quickly as possible and obtaining all that he is entitled to.

From our standpoint I may say that we are just as anxious to get it off our hands with the least possible delay consistent with accuracy.

We have been making every effort to improve the pay-off conditions and I am sure that you will agree with me that we have succeeded. Of course, at times, something is bound to go wrong, but you must realize that it is no little job to close a pay-roll for 5,000 or 6,000 men on Wednesday night, figure the amounts due, place the money in the envelopes and pay it out on Saturday, the greater portion of it within a half hour.

Many of you have worked here for a number of years and realize that the men on outside jobs were never as well taken care of on Saturday as regards their pay, and that never before were the men in the yard paid as quickly and with as little discomfort. Be sure and take into consideration, also, the fact that the number of men employed has increased from forty to fifty per cent. during the last year and a half.

We have arranged the pay-booths so that the pay-lines are all under cover. A fourth pay-line on the hull, three pay-lines on the carpenters and riggers and two pay-lines on the pipe-fitters have been established due to the increase in the number of men in those departments.

We have a good working system in connection with the buttons and tool checks and are striving constantly to improve it. To aid us in paying you promptly it is only necessary that you observe the following rules:

Hold your Saturday's time card until after you are paid.

When you have worked all of the week ended Saturday you will be paid on your regular pay-line.

If you work either Thursday or Friday, so that you have time entered on the new pay-roll, you will be paid on the regular pay-line.

When you have not worked either Thursday or Friday, but work Saturday, go to the Paymaster's office, Fifty-fifth street, and present your Saturday's time card for your pay.

If you have not worked any of the three days, Thursday, Friday or Saturday, go to the Employment office for a clearance before obtaining your pay at the Paymaster's office.

We do not pay men on Saturday before the regular pay hour unless they have a brown release slip from their foreman if they are still employed, or a pink clearance slip from the Employment Office if no longer employed.

Be sure your time cards are turned in promptly. Shortages will be adjusted through the clerk in your department.

Time orders covering payments on account of shortages and discharges are paid at the Paymaster's office, Fifty-fifth street.

In conclusion let me say that the men in my



department are instructed to be courteous at all times, but firm in the enforcement of the rules. If you have any complaint at any time it will be given prompt and proper consideration, if you will come and tell me about it.

Who Knows?

Nobody knows where the money goes.
Nobody knows, nobody knows!
Frills and frocks,
Silks and smocks,
A bit of a feather,
A new dab of leather,
A ravishing hat,
A sporty cravat,
Some powder, some cream,
A gown that's a dream—
But nobody knows where the money goes.
Nobody knows that it goes for clothes;
Nobody knows, or nobody knows—
But—father!—*New York Herald.*

In playing a dead sure tip make certain as to which it is, dead or sure.

A Complimentary Letter

January 16, 1919.

Mr. B. E. Barnes, Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Barnes—Let me congratulate you on the Anniversary number of the Morse Dry Dock Dial. From cover to cover it is quite the best internal house organ I have ever seen—and I trust I have seen a few. The employees of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company certainly have a right to be proud of this publication. With best wishes for a long continued success.

Yours, very truly,
P. H. Whiting,
Publicity Manager, Central Maine Power Co.,
Augusta, Me.

Every normal man while courting must be
"loony," so we guess,
And make statements rather foolish and
inane;
If a fellow isn't crazy over women, more or less,
He is not, in our opinion, truly sane.

Give to the Red Cross

Forty-one dollars, left over from the fund collected by the office force for the Christmas party held on December 23, was turned over by Mrs. H. D. Tillotsen to Miss Jensen for the Red Cross. Miss Jensen, on behalf of the Red Cross, wishes to thank every member of the office force for their generous contribution to a most worthy cause.

Safe and Sane

When I see a disagreeable person approaching, I walk away; I don't wait until he gets started. The most disagreeable people, when they approach, say a few agreeable things to begin with; then is the time for disappearing. It's no use to argue with disagreeable people: if they could help it, no doubt they would. The only complete answer to a disagreeable person is flight, or a fight; and no one cares to be mussed up constantly by fighting.—*Ed Howe.*



THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, and to the interests of the Company.

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor
C. Stewart Wark, Assistant Editor

John Powell, Thomas J. Plunkett, Jacob Moses, Roger Moran, William Roth, William R. Monahan, Abe Yager, 2nd, Miss Marion Hayes, Mrs. Otis Elliot Barene, Mrs. Wallace Livermore and Miss Margaret McCarthy, contributing editors.

The magazine is mailed without charge to all employees who keep us informed of their correct address. If you move let us know The Dial office is on the top floor of the North Building.

All communications should be addressed to B. E. Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn.

Vol. 2 FEBRUARY, 1919 No. 2

Lest We Forget

OUR cover this month is symbolic of the part the shipworkers of this country played in winning the war. On the second cover page is a toast to the "American Shipbuilder." These two features emphasize better than anything we may write the important contribution of American workingmen to the Allied victory which seems about to resolve itself into an enduring peace.

Repeatedly during the war period we pointed out to you the importance of your work toward winning the war. And your response did as much to hasten the end of the war as did the work of any other industrial organization in this country. Now that the war is over The Dial has no intention of forgetting what you men did through your skill at the forge, with the riveting gun, at the lathe, on the docks, and in every branch of this big plant.

You have as much right to a place in history as anyone else. Don't be afraid to speak out and tell what you did. Our returning soldiers will be and should be interested in your story. Show them copies of The Dial which were issued during the war. You have a right to be proud of your part.

B. E. B.

* * *

Kick in the Right Place

IS the Employees' Association the Company's and not the employees' affair?

That was one of the questions brought up at the January meeting of the Employees' Association. The question is an honest one in the minds of many men and therefore ought to be answered.

In so far as it is possible, it has been the policy of the Morse Company not to interfere with the plans or management of the Association, although it has always been ready to give any aid or assistance whenever called upon.

This policy has been indicated many times. Officers of the Association are elected by its members and candidates are chosen from the yard working force.

These elections are run under the supervision of Association members.

In the case of a complaint of any kind, the matter is taken up by a Conference board representative of the department in which the complainant works.

This representative was chosen for the expressed purpose of aiding to settle complaints. If the representative does not do his work efficiently it is the privilege and duty of the men in the department which he represents, to put another, more efficient man in his place.

A review of these facts certainly ought to show that the Association is strictly the employees' affair.

If, after inquiry into the subject, what we say is found to be right, then what is the trouble—for there must be something wrong when a complaint is heard from a number of individuals?

The solution of the question is, we think, a simple one. It is the employee and not the Association who is at fault.

How many times have you, when you have felt yourself wronged, taken the matter up with your conference board member and had your trouble straightened out in the right way?

On the other hand, instead of doing it that way, how many times have you grumbled your wrongs to your "pal" without giving your Association the chance to help you.

Have you conscientiously exerted your right to vote and seen to it that the right sort of men have been elected as your representatives—men who will uphold your rights and see to it that your wrongs are justified and taken care of through the proper channels?

If you have not done so the trouble is with you and not with your Association. The Employees' Association is intended to be strictly your affair. It is up to you to make it so.

C. S. W.

* * *

Laying Down on the Job.

DID you ever hear a fellow say that he was going to "lay down" on his job? We think that it is an expression heard not so very often in our yard, yet it reminds us of the anecdote of the Irishman, employed as a hod carrier who, when asked how he was getting along replied, "Whist, Oi'm foolin' the boss. I'm carrying the same hod full of bricks up and down all day."

The result? Double energy expended and nothing accomplished.

A man who lays down on his job is really laying down on himself.

Dissatisfaction seems to be one of the main reasons for a man's taking the Irishman's attitude.

When that is the cause he is doing even a greater injustice to himself.

Don't fool around and waste your employer's time.

Remember that you are not at your present employment under sentence.

Jealousy is another great factor responsible for the "stall" game.

Even if you are a better man than your snapper and you feel that you are not being justly treated, don't lay down on your job.

You won't hurt him and you are hurting yourself.

It is just as easy to do your best as to do your worst each day and a whole lot more profitable.

Remember the words of Abraham Lincoln, "You can fool some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

Be guided accordingly and you will always be on the safe side.

William Roth.

* * *

Roosevelt Lives

WITH the recent death of Theodore Roosevelt there was lost to us the living symbol of all of the traits and characteristics that mark us as a nation, distinctive from all other nations on earth to-day.

To the red-blooded American he was an idol, a man standing head and shoulders above all other statesmen of his day as a model of what true Americanism in its purest form ought to be.

There were many who did not believe in his political creed, yet as a type of virile American manhood he was honored by all. He was the workingman's champion and the sworn enemy of those who preyed upon their rights. To the youth of our country he represented every ideal for which they were striving to attain.

There has been no other younger generation which has had the privilege of having before them so true a model of Americanism as the youth of to-day had in the person of Roosevelt.

That influence has not been lost with his death. The seeds of it have been sown too well into the very being of our young manhood. We have yet to see the full result of his life upon the future of our country. That result will come when our young men come into the full use of all their powers.

Then, when America rises to newer and greater fame, credit must and will be given, to an even greater extent than it is given now, to the influence of Theodore Roosevelt —the American man.

C. S. W.

* * *

The Whole and the Part

A theme, a theme, a kingdom for a theme!

One must be in a peculiar predicament when he utters such an outcry of despair.

I promised our editor to be a steady contributor to The Dial.

It would not be too difficult a task for me to fill the pages of our magazine (our editor will probably vouch for that), but the subjects I would write on would be as fit for a shipyard publication as a Statue of Liberty in the heart of Berlin. (Though it is my sincerest wish that that city, the birthplace of atrocities unprecedented in the world's history, will eventually become the capital of a republic.)

Of course, there is always one subject which is suitable for all sorts of publications, and that is: "morals." But preaching morals is such a sickening task, and besides, the reader almost invariably, asks himself: "I wonder whether he practices that which he preaches?" As God is my witness, I seldom do.

And so, for some time I've been in pursuit of a subject in which the real worker of the world, the layman, would be thoroughly interested. I've scrutinized every corner of my brain, but without reward. And lastly, I have found my theme, not where a great many writers look for theirs, in their fancy, but in reality, in life itself (though it was purely incidental).

A few days ago I met a friend of mine whom I haven't seen for a long time. In the course of our conversation he informed me that he is about to leave New York and return to his home town, a small city up state. On my questioning the reason for his change, he answered with a deep sigh: "You see, friend, I can't live any longer in a city that has no soul."

"I don't quite comprehend," I stuttered.

"Well," he explained, "my work is my very life. Deprive me of that, and I have few other interests in life."

"I'm still at a loss to get your point," I confessed.

"In my home town," he continued, "I kept a small tailoring establishment. In that one-room shop, with its foot-power sewing machine and cutting table, I found my soul's mission in life. Do you know what that means? I contracted an order for a suit of clothes, took the measurements, cut it up, fitted it, and sewed it up all myself. And when the customer tried it on, and I read the satisfaction on his face, my soul was enraptured with joy. I could proclaim to the whole town: 'This is the product of my skill!' And when later I came to New York and was obliged to work in a cloak and suit factory, all I was given to do was, sewing in pockets. Think of it! I am master of my trade, able to complete a garment myself, and all I'm given a chance to do, is sewing in pockets. This system of the large factories, each man doing a certain part of a whole, is killing me. I can't endure it any longer. It robs me of my life's main pleasure."

I thoroughly understood him. And after we parted, I couldn't restrain the impulse to murmur to myself: "Friend, you are an artist! *A man who has found his work in life and is able to embody in it the expression of his soul, is an artist.*"

This is the only true definition of the word.

I have found my theme.

How many men in the mechanical line, who are engaged day in and day out in working only at a certain part of a whole, have at some time thought of this disadvantage which often deprives them of the opportunity to prove the actual capacity of their skilled workmanship, and at the same time lose it, but the true compensation for their labor, the satisfaction of the soul, which can only be gained by commencing and completing an entire piece of work?

No doubt, many a mechanic feels at this moment that I've struck a string deeply obscured in his heart.

But it is regretful to state that the construction of a piece of work by one man is only possible in cases similar to that of my friend's, that is, in small towns or in small concerns where jobs are few and skilled mechanics fewer. It is impossible in large manufacturing concerns where the tasks are large and the output enormous. In such cases it is necessary to organize a system which allots to a man only a certain part of the mechanical organism to be constructed.

Another question, and probably a greater one, which arises in conjunction with this problem is: "Does this large system of, 'a man to a part of a whole,' help or deter the development of mechanical genius?"

But I will stop right here. I am certain I have brought to light a subject worthy of the earnest consideration of every mechanic who takes his occupation seriously.

J. Moses.

* * *

Abe Lincoln on Thrift

THE anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birthday on February 12 brings to mind Lincoln's sentiments in regard to labor, and their application at the present time.

Lincoln adhered closely to the idea that industry and intelligent economy form the basis of prosperity. Although his administration offered no such profitable method of saving as the present-day War Savings Stamps and other government securities, the principles of advancement enunciated by Lincoln could very well be part of the "wise buying," "intelligent saving," and "safe investment" which are the chief features of the government's 1919 thrift campaign. Lincoln said:

"The prudent penniless beginner in the world labors for wages a while, saves a surplus with which to buy land or tools for himself, then labors for himself another while, and at length hires another beginner to help him. This is the just and generous and prosperous system which opens the way to all, gives hope to all, and consequent energy to progress and improvement of condition to all."

This was not theorizing. Lincoln was no stranger to labor. It was his closest companion during the greater part of his life, and it is safe to say that he performed well more kinds of hard manual work than falls usually to the lot of man.

When Lincoln was being acclaimed a nominee for President in 1860, the most notable contribution made to the State Convention of Illinois was a curious banner composed of two weather-worn fence rails, decorated with flags and streamers, and bearing the inscription:

"Abraham Lincoln, the rail Candidate, for President in 1860; Two rails from a lot of 3,000 made in 1830 by Thos. Hanks and Abe Lincoln—whose father was the first pioneer of Macon County."

Following the storm of applause which greeted the banner, Lincoln arose, and pointing to the banner, said: "I cannot say whether I made those rails or not, but I am quite sure I have made a great many just as good."

Later on, when Lincoln was in the White House, he always pointed with pride to the days when he did a hired man's work, and told many a story about his rail-splitting, ploughing, lumbering, boating or storekeeping. He never failed to pay tribute to that "most important incident in my life, when by honest work, I earned my first dollar."

Lincoln lived in the first half of the nineteenth century, but were he here in the first half of the twentieth, he could not more fittingly interpret the personal and patriotic need for industry, frugality and investment in profitable War Savings Stamps and Liberty Bonds than by repeating:

"What is that we hold most dear? Our own liberty and prosperity."

U. S. Treasury Publicity.

* * *

Money makes the mare go, but gasoline makes the money go.

* * *

Success comes to the man who does not fear failure.

* * *

The luckiest chap is the one who does not believe in luck.

Fire Alarm System Delayed

By James Devlin, Fire Chief

DUE to delay in the arrival of some of the fire alarm apparatus, the new fire alarm system has not as yet been put into operation. The wiring for the system is practically completed and it is expected that the new system will be ready for use in a very short space of time.

The difference between the old and the new fire alarm boxes is not recognized by many of the men in the yard and it is very necessary that they should realize the difference between them. The old boxes are used mainly by watchmen to register their tour of inspection and are provided with small panes of glass on the doors. The new alarm boxes have no glass on the doors.

To send in an alarm it is merely necessary to open the door, pull the hook down all the way and then let it go. This will transmit the number of the box to the different fire companies. It would be a great aid to the firemen if the person sending in the alarm would remain at the box until the arrival of the fire company, so that he can direct the firemen to the exact location of the fire without loss of time.

Several unnecessary fire alarms have been sent in recently. This practice ought to be frowned upon by all men who are honestly interested in fire prevention in the yard. An example of the useless calling out of the fire companies was given on November 29, when a leak in a gas bottle at the north side of the Plate Shop ignited. The blaze could have been extinguished by merely shutting off the valve. This does not mean that every precaution should not be used against the possibility of a fire getting beyond control, but a little discretion in the use of alarms would be helpful to all concerned.

At the Farm

Boss MacLaurin sits a thinkin',
On the Farm.
When the boys will give up drinkin',
At the Farm.
Christie almost bursts with pride,
As Jack Mulqueen stands by his side,
While section three starts to slide,
On the Farm.

George MacKay, who squares the plot,
On the Farm.
Is happy with the bunch he's got,
On the Farm.
That section four will soon appear,
When the Ways are good and clear,
He wishes all a glad New Year,
At the Farm.

Mr. Morse is very proud,
Of the Farm.
And his efficient crowd,
At the Farm.
They are working without "soap,"
And have very little hope,
Of receiving any "soap,"
At the Farm.

But, a better day is coming,
At the Farm.
When the drills commence a humming,
At the Farm.
Each mechanic at his post,
With MacLaurin as their host,
Enjoying quail and toast,
At the Farm.

If a man is unhappy, this must be his own fault, for God made all men to be happy.

There is a difference between rising to the top and going up in the air.

Terms Used in Shipbuilding

By Walter Crawford

(Superintendent Hull Dept.)

Air Hammer—Hammer driven by compressed air for riveting. Sometimes called an air gun or "gun."

Air Holding on Hammer—Hammer with air cushion for holding against a rivet.

Air Port—A circular opening in the ship's side.

Aft—At, near, or toward the stern.

After—Nearer the stern.

After perpendicular—A vertical straight line at the after edge of the rudder post.

Anchor—A heavy steel device that is attached to the end of a large chain or hawser, to be dropped to the bottom for holding the ship in position, when not alongside a dock.

Anneal—To heat metal and then cool it slowly for the purpose of softening.

Athwartships—Across the ship, at right angles to the keel.

Auxiliaries—Various winches, pumps, motors, and other small engines required on a ship.

Auxiliary Foundations—Supports for pumps, distillers, condensers, etc.

Ballast—Any weight or weights (usually sea water) used to keep the ship from becoming "top heavy."

Base Lines—See lines.

Bat Rivet—A rivet with a cone head.

Batten—A thin strip of wood used in measuring or making templates. (See cargo batten.)

Beam—An athwartship member supporting a portion of a deck. Also the width of the ship.

Beam Knee—The enlarged end of a beam, by which it is attached to a frame.

Below Deck—Below a deck or decks (down stairs).

Bending-Rolls—Large machine used to give curvature to plates.

Bending Slab—Heavy cast iron blocks arranged to form a large solid floor on which frames are bent.

Berth—A place for a ship.

Bevel-faced Hammer—A riveting hammer with sloping face.

Bevel-faced Holding on Hammer—A heavy hammer with sloping face for holding against a rivet.

Bilge—The rounded portion of the hull between the side and bottom.

Bilge Keel—A fore and aft member fitted to the outside of the shell plating running along the bilge, used to prevent excessive rolling of the ship.

Bitts—Heavy steel castings fitted to the weather deck for securing mooring line or hawsers.

Body Plan—See lines plan.

Boom—A long round heavy spar, pivoted at one end, usually used for hoisting cargo, etc.

Bosom Piece—A short angle connecting the ends of two angles.

Boss Plate—Plate bent to fit around the propeller shaft.

Bow—The forward end of a ship.

Bracket—A small plate used to connect two or more parts, such as deck beam to frame, frame to margin plate, etc.

Braze—To heat and join by means of hard solder.

Breast Hook—A plate structure fitted inside the hull near the bow to give local strength to the shell plating.

Break In—To bend in a sheet back of a seam by too heavy calking.

Bridge—The athwartship platform above the weather deck from which the ship is steered, navigated, etc.

Building Slip—Place where the ship is built before launching.

Bulb Angle—An angle with one edge rounded.

Bulkheads—A bulkhead is a wall to subdivide the vessel into compartments, for the purpose of separating the cargo, boiler and engine room, in case of fire, or if the bessel were damaged in any one compartment the vessel would still remain afloat.

Bulkhead Liner—Is a plate fitted in the way of outside strakes of shell plating. They are fitted from edge to edge of the adjacent strakes, which are inside.

Bunker—A compartment used for the stowage of coal or other fuel.

Buoyancy—Ability to float, or the difference between the weight of the ship and the upward force of the water that it may displace.

Butt Joint—A joint formed by "butting" the edges of plates together.

Butt Straps—A small plate connecting ends of two plates.

Bull Riveting—Riveting with a compressed air or hydraulic plunger riveter.

Bulwarks—Protection rail along side of ship.

Buttock Line—See lines.

Calker—A man who makes seams water tight in wood or metal. Calker usually means a metal calker. If wood calker is meant the term (wood calker) is used.

Camber—The thwartship curvature of a deck. Sometimes called round up.

Cant Frames—A group of frames extending over the rudder forming stern of ship.

Capstan—A revolving device, with axis vertical, used for heaving in line.

Cargo—The freight carried by a ship.

Cargo Batten—Strips of planking on the inside of the frames in the hold to keep cargo away from shell of ship.

Cargo Boom—Heavy boom used in loading cargo.

Cargo Hatch—Large opening in a deck to permit loading of cargo.

Carling—Fore and aft member at side of hatch, extending across ends of beams where cut to form hatch.

Chalk Line—A cord used for marking with chalk.

Center Line—See lines.

Chain Locker—Compartment in forward lower portion of ship in which anchor chain is stowed.

Chock—A heavy fitting through which ropes or hawsers may be led.

Cleat—A fitting attached to the deck, having two fore and aft arms or projections around which a rope or line may be secured.

Clinching Pan—A flat plate for clinching nails (used in mold loft).

Clips—A clip is a piece of angle iron varying in length from 3″ to 12″. It is used to connect frames, floors, longitudinals, fore and afters and brackets where frames are cut at decks, margins, etc.

Coaming—The vertical boundary of a hatch or skylight.

Cofferdam—The space between two bulkheads located very close together.

Collision Bulkhead—The foremost bulkhead is the collision bulkhead. It is fitted from 15′ to 30′ from the bow of the vessel. It is strongly constructed to withstand shocks and heavy strains.

Compartment—A subdivision of space or room in a ship.

Condenser Head—Connection of exhaust pipe to top of condenser.

Counterplates—Shell plates around the stern at the upper or weather deck.

Cradle—A form of plates and angles on which a plate is shaped by the furnace man.

(*Continued next month*)

AFTER THE WHISTLE HAS BLOWN

Looking 'Em Over

By C. Stewart Wark

MIDWINTER finds Morse athletics in a more unsettled state than they have been for quite a long time. Our old friend "Gentleman Jinx" must have sneaked through the Employment Office gate. That is the only way we can account for a lot of the hard luck that some of the Morse teams have been having.

The soccer team, when it comes to hard luck, certainly has had its share. It has been playing a brand of football that any team might well be proud of, and at no time since the War Fund trophy was won has the team shown any let-up in form, but bad weather and just a little hard luck seem to have come its way and we are not able to publish the usual long string of victories for the month that has passed.

With the winning of the postponed game with the Federals on Sunday, January 12, however, the luck seems to have changed and, according to many of the players, we can expect at least one more cup to come into the possession of Morse before the season is ended.

In regard to basketball, the situation is somewhat different and there is some doubt whether we can blame "Mr. Jinx" for what has happened in that field of athletic endeavor. We can now state, however, with some degree of finality that basketball is no longer "in the air" or at least if it is it's so far above the clouds that there isn't much chance of seeing a Morse quintet in action for the remainder of this season.

The bare facts of the case are that basketball as a yard sport died a very painless and natural death sometime ago. We had a great bunch of players and should have had a "champ" team but there were too many of the boys on the squad who never learned one very essential word, namely "team work."

We are very sorry to record this very unromantic ending to what might have been a successful season on the basketball courts for the Morse colors, but maybe the next time that basketball enthusiasm creeps into the yard the boys will remember this little adage: Too many managers spoil the looks of the score board.

The bowlers are the one bunch of Morse athletes who have very successfully survived the hard luck epidemic of the past month. Our bowling team still heads the Shipyard Bowling League and seems to give no indication of giving up that top story position. Interest in the yard tournament, too, is still at a high pitch and many exciting battles between the different departments are expected before the final games are played.

Every man who has been in the employ of the Morse Company for more than two weeks may try for a place on his department bowling team. No bowler in the yard should miss this opportunity. If you don't bowl come out and root for the team.

All of the athletic teams that represent Morse deserve the support of every man in the yard. They are representing you every time that they play. It is up to you to get in back of them and help them win.

It's still pretty early to get the baseball fever, but that doesn't mean that there are not a good many symptoms of it around the yard. The players themselves are naturally the most dangerously afflicted and nearly everyone of them has some new "dope" about what Morse is going to do on the diamond as soon as the weather gives the team a chance.

Practically all of the old boys who hit 'em out for Morse last season will be with us again. They ought to form the nucleus of one of the best teams we will ever have the privilege of rooting for. Several new players, too, are now working in the yard. All of them that we have heard of are men with reputations as long as your arm and will without a doubt prove to be a great addition to the personnel of the Morse team.

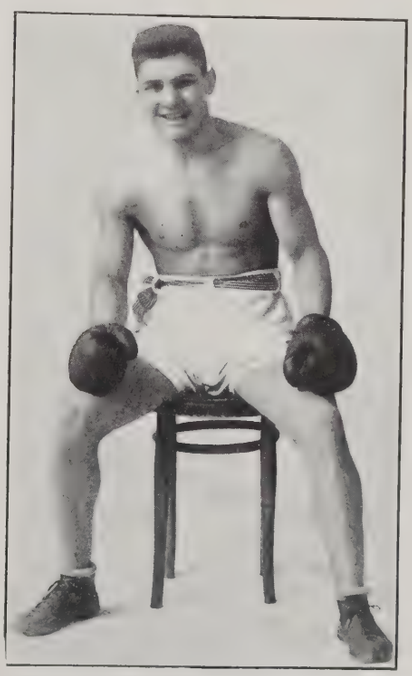
George Braun, former captain of the Standard Club, is now in the sheet metal shop. George was at one time the captain of the Bridgeport Club, Eastern League and ought to be a pretty handy man for Morse to have around the "dizzy corner" during the coming season.

Wagner, an outfielder, another new player among us, has played ball with several service teams and played at one time with the Farmers.

John Troy is a former International League player and Jim O'Rourke, an outfielder, has played ball with clubs in the Virginia League.

Among the old standbys who will uphold Morse baseball traditions during the coming season we have "Micky" Damm, undisputedly the best amateur catcher that Brooklyn ever produced. We hear that "Micky's" throwing arm is in as good condition as ever which means that second base stealers not wearing Morse on their shirt are in for a lot of trouble.

George Pennington has had another contract offered to him by the St. Louis Americans but, according to George, Morse still sounds better to him and we may expect to see him on the mound for Morse when the season opens.



Frankie Fay, Clever Little Bantam

Chad See, our heavy hitting twirler, and Lefty Russel will make up the rest of the pitching staff. In the outfield we will have Hen Crist, "Bunny" Dwyer, last year's captain and Ed Reimann. Smiling "Moony" Mudhank will probably be holding down the initial sack in his usual good-natured way; our old standby, Pete Grant, is still with us and ready to take care of the second base.

Joe Tee is ready to add lots of "peppy" chatter and help "Micky" out behind the bat. With these two boys with us we needn't worry about the backstop situation.

We expect great things from the baseball team this year and it certainly looks as if we were not going to be disappointed.

Still After the Cups

By Wilfred Hollywood, Hull Department

THE Morse Dry Dock soccer team was not as busy during the past month as it might have been. The Scottish American F. C. of Newark was drawn to play us at Brooklyn on December 15, 1918, but the once famous Scots defaulted and we passed into the third round for the American Cup. On December 22 no game was scheduled and on December 29, because the Federal Ship F. C. could not arrange for a field, we were again forced to remain idle. On January 5 the team traveled to Newark and after battling with the "Feds" for two hours had to content themselves with a draw. Up to this game, eleven straight games had been won, not counting the pick-up game on Christmas day, and forty-three goals were scored by the Morse team while only six goals were registered against us.

We made our place safe in the fourth round for the National Cup on January 12 by defeating the Federals by the score of 5 goals to 2. In this game John "Sinky" Sullivan made his presence felt by netting the pigskin four times. This was really "Sully's" first game as he fractured his knee early in the season. We wish to thank Dr. Wynn, Miss Jensen and the hospital staff for their efforts to get Sullivan fit for play again.

During the past month the club secured the services of Tom McGreevy, the star of the famous Brooklyn Celtic Team, and a last year Morse player. Sam Bustard, also a former Celtic player, is now employed in the yard and ought to prove to be a decided aid to the scoring ability of the team. Charles Burns, formerly of the navy, is another player who will wear the Morse colors. Charlie at one time played with the Fall River Rovers.

It took us three weeks to find Jack Cullerton, our new outside left, but he has proven that he was worth hunting for. Jackie must have been playing hide and seek, for he was employed three weeks in the yard before we discovered him and we now expect Tom Plunkett to ask all the help that he hires if they can play soccer. Jackie played his first game on Christmas day, holding down the center position. Cullerton is employed here as a burner. He is an old New England League star, played with the Crompton F. C. and is acknowledged by experts to be the best man

in the dribbling game in this district. He held down his job with the Morsemen on Christmas day very creditably and it is expected that he will prove to be quite an addition to the personnel of our team.

The following clubs are still left in the National Cup Competition: Morse Dry Dock, New York F. C., Paterson F. C., Fore River Ship F. C., Bethlehem Steel F. C., Roses F. C. of Detroit, Goodyear F. C. of Akron, Ohio, and the Bricklayers of Chicago.

In the American Cup Competition the following is the draw for the third round: Federal Ship vs Bethlehem Steel. Merchant Ship vs J. P. Coats, Babcock and Wilcox vs Robins Dry Dock, Paterson F. C. vs Morse Dry Dock.

The long delayed protest by the Morse club against Robins has now been settled by the governing body in this district. It was proved that the Robins infringed on the rules of football and the State Association ordered the game to be replayed.

After taking the trouble to prepare McGolderick's Field in Greenpoint for what was to have been one of the big games of the season our team was forced to take a game by default on Sunday, December 15. We were to have played the Scottish Americans in the second round of the American Football Association Challenge Cup, but waited until three o'clock for the "Scots" to appear. After the time period had elapsed Referee Connelly declared the game forfeited to Morse. The winning of this game qualified the Morse team for the third round of the A. F. A. cup tie competition. Result: Morse, 1; Scottish Americans 0.

In one of the fastest played soccer games of the season, the long winning streak of the Morse team was broken, and, our football "booters" handicapped by having only five regular players in the line-up, lost to the New York Football Club on Christmas day at Lenox Oval by the score of 1 goal to 0. If it had not been for a cross by Koelsch to Young, who netted the ball for the New York's lone score of the game after the first ten minutes of play, the score would certainly have been a tie at the very least, but our boys, for once, were just "out of luck." The remainder of the game was a clean cut demonstration of just how the game of soccer ought to be played, with the wonderful defensive work of the Morse outfit a predominating feature. At no time after the one tally had been scored were the New Yorkers able to get near their goal. Result: New York F. C., 1; Morse, 0. Goal, Koelsch, 1. Referee, T. Cunningham.

Our soccer team traveled to Clarke's Field, Newark, on Sunday, January 5, and played a tie game there with the Federal Shipyard football combination. Two extra periods of fifteen minutes each were allowed so that a decision might be reached, but neither side seemed to be able to net the ball. The game was a cup tie match in the third round for the National Cup and will have to be replayed.

In a replay of the game with the Federal Shipyard F. C. which ended in a tie on the previous Sunday, the Morse team took the Federal combination into camp on Sunday, January 12, to the tune of 5 goals to 2. The game was played at Lenox Oval and was the third round of the A. F. A. Cup competition. The winning of this game qualifies the Morse team for the second round of the competition, which started with eighty teams enrolled, only eight of which are still in the race.

The Morse team was rather slow in getting started and at the end of the first half the score stood 2 goals to 1 in favor of the Federals. Neither side was able to score in the second half until seven minutes before the final whistle blew, when Morse tallied and equalized the score. To play off the tie, two extra fifteen minute periods were allowed. In the first extra period Morse scored three goals, one by O'Donnell and two by Sullivan after very clever pass work by O'Donnell. Neither side was able to score during the last extra period of play.

The Morse team was greatly handicapped by the absence of Albin at goal. Sam Bell substituted for him, however, in a very creditable manner. The great playing of "Sinky" Sullivan was a feature of the game. Sullivan has been out of the game since the very start of the season when he injured his knee and his return to the Morse line-up will undoubtedly be a great aid to the scoring power of the team in the games that are to follow. Result: Morse, 5; Federal, 1. Referee, C. Creighton. Goals: For Morse—Sullivan 4, O'Donnell 1; For Federal—Fisher 1, Ingram 1.

Goals scored for Morse in all games played:

	Games	*Goals*
Cartwright	5	9
O'Donnell	7	9
Holgate	8	8
Beardsworth	12	6
Casey	4	5
Sullivan	2	4
Mackie	8	2
Stewart	1	1
Smollen	2	1
Brannigan	4	1
Ross	10	1
Bell	10	1

With the Pin Boys

By Thomas J. Plunkett, Bowling Secretary

THE now famous Morse Bowling Team is still heading the Shipyard Bowling League with ten games packed away under its wing. The standing, up to January 14, was as follows:

	Won	*Lost*
Morse	10	0
Tietgen & Lang	8	2
Sisco	8	2
Downey	6	4
Robins	5	5
Federal	4	6
Tebo	3	7
Johnson	1	9
Standard	0	10

Our total number of games won might have been increased but for the harbor tie-up, which prevented the Downey and Standard teams from playing at Thums on January 9. This game was postponed until February 11. There are other changes in the schedule.

The yard tournament is still in full swing and the boys are now nearing the home stretch. It looks like a strong finish with the Hull, New Dry Dock and Carpenters battling right down to the tape. The members of all three of these teams have made plans to be on hand for the medals, which are now being shined up. The Association bowling tournament has been a big thing for the men. They receive beneficial exercise and much pleasure out of it.

Henry Rochelle has not been so active on the alleys of late, due to "rheumatism." There has been a rumor floating about that the many dances he has attended affected his pedals.

The boys missed another grand ride in the Cadillac, due to the harbor tie-up. They are getting so used to touring that they refuse to ride on trolley cars any longer. Better look out for those Times Square to Bay Ridge taxi bills.

Keep it quiet. We have other star bowlers in the yard. One who was also a pitcher on the baseball team is with us again and may come in handy.

Captain Bert Banks, of the hull department, backed by Tom Cavanaugh, is hankering for a match game against our own shipyard tournament team and it looks as if these two teams will get together very soon.

A special match game was rolled at the America Alleys, Sunday, January 5, between the hull department and the carpenter shop. The hull department lost the first game, but came back strong on the next two and won the match. Score:

Hull Department

	L.	W.	W.
G. Petry	151	176	180
G. Coulter	171	191	170
B. Banks	162	200	172
A. Lester	173	172	183
Total	657	739	705

Carpenter Shop

	W.	L.	L.
H. Banks	228	183	156
T. Smith, Sr	164	125	131
T. Smith, Jr	165	168	165
W. White	186	180	171
Total	743	656	623

With the Fight Fans

By Abe Yager, 2d

"THAT sure was some boxing show," said one of the old-timers on leaving the Association Room for home after the January monthly meeting. "Why," he continued, "I've paid as high as two dollars to see a boxing match and that one had it skinned a mile."

The show was a corker, and everyone who was present had nothing but the highest of praise for it. The entertainment committee tried to give the best show that it could get and it certainly was successful. The only thing that could make our monthly meetings any better would be to have the unpleasant remarks about the boxers which are constantly made by many of the men discontinued entirely.

We have spoken about the bad practice of taunting the boxers who give their services to us and receive nothing for what they do, but our little talks seem to have been unheeded. If the men who attend the shows continue to make uncomplimentary remarks about the boxers who perform for us, we will soon be in the position where we will not be able to get anybody to box or wrestle. This fact ought to be kept in mind.

The attendance at the January meeting was the largest that we have had in some time.

In the opening bout Billy Metz, the pipe shop boxer, boxed on even terms with Johnny Levine, of the plumbing department. The boys put up a rattling good contest and went at a fast rate all through the three two-minute rounds. Charlie Goldman, of the outside machinists, was the third man in the ring.



How Chad See, One o Our Baseball Pitchers, I Keeping His Arm in Cor dition.

In a grudge fight of four three-minute rounds, Young Joe Victor, a shipfitter, outpointed Eddie Dominico, of the rigging department. This bout had the crowd in an uproar, and when the final gong rang the rigger gave a sigh of relief which could be heard almost all over the room. Gunboat Smith, who is now a riveter here, refereed the bout.

Gene Tomei

proved to Mike Pasquale his right to the championship in the inside machine shop in the next bout on the program. Pasquale, who is better known as "Little Micky," of the 6th Ward Club, was sent to the land of dreams in the second round with a left to the stomach and right cross to the chin. Both boys boxed in great form. Johnny Levine refereed this bout, which was to have gone six rounds.

Solly Woods, formerly of the United States Navy, demonstrated his left jab to the "fans" on the face of one Tommy Ridey, an ex-gob. Ridey must have felt as if a million gloves hit his face. Both of these two boys are now in our plumbing department. Oscar Gardner, an ex-employee of the yard, who is expected to perform at our next meeting, was the third man in the ring.

Frankie Fay, of the hull department, took on two men in as many bouts. Joe Sullivan was his opponent in the first and made Frankie travel. Jimmy MacFarlane was the referee. "Mac" was still looking for some of the beans spilled by Maxey Marks at the December meeting. Young Sailor Burke, pipe coverer's helper, was Frankie's second opponent and put up a corking exhibition. We'd love to see the two boys together in a longer contest. Bill Lansing officiated in this bout.

Information wanted as to the whereabouts of Cowboy Shands, who was to have met Gunboat Smith, our riveter. Big Jack Ross, the rigger, was asked to volunteer against the Gunner, but refused.

The Gunner just had to box, however, and the fans were anxious to see him so Joe Daly stepped in. Daly, who claims to have been the last man to box Johnny Lore in Europe, and also claims the championship of foreign waters, just arrived after performing on behalf of the Boxers Loyalty League for crippled soldiers at the Greenhut building. He is the makings of a welterweight champion and put up a slashing bout against Smith. Gunboat forgot himself on several occasions and let Daly have his wicked right, but the ex-gob was right in after him.

The "Gooners" next opponent was Maxey Marks, a lightweight of the burning department. He also showed some clever work against Smith. The main attraction in this contest was the referee—Tom Plunkett—the man who hires 'em. His little act might well have been entitled, "When a fellow needs a friend." At the end, someone handed Tom the gloves, but the bell just saved him.

Two referees and a lot of disturbance marred the wrestling contest between Jean Bruce of the carpenter shop and Frank Pilakoff, better known as Asham, the Cuban. The men went the full limit of twenty minutes and neither gained a fall.

Bruce, more than anxious to gain a fall, pinned Asham's shoulders to the mat after six minutes of extra time, with a leg lock and arm bend hold. It was a hard job to get Asham to go the extra time, but he did it after being promised an extra "bit" for his trouble.

The crowd was surging against the ring toward the end of the bout and to hear the great cheer given Bruce, when he threw the Cuban, would make one think that he had won the championship. Asham had twenty pounds the better of Jean on weight, but a few pounds are nothing in his young life.

Our old friend George Jones, of the boiler shop, is one of the men who is getting to be almost a stranger lately. There is a rumor floating around the yard that George has been seen hanging around Kirkman's soap factory quite a bit, just to keep the memory of the old "soap" days in the yard in his mind. What about it, George?

Matty Mathews, ex-middleweight "top-notcher," is another individual who we are forced to report as being among the missing. We miss your noon hour stories, Matty, about the good old Horton and Frawley law days.

Frank Whitman, our Beau Brummell timekeeper boss, is certainly trying to pick a champion from the yard. There is hardly a day that passes but one of his hopefuls finds himself in a scrap. One day it's a timekeeper that's the winner and then again one of the yard scrappers finds himself on top. We are in need of talent for our meetings, Frank. Why not have them settle things up there?

Jean Bruce of the carpenter shop has got the publicity fever. Jean is a very popular wrestler these days and gets his name in the papers quite often. Every time we meet him we see clippings sticking out of almost every pocket, and he's saving them too. That scrap book must be pretty well filled up by this time, Jean, old top.

Frankie Fay, the little bantam boxer of the hull department, dropped in to see us recently. Frankie said something about laying aside his chipping machine for a while to start in training in earnest. Fay surprised some of the boys in the DIAL office with the classy fur coat he was sporting. One of the scribes suggested that boxers must make just lots of "dough," but we think the coat came from some of the "soap" Frankie collected while working in the yard. Fay wants it understood that he is proud to consider himself one of the Morse bunch and intends to keep in touch with the boys even if he is away from the yard for a time.

Matty Wright, boss chipper and caulker, is getting to be a rabid fight "fan." He is a dyed-in-the-wool Fay enthusiast and travels most anywhere within reason to see Frankie box.

Bobby Hansen, the fast Danish battler of the paint shop, who left us a short while ago, is back in the yard again. Hansen is a fast little boxer and we are all glad to know that he is back. We have seen him defeat some of the best in the game and will be surprised if he does not continue to add new laurels to his already creditable record.

MacFarlane's burners are certainly well represented in the athletic world. Some of Jimmy's hopefuls can be found in about every branch of yard sport indulged in. There are soccer players, ball players, fighters and even a few checker players among them.

Tommy Howe, of the burning department, one time fistic impresario of Harlem, has discovered a fighter among the helpers of his department. He is Frank Lowny of Brooklyn.

Frankie Callahan, the famous Brooklyn lightweight, who was employed in our carpenter shop, has met with a streak of hard luck of late. In his bout with Lew Tendler of Boston on December 10 in the Armory A. A., Boston, he broke his right hand in two places and had to stop in the ninth round of the scheduled twelve-round contest. According to several papers the bout was a draw up to the time that Frankie became disabled. His broken hand will keep him out of the game for about a month.

Charlie Goldman, the ex-bantam who is with the outside machinists, tells us that he thinks he is still "there" and is willing to put the gloves on with anyone that would like to meet him at one of the monthly meetings.

Battling Kiddy of the burning department is another of the old-timers of the Frawley days.

Maxey Marks, another burner, was some high stepper in the ring before his sight went back on him. Disregarding the sight, Maxey looked to be far away from the "has-been" variety at that, the last time that we saw him perform for us.

Eddie Wallace, featherweight boxer and ex-pipe coverer, is again fighting up to his old form. In recent bouts he has defeated Benny Volger of France, Jack Michaels of Syracuse and Frankie Flemming of Canada.

Phil Bloom, lightweight and ex-shipfitter's helper, is now in Detroit waiting to be matched for several bouts there.

Something to Crow About

(*Continued from page* 2)

section of the big dry dock, was started last June. The facilities that are at the disposal of the men at the "Farm," as they now start to work on the next section, were not there at that time, however.

Mr. MacLaurin and his gang of "farmers" had to construct a yard at the same time that they were building the dry-dock section. In spite of the difficulties in their way, it took only seven months to complete the job.

An idea of the enormous amount of work necessary for the construction of a section is given most clearly by figures. The third dry-dock section has in it over one million square feet of timber and 210 tons of galvanized iron bolts.

Work on the fourth section has already been started, and it is expected that that section will be ready for use by the middle of next May. The work that Mr. MacLaurin and his "farm gang" have been doing cannot be too highly praised. From a vacant wilderness, full of scrubby underbrush, the spot where the yard now stands has been changed into a model plant with the neatest of buildings and the most up-to-date mechanical appliances obtainable.

A spirit of friendliness, coöperation, and loyalty to the Company has been formed that it would be hard to duplicate in any other plant in the country. An example of this spirit was given only a week or so before the new section was launched. For launching purposes, it was necessary to have a great many piles driven in along the ways. A pile-driver with the usual crew of men to handle it was hired to do the work. The men worked twelve days, drove twenty-eight piles and then went on a strike. If the section was to be launched on time, it was necessary that all of the piles be driven in immediately.

Mr. MacLaurin got busy, borrowed a pile-driving hammer, rigged up one of the derricks to supply the power, set his own men to work, and in five days the remaining 128 piles necessary were in place. Without the inventive genius of Mr. MacLaurin this could never have been accomplished, but much of the credit goes to the men who worked so hard in order that the section, which they all had labored upon and which they all loved, might slide down the ways at the time that had been decided upon.

The three sections now in use can raise 15,000 tons net and can accommodate vessels of 475 feet in length. When the six sections are in use vessels of 750 feet in length can be accommodated and the dock will be able to raise 30,000 tons net.

The *Black Arrow* was the first boat to go on to the new dry dock. It was estimated that she was raised at the rate of one foot a minute. This is the fastest record ever made by any dry dock that we know anything about.

The *Black Arrow* slipped into the new dry dock on Thursday, January 16, and was raised out of the water at half past four o'clock that afternoon. The initial performance of the three new sections was made under the supervision of John Hallock, our dry dock master.

Valentines

To Nesbit, MacLaurin and Plant.
Tom, Cyrus and Joe,
Keep the Carpenter Shop on the go.
They'll fix up any liner,
So she can not look finer,
Like the *El Cid* and *El Siglo*.

To Carlyle Stecher.
Colly, Colly,
Like a polly,
You're talking all the day.
Just like a parrot,
In a garret,
You've nothing at all to say.

To Tim Mayston.
Tim Mayston, who as pastor they canned,
And sent nearly out of the land,
Has returned to the fold,
With his sermons of old,
And is once again leading his band.

To Sam Potter.
Sam Potter, our sleuth at the gate,
Got his physique from all that he ate.
If he don't stop it soon,
He'll blow up like a balloon,
Won't that be a terrible fate.

To Capt. Kirby.
Captain Kirby, the boss of our fleet,
Is the skinniest man on two feet.
Now to tell you the truth,
Unlike Sam, our great sleuth,
He could stand very much more to eat.

To Dan Shea.
You have all heard of little Dan Shea,
He's teaching our band how to play.
With their flutes and their horns,
They make sounds so forlorn,
That they're chasing the rats far away.

To Frank Whitman.
Frank Whitman, the boss at the gate,
Is losing his hair much of late.
If he don't quit his hurrying,
And stop all his worrying,
He'll soon be as bald as a slate.

Air Your Grievances

AT the January meeting of the Employees' Association, a discussion took place about the fairness of compelling a man to wear his yard badge on his cap. Mr. Benner and President MacFarlane tried to explain why it was necessary to have an open discussion about all things pertaining to our welfare, so that all grievances might be adjusted.

The discussion about yard badges was the result of their plea for less growling and more open complaining in the right place and at the right time. The following notice, dated January 18, is a good example of the results which follow the policy of open discussion:

General Notice

In line with the discussion at the last monthly meeting of the Employees' Association respecting the wearing of yard buttons.

Buttons must be so worn on the outer clothing or cap so as to be at all times in plain sight.

A. W. MURRAY, *Superintendent.*

One of the most recent additions to our ever growing tug boat fleet, the *Valvoline*, has been renamed and will now be known as the *John Hallock*.

The men in the yard are not the only ones who *shape up*. A naval officer told us he waited two hours for one of the office girls to get dressed to go to a show. Of *cor-set-s* none of our business.

Company "B" Leaves

THE detachment of Company B, 10th Battalion, U. S. Guards, which had been on duty, guarding Morse property during the major part of the war period, left on Tuesday, Jan. 14, for some unknown point where the men will be demobilized. Their probable destination, according to members of the detachment, was Camp Dix.

The 10th Battalion doughboys had been with us longer than any other detachment of troops which had been on duty at the Morse plant and so many of them had formed friendships with the men in the yard that they seemed to be a part of us.

To show that the good work which they had been doing for us was appreciated, the Morse band in full uniform escorted them through the yard and well on their way toward their destination.

The boys of the detachment certainly deserved every sign of appreciation that we could possibly give them. Their service here was not of the spectacular variety. Most of them were volunteers who wanted to serve in France but were hindered from overseas duty because of some minor physical defect. The work here was monotonous and at times hard, and was done without praise and without recognition from a great majority of people, yet they did it cheerfully and efficiently. They gave to us just as much of an example of true American self-sacrifice and devotion to a just cause as the men who were permitted to go to France.

Enjoy Minstrel Show

THE Minstrel Show entitled "Let's Go," given by the Sixty-eighth Precinct, Police Reserves, an organization which includes many of the Morse employees in its personnel, was given at the Ridge Club, Seventy-second street and Ridge Boulevard, on the evenings of January 15 and 16. Features of the performance were solos by "Gus" Canders of our burning department and Fred Drewes, riveter. Other Morse employees present were: Richard Getz, burner; George Scarpati, painter; Thomas Spinard, burner; Walter Doerr, burner; William E. Conlin, burner; Austin Kennedy, burner.

Our Monthly Meeting

By Thomas J. Plunkett

AFTER the sensational meeting held Wednesday, January 15, it looks as if our Association meeting room is not large enough to accommodate the growing attendance. In spite of the fact that we have not had a meeting since November and the date was not the regular last Wednesday of the month, there were about 1,200 members on hand.

This month's entertainment opened with Mrs. Murray Canary, wife of the well-known Coney Island violinist, furnishing vocal selections. She sang three popular numbers and her singing was very well received.

Mrs. Canary, after she had "finished her bit," sat very close to yours truly. She told me to make the write-up strong, with a remark that she had been in the theatrical game for many years. I am not going to state the number for the boys might "josh" her husband. Her work was appreciated very much and everyone applauded enthusiastically.

The next act introduced Paul Hamlin, billed as the "Society Tramp" or "Disgusted Millionaire," one of those boys who worries about his meals. Paul told stories, sang and almost danced. His white spats were noticeably soiled by the rosin in the ring. The rosin used on the floor of our boxing ring is the same well-known brand used by Neapolitan musicians on their knives when they eat spaggetti. It keeps the elusive strings from rolling off.

The athletic part of our program followed, and a report of that will be found on the sporting pages. It's the talk of the hour and if you missed it, you missed one of the best entertainments ever provided.

New Conference Board Member

The recent blacksmith shop election, to choose a representative for that department on the Conference Board, resulted in the election of George Kalmer by a majority of twenty-one votes. He will take the place of Robert McQueen, the former blacksmith shop representative who was chosen to fill the place left vacant on the Board of Directors when William McMullen left the Morse employ.

Waiting for the Grand March



"Old Records'" Home Installed

ON the very top floor of the new North Building, next door to the DIAL office, one of the youngest departments in the Morse plant is now situated. Because of its location, the record room has attracted very little attention, but that does not mean that the work that has been done there has been of an unimportant nature.

Only those who were in a position to notice the state of chaos which existed in the various vaults and storage places where documents and records were kept around the office building can appreciate the worth of this new department and the magnitude of the task which it is undertaking.

Soon after the completion of the North Building, A. V. Miller, the company auditor, decided to establish a department in it which would be large enough to hold all of the old records which had accumulated. The new department, then, is the home of all records which are not needed for constant reference.

The fact that eight riggers worked for four days moving papers and other documents into the new quarters ought to give a pretty fair idea of the amount of material that was cleared away from the main office.

Since the transfer of all of these old records, the job before Monroe Goldman, who is in charge of the new record room, and his associates, has not been an easy one. So far, from the mountains of old time cards which were heaped up before them, about two million cards have been assorted by check number and placed in date order for instant reference. About 900,000 of these cards had been taken from the old vaults in bushel baskets and were in absolutely hopeless confusion.

Beside the filing and classifying of these time cards, requisitions covering a period of six years have been properly classified. Ships bills dating back to 1901 and paid bills, some dating back to 1897, have been arranged on the shelves so that they can be found when wanted. Reports of the various departments, miscellaneous cost sheets, vouchers, account books and specifications, all have a place assigned to them in the record room.

The task before the working force of this new department is a great one, but it is expected that when the work is completed and all of the old records are ready for instant use that much time and many dollars will be saved for the company through having a systematic arrangement of the old records. This is another step toward making the Morse plant the most efficient shipyard in the country.

How Greatly He Got Stung

Kaiser Billy,
That monarch so silly,
He wanted to own the earth.
So he started in,
But had to stop
In order to save his shirt.

Although he was witty,
He proved himself dippy
In trying to beat the foe,
It took Wilson and Lansing
To start the world dancing
And tell Kaiser Bill where to go.

And now we have got him
We surely will knock him,
And show him who's who after this.
We can slap him and beat him,
If necessary eat him
But never a thought of a kiss.

J. S. STANLEY, Carpenter Dept.

Your creditors would rather listen to your bank account than your hard luck story.

Famous Sayings

"That will be tough luck."—*Clancy.*
"The panic is on."—*Plunkett.*
"I have ordered them, but they did not come!"—*Tillotsen.*
"Just a cup of black coffee, half milk."
—*Brewer.*
"Keeps cool."—*Dan Shea.*
"I won't take any responsibility."
—*Ernest Miller.*

Hobbies

MacFarlane—Complaints.
Fair—Hot coffee.
Dan Shea—Grand Dads.
Billy McEwen—Prayer meetings.
Benner—Commuting.
Mead—Pastry.
The rest of the yard—"Soap."

The Passing

Life's but a dream that one day is ended,
Though we don't count on the day nor the year,
But let us look back when our life toil is ended,
To be judged by our Maker without tremble or fear.

D. J. LOHMAN.

Jumping Jimmneys, it is pretty tough when a kid grows up. Now for instance, there is little Clifford Anderson of the Purchasing Department who has to go through the routine of military training every Monday night. Never mind, Dalink, you will be a General some day.

"Bingen on the Rhine"

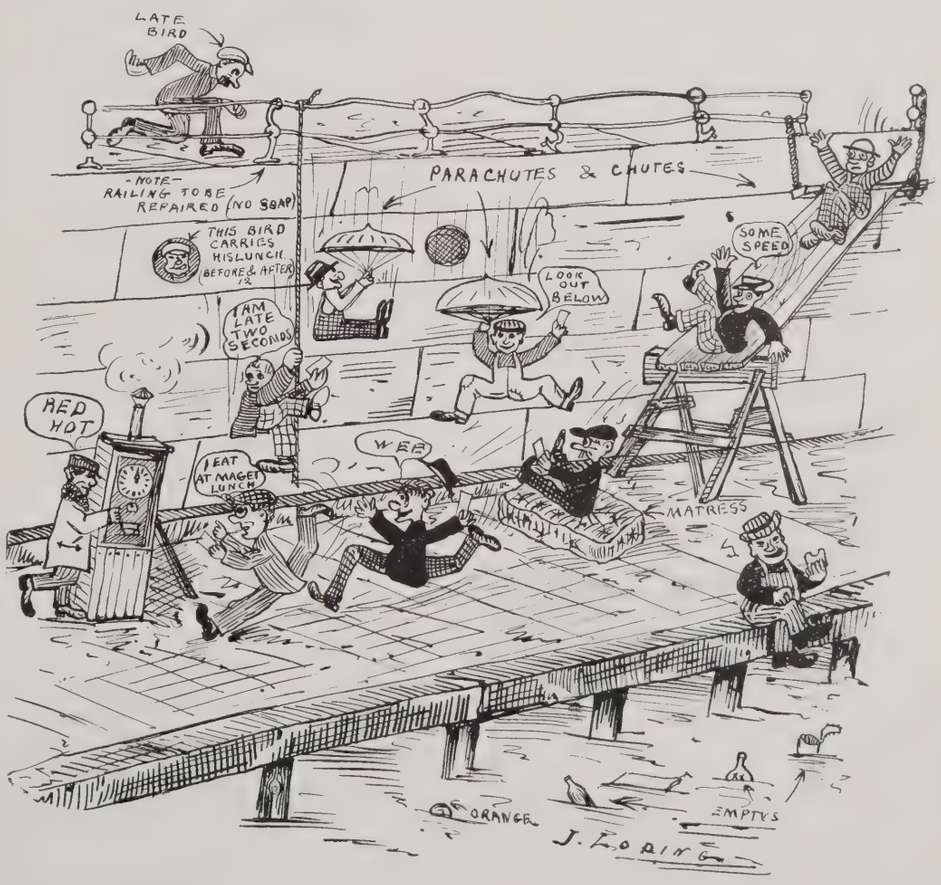
By John Powell, "Dry Dock Poet"

(As the Hon. Mrs. Norton would have written it these days.)

A soldier of the landwehr lay wounded on the Somme,
For up to this 'twas just as far the German host had gone.
A comrade stooped beside him as a gesture faint he made,
When he whispered: "Kamarad, tell me, who threw that last grenade?
"I never knew what hit me, no explosion did I hear,
"But speed was all that done the trick, the reason I am here;
"For when I fell I dreamt I was in fairyland so fine,
"In other words in Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine."

The comrade then informed him, the man that threw the ball
Was but a darn old Yankee, a ball-player, that was all.
He used to pitch for Phillie, a drop was all he had,
But speed behind the drop is what had dropped Fritz so bad.
"Oh, why the Kaiser told us that the Yanks were all a bluff,
"I cannot tell, but as for me, I know I've had enough.
"I'm going to write a letter home and tell them all in time,
"Before the Yankees get there and might Bing-em-on the Rhine."

When the Noon Whistle Blows



OVER *the* BACK YARD FENCE



An Accident Insurance Story

IF women and girls are proverbially more conscientious than men, how does it happen that so many have not encouraged the men and boys in the yard to get an accident insurance policy?

We have one locked away, and of all things worth while that policy is it. It is impossible to miss the twenty-five cents which is paid every week, but it is possible to miss many dollars in case of sickness or accident.

Speaking of accidents, I once thought the only beam that might fall on my hubby's head would be a sunbeam, and this is a good thought, but, the war, the "flu," the Red Cross, Liberty Bonds and, incidentally, the yard, have taught me many things and one is that to be practical and to prepare for rainy days, minus sunbeams, is the art of a wise woman. Hence the Insurance Policy.

(Mrs.) OTIS E. BARENE.

Humanity's Call

The old enemies of civilization
Have been defeated,
But the new enemies, anarchy and starvation,
Have not yet retreated.

We must mobilize our forces
Against this new foe,
To prevent suffering and devastation.
Overseas tons of our food must go.

Carry on the self-denial
That means relief to all.
United we must stand,
In humanity's call.

ELLA K. LIVERMORE.

Joe's Happy Family



JOE ELSIS, machine riveter, is very proud of these three kiddies of his. The eldest is George, aged five, who, Joe is sure, will soon make one of the best machine riveters in the place. Dolores, on the right, is three years old, and the little fellow in the center is "Little Joe," only seventeen months old, but already as full of "pep" as a fellow carrying the name Joe Elsis ought to be.

The Home Message from Uncle Sam

You have been saying, "Food Will Win the War." You planted, you saved, and you shared until the war was won.

And now is your work ended? No, a greater work yet remains to be done.

Starving Europe must be fed. Millions of hungry women and children reach out their hands to you. Remember their fearful need.

Keep on saving, keep on sharing. Waste not one morsel of food. It is sacred.

You love your country. You proved it in the war; prove it now in peace.

America is pledged to fight famine, to feed a starving world. Will you do your part?

KATHERINE LIVERMORE,
Uncle Sam's Messenger, Union Free School,
Seaford, N. Y.

Published in *National School Service*, December, 1918.

Mandy and the Back Pay

MANDY: Look heah, Liza, what's dis heah back pay da boilermakers' wife done got? I'm a fool niggah, but I'se can't confisecate it.

LIZA: Well, you see all them mens that work for Morse Dry Dock done work so hard to help win de war, da good Lord just dropped in da yard and paid 'em back; dats why da done say its back pay, see, niggah.

(Mrs.) O. E. BARENE.

A Sailor's Christmas

See the gifts about me spread,
Ribboned, tinsel, and polished lead,
Things that are no use to me,
Cannot take them out to sea.
Oh, for a pipe, a rope, a knife.
Things that count in a sailor's life,
Great was he who said with cheer,
Christmas comes but once a year.

(Mrs.) O. E. BARENE.

The Woodpeckers

We're just a few men, all in one,
In fact you never hear
About the work that we have done,
Our conscience is our cheer.

We come and go as in the night,
The ships sail o'er the sea,
And try to send our jobs out right,
To fit 'em to a tee.

One time we're mid the torches roar,
And then we're in the sand,
Our hands get burnt until they're sore,
We're game, our little band.

We're used to water, heat and flame,
And quickness counts here too,
If jobs go wrong we stand the blame,
But our best we always do.

You'll find our work on every ship,
From one to a five-decker,
Although our name's not on a lip
We're just pipe shop woodpeckers.

Children need fewer critics and more good examples.

Here's "Blackie's" Family



MAY we introduce to you the children of L. Ellis, foreman caulker and Matty Wright's right-hand man. George, aged four, looks like a chip of the old block and, according to his father, "Blackie, Jr," ought to be some caulker about twenty years from now. The two girls are Cecil, aged six, and Laura, aged eight. All three children are said to inherit "Blackie's" cheerful disposition and usually wear the famous Ellis smile that won't come off.

Acknowledgments

9 Hubbard St., Ulmer Park.

Employees' Association,
Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co.

We, the family of Aage Eilersen, wish to acknowledge with sincere thanks the kind expression of your sympathy.

MRS. EILERSEN AND FAMILY.

We wish to express our thanks to our coworkers in the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co. for their kindness and financial assistance given us in our recent bereavement.

STANLEY WARREN, Electrical Dept.
HARRY COLEMAN, Outside Machinist.

Employees' Association,
Attention of Mr. Shea

Sincere good wishes for the New Year and many thanks for the beautiful roses you sent me. I want you to know how very much I appreciate your kindness to me.

ADA MORSE.

Scotty Lamb and His Spats

Have you heard of the plight of poor Scotty Lamb?
He surely must have felt like a clam,
On Saturday last he bought some fine gaiters
To use on such occasions as going to theaters.

He dressed himself up in the latest of style
(But of course, he didn't expect this would ever reach the DIAL),
And out he gayly started on his way,
To enjoy what was left of a perfect day.

He met all his friends, but they ne'er said a word
Of admiration or praise as to style of this bird;
He waited a while, still the silence ne'er broke
So with patience exhausted Lamb up and spoke.

Said Lamb, "Take a look, ain't I a swell?"
But lo and behold, his countenance fell,
For with utter disgust he found out that,
Sad to relate, he was dressed in one spat!

CALANDAR.



Mrs. Tillotsen has at last returned to work after a severe attack of the influenza, which we believe was brought on due to her efforts to make our Christmas celebration a success. Welcome back, we sure did miss you!

We are always glad to see the smiling countenance of Tommie Hosgood. His ever ready wit has made him very popular. Atta boy, Tommie!

Did anyone notice our new full-fledged "Villyun," Desperate Desmond Gernaey? Those beautiful golden locks adorning his upper lip are the envy of all the Inspectors. By actual count there are sixteen hairs on the port and thirty-six on the starboard side. Cheer up, Jules, some day it will grow up and be a nice big bush!

Dan Shea to Frank Whitman: "Hey, Frank, what is good for indigestion?"

Brilliant Answer, as usual: "Eat your meals in a rocking chair."

And they still live, even after peace has come!

We understand that Red Hot has gone in strong for this real society game. This dainty young society bud will make his *dee-butt* at Sherry's this season. Among the invited will be the well-known society pets, Porter, Filbert, Clancy Donegan, Tom Conk, etc. We expect this young host will be the recipient of many gifts. (Bricks, etc.) From all reports, before the season draws to a close, we will hear of his brilliant marriage to one of the fashionables, such as Madame Bullsheviki.

Joe Sandifer, of the purchasing department, sure has a wonderful form, and oh, those artistic legs! Sh-sh! We saw him at the basket-ball game.

Wonders never cease. We learn that Jim MacFarlane was once a teacher of clog dancing. Well, we always knew there was something "snappy" about our Jim.

Harry England, formerly of the traffic department, is now connected with the hospital as ambulance driver. And you can tell the world that Harry is one handsome little chauffeur.

Peggy sure feels blue since Company "B" left us. And to think she did not even say good-by to him, and he was compelled to suffer in silence, the little Angel!

The girls of Room No. 111 have all decided to chip in and buy Miss Kelleher, the auburn-haired lady, a comptometer. She has been figuring very much of late how much cheaper two can live than one, and what the fare to Los Angeles will cost. Well, some die young and some die old, etc., etc.

A gold wrist-watch belonging to Miss Travers of our office force was lost on January 20. The watch was a recent present and on that account highly prized by the owner. Will the finder please communicate with Miss Travers in Room 117.

Mr. Hunt, of Room 115, is seriously thinking of buying smoked glasses. The diamonds that the girls around here are wearing are enough to blind anyone.

A couple of our girls bring their lunch all week and eat at the restaurant on Saturday. Of course, we don't think pay day has anything to do with the full meal, but you never can tell.

Judging by all of the sewing that Esther Olsen is doing these days, that hope-trunk must be nearly full. We would suggest the March White Sales as a means of adding to your supply, Esther.

Isn't it a terrible predicament to be in, to have a sweetheart on his way home from France and another one always at the house? If they ever meet it's good-by Vivian.

Deep-sea going coat for sale. Anyone interested see Sam Potter. The coat isn't new and the price is $30. Fifteen years ago it cost him exactly half as much, but it is so warm and historic. Sam says it's worth the price.

Our Marion, as fickle as ever, has a new love who hangs his hat on the hall-tree, figuratively speaking, of the U. S. S. *Missouri*. Marion visited the dreadnaught recently and liked the ship so much that she tried to take part of the deck or the roof or whatever it is on a boat home with her (on top of her head), and as for eating—Marion, we thought you never would stop—you and "Bandy."

The girls of Room 115 had a theatre party at the Orpheum one Sunday. Tell us who was giving out the free tickets. We'd all like to be in on it.

Disbursement Department

Talk about going "Over the Top." Our little Marie did a back dive over the desk the other day, but managed to land safely on the floor. Ask Quinlan, he knows.

It would have been wiser to take a taxi Christmas Eve, George, instead of a DeKalb car.

He loved her, but she moved away. Cheer up, Mack, they always come back.

Petey seems to be the most popular person in the disbursements department. Disposition is everything, Petey.

Somewhere in France.

Mr. James Doremus: I want you to know that my views concerning your daughter, Stella, coincide with yours. She is "Over Here," Somewhere in France, one of Uncle Sam's "Yanks," doing her bit. She may be a girl and a "chocolate soldier," a lover of sweets, but the essential point is she is one of the "boys" fighting under Old Glory, and let me congratulate you, Daddy Doremus, as the possessor of a regular "Soldier Boy."

"Your Uncle Sam,"

"Backed by Old Glory."

Chicken Feed

Down in Room 115 you'll find,
Girls of every size and kind.
Pretty blondes and brunettes too,
Eyes of brown, eyes of blue.

To get you all acquainted,
I'll do my very best,
By telling a little about each one,
And letting you do the rest.

First comes Helen McKenna,
The original "Candy Kid."
She'd rather have some chocolates,
Than a new French Sunday lid.

The next on the list is Emily Mahon,
The "dearie" of Room 115.
She thinks Jimmy Glynn is the best of men,
And he calls her his little queen.

There's Helen Brett, who seems so quiet,
She hasn't a word to say,
But, when a girl gets a diamond from a man,
We expect a wedding day.

Kathleen Morris is saving her pennies,
Each spare nickel and dime.
Keep up the good work, it may prove handy,
We all may be broke some time.

Elizabeth Hofmann has such a sweet smile,
For every young fellow she meets.
When she sees one who's nice,
She'll look at him twice,
And her heart misses one or two beats.

You all know Miss Hildebrand,
Our young battleship.
She must weigh a ton if not more, and
The reason why everyone likes her,
Is because she will never get sore.

I think I'd better end my rhyme,
Before I say too much.
Or I might be going home some night,
Leaning on a crutch.

Office Boy Poets

These poems were submitted by our champion office boy, Jack Hall, of Room No. 6:

We were crowded down on Pier 4,
Watching President Wilson sail for France.
It was a terrible windy day,
And we were taking an awful chance.
The pier was shaking, so were we,
When suddenly from behind Liberty,
The *George Washington* was seen
Escorted by some brave Marines.
We kept on watching, 'twas a wonderful sight
When all at once, a hydroplane hove in sight.
And saluted our President, from above.
Ten minutes later we were back again
Working in the office for E. P. M.

We have a good boss
Who is not cross,
He's a very good boss,
We call him Mr. Morse.

There was a young fellow named Maher,
He bought all the boys a cigar.
I said thank you dear.
But, really, I fear
Your wife will know how much you spent.

There was a young fellow named Roger
And he was some close codger,
He bought me a drink,
And what do you think?
I owe him my life insurance policy.

Special Notice.—The above poems, which we found floating around the office are accredited to one "Shakesbeer." Author! Author!



All of the "soap" kings have abdicated with the exception of Jack Warren and he can only get twenty-three hours a day. Now that's hard luck.

"Andy" Christie, of the Farm, has a locker where he puts his working clothes when he goes home at night. The other day he tried to put his rubber boots in it and found that it was necessary to turn up the toes in order to close the door. No, "Chris," you haven't got big feet, the locker is small.

Two helpers were bringing down horse buckets from the tin shop. One helper would carry one, the other two. When someone by way of reproach said to the boy carrying one: "Why is it you only carry one while the other boy carries two?" his reply was: "I've been here longer."

There has been quite a few complaints about the overcrowded B. R. T. cars, but outside of the shaking up and jostling one gets, you generally land where you started for, but when Harry Hammer and George Olson, McCarthy and Tramposch try to load up a side-car motorcycle with the combined weight of the four of them, you can't blame it for balking. Transfer, please.

Since they've changed the brass store room around, Tom Connelley and Ainslie out of force of habit keep going to the wrong place for material.

A lovesick youth I know quite well, can't eat
or drink a drop,
His face looks awful woe-begone when in the
copper shop.
But different than poor Romeo when Juliet he
met,
He may not be in love at all, but just what,
Harri-ett?

If you want to see a stock exchange, on a small scale, step into the general store room and hear the babel of voices and see the frantic efforts of each one to be waited on first and the arguments between the clerks. And to cap the climax "Red Hot" with his usual gentle voice orders them to "Break away," "Scatter," "Who's got orders here?" "All those that haven't, get out," and some helper shouts: "Where's yours?" With this and other remarks that are passed, one gets a fair idea of what the Bolsheviki must be like in Russia.

Joe Lowe, the bender in the pipe shop, claims he had one of the most difficult jobs last week he ever had in his life. A template was sent in with a tag reading: "Please make this bend straight," and Joe doesn't get it yet.

George Petley bought an overcoat last month and loves to hear you say: "How much did you pay for it, George?" With a far-away look in his eye and in a whisper like a stage villian, he says: "Only forty dollars." When Mac first heard this he said to George: "No smoking in the boiler shop. You may have a swell coat, but don't forget No. 2040's green suit."

If those of the hull department wish to have tools sharpened as they should to hold their proper edge, don't call Robert Wilson, "Pop."

Every time Jack Doherty works on an oil tanker and dons one of those new oilskin suits and carries a piece of pipe over his shoulder, it reminds one of that oldtime advertisement of Scott's emulsion of cod liver oil.

Can you imagine Mr. Johnson, of the machine shop gallery, going up to Ballantine, a scion of Scotia and asking him to work New Year's Day? Hoot, Mon! Shades of Wallace, Bruce and Baliol! *Hug-ma-nay* and *Nay-Nay* again. Not on your *Jamison* and *Oatmeal.*

Tommy Kelly thinks so much of his flivver that he says if his girl was a boy he'd christen him "Ford."

No, Bill Roach, the only place gravel is any good is on a shuffle board, not in a bowling alley.

Last month we had something to say about the time-keeper's sentry box at the front gate. We humbly apologize for ridiculing its size as we now realize it is a Hippodrome, a Madison Square Garden, a Grand Central Palace, compared to Murr's office in the new plumbing shop. He claims he has to break a penholder in half in order to have room to make out an order, which he claims is all out of order.

Someone asked me when they were going to give a moving picture exhibition in the yard. I told them I hadn't heard of any to be given. They answered: "Oh, yes, they've got the screen over one of the windows at the pipe coverers' department."

C. A. Christie, of the sheet metal shop, claimed he had a tank of the largest capacity to test not long ago, and we would have believed him if a little bird hadn't whispered that there was no plug in the other end of it.

Young McDonald, of the pipe shop, made his first template for a railing bend and then took the whole of the noon hour showing it to the rest of the bunch.

Hen Christ hears songs around the pipe shop and when they appeal to him he makes a note of them and buys a record for his phonograph. Last week a certain helper gave him an order to make out for three-quarter nipples and two elbows. When the helper got his order it read: "The Rose of No Man's Land," and "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning."

It's an ill wind that doesn't blow someone good. Through the harbor strike, George Holland was Commodore of a Shipping Board ship for one day. Now when you mention Weehawken, Holland answers, "Omsk," my dear.

Walter Whiteside, the pipe-shop Lilliputian, is at the height, and some height, too, of his glory, being father of a baby boy born on the eight of January, 9.30 A.M. Weight, nine and a half, which if we were to quote time would be nine thirty again. If he takes after his father we are safe in saying in twenty years from now his height will be about nine-thirty. Congratulations, Walter.

Who is the ambitious plumber's helper out looking for "sky hooks"?

Spica's port of destination seems to be Gokey's Dry Dock and her home port Morse's yard; her cargo, pipefittings and machinery. For sticking in the yard she is trying to outdo the *Nepthis.*

No. 2,004 is an Irish lad who works in the boiler shop and comes from Kerry. Now we have no right to question where he comes from so long as he comes to the shop five minutes to one. Don't take offense, this is only *Con.*

The little man at the big shears in the boiler shop is doing his best to rival Danny Shea's orchestra. He has a musical gang, four harps and a hand organ.

Bob Dutcher looks more like William S. Hart, the movie actor, since he's been wearing that sombrero. One would imagine he was a direct descendant of Davy Crockett or Daniel Boone, instead of coming from that ancient, historic family, the Dutchers.

Kane, will Hull No. 4 be finished for the next war?

The family of Gus Furst has been increased by one more through the birth of an eleven-pound boy, January 10. We are not sure if Gus has any more, but we are positive this is a *Furst-born.*

Steve Rutlege, of the old machine shop gallery, is willing to wager a confederate dollar against a Liberty Bond that when concrete is properly placed and sets in a steering engine it is harder than any metal that was ever made, except the ivory in the head of a man who says different.

Puzzle—If a man lives on 57th street and he's late two mornings a week, how many mornings would he be late if he lived in Ridgewood? This really ought to be used on the page headed: "After the Whistle Blows." Anyone answering this correctly will receive a trained bluefish. Address, Starkey, outside machinist.

What seems to be the trouble between Pete, the inside machinist in the tool room, and his old friend Tony, the outside machinist? They always used to have a pleasant smile for each other but now—the boys are wondering if that joke of Tony's about Pete giving up the shoe repairing business was genuine.

We've heard of "soap" and "soap hounds" but here's a new one, a "soap fight." The contestants—Fred Coysh and Billy Anderson, both boilermaker snappers. The prize—S. S. *Gonzon.* Fred Coysh won, so we hear.

Alex Titterton, of the blacksmith shop, is still looking for his stolen ladder. None of the rest of the blacksmiths will tell until he confesses just what makes his coat tails bulge about the hips.

Dan Shea's prayer: Lord, forgive me for ever sleeping with a pipe fitter.

According to rivets he rivets, the riveter find that it pays
To rivet attention alone on his work, and on nothing else rivet his gaze.

DO YOU KNOW

That the Employees' Association, of which you are a member, holds meetings the last Wednesday of every month in the Association room; that matters of vital importance to you are discussed; that a high class vaudeville, boxing and wrestling bill is provided, and that there is no admission charge?

DO YOU KNOW—

That there are two men on the Conference Board and one on the Board of Directors who represent you and your department, and that their duty is to see that you receive just treatment, that they are in duty bound to hear any legitimate complaint you may have and see that it is adjusted through the proper channels?

DO YOU KNOW—

That, if you have been in the employ of the Morse Company for two weeks, you are eligible to bowl, free of charge, at the Crescent Alleys, Fifty-second street and Fifth avenue, with your department team every Monday night?

DO YOU KNOW—

That there is an Association Room on the top floor of the carpenter shop where you can spend the noon hour pleasantly in company with your fellow-workers in the yard?

If you do not know all this and are not taking advantage of your opportunities,

DO YOU KNOW—

That you are not doing justice either to yourself or to your fellow-workmen?

AT THE ANNUAL BALL



PRINTED BY WILLIAM GREEN, A CORPORATION, NEW YORK

The Spirit of 1919 and 1776

MR. SHIP OWNER:

We respectfully call your attention to the fact that when you place a contract with the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., you are assured of satisfactory work because the SPIRIT which prevails among Morse employees will permit of no other kind of work. We employees know the value of coöperation, we can truthfully boast of a SPIRIT which is second to none in the ship repair industry, and we want you to know it.

Our war record speaks for itself. Our peace record will also. We recognize the fact that when you place your business with our Company you are benefiting us, and, having confidence in the fair-mindedness and square dealings of the management of this Company, we don't hesitate to guarantee to you satisfactory work at any and all times.

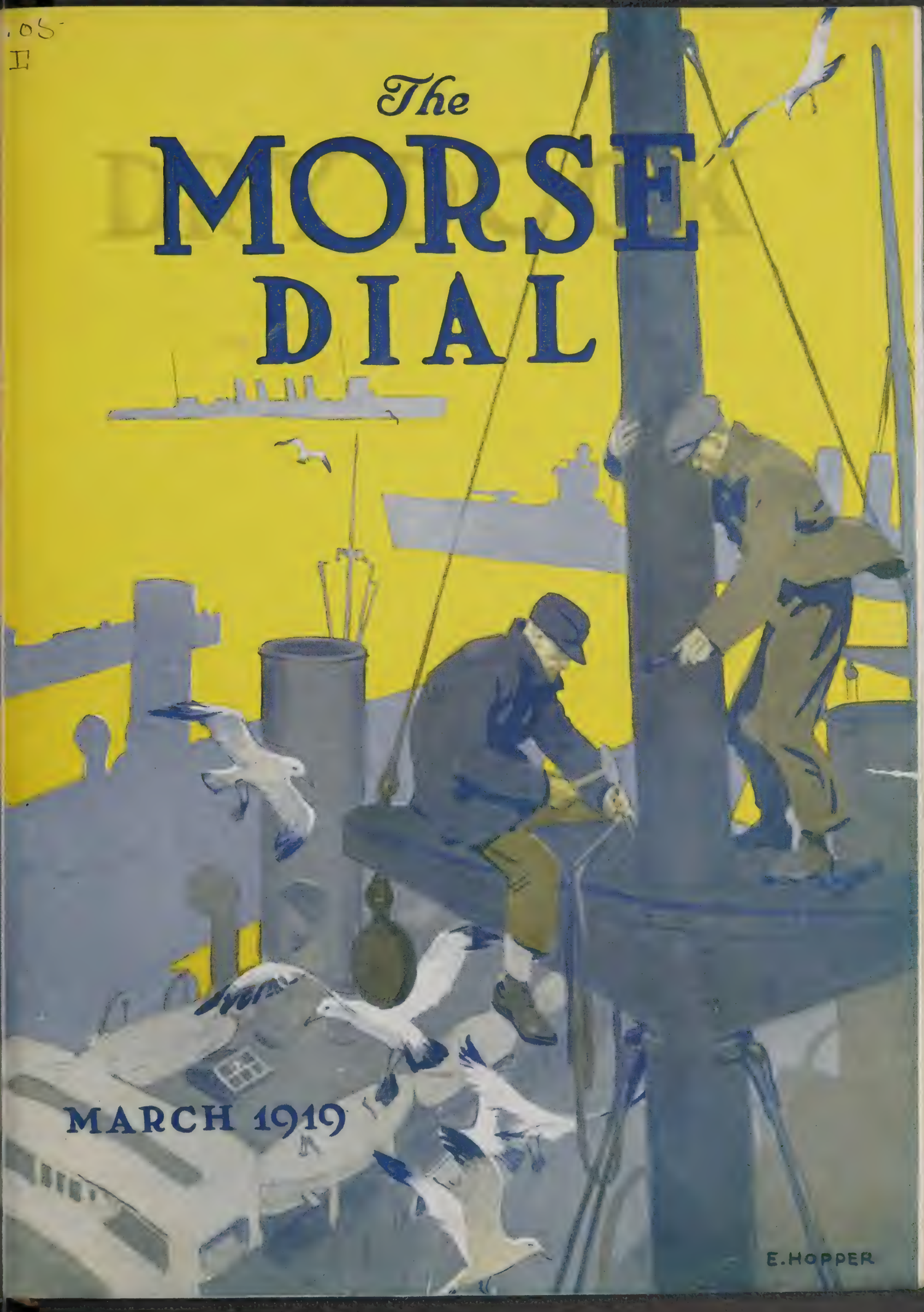
JAMES MACFARLANE, President,
Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.



OUR SPIRIT OF LOYALTY TO OUR COUNTRY WAS SHOWN IN A VERY SUBSTANTIAL WAY DURING THE LIBERTY LOAN DRIVES. WE WENT OVER THE HUNDRED PER CENT. MARK IN THE LAST ONE

.05
II

The MORSE DIAL



MARCH 1919

Personality and Inspiration

By BERT EDWARD BARNES

SOMEONE has called inspiration a dynamic force which supplies the mental motor.

Just now my mental motor isn't working in good order; the dynamic force isn't there; inspiration is lacking.

The sun is pouring its bright rays in upon me, even penetrating the smeared windows of the office.

The sing-song noise of the riveter's gun is doing its best to lull me into a doze.

If it weren't for the occasional ring of metal as a workman's hammer smashes against it, it would succeed.

IT is one of God's real days; the smell of spring is in the atmosphere; one likes to think of birds and pussy willows, of babbling brooks and those things the poets sing about.

But I must write a message, so I bestir myself.

Arising, I go to the window and gaze out over the horizon.

Just topping the water line are some ships. One of them is a warship. They are moving slowly—going somewhere.

Then my gaze wanders inland and my attention is attracted to brawny workmen moving back and forth.

I wonder if they also lack inspiration. It cannot be; how keenly they go about their business, pushing or pulling a small truck or carrying a heavy tool over their shoulder.

JUST then a man of medium height turns the corner. His hair is gray; a heavy mustache adorns his lip; his penetrating eyes carry a smile. I can't see the smile, but I know it is there because I know the man.

He walks briskly ahead, his eyes straight front, his gait purposeful; his hands buried in the pockets of his topcoat.

Fascinated by the very spirit which seems to animate him I watch as he steps along and finally disappears from view behind the huge ship on one of the dry docks.

Quickly I turn to my desk; my mental motor seems to have taken a sudden spurt; the dynamic force is there; the inspiration has come and I bend to my task with an ease which even the riveters' guns cannot disturb, and before I know it my message is written.

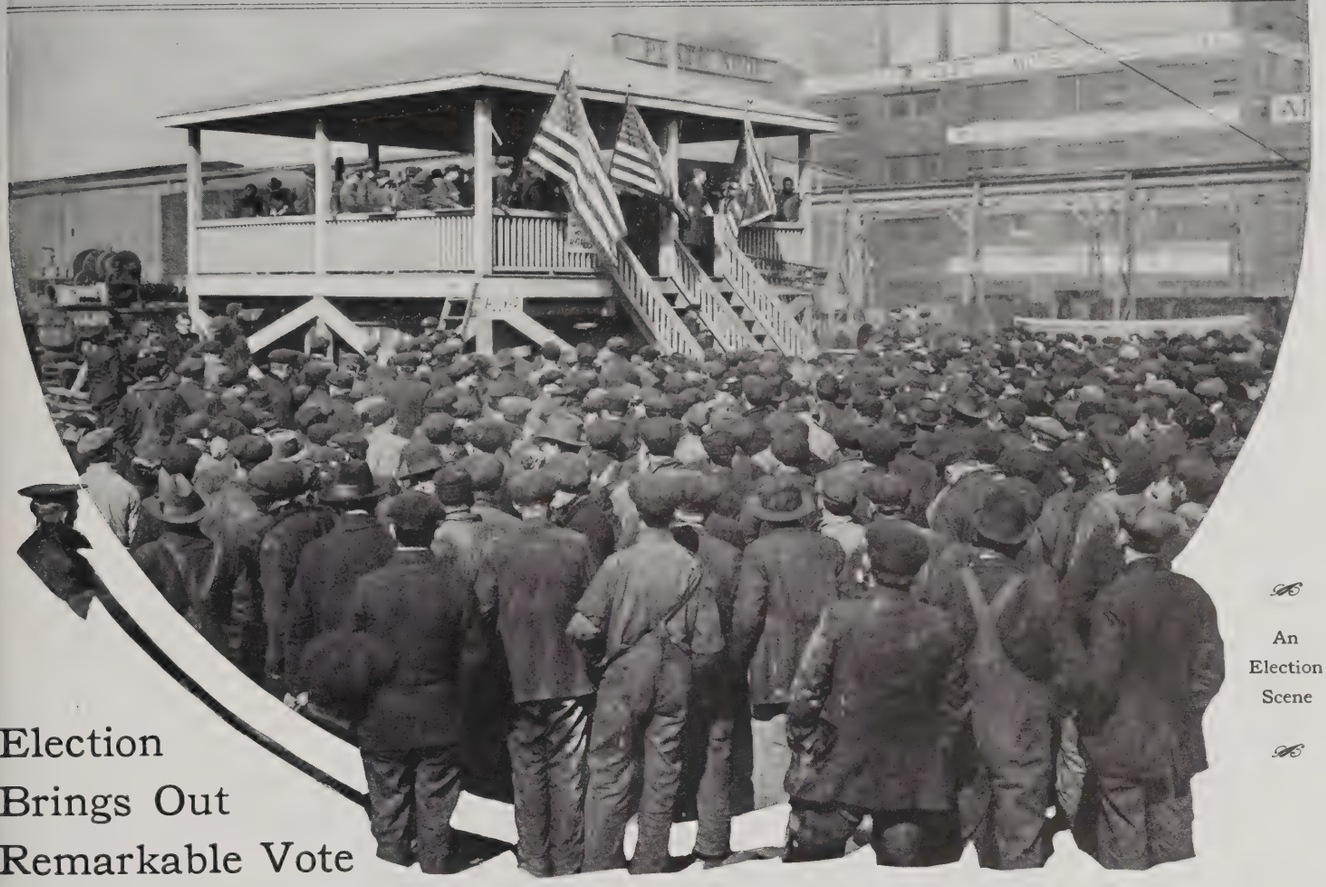
INSIRATION is indeed a dynamic force which supplies the mental motor, but what is the force which supplies the inspiration!

Permitted a guess, I would say that Personality is frequently that force; personality such as we find in the man who crossed my vision as I gazed from the window.

Do you find inspiration in the personality of the man you work for? I do.

MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

Vol. 2 March, 1919 No. 3



An Election Scene

Election Brings Out Remarkable Vote

FEBRUARY 26, 1919, should stand out as a Red Letter day in the history of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co. On that day 3,753 individuals out of the 3,951 on the payroll cast their ballots for the election of officers. This represents a vote of over 95 per cent.—a most unique and gratifying example of the faith we have in our Association. It is doubted if any other organization of the kind ever made a better showing.

Joseph McGuirk, a driller, succeeds Mr. MacFarlane as President. He was elected after an interesting and thrilling campaign. Four other candidates sought the presidency, William Ritchie (Machine Shop); Henry Hammer (Sheet Metal Shop); Thomas Smith, Sr. (Carpenter Shop), and Joseph Lowe (Pipe Shop) and three candidates made the race for the office of vice-president—H. G. Hoover (Pattern Shop) being the successful candidate against James Pearson (Pipe Shop) and Harry P. Anderson (Carpenter Shop).

The official vote was as follows: McGuirk, 1,428; Smith, 897; Hammer, 480; Ritchie, 443; Lowe, 344; Hoover, 1,388; Pearsor, 969 and Anderson 915. By virtue of the unanimous nominations which they received at the annual meeting of the Association in Prospect Hall, February 18, James M. Donovan continues to serve the Association as Secretary and Mortimer W. Mead as Treasurer.

One of the most striking features of the election was the publication of a daily paper, an enterprise never before duplicated so far as we know by any industrial organization in the country.

This daily, which was called the DIAL ELECTION SPECIAL, was distributed at eleven o'clock each forenoon to the various departments in the yard and was handed out at the main gate during the noon hour. It furnished a medium through which the candidates for office stated their platforms and it enabled the voters to keep well informed of the progress of the campaign.

Each day's paper contained a last minute account of the election parades, speeches and political gossip of the previous day, and on the morning after the election an extra edition containing the results of the counting of the votes up to 3.30 o'clock that morning was distributed as early as 4.20 A.M. and in time for the employees when they came to work between 6 and 7 A.M.

The paper was handled by the DIAL staff, which stayed on the job all night to produce the last edition containing the results of the voting. When it was discovered that the final count would not be finished until after the employees had come to work it was decided to put out the extra edition as soon as it could be ascertained who were the probable winners.

Not until 3.30 o'clock was it finally determined that McGuirk and Hoover would be the successful candidates. Up to that time Smith and McGuirk ran very close, but inasmuch as the office vote and the Hull department vote remained uncounted, McGuirk's election was assured, because it was known that both of these departments would give him a majority.

On the noon of the day following the election, a Victory parade was held, at the head of which all of the newly elected officers rode in an automobile, and later made speeches.

Our Association

By James MacFarlane, Ex-President

Ex-President James MacFarlane tells some of the reasons why the Employees' Association is a success. He was asked to write the article because of his intimate knowledge of the affairs of the organization, a knowledge gained from his untiring efforts as a member of the Board of Directors and then as president, to make the Association the best of its kind in the country to-day.—THE EDITOR.

WITH the conclusion of the recent election the Employees' Association starts out on a new year of endeavor. I doubt if any organization of its kind ever had a more promising future, or a more successful past. I am quite sure that none can compare with it; at least not in its progressiveness; its enterprise and its achievements; and surely not in its exemplification of the true spirit of the brotherhood of man.

We all know by this time what the Association stands for and what it is trying to do to make life more agreeable and interesting for those who work here. Whether the Association has done all that it set out to do is not the question. It is always easy to make plans, but hard to fulfil them and, perhaps, there have been some mistakes, but for the most part every individual who has had anything to do with the organization can look back over the past twelve months with a feeling of pride at having participated in a movement well worth while.

It is not necessary to deal at length on what has been accomplished. Most of us are familiar with the big things that the Association has done. The patriotic plan of agreement adopted in January, 1918, which pledged our loyalty to the Government and was adhered to so faithfully, was one of the real big things which marked the past year. Its importance is emphasized by the fact that soon after our plan went into effect every shipyard in the country pledged itself to a similar agreement with the Government. But we led the way.

Keeping alive our friendship for the men who left us to join in the fight for Democracy was another big thing. The "smoke fund" by which we provided tobacco and cigarettes for Morse men in the service of their country; the holiday greeting cards, and the many letters of cheer sent to them have all helped in our earnest effort to cherish the memory of those who left us.

The entertainment phases of the Association are too well known to need rehearsing now. Our noon hour meetings; our monthly entertainments; our athletic successes and our great Liberty Loan, Red Cross and other patriotic drives have all been factors in creating the unusual "family spirit" which prevails in the yard.

But even greater than these things is the good that the Association has done by way of lending a helping hand to those who have needed it. What real good has the Association done? To many the answer will be a simple one. They are the men who have been in trouble, men who have had sickness, death and want in their households and have been cheered, comforted and helped over the rough spots by the organized assistance that the Association has been able to give them. And the cases have been numerous even though little has been said about them.

Then there are the men who through unintentional carelessness, shiftlessness and lack of knowledge about rules and regulations have gotten into trouble. Misunderstandings are so easy, why shouldn't there be a medium through which such matters can be handled, and what better medium could be devised than our Conference Board, which is in a position to present the individual's case in a clear, fair-minded manner and to point out why the fault was not as large as it seemed to be?

That this Conference Board can be made an instrument to serve us even more satisfactorily than in the past is illustrated by the result of the recent adoption of a new set of yard rules. When the matter was brought to the Conference Board that body was not long in obtaining a revision of the rules which had become obnoxious and to-day it can truthfully be said that the rules in force here are as fairminded and as considerate as are the rules in any shipyard in the country. And furthermore these rules are not rules which were prescribed by the Company, but by our own Association.

The rules will be distributed to every employee in the yard and will be given out to every new employee as he comes in. Many men have broken rules without realizing that they were doing anything out of the way. This should happen less frequently from now on and many an innocent man will be saved from the payment of a fine or from possible discharge.

Such small infractions in a large concern will always occur and probably would not be remedied except through some organized influence which is in a position to see the cause of the trouble and bring it to the attention of the Company management.

Our Association serves us well in that respect. In many instances it has brought to the attention of the Company management things which would otherwise have escaped its notice. The Association has been able to do this because it is in touch with everything relating to the welfare of its members while the management, however willing it may be to rectify error, is not able to do so unless the errors are brought to its attention in the proper manner.

Men as a rule do not like to be helped. They prefer to help themselves, and that is one reason, it seems to me, why our Association has been so successful when other organizations of the kind have failed. The Association is ours to do what we will with it; to make it serve us in ways which are helpful as well as entertaining.

To do this we must all work together in



How the Candidates Hustled for Votes



Top Row—William Ritchie watching his vaudeville show; Secretary James M. Donovan making a speech; President Joseph McGuirk planning a suffrage drive; James Pearson in a pipe dream; President McGuirk telling why women should vote; Joseph Lowe thinking of Hoboken; Treasurer M. W. Mead without his silk hat; Vice-President H. G. Hoover framing things with McGuirk and Secretary Donovan taking it all in.

Bottom Row—Harry Andersen addressing his constituents; Vice-President Hoover smiling at the results; Frank Lewis in a stump speech; Tom Smith, Sr., before and after; Ex-president James MacFarland explaining about the silk stockings, and Harry Hammer showing off his famous white tie.

harmony. The other employees of the yard should make the newcomers acquainted with the Association and its work and we should prove to them right at the outset that the Association belongs to them; that the Company has nothing to do with it, and that they are not being patronized, but are only asked to get out and hustle with the rest of us for their own good and for the good of their fellow-workers.

If more of this missionary work is done during the coming year by those who are interested in the success of the Association the existence of our organization means improvement and better things. We all work together and usually our work is hard and the hours seem long. It is when we play together that we learn to know each other best and knowing the man who works along side of us throughout the day makes our task and his task much easier.

Our recent election should indicate to all that our Association is intended for the welfare of the men in the yard. We have elected a man as president, who is himself just an every day worker, and I am mighty glad that we have done this, because it proves that the organization isn't a Company affair. I have heard it said now and then that an every day worker had no chance to hold office in the Association because the Company preferred to have a foreman or a snapper or some other individual who would look after the Company's interests first. Well, I am glad that this falsehood has been shown up. We who have had an active part in the Association knew that the organization was not a Company affair, but the man in the yard has not always been able to see it that way.

Never once in all of the time I have served on the Board of Directors and as President has the Company attempted in any way to dictate or influence the affairs of the organization. Whenever we have undertaken anything which required the consideration of the Company management we have found a ready response and Mr. Morse himself has been very liberal in helping us, both financially and morally, whenever we have felt inclined to call upon him for assistance.

I supported Mr. McGuirk's candidacy in the last election because I felt that a man from the ranks should be elected, and now that he is in office, every one of us should get back of him and help in every way we can. Thoughtless criticism is very harmful to an organization like ours, but constructive criticism is worth a good deal, and I am sure that Mr. McGuirk and every one else who has the success of the Association at heart will welcome fair-minded criticism at any and all times, and the best place to make it is at our monthly meetings.

The new year ought to be a record one with our Association. The organization has passed through the various stages of infancy, and has stood the test. From the very start the advantages of such an institution in the yard seemed to be apparent to all of us. It is to the credit of every man in the yard that so many have realized the advantages which the Association has offered.

Naturally errors have been made, but they have been, in most instances, rectified in quick time and to-day our Association stands as a model of its kind throughout the country.

The Morse yard has become noted as a place in which it is a pleasure to work, and we may congratulate ourselves upon this reputation.

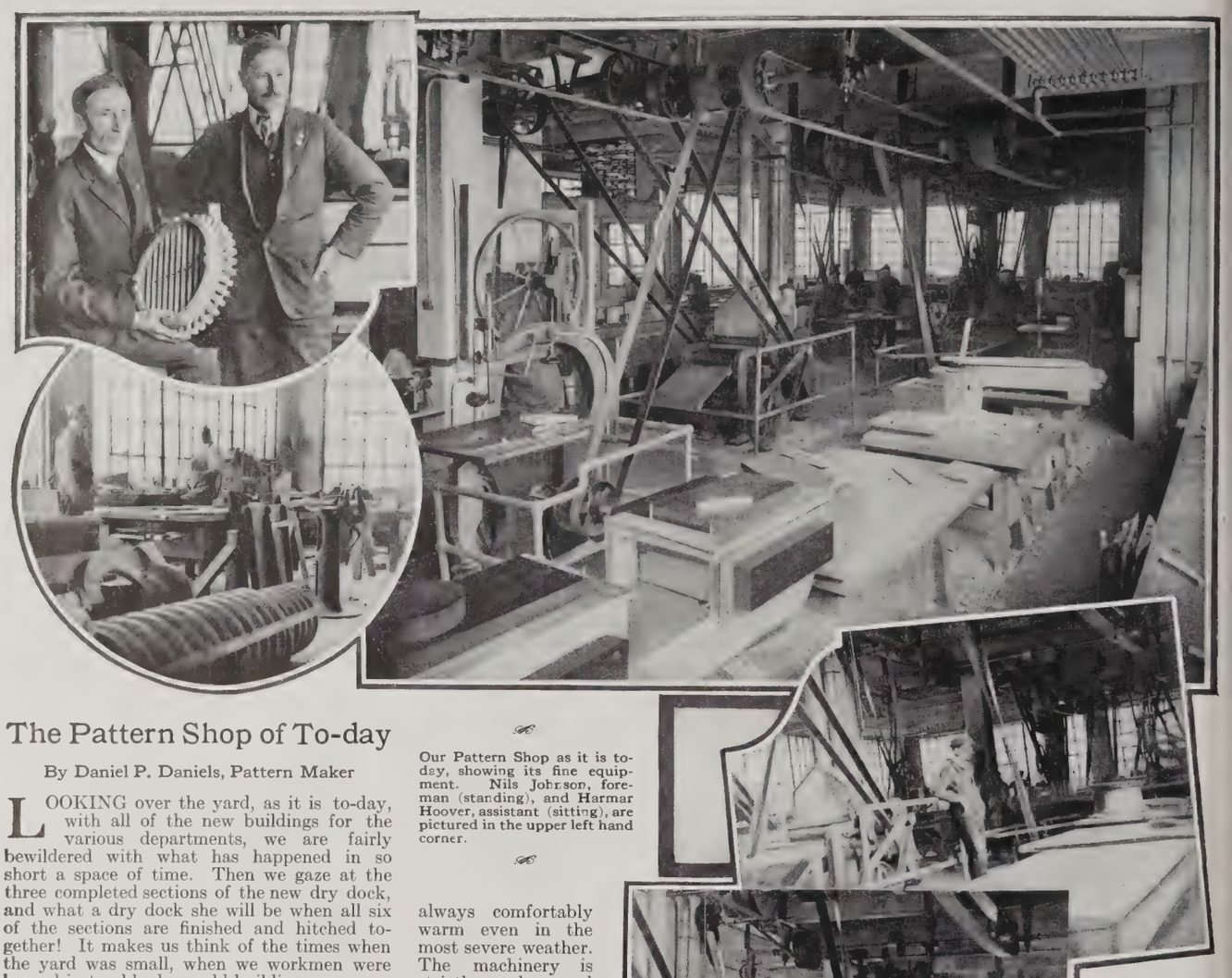
The Morse Company is cited as being a model plant in so far as welfare work is concerned, and that welfare system was established and is being run by the employees themselves. Such a record is well worth being proud of.

Our organization now seems to have arrived at very near the perfect stage. Almost all of the adjustments in the constitution and by-laws have been made, and with those things out of our way we can now get down to work, which will be of immediate benefit to everyone in the yard. Here we have a chance for mutual benefit and self-benefit as well.

So, boys, let every one of us get our shoulders to the wheel and push. I don't think any organization of the kind ever succeeded in getting such a large and representative vote in an election as we did in this last one, when fully 95 per cent. of the men in the yard cast ballots. Let's make our support just as unanimous.



Ritchie's Spectacular Parade (center) and Pictures of Some of the Candidates Voting



Our Pattern Shop as it is to-day, showing its fine equipment. Nils Johnson, foreman (standing), and Harmar Hoover, assistant (sitting), are pictured in the upper left hand corner.

The Pattern Shop of To-day

By Daniel P. Daniels, Pattern Maker

LOOKING over the yard, as it is to-day, with all of the new buildings for the various departments, we are fairly bewildered with what has happened in so short a space of time. Then we gaze at the three completed sections of the new dry dock, and what a dry dock she will be when all six of the sections are finished and hitched together! It makes us think of the times when the yard was small, when we workmen were housed in tumble-down old buildings.

The history of the department in which you yourself work is naturally recalled best. Do any of you remember the picture on the next page? It is the old pattern shop. Before it was a pattern shop it was a barn. That building housed the pattern makers for fifteen years and many are the jokes to be told at the expense of the building, with its leaky roof and the crevices in the walls. The men working inside were forced to use mackintoshes when it rained and, whenever the sky looked threatening when the whistle blew at night, the men would have to seek a dry spot in which to lay aside their work lest it become water-soaked, swell and fall to pieces by morning because the glue let go.

There was a band-saw and a circular-saw with its wood top table, a sort of a jointer and a couple of turning lathes, all good enough in their day but now obsolete.

We know that a rule holds good with machinery the same as it does with men: "It makes no difference what you were, it is what you are to-day." To-day the pattern shop has come into its own. The department is housed on the second floor of the new carpenter shop building and boasts of equipment that is the best that money and brains can produce. It has a floor space of five thousand square feet, an abundance of light and proper ventilation, and is strictly sanitary. One of the features of the new quarters is that it is well heated and always comfortably warm even in the most severe weather. The machinery is strictly modern and all of the machines are equipped with blowers which eliminate dirt and the accumulation of shavings.

Our pattern shop to-day stands as a model of shops of its kind, and every Morse pattern maker ought to be proud of the place in which he works. Not only do we pride ourselves on these improved conditions but we also believe that the personnel of our department deserves special mention. Nils Johnson, pattern shop foreman, is one of the gentlemen we have in mind. The most striking thing about Mr. Johnson is the respect and admiration given him by every member of his department. His congenial smile and amiable disposition are always in evidence. No doubt his success to a large degree may be attributed to these characteristics. He is always courteous to his men and commands their good will.

His work and the work of the department is peculiarly different from work done by any other department in the yard. Work in the yard is constructed with the idea of durability and strength, in mind, but patterns for such work are of no use except in the way that they serve their own purpose. Naturally a pattern must be made with that thought in mind.

Seldom is a pattern made in Mr. Johnson's department for more than one or at the most a few castings, and it usually is a question which is the shortest, quickest, yet most practical method of furnishing the pattern.

To one accustomed to seeing patterns made in a manufacturing plant where a number of castings are required and the pattern is a highly polished and finished product, it would be a difficult task to make him believe that it is possible to furnish a pattern in the time that Mr. Johnson delivers the goods. On account of the necessity of having to resort to the shortest and quickest way applicable to pattern making in the Morse plant, many are the uncomplimentary and unkind words from the moulder and even from other sources. Consideration of the time we have in which to make a pattern ought to prove that many of these unkind words might better be left unsaid. This department, although built to house forty



Entrance to the Old Pattern Shop Showing Foreman Johnson and the men then in his department.

pattern makers, is operated with a force averaging less than twenty-five men. During the year 1918 it turned out more than 8,000 patterns and kept five iron foundries, two steel foundries and one brass foundry busy furnishing castings.

Strange as it may seem, it is one of the duties of the pattern department to see that the castings are furnished and that they are delivered to the department or place where they are wanted. This is perhaps the most exasperating part of our work and between chasing and hustling up the foundries and others wanting to know about this and that casting and when they can expect it, it is not always the most pleasant position to be in.

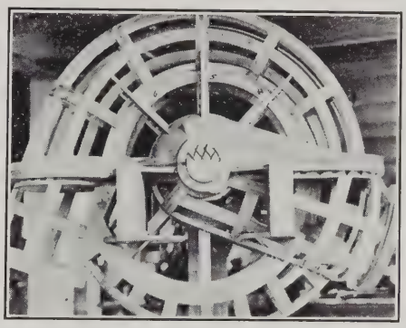
Mr. Johnson, however, is always just the same. What would make other men loose heart, become discouraged and at least become the proverbial grouch neither ruffles his temper nor makes him cranky with his men; and when orders characteristic of Billy Chambers or Robins such as, "Rush, must be cast at once," come, Johnson knuckles down and with the good will of his men at his disposal knows no such word as impossible. As an executive he is most successful. He knows the art of putting his men on their own initiative and thus not only relieves his own burden, but calls for the best that is in his men. Never do we hear of a man laying down on his job, there are no slackers here, they are all workers. Every man, to a man, does his bit and does it willingly, there is no coaxing necessary.

Difficulties are overcome by the spirit of self-confidence inspired by Mr. Johnson and, as Samuel Smiles says: "Men often conquer difficulties because they feel they can."

Mr. Johnson also has the good sense of surrounding himself with men of brains and when he made H. G. Hoover his assistant, he most certainly chose the right man for the job. As a master mind in pattern making you certainly will have to search most diligently to find the equal of Mr. Hoover. Mr. Hoover, however, needs no special introduction. He is now vice-president of our Employees' Association and polled one hundred per cent. of the votes of his department, which is as good a record as the best of them can boast of. Mr. Hoover has always taken an active interest in the Employees' Association and has served his second term on the Board of Directors.

The workmen who are employed in the pattern shop are a splendid lot of men. The department made a showing of one hundred and seventy-five per cent. in the last Liberty Loan drive. That fact alone proves their worth. The efficient work that they are doing shows that they appreciate the new place in which they now may work. We are proud of our shop, proud of the good work that we are doing and ever thankful for the facilities provided by the company that has made most of this possible.

Below—Skeleton pattern of a centrifugal pump, an example of the highly skilled and specialized work of the pattern makers.



Below—Top Row—Lawrence Walton, Joseph Craff, Charles Burbidge, John Paulson, William Griffin.
Middle Row—August Andersson, Nathan Goldberg, Fred Wood, Oliver Craig, Nils Johnson, Arthur Weit, H. G. Hoover, Daniel P. Daniels, Karl Gjureldsen, George O'Brien, James Smith.
Sitting—Milton Jaros, Thomas Fanroth, Selmar Seversen, James Brosile, Charles Rice.



A Boss Well Liked

IT was only by the clever, unassuming questioning of Gene Repole, the assistant foreman, that the boys in the pipe-covering department were able to find out that their boss, Mr. Petrick, was a prominent member of those "Best People on Earth" in Jersey City and again the cleverness of Repole came to the front when he pried out the fact that Mr. Petrick was about to celebrate his tenth wedding anniversary. So the boys got together on January 21 and presented him with a handsome Elk charm, an elk's tooth, surmounted by an elk's head in gold filigree.

The boys in the department think very highly of their boss. They lay their increased business and better management all to his excellent supervision. He joined the yard during the early part of November, after spending a good deal of time with the American Expeditionary Forces in France in charge of gangs of construction engineers. They say he is very democratic and that "there isn't a thing in the business that he doesn't know." Well, he's been in the work for sixteen years, having been connected with many of the biggest houses in the country. Mr. Petrick belongs to Lodge 211, Jersey City, B. P. O. E.

Popular Employee Gone

IT is with deep regret that we record the death of David McLintock, a member of our burning and welding department. McLintock died Friday night, February 7, as the result of injuries sustained the day before when he fell from a gun foundation on the *Accomac*, laid up at the Bush docks for repairs. McLintock was very popular among the other members of his department and was noted as being a very hard worker.

As a testimonial of their sorrow over the loss of one of their fellow-workers, the burners in a body have offered to be of whatever assistance they possibly can be to Mrs. McLintock and child.

Jim Collins, engineer, is ever and always on hand when there's anything important to be done in the new boiler room. If anyone stands and admires the place (which he has to), he has made in the chief a friend for life.

Help, Help, Help!

WHEN you moved last month did you notify THE DIAL office? This question is addressed to over one hundred men whose magazines were returned to our office last month. THE DIAL is mailed to you as second-class matter. Unlike other mail, in case you move, it is not forwarded to your new address, but is held in the post office for a certain length of time and then returned to us.

Did you want that magazine? You should have notified THE DIAL office of your new address, so that the magazine can be sent to that address in the future.

When your magazine is returned to us and you do not let us know your new address we are forced to take your name out of the mailing list.

With the next issue of THE DIAL we start a new mailing system which we hope will greatly increase the certainty of your receiving the magazine, if we have your right address. If you have not been receiving the magazine regularly, if you have moved or if for any reason you think that the address we have at the present time is not correct, come up to THE DIAL office and help us to straighten the thing out. Remember that a change of address given to your foreman or at the employment office does not make that change certain in our files.

We want THE DIAL to get into the homes of every employee of the company and are doing our best to see to it that it gets there. A little coöperation will be mutually beneficial.

Can Continue Insurance

BY paying your insurance premium a month in advance, any man on leaving the employ of the Company may have his insurance continued. Under this plan the policy will be transferred at the end of the month to an independent policy, and payments will be made after the month is over directly to the insurance company which is handling the insurance.

When you leave, if you want to continue your insurance policy, advise Mr. Kling, the insurance clerk, whose desk is in the employment office. After you have made your advance payment on your premium, you will be supplied with a blank, which after being filled out should be mailed to Mr. Kling.

When the month is up a new policy and a payment book will be sent to you. The premium on this new policy will be $1 a month, which will entitle you to $2 a day in case of sickness or accident, with no death benefit. If, before the month is up, you decide to return to the Morse employ, your old policy will be continued in the usual manner.

Lest We Forget

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The Captains and the kings depart;
Still stands our ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Being busy does not always mean real work. One must produce as well as perspire.

What Others Think of Us

February 18, 1919.

Editor, THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL,
Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company,
Foot of 56th Street, Bklyn, N. Y.

MY DEAR SIR:

One of your February editions of the MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL *slipped through the brick wall of the Navy Yard.*

I mus say it is a wonderful magazine for the welfare of the employees and they certainly have a right to be proud of this publication. I have passed this number among several of the employees and I must say that credit is due Mr. E. Hopper for his wonderful skill as a magazine cover artist —in fact the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company employees are blessed, I might say, with such an artist as Mr. Hopper and I am sure that "Mr. Peter Shea with his hammer" is still traveling around the Navy Yard.

I have bee requested by the employees of this yard to congratulate you on your successful work as the Editor of this magazine. Also to ask if you would forward a copy of this monthly to the Navy Yard under my name, as a personal favor to the employees. Stamps to be forwarded the first of every month for mailing same.

Hoping to receive a prompt and favorable reply, I am,

Yours very respectfully,
E. E. IRWIN.

EEI:AD

According to a card received by J. Johnston, one of the men in the yard, the family of the late Karl A. Sundquist, formerly of our machine shop, wishes to acknowledge and extend its grateful appreciation for the kind expressions of sympathy which it received from many of the employees of the Morse Company.



Mr. Morse Astride "Gen. Ruxton," Col. Roosevelt's Favorite Saddle Horse, Which Mr. Morse Has Purchased

Give Your Old Clothes

DURING the last week in March the Red Cross will conduct a drive for cast-off clothing, shoes, blankets and any kind of wearing apparel for the destitute refugees just released from Germany. The appeal of the Red Cross is timed for the season of the year when people are laying aside their winter clothing and clearing out their wardrobes, and the appeal of the Red Cross ought to be kept in mind. Send that discarded coat or whatever the article may be to your nearest local Red Cross chapter.

Miss Jensen has volunteered to take charge of any donations which the employees of the yard might wish to contribute, but wishes to lay emphasis on the fact that although any kind of wearing apparel will be accepted, all donations must be clean and tied in bundles. Leave your contributions of cast-off clothing at the hospital if you wish and they will be forwarded from there to Red Cross headquarters.

Memorial Committee Named

ACTING upon the motion made at the annual meeting of the Employees' Association held at Prospect Hall on Tuesday, February 18, to appropriate $500 for a fitting memorial for the men who left the yard to go into the service of their country, a committee was appointed at the last meeting of the Board of Directors held Friday, February 28, to look into the matter and obtain designs and other data in relation to the memorial.

The committee which was appointed consists of Mortimer W. Mead, Chas. G. Hall, Thomas Cavanaugh, Albert Simendinger, H. G. Hoover. The idea originated with Mr. Cavanaugh who proposed that a tablet or statuette be erected in the yard. Mr. Simendinger urged that the best kind of a memorial would be in the form of cash contributions to help the families of the men who had given their lives. Mr. Hall made a motion at the meeting which provided for a committee to investigate the various plans suggested and report at a subsequent meeting.

Buys Roosevelt's Horse

Mr. Morse is now the proud possessor of Col. Roosevelt's favorite saddle horse, "General Ruxton," a Virginia bay gelding which Col. Roosevelt rode up to the time of his fatal illness. The above picture gives a splendid idea of the beauty of the horse, which formerly hunted with the hounds in Virginia and was cherished by Col. Roosevelt. Mr. Morse, who greatly admired Col. Roosevelt, whose friendship he enjoyed, bought the horse as much for sentimental reasons as for the value of the animal. The sale was made through David B. Rintoul, riding instructor of the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club, of which Mr. Morse is a member. Mr. Rintoul sold horses to the Roosevelt family for many years, and when Col. Roosevelt's widow decided to dispose of "General Ruxton," Mr. Rintoul found a ready purchaser in Mr. Morse. This gives him two saddle horses, his favorite being "Chief," which he rode at the head of our Fourth Liberty Loan parade.

Pipe Coverers Move

"A ROLLING Stone Gathers No Moss." We don't believe it.

The pipe covering department has moved all over the yard and nobody can say that it has not shown several decided improvements during the past half year.

The pipe coverers have just completed a move from the basement of the coppersmiths and plumbers building into the third floor of the new North Building. The move was made entirely without interfering with the work of the eighty-five men who are employed in the department, and the men are very well pleased with their new quarters, which are complete and modern in every detail. It required three days to make the transfer.

Under the competent supervision of the foreman, William E. Petrick, the department has recently turned out several large and good jobs. It did a great deal of work on the *Des Moines* and completely renovated the entire heating system of the *Von Steuben*.

Pearson Makes Explanation

JAMES PEARSON (pipe shop), candidate for office of Vice President, regrets that he did not have the opportunity to thank the men of the yard who supported him in his recent campaign when the other candidates did from the bandstand. He explains that he was present at the meeting and wanted to express his thanks publicly, but in the crush found himself at the back of the crowd near the office door and was unable to get through the crowd in time to reach the stand before Mr. Anderson was called.

"I have thought since that it was pretty careless of me and a mean way to treat my supporters and that I might be called a sore-head," said Mr. Pearson in his explanation sent to THE DIAL. "I was very pleased with the result of the election, as far as I was concerned, and congratulate Mr. Hoover upon his success. The position rightfully belongs to him for the conscientious work he has done for the Association. I wish to inform my supporters that I sincerely appreciate their efforts in my behalf."

Makes Billiard Record

DURING the past month another member of the yard working force has come into prominence in the sporting world. William F. Waldron, joiner snapper, now holds the amateur high run record for America in English billiards. He established this record during the American Amateur English Billiard tournament held at Doyle's Billiard Academy, recently, with a run of 81. The run was made during the final round of the tournament in which Waldron and Alfred Jordon of London, English amateur champion, were the contestants. Jordon won the match, but left the honor of making the record run to Waldron, who received a gold medal in recognition of what he had accomplished.

Calls The Dial "Good Medicine"

The following letter was received by Tom Plunkett, of the employment office, from one of the boys in the yard who has been absent from work for some time because of sickness:

141 West 128th St., N. Y. C.

"DEAR TOM: Have been a pretty sick man for almost a week. Received THE DIAL this morning in the first mail and it was like hearing from an old friend at home. It cheered me up and did me more good than all the medicine that I have been taking.

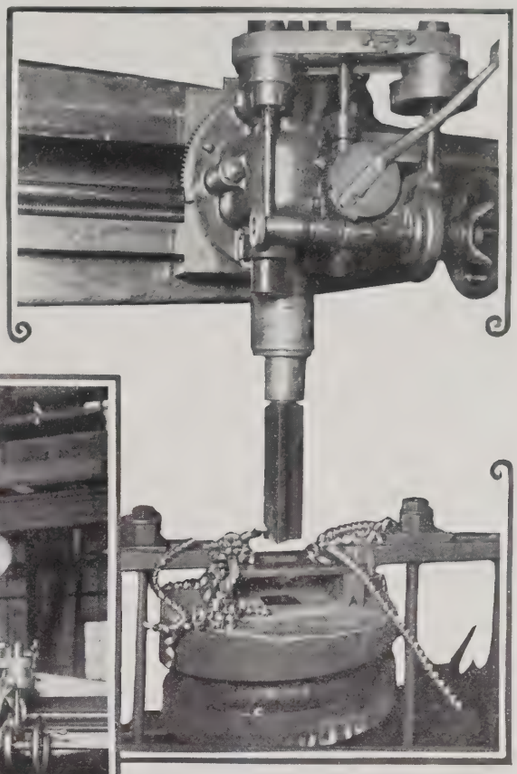
"Yours truly,

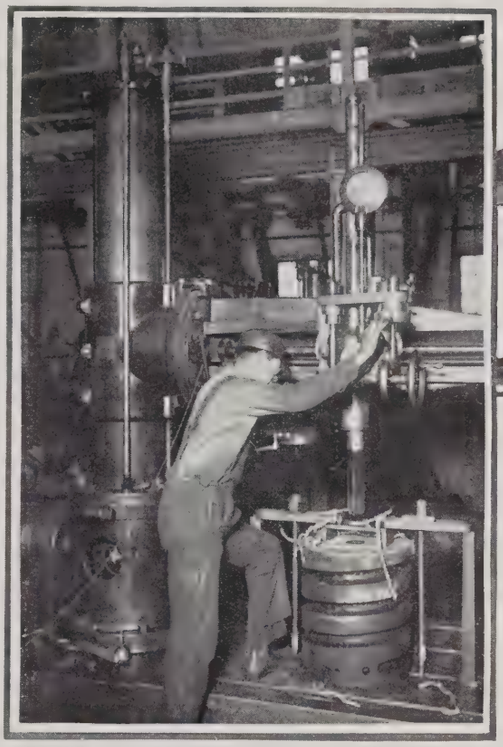
"HARRY STAGG, No. 24477."

New Tool Bores Square Hole

WILLIAM R. ROBBINS, superintendent of the machine shop, is credited with having invented a tool which will bore square holes and do in a few hours work what would, under the old method of filing and scraping, take over a week.

In the course of the many improvements being made in the Morse yard problems of one kind or another are continually arising. New devices to do the work are frequently the result of these problems.





Mr. Robbins' new tool came about in this way. In so far as we know, it is entirely original with him.

Recently, the steel bar castings that will eventually hold the bottom die of the 100-ton hammer for our new forge shop was sent to the machine shop to be put into shape.

Two three-inch holes of eight inches deep were required to hold the die in place. The work would have taken over a week if done in the usual manner. A shorter method had to be devised and Mr. Robbins devised it.

He used a tri-cornered bit gouged on each side. The secret of the invention lies primarily in the shape of the bit and secondly in the sweeping motion with which it is used. It revolves not around a stationary axis as does the ordinary bit, but around a traveling axis which has an elipse as its course. The tool makes a clean cut, sharp cornered hole, true in every detail.

Mr. Robbins says that he does not believe a similar tool was ever invented before. A hole six or eight inches square can be bored with equal ease with the new bit and if a job should call for a considerable number of holes, Mr. Robbins believes a contrivance can easily be perfected whereby the axis could be made to move automatically, instead of trusting it to the ability of the machinist.

Several naval officers and a representative of the General Electric Company have witnessed an exhibition of the work done by the new tool and all are of the opinion that it is a complete success.

This Is Tough on Joe

JOE BURNS, of the employment office, has been having trouble with his favorite brand of cigarettes lately. The other day while in the office we picked up the following letter. It really belonged to Joe and should have been returned, but it was too good to keep out of print. Apparently Joe had found something worse than horsehair in the last one he smoked before writing the following note to the manufacturer of his favorite brand of cigarettes:

"GENTLEMEN: I am, and have been, in the habit of smoking your cigarettes for the past twenty years, and always found them to be the best on the market, but recently they have fallen in their qualities, so bad that it is almost beyond endurance to try and enjoy one. The mixture in them seems to be made of India rubber and rope. The fact that I am fond of this brand of cigarettes has prompted me to write this complaint. You may regard this a trifle, and may not pay any attention to it, but as the old adage goes: 'Little drops of water, little grains of sand, make a mighty ocean, in a mighty land.' Trusting you will give this your kind consideration, I remain,

Yours truly,

JOE BURNS."

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upwards in the night."

FINISHING the BIG JOB

WITH the ever increasing number of troop ships which steam into the harbor day by day comes the realization that our boys are coming home, and coming just as fast and as efficiently as they were sent over to clean up the Huns. It is splendid to realize too that their return is being materially aided by the work we ourselves are doing. We should all feel that it is a great privilege, indeed an honor, to repair vessels for use in bringing our noble soldiers back home.

Then again have you noticed the increasing number of uniforms seen about the yard. Employees who went from here to fight for their country have not returned to our gates for employment in vain. Explicit orders have been issued by Mr. Morse that all former employees who went into the service be given first consideration and in every case this has been done we are assured by the employment bureau staff.

In this connection let us call your attention to the third cover page on which appears an advertisement run by the Morse Company in the Paris edition of the *Herald*, welcoming back all former employees who had gone to fight for Uncle Sam.

Many of those who have "done their bit" and are back with us have interesting stories to tell, but with their characteristic modesty we find it rather hard to prevail upon them to let us recount their adventures in the DIAL.

One of the extremely modest variety is Bill Kearns, now a shipfitter's helper. At the outbreak of the war, he left us to enlist and by doing so gave to our company the distinction of having sent to the battlefields of France, as far as we know, the youngest soldier who ever wore the uniform of Uncle Sam.



Photograph of Private Eddie Shea (on the right) and Private George Sharp, his buddy, both better known in France and Germany as the "Hot Chocolate Twins." The picture was taken in Lutzerath, Germany.

Young Kearns started to work in the Morse yard during his summer vacation period in 1917. He was employed here as an electrician's helper. In August, he left to enlist with the Twenty-third Engineers. At that time he was fifteen years old. After enlisting he was sent to several local camps and sailed for France in December, 1917, with Company A, Twenty-third Engineers.

Almost immediately upon his arrival on French soil he was sent into action and took part in the battles of Amiens, Arras, Baccarat, Luneville, Ourcq, Chateau Thierry, St. Miehle and Argonne Forest.

On March 10, 1918, while going over the top, he was gassed. It took him only a few days to return to the lines and on March 15 he took part in another attack only to be gassed again. After several weeks of rest behind the lines he returned to his company and in an attack on October 14, he was wounded with shrapnel and machine gun bullets. This happened only one day after he had reached the age of sixteen.

Of the two hundred and fifty men of Company A who went over the top in that attack only forty came back. These men, Kearns among them, were transferred to the 117th Engineers, which stood the brunt of some of the most severe fighting during the last months of the war. While a part of that organization Kearns was again wounded.

There are few men, no matter what their age, who know as much about the great war that is now ended as does Bill Kearns, and we are all proud of his record because he not only started out on his career from this yard but he is again back with us. If the way he has already acquitted himself in the service of his country is any sign of what he will do in the future we may expect great accomplishments from Bill Kearns.

More interesting letters come from an old friend and correspondent, E. M. Peattie, who is stationed at La Valbonne, France. A letter written to Mr. Morse, says:

"Your welcome letter of October 29 reached me a few days ago, having been forwarded by my old company. I was pleased to hear of the success of the yard in the last big drive, but I don't think that you will have to have any more after our big push in October for which, of course, we have to give most of the credit to the people home who subscribed to the Liberty Loans. While this big drive over here was going on, I will say that one of your big Pierce Arrows would have come in handy for it took most of our time keeping up to the Huns. Well they soon found out who they were up against and on November 11, gave up the sponge. My division ended their fighting up near the city of Sedan and I have not heard of their whereabouts since then. Since my arrival here at school, we have worked very hard and now I hear that no more commissions will be given out, due to the ending of the war. Most of the boys are anxious to get home, though I think it will be spring before most of us sail. I would like to sail back with the boys that I came over with, but we expect to return sooner by staying here at school.

Most of the troops are at the border of Germany while the remainder are at the seaports ready for shipment home. To-day we had one of the finest views of the Alps since arriving in camp. You could see all of the ragged peaks covered with snow. I should judge that they are about eighty miles from here though they look as close as five miles. I suppose you are getting plenty of snow in Brooklyn, along with that stiff wind off the bay. I trust you have been in the best of health, also all of the office. Remember me to all and tell them that I expect to join them in the near future."

In a letter to Mr. Benner, Peattie says:

"A few days ago I received the November issue of the DIAL and in looking over the same I came across a letter to me from Mrs. Waterman and I surely had a good laugh for I never received the letter, though perhaps it may still be on the way. So when I read it in the DIAL I thought it was a good one having the DIAL beat the letter here. You can't realize what it is to sit down and read over the magazine after being away for over fifteen months. It sure is a treat to receive them. I am enclosing a copy of the company's ad which I tore out of the Paris *Herald*. When I get back I don't suppose I will know the place after all the changes that have occurred in the past year. As yet, we can not tell just when we will leave France, but you can bet all of the boys are anxious to see the Statue of Liberty. Most of the troops are at the border while the rest of the boys are back billeting in small towns doing five hours of drilling each day. Remember me to Mr. Morse, Mr. Hanbury, Mr. Rose, Mr. Allen and all the rest."



Bill Kearns, Now Back with Us

We wonder if Peattie is still looking for that letter from Mrs. Waterman. That was an open letter, Ed, and your good laugh about Uncle Sam's mail service was all for nothing.

In another letter to Miss Jensen, Peattie wrote:

"Of course, I have told you that none of us candidates who are now in school would receive commissions due to the latest orders from G. H. Q., but I'm just as proud of my



John Bourke, Brother of Billy Bourke of the Carpenter Shop

sergeant's stripes as I would be of the bars, for I went through most of the worst experiences of my life with the stripes on my arm. Since I have been in France I have lost my only and dearest grandmother, of whom I thought the world, and it nearly broke my heart. Ever since the armistice was signed my mother and the dear ones at home have been worried over me as it was about five weeks since they heard from me. Now they are rejoicing over my safe return. I don't know how I came out safe, but all that I can say is that it was a miracle. I was pleased to receive the DIAL and from the looks of things I will say that the boys of the Morse Dry Dock are there strong, when it comes to putting it "over the top." How many times I have heard that saying since I came to France: "Over the top with the best of luck." It was a favorite saying, but you have a funny feeling before going over. Last Sunday I went to Chambery, which is at the foot of the Alps. It was one of the finest places for mountain scenery that I ever saw. It is a wonderful sight to see those Alps with their snow covered peaks. When I go to Nice, I expect to go to Marseilles, Monte Carlo, and if I get the chance see Paris; then my next stop—New York City. Mr. Morse wrote to me several times and I was pleased to hear from him, also from the office, for it makes a fellow feel good to receive letters though it is hard to write every one. We have a speaker at the Y. M. C. A. to-night who will speak on the "Folks back home," and if I expect to hear him I must close my note."

Bill Major, formerly of our traffic department, is another one of our boys who has been in the big fight from start to finish and who is now in the American army of occupation. He writes to Miss Jensen:

"It has rained steadily nearly every day and night here. I don't know how they can say this is sunny France for I have seen more rain than sun. This is Christmas day and I am going to the Y. M. C. A., in our camp. They are going to have a big dance so I am going to enjoy myself as much as I can although it would be much nicer if I were home again. I can't say when I am going to start for home, but I just live in hope. I have had all the experiences that a soldier needs and a little more than I ever expected. I never thought that I would be driving an automobile and have a German airplane chasing me with the aviator firing his machine gun, but I am still alive and happy to say that I have been in the big battles and have been from coast to coast and from one front to the other and have been through German towns and forts and have been in Metz and Coblenz. From what I have seen and heard in this war I could write a book if I had time, but when I get home I will tell you all about it. I have sent several letters to different employees, but have received no answers, but I know that we boys are remembered although far away from home. Give my regards and best wishes to Mr. Morse and all of the employees and all of your nurses."

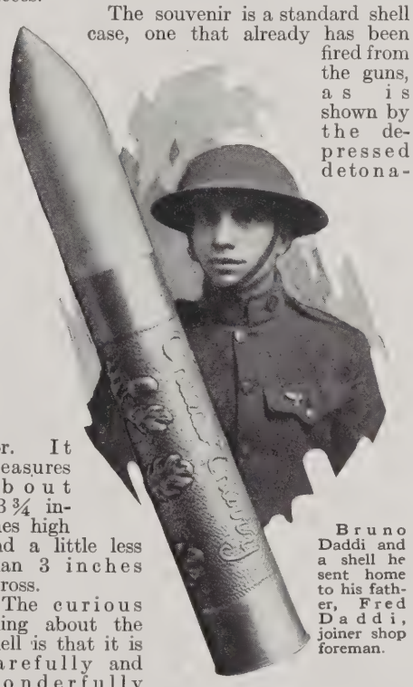
In a letter to the Employees' Association, Fielder Jones now at Luzy, France, with the 52d Pioneer Infantry writes:

"I am in receipt of your very kind Christmas card for which I desire to express my deepest appreciation."

Corporal Fred Rask, former timekeeper, has entered the Marine Corps Officers' Training School at Quantico, Va. for another six months' course. Recently he graduated from the Non-commissioned Officers' School at Paris Island, S. C. He was a drill instructor there until he entered the school at Quantico. According to an article printed recently in the New York *World*, Rask comes from fighting stock and should make good in the military game. His father was Lieut. Olaf H. Rask of the Marine Corps who died in the Philippines soon after the close of the Spanish American War.

Joseph Arbio is still in France with Company E, 301st Engineers, according to a postcard received by Dan Shea. Arbio expects to be back to work in the near future.

One of the souvenirs which Bruno Daddi, a former painter in the yard here, sent home from France to his father, Fred Daddi, foreman of the joiner shop, was the shell of a cartridge from one of the famous French "75" field pieces.



Bruno Daddi and a shell he sent home to his father, Fred Daddi, joiner shop foreman.

The souvenir is a standard shell case, one that already has been fired from the guns, as is shown by the depressed detonator. It measures about 13¾ inches high and a little less than 3 inches across.

The curious thing about the shell is that it is carefully and wonderfully worked out by intricate punch and hammer work, into a sort of an oak-leaf and acorn effect, with the words, "Chateau Thierry," inscribed in scroll.

A similarly worked out cartridge accompanied this one, inscribed with the words: "San Mihiel."

Bruno Daddi is with the 1st Regiment of Motor Mechanics, Air Service, in France, has seen a year's service overseas, and has witnessed several severe air-bomb attacks, in one of which, on October 15, 1918, there were two of his friends killed and several wounded.

The following letter, received by Patrick Devitt of our burning department, comes from his brother Terry, whose home is in Glasgow, Scotland. Terry was never employed by the Morse Company and is not known to any of the men in the yard, but his letter we think is interesting because it shows the tenacious English point of view in regard to the war, expressed by a "Tommie" who has been through it all from start to finish. The letter in part follows:

"Just imagine, it is three years since we have seen each other—time does fly. I am getting along first class and have a nice job. I'm just two and three-quarters of an inch short in the leg, but I wear a club boot and it's some boot too. Mother says it's fine for giving somebody a kick. Do you think you will take a trip over next year? I would come over to you only I don't know how the leg will go. Sometimes it's first class and sometimes I wish it were off, but it's a damn good leg, Pat, and I'm not sorry. I'm glad, yes, I'm glad for I got it in a good cause and I volunteered too, that's why I'm always smiling. It nearly broke my health when I was discharged for I loved the army and the chums I had; they would go through anything with me, and the officers—they were bricks. My platoon officer used to say, 'Terry, you're a Scotsman, but you've got the most Irish name in the battalion.' Pat I will surprise you when I tell you that I was recommended for a medal. I haven't got the medal yet and I might never get it, but it's all the same to me whether I do or not, for I was only doing my duty. I had two companies in my hands—between 400 and 500 men, and I was the only one that knew the way back to headquarters, which was about sixty yards from the Huns. I had to get rations up and you can guess what a ration party is, there were no trenches, straight in the open, sink or swim. The day I was hit, the captain called me and said, 'Terry will you take a message to battalion headquarters? You are the only one who knows the way.' He said that we had no N. C. O.'s and that half the officers were dead. In that eight days we lost between sixty-five and seventy per cent. of our men. God be good to them, for ask anyone if they ever heard of the shell holes at Beaucourt and they will tell you. I'll bet my life there were not a hundred that came out without a scratch. I said, 'Yes,' when I was asked to take the message and the captain said that I was to go down for reinforcements or to get us withdrawn from the line for we were not able to hold out much longer. He wrote the message out, gave me a toot of rum and wished me God speed. When I was half way out of the dugout he yelled, 'Mind the bloody sniper.' I yelled back that he couldn't hit the town that he was born in and that he had tried to get me for seven days. I played with him, jumping from one shell hole to another, zigzagging so that he couldn't get the rifle on me. In all, he fired seven times before he hit me and then he didn't stop me. The bullet went in the left leg just at the hip, came out the right leg and went through the right wrist. I dropped because I knew that I was hit. I let down my trousers, tied the field dressing on, shouted to my pals to pass the word back that the old boy had got me but not to send anybody out for he would have the rifle set on where I lay. I held up my hat with my rifle and 'ping,' he had me covered, so I crept on my belly until I got to a little dip out of sight, and between hopping and crawling I got to B. H. Q. all right where I got the best glass of Black and White possible. I had seven months of fighting, one month in the hos-

(*Continued on page 21*)



Private Philip Cippollina, in France. (See his letter on third cover page.)

Model Little Department

By J. Moses

MANY of the world's great deeds have been accomplished in obscurity. The greatest masterpieces of art have been executed in small, unroomy cottages, away from the whirl and tumult of the maddening crowds.

On the first floor of the new North Building in our yard, in the rear of the electric department, is located the electric motor repair shop.

This is the Morse "hospital" for all electric machinery which does not sympathize with man's long seeking, though ne'er finding, miracle, "perpetual motion."

Motors and generators have peculiar methods of their own for taking a vacation from their daily monotonous whirling and spinning at the speed of hundreds and hundreds of revolutions per minute.

For instance, one will complain of a short circuit in its armature, another, of a burned out field, and still another will simply want a little rouge on its blackened face; this they call "turning down the commutator." And there are hundreds of other ailments too numerous to mention.

But fate is certainly against those electric machines which would not accomplish the work that is expected of them, when they fall into the motor repair shop for repairs. For the men there know neither favorites nor fear, be it a one-twelfth horse-power motor suitable for a watch fob or a seventy-five horse-power machine, capable of transferring the Kaiser from his hiding place in Holland to his final and inevitable resting place in St. Helena in just about the wink of your eye. All of them receive the same expert treatment and in a minimum of time.

This little branch of the electrical department is conducted under closed doors. For work which requires a world of theory, a lifetime of experience and an eternity of patience, can be executed only in absolute silence with as little interference and interruption by outsiders as possible.

A detailed description of the tasks the men in this shop are subjected to would cover too many pages. It will, therefore, suffice to note that they repair every conceivable piece of electric apparatus, from recharging of the storage batteries which run our motor cars, to putting in working order a 600 horse-power machine.

It is the writer's earnest conviction that the money the concern saves a year through the work of this small shop would satisfy the pecuniary ambition of a European prince who is a candidate for marriage.

And anyone acquainted with princes as much as I am will vouch for that. Would you not, Fred Brondum? Of course, you would.

This little department is under the main supervision of James Greenfield. W. H. Baily, John Pilkington and Tom White are coworkers and little Eddie Snelling the mascot. The latter's jobs are also varied, including such burdensome tasks as wiping out the magnetic lines of force or heating up frozen volts of a disabled motor.

But he doesn't complain. He learned the rare virtue of not complaining from the older men of this shop. *Optimism and patience* is their motto and this accounts to a great extent for the success they are achieving.

Police Refund Coming

All former members of the Morse Unit, Police Reserves, are requested to turn in their whistles, badges and clubs to the Employment Office as soon as possible. Reimbursement for any expenditure made in connection with the Police Reserve equipment will be made as soon as everything is turned in when a refund will be made by the Police Department.



Rewinding a Dynamo Armature of English Make, About 20 Years Old

Ode to Electricians

So many wonders ye play with,
That wonders they seem no more;
Ye upset all yesterday's theories,
Ye scrap-heap all yesterday's lore.
Magic—that's part of your routine—
Marvels—ye do all day long—
Outfitting the commonplace people
With Aladdin's lamps for a song.

Visions translated in service,
Dream tissue spun into deeds,
Earth forces harnessed and driven
To work in your shops for Earth's needs:
All blend in the song of the motor,
All sing in the dynamo's throb;
Oh, fortune dealers in wonders,
Well may ye be proud of your job!

—*The Edison Monthly.*

New Riveting Record

WAR-TIME necessity and "soap" aren't necessary adjuncts to the making of new records in the Morse yard. During the war it was patriotism which made those of us who were left at home work at top speed all of the time. Our war work records are the result of that speed-up policy and we are all proud of them.

The war is over, but we are still making records, from which fact we must conclude that there must have been just a little love of the work mixed up with patriotism during the days of the war.

Our latest record, which beside being the record for our yard, is as far as we have been able to find out a record that cannot be beaten by any shipyard in the country, was made by Victor Sobstino, riveter, and his two helpers, John Herbert, holder on, and Theodore Langhorst, heater boy.

On a job starting January 27 they drove an average of 120 rivets per hour for six days, making an average of 960 rivets driven each eight-hour day and a grand total of 5,760 rivets driven during the working period. This job was done on booby hatches. Five-eighths inch rivets were used and had to be driven flush with the steel for water-tight work.

The yard riveting record previous to this time was held by the Canton brothers who worked together as a riveting team. The Canton boys are credited with having driven 9,152 rivets in eight, eight-hour days.

Joseph Lowe was recently appointed by the pipe fitting department as their representative on the conference board. He will succeed John Reynolds who has left the employ of the Company.

The United States Shipping Board announced that several vessels recently built in government yards for the merchant fleet have been assigned by the Board to its recruiting service for use as training ships.

The Nostra Is Lost

A HAVANA despatch dated February 2 states that the *Nostra Signora del Boschetto*, which means "Our Lady of the Little Woods," an Italian sailing vessel, which was laid up at our yard last September for an installation and repair job, ran onto a reef off that coast and was a total wreck.

News of the wreck was brought to Havana by the steamer *Julia*, which went to the assistance of the ill-fated vessel which went aground near the Maternillas lighthouse, on the northern coast of Cuba. No loss of life was mentioned, but it was said that the bark would be a complete loss. The vessel cleared for Havana from New York on January 12.

On the *Nostra Signora del Boschetto* the Morse Company completed one of the best engine installation jobs ever turned out from this yard. Two twin engines, Wolverine type, of 200 H. P. each, were installed in an extra short time, the bark being in dry dock but fourteen days. Besides this work 24 new plates were put in her bottom. The entire job was under the personal supervision of Jules Gernaey, of Charles Hallock's staff, and was a complete success.

On a trial trip made from the yard, the boat made a speed of nine and a quarter knots per hour, the engines turning over at the rate of 175 R.P.M. Her fuel tanks permitted a cruising radius of twenty days. In testing the stability and solidness of her power plant, a dime was laid on the center of one of the engine-holding-down bolts and, with the engines revolving at top speed, stayed there for 20 minutes before the vibrations jarred it off. This indicated exceptional stability as it is usually considered that when the coin stays on for five or ten minutes, the engine is possessed with the required stability.

Mr. Gernaey said that the most "ticklish" part of the job was getting the proper alignment of the stern tubes. The rest of the job was completed without a hitch.

The office of Harry White, head of the investigating department, is now finally located on the top floor of the new North Building. Mr. White's office was formerly located in the old "Church." When that building was torn down he was temporarily located on the third floor of the North Building, but recently moved to the new office.



Antonio Vitale, Holder-on; Victor Sobstino, Riveter; and Frank Barwick, Heater.

From Our Yard Poets

BELOW are contributions made to the DIAL *by men in the yard. We are using these verses just as they were sent in, realizing that in this form they may better represent the real spirit of the yard and the real thoughts of the men who wrote them.*

Scotty's Chalmers Car

YOU must see her on the driveway to observe her style and grace.
She passes everything in sight, with Tony in his place.
Sitting at the driving wheel while Jack sits down alongside,
The girls will shout, "just let'er out," for we enjoy this ride.

For she's the finest type of car that ever you can see,
To drive around the country when goin' on a spree.
The girls smile when they pass each mile without a bump or jar,
Though riding forty miles an hour in Scotty's Chalmers car.

So we're off to Coney Island around by Ulmer Park,
We'll have supper at Lorenzo's and proceed to East New York.
From there we'll go to College Point and then to Oyster Bay,
If the gas holds out we'll reach Bay Ridge just at the breaking of the day.

So if you want a joy ride just call on Jack Mulqueen,
He'll take you to a storage where the Chalmers may be seen,
And if you have lots of dough to spend, he'll call up Tony Keeyes,
To fill the tank with gasoline and drive you where you please.

But, if you want to buy this car, I hope you won't forget,
To tip off Jack and Tony or you surely will regret.
For her engine is as tricky as an Indian or a Turk.
She just won't move until you pay the man who did the work.

Apologies to Mikado

(Dedicated to No. 6152)

As some day it may happen,
That a ship must be finished quick
I've got a little list
Of electrical material
And of it I take my pick.

Now, Bill, please get a move on,
And Joe, you get going too,
For sure as you find me still here,
The air will sure be blue.
You know this is a rush job,
And must be done at once,
So please do get a move-on,
Don't stand there like a dunce.
I must have pipe and boxes,
Wire and sockets too.
This must go to Bush docks
To the good ship *Clan Marie.*
Now don't forget the solder,
Or the paste and things like that,
Or someone will be telling me
I've a belfry in my hat.
Oh, yes! a can of red and green oil,
For side lights, so he said,
'Tell you now, it's no cinch
Getting material out for Red.

By No. 10405.

Oh where, oh where, have my "soap hounds" gone?
Oh where, oh where, can they be
Oh where, oh where has all the "soap" gone
Oh where, oh where can it be?

Tribute to MacFarlane

WE regretfully mourn the loss of a fellow worker, David McLintock, No. 22375, who met with a serious accident on February 6, and who passed away February 7, 1919.

One of our men and a good lad too,
The other day lost his life,
He leaves behind a fatherless babe,
And a poor, broken-hearted wife.

Though David has said his final farewell,
And gone to his heavenly rest,
The Burners and Welders will never forget,
A pal, perhaps, gone for the best.

Our sympathy is with the poor wife and child,
But MacFarlane has well done his part,
For he didn't forget the ones left behind,
But proved he's a man with a heart.

When trouble threatens and comes our way.
MacFarlane's the boy to go to,
For his counsel and aid, we know, boys,
Is the rudder that steers us through.

Without him we can do nothing,
For he's the power that turns the wheel,
Assisted by Moffat and Taylor, boys,
Means we'll always get a square deal.

They deserve all the boosting that's due them,
For we know they are staunch and true,
And when there is any advice to be given
You can bet, boys, they'll give it to you.

The above poem is partly dedicated to Director MacFarlane, who has so generously aided in securing a contribution for Mr. McLintock's family.

Composed by L. Matt, for the burning and welding department.

Sent in by William Egbers.

This Bad Nicotine

By J. W. Corraborn, No. 7648

There is a fatal poison
A deadlier one was never seen
A few drops of it pure
Would kill you I am sure,
They call it, this bad nicotine.

This poison is found in tobacco
Whether powdered, rolled up or green
It's a poison that quickly affects all the nerves
This harmful, this bad, nicotine.

The health of a man may be very sound
His mind may be clear and clean
But he can upset this fine balance of brain
By the use of this bad nicotine.

The mother and children in many a home
Suffer discomfort that is constant and keen
By enduring the odor of pipe and cigar,
The smell of this bad nicotine.

We spend as much on tobacco as coal
Our nation does rather I mean,
But we know, you and I,
Would not do such a thing,
As ever to touch nicotine.

We hear that Ben Pearson, of the blacksmith shop, doesn't go up to Fourth avenue every noon hour any more. What's the matter, Ben, is it scarcity of "soap" or true reformation?

Thriftograms by Abe Lincoln

Keep pegging away.

Answer with facts, not arguments.

Get ready and the chance will come.

We all like the man who "sticks through thick and thin."

The value of life is to improve one's condition.

Nothing is so local as not to be of some general benefit.

May the vast future not have to lament that you neglected it.

Shall he who cannot do much be for that reason excused if he do nothing?

When an occasion is piled high with difficulty, we must rise to the occasion.

What is it that we hold most dear? Our own liberty and prosperity.

Be a patriot! Don't mar the immortal emblem of humanity, the Declaration of Independence.

Every blade of grass is a study; and to produce two where there was but one is both a profit and a pleasure.

The hired laborer of yesterday labors on his own account to-day and will hire others to labor for him to-morrow.

Teach economy, that is one of the first and highest virtues. It begins with saving money.

Follow Lincoln's advice—you have the opportunity. All he says here applies to you now. Buy War Savings Stamps and Thrift Stamps.

Smiles Versus Scourges

The good-natured man is a blessing to mankind.

He makes life better for all with whom he comes in contact.

If an employer, he gets far more from his men than does the grouch.

He knows that keeping men in good spirits goes far toward keeping them "on the high peak."

When an employer is good-natured there is not a tendency to loaf when he is away and spurt when he is present.

"Good-natured" does not mean easy, lax or happy-go-lucky.

The spirit of the part of employees which makes them feel that they don't want to do any more than is absolutely necessary is the very thing which has wrecked many an institution—and this spirit usually exists where the boss is a surly cuss.

Labor that counts comes from a desire to do right—whether the boss is present or a thousand miles away.

The really good-natured man is the second noblest work of God.

—*The Rumbler.*

Hitting Back at Moses

By J. Archibald

J. Moses is a man
To all, by now, is known,
Who wrote an editorial,
(And, for him, it's going some).
'Twas all about silence,
Which is very hard to find
When certain electricians' helpers',
Names are brought to mind.

An owl is sure a wise old bird,
Who can his own case try,
And make a canary bird into a black crow pie.
Now the canary bird is sweet and neat,
And noted for his melody
So now, kind friend, please unbend,
There is no "caw caw" for me.

The easier it is to get a man to talk the harder it is to get him to quit.

THE MORSE
DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, and to the interests of the Company.

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor
C. Stewart Wark, Assistant Editor
Wesley T. Jones, Reporter

John Powell, Thomas J. Plunkett, Jacob Moses, Roger Moran, William Roth, William R. Monahan, Abe Yager, 2nd, Miss Marion Hayes, Mrs. Otis Elliot Barene, Mrs. Wallace Livermore and Miss Margaret McCarthy, contributing editors.

The magazine is mailed without charge to all employees who keep us informed of their correct address. If you move let us know The Dial office is on the top floor of the North Building.

All communications should be addressed to B. E. Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn.

Vol. 2 MARCH 1919 No. 3

Back McGuirk

OUR annual election is over and we have again settled back into the ways of our everyday life. For some of us brass bands are a necessary adjunct to the keeping of enthusiasm at a high pitch.

When the brass bands are gone we settle back and begin to forget. Not all of us will admit this to be true, but isn't it?

The enthusiasm of practically everyone in the yard throughout election week cannot be too highly commended. A vote of 95 per cent. tells the story. When such a majority of the employees of an industrial plant like ours manifests such interest in an organization like our Association, that Association certainly must merit such popularity and enthusiasm.

Joe McGuirk, driller, the presidential choice and H. G. Hoover, of the pattern shop, the vice-president, are tried and true enthusiasts in the affairs of the yard. All of the other candidates were men of the highest calibre. Anyone of them would have made a worthy officer. All could not be chosen, however.

To the brass band enthusiasts we say:

Remember that the most important part of any election is the result which follows. Results can only be obtained by giving whole-hearted support. McGuirk can do nothing without it. If you were a supporter of some other candidate remember that the will of the majority ought to be your will. Support McGuirk just as wholeheartedly as you would have supported your own man.

By doing so you will not only be benefiting your Association and yourself but you will prove yourself to be a good sport. Remember the platforms for election upon which the winning candidates stood and see to it that they live up to the promises which they made.

Above all remember that you have elected a president and that he stands as a representative of all of the men in the Morse yard.

Just as the Mayor of any town represents the people of that town and is respected because he is their representative, so ought we to respect our president because he represents the Morse yard, populated by enough people to make a town of no mean size.

If we remember these things throughout the coming year, we will be doing something worth while. Our good intentions have been shown by the vote that was cast but more than good intentions are necessary.

C. S. W.

* * *

One Way to Get Up

RIGGERS were making desperate attempts to hoist a certain piece of material. The men would not take the effort to rig up a block-and-fall because of the time and trouble involved and they endeavored to use the speedier method of single line and pulley. But try as they did the load would not budge.

Tired and exhausted, the men then decided to replace their equipment with a block-and-fall. The results were apparent. Each time the men gathered themselves for a pull, the load was a few inches higher. The method was slower and the men, tired from their efforts before, had a hard time of it. Rope tangles and obstacles were encountered, but the load was soon in its destined position on the deck of the ship.

Many of us often wonder, although we have tried hard for a number of years, why we don't get higher up, why we aren't nearer to our goal than when we started. Some of us are even tired of the whole thing, willing to settle down and stay where we are.

Can't we learn a little something from the riggers? Aren't we reaching for the moon? Aren't we sacrificing the slow-but-sure method for the shortest-way-up.

Perhaps if we discard the speed notion and try the result-idea we may do better. The lift may be slow and many tangles and obstacles may be encountered, but if tackled with renewed vigor and persistence and if there is plenty of pull and patience busy at the other end of the line the deck will ultimately be reached.

W. T. J.

Merchant Marine is Vital

WE are now in the middle of an attempt to establish an American Merchant Marine. A controversy over the advisability and practicability of such a merchant marine is also raging at this time. The results are closely related to our welfare, so naturally we are interested.

If the outcome of the controversy shows that an American Merchant Marine is futile and extravagant, that we can not compete with English and other foreign builders and repair workers, because of the difference in wage scales, prices of supplies and skill of the workmen, we are going to be just as patriotic as we always have been and have nothing more to do with the project.

Before condemning the whole idea, however, it might be well to look into at least one phase of the English merchant marine system and see what it has done and what it accomplished during the war, not only for England but for the whole allied cause.

It was necessary to get American troops to the fighting line in France immediately, for, recalling the words of Marshall Haig, the British troops were fighting with their backs "against the wall." It was at the critical moment for the allied cause that the British merchant marine proved to be most useful.

Vessels were withdrawn from every English sea route and used to transport the American soldiers to the fighting front where they stemmed the tide and turned defeat into victory.

Without the aid of the British merchant marine our troops would have been powerless to act.

Perhaps our example does not show the usefulness of a merchant marine in times of peace, but it most certainly does show that in times of war it is a powerful adjunct to the military power of a nation and who says wars can be prevented!

C. S. W.

* * *

Cheating Doesn't Pay

SEVEN men have been discharged during the past month because they attempted to get their pay in full without surrendering their tool checks and buttons.

In order to get pay without going through with the formalities required by the Company, instances have been found where forged time cards have been presented.

In every case the guilty parties have been found out and immediately discharged. They will never be rehired and they leave the employ of the company with a black mark against their record which

will hurt them in finding a new job, should anyone ask for a reference for them.

The result of any attempt to obtain pay in the wrong way is a serious one as can readily be seen. The fact that every attempt has been found out ought to be a warning that it is not only impossible to "beat" the system but that in the end it is not worth while.

If in doubt as to whether or not you are complying with the regulations and obtaining your pay in the right way, ask someone in charge who knows. Such a course of action will prove to be worth while and save you from being classed with those who intentionally defraud the company.

C. S. W.

* * *

Unemployment

YOUR house burned down last night. You will not start building a new house to-day. You will wait until you collect the insurance.

Well, the world market house burned down last night. Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria must pay the bill.

Until these countries are able to adjust the insurance for property lost the world must slow down!

For four years shipping has been at sixes and sevens. The number of ships sunk is alarming. Shippers are not able to get their cargoes moved.

This must be adjusted. Transportation lines must be re-established.

Until ships are ready, shippers cannot buy the product of labor.

The world cannot be readjusted in a day. It will take at least a few months. These months will be a dark period.

It will mean idle or partly idle plants. This is costly.

It will mean not enough work to go around. It is the world-old law of supply and demand.

For these reasons men all over the country are being laid off right now. Many present employees must hunt other work. Employers face the crisis of mounting costs and diminishing orders

* *

Roosevelt's Last Message

"THERE must be no sagging back in the fight for Americanism merely because the war is over. There are plenty of persons who have already made the assertion that they believe that the American people have a short memory, and that they intend to revive all the foreign associations which most directly interfere with the complete Americanization of our people.

"Our principle in this matter should be absolutely simple. In the first place, we should insist that, if the immigrant who comes here in good faith becomes an American and assimilates himself to us, he shall be treated on an exact equality with everyone else, for it is an outrage to discriminate against any such man because of creed or birthplace or origin.

"But this is predicated upon the man's becoming in fact an American and nothing but an American. If he tries to keep segregated with men of his own origin and separated from the rest of America, then he isn't doing his part as an American.

"There can be no divided allegiance here. Any man who says he is an American, but something else also, isn't an American at all. We have but room for one flag, and this excludes the red flag, which symbolizes all wars against liberty and civilization, just as much as it excludes any foreign flag of a nation to which we are hostile.

"We have room for but one language here, and that is the English language, for we intend to see that the crucible turns our people out as Americans, of American nationality, and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding house, and we have room for but one soul loyalty and that is the loyalty to American people."

* * *

Your Wage

EVERY employee pays for superintendence and inspection. Some pay more and some less. That is to say, a dollar-a-day man would receive two dollars a day, were it not for the fact that someone has to think for him, look after him, and supply the will that holds him to his task. The result is that he contributes to the support of those who superintend him.

Make no mistake about this: incompetence and disinclination require supervision, and they pay for it—and no one else does. The less you require looking after, the more able you are to stand alone and complete your tasks; the greater your reward. Then, if you cannot only do your work, but direct intelligently and effectively the efforts of others, your reward is in exact ratio, and the higher the intelligence you can rightly lend, the more invaluable is your life.

The Law of Wages is as sure and exact in its working as the law of the Standard of Life. You can go to the very top. And going down the scale, you can find men who will not work of themselves and no one can make them work, and so their lives are worth nothing, and they are a tax and burden on the community. Do your work so well that it will require no supervision, and by doing your own thinking you will save the expense of hiring someone to think for you.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

Roosevelt's Best Legacy

THOU hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity; therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.—HEBREWS i. 9.

WHOSE likeness is this in the book of life? Study that first feature: "Thou hast loved." Love was Theodore Roosevelt's strongest trait. God here shows us the roots of this tree of righteousness whose "leaf shall not wither. And the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations." He loved! he was glad. Vast hosts loved him, followed him, honored him, learned his great language, caught his clear accents, made him their pattern by which to live and die.

A boy of ten called him "America's Christmas T. R.ee," blending his love for children and America. He hopes that he will "keep God's model safe," and that every child will always have a teddy bear on his Christmas "T.R.ee."

His love was not the mushy emotion of self-gratification. It was God's love which gives the love in which "the whole law is fulfilled," in which liberty lives. How he hated the law breakers! Like Dante's hero, "he loved well because he hated." He hated equally the malefactor of great wealth and the lawless laborer. They are the father and the mother of the Bolsheviki.

He saved the nation when his blazing love welded together those bloodless bondservants of righteousness, both employers and employees who would give their bodies to be burned for the right, but did not love righteousness. Years ago with the foresight of a prophet and the insight of the lover of men, which saw the Father's image in His sons, he bade us awake and prepare for the Armageddon between love and greed.

He saw these forces of love and of greed, always at war, being organized into marshalled hosts.

The war in Europe was but the first act in the awful drama.

Love gives all it can whether of wage or of work. Greed gets all it can, and in return gives as little as it can, whether of work or of wage: or grasps all for nothing where it can. Only law, love of land will give the "oil of gladness" to make the wheels of industry run in whole-souled coöperation.

His firm foundation for his love was his virile faith in God and his personal relation to Him. Look again at the picture: "God, even thy God."

In his clarion call, "Fear God and Take Your Own Part," he says: Fear God, in the true sense of the word, means love God.—We are citizens of a mighty republic dedicated to the service of God above through the service of men on this earth. Above all, by a fine and high preparedness of soul we fit ourselves to hold our own.

Near the end of his first term, when greed was using corporate wealth to fight his nomination, the writer gave him this text in the White House as God's word of cheer and the prophecy of the next election. As he grasped my hand in both of his, he said: "I know you hate cant. I will be a better man because of what you have said." "A better man!" The simple, colossal greatness of the man dwarfed while it dignified every office he held. He was the happy warrior, "from well to better, daily self-surpassed."

"A better man!" That is Roosevelt's best legacy and inspiration to us and to all men. Any league of nations will be but a prey for plotting politicians unless love leads the way; where each man may learn to work with God, becoming each day, a better man.

By EDWARD LAWRENCE HUNT.
The Church of Forest Hills, Long Island, N.Y.

To the Man on the Line

SHE accused him of not sending her any more roses since their marriage, but she forgot about the three tons of coal and the rib roast.

Just like many individuals, inconsistent, selfish, complaining, seemingly never capable of thinking correctly.

Not long ago a workman who had been placed on the line for a few days was heard grumbling to the chap alongside of him.

"Why there ought to be enough work for all hands; the trouble is the estimators don't know how to figure correctly on a job. If they didn't figure so high there'd be plenty of work for us all," and thus he growled away sincere in the belief that the estimators of that particular plant were to blame for the slack spell which a readjustment of economic conditions had brought.

SUPPOSE for the sake of argument that we center our discussion on the responsibility of the estimators as compared with the responsibility of the workman. The estimator's duty is to make a survey of the amount of labor, material and expenses involved in a certain contract to repair a ship so that the company can submit its figures to the ship owners.

It is their business to watch the cost of all jobs so that when a contract is finished they can tell whether it has paid the yard or has been done at a loss.

When they figure on the next job they know whether to raise or lower their estimates.

The estimators cannot be lax in their work. They must be familiar with every item which enters into a job and no man can attain to the position of an estimator unless he is known to have the proper qualifications.

Naturally if the company loses too many contracts the loss is the direct result of one of three things, either the estimators are not as capable as they should be or the company's efficiency or management is to be questioned, or the employees are inefficient and are slacking instead of giving a full day's work.

NOW on the surface of things it would seem that the estimators might be held to blame but if one goes into the subject very closely it can be seen that an estimator, equipped as he is with complete data on all work done by the company cannot be very far off in his figures.

Of course he is apt to make a mistake now and then but the nature of his work makes it necessary for him to be careful and mistakes of the kind are few and far between as a general rule. So that the estimators can usually be relied upon to hit pretty close to the actual cost of a job.

Where competition is as keen as it is in the ship repair business no company can afford to charge unreasonable profits on any contract so that it becomes apparent that the responsibility rests with the employees to a large extent. It would be unfair to say that all of it does but it is not unfair to say that the employee at least shares it.

If each workman does a good day's work for the money he receives, if he doesn't shirk and loaf and try to be first to the clock when the whistle blows, if he honestly tries to give full value for the money he receives, that plant should be able to fulfill a contract as cheaply as any other, and if contracts are available the plant would get its full share of them. So, therefore, the success of any plant can be traced directly to the employees themselves.

LOAFING on the job has done more to drive work away from a plant than anything else. Naturally it is up to the management to see that irresponsible workmen are not employed and that is why certain rules and regulations are absolutely necessary. Leakages must be avoided if the concern is to compete successfully with other plants of the kind.

Someone may argue that the less work a man does, the more work there is left to be done and that more men must then be hired. The notion is pure fallacy as most every one of us can readily see. The more men that are hired, the more costly is the job and the more costly the job the less work that particular plant gets to do.

These conditions do not always prevail during war times. Then speed is the first consideration and expense the second, but we are now working on a peace time basis and that is why these things should be considered in their true light.

NO company dares to fill its yard with contract work unless it can be sure that its employees will deal honestly with it. If the employees give their best the company is bound to prosper under proper management. When ship owners consider the question of where to send their ships for repairs they naturally select the yard that will give the quickest work, the best service and the most reasonable prices.

No company can do that if its employees spend ten minutes to get to work in the morning; waste ten more minutes at noon anticipating the whistle, then loiter back to their task when the noon hour is over.

We here have as good an organization as can be found anywhere, the efficiency of our plant cannot be questioned but are there not certain leakages which could be avoided? Are you men doing all that you can to attract more business to the yard, thereby creating new opportunities for yourself and for the other fellow and thus lessening the line outside of the employment gate?

Think these things over Mr. Man-on-the-Line and see if it isn't up to you as well as the estimators.

Acknowledgments

91 Verona St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
January 24, 1919.

Mr. James Greenfield, Chief Electrician, Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR MR. GREENFIELD: I wish to thank you and the boys of the electrical department for their kindness in making a collection for me on Saturday last, which I greatly appreciate. I trust that I shall soon be back to work again so that I can help some one in the same manner. I also wish to thank the boys for their kindness in coming to the hospital to see me. It made the time seem much shorter. Thanking you and the boys again, and with best wishes to all I am,

Very sincerely,
F. ED SWANE.

Brooklyn, N. Y., January 28, 1919.

Mr. James Greenfield, Electrical Department, Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co.

DEAR SIR: "A friend in need, is a friend indeed," so the saying goes. I am convinced, through experience, that this holds true among the men of our department. I, therefore, thank you and the boys for the generous support you have given me in my hour of need. May all of you be spared the misfortune of ill-health and never be in want of life's commodities.

Yours sincerely,
JOSEPH MURTHA.

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364 Fifty-sixth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.,
February 11, 1919.

Editor, MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL, *Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.*

DEAR SIR: I am very grateful to the nurses of the hospital in the yard for the kind treatment extended to my dear wife during her illness. Miss Jensen and Miss Campbell certainly did their utmost to alleviate the sufferings of my darling. My children and I both appreciate their kindness. I also wish to thank Mr. Benner for his calling to my home and condoling with me and my children in our bereavement, something we shall never forget. I am,

Respectfully yours,
WILLIAM WHERRY, Machine Shop.

Shipfitters Get a Ducking

A LADDER amidships on board the *Appleby*, at Pier I, an improperly secured knot, two shipfitters climbing on board, a good wetting and a narrow escape from Davy Jones's Locker, is the synopsis of a little story which happened in the yard on February 11, all through the simple negligence on the part of another, whose duty it was to see that the ladder was properly and firmly secured. Do you wonder why "Safety First" is emphasized so much in the yard?

H. Viggers, a ship-fitter's snapper, and J. Rickert, a ship-fitter, were the unfortunate ones. When the ladder gave way, they clung on, and it dropped like a plumet into the slip. Its perpendicular impetus drove it a few feet into the mud and in this way formed sort of a support to which the two men clung until help was secured. Had it not been for this, the two men would have been in serious trouble.

A few minutes beside a hot fire in a boiler room and then the hospital fixed them up in short order, but it is these little incidents, through the carelessness of another, that some time lead to something more serious.

Don't get downhearted because you happen to make a mistake. Every time a smart man makes a mistake he learns something.

Terms Used in Shipbuilding

By Walter K. Crawford

(Superintendent Hull Dept.)

Davits—Devices to launch lifeboats from ships.

Dead Flat—The middle of the length of a ship, where the frames change from looking forward to looking aft.

Dead-weight—The total weight of cargo, fuel, water, stores, passengers and crew, and their effects, that a ship can carry.

Decks—A deck is a platform composed of beams laid transversely and covered with plating in a fore and aft direction. Decks are spaced from 7′6″ to 8′6″ to insure headroom.

Deck Beam—Athwartship support of deck.

Deck House—A steel house on deck of ship.

Deck Plan—A drawing showing the layout of a deck.

Deck Stringer—The strip of plating that runs along the outer edge of a deck.

Derrick—A device for hoisting heavy weights, cargo, etc.

Development—A full sized or developed pattern.

Diagonals—See lines.

Die—A tool for forming a rivet head (applied to rivet dies).

Flush die—to flatten rivets into a countersunk hole.

Snap die—To form a round head.

Displacement—The amount of water displaced by a ship.

Dog—A small bent metal fitting used to close doors, hatch covers, manhole covers, etc.

Dolly Bar—A heavy bar to hold against a rivet.

Double Bottom—Compartments at bottom of ship between inner and outer bottoms, used for ballast tanks, water, fuel, oil, etc.

Doubling Plate—A plate fitted outside or inside of another to give extra strength or stiffness.

Drag—The amount that one of the keel is below the other when the ship is afloat, but not on an even keel.

Draft—The vertical distance of the lowest part of the ship below the surface of the water, when she is afloat.

Drift Pin—A small tapered tool used to draw adjoining parts together, so that the rivet holes will come fair by driving it into these holes.

Eye Bolt—A bolt formed with an eye or ring at one end.

Erection—The process of hoisting into place and bolting up the various parts of the ship's hull, machinery, etc.

Even Keel—A ship is said to be on even keel when the keel is level, or parallel to the surface of the water.

Fabricate—To punch, cut, shear, drill, bend, flange or weld plates and shapes.

Fair—Smooth, without abruptness or unevenness, in agreement. Fairing the lines consists in making them smooth. Rivet holes are fair when they agree one with another, in adjoining members.

Fair Lead—A guide for a rope or cable to lead it straight to a desired place.

Fair Ship—To keep a ship square upon the ways during construction.

Fair Up—To adjust work in proper position.

Flange—To bend plates to form an angle.

Faying Surface—The surface between two adjoining parts.

Fender—A fitting or device to prevent damage to a ship's hull at or near water line by other vessels, floating objects, docks, etc.

Fidley Hatch—Hatch around smoke stack and uptake.

Fire Control—Means of informing men at the guns how to set the sights, at what targets to fire, etc.

Flagstaff—Flag pole at stern of ship.

Flap—A small partial deck, built level, without curvature.

Floor Plate—Vertical plates between inner bottom and shell.

Flush Rivet—A rivet driven with a flush die. (Has a head even with plate or nearly so.)

Fore and Aft—In line with the length of the ship, longitudinally.

Fore Castle—Forward upper portion of the hull, usually used crew's quarters.

Forefoot—The under part of stem where the center keel rises and joins the stem.

Fore Peak—A large compartment or tank just aft the bow in the lower part of the ship.

Forging—A mass of steel worked to a special shape by hammering while red hot.

Forward—Near or toward the bow.

Frames—Are transverse members for supporting shell plating and beams, which support the deck. This refers to transverse framing. In the Isherwood system, the framing is longitudinal instead of transverse, with transverse fitted from 8′ to 10′ apart.

Framing—The support and stiffening of the shell plating, deck plating, etc. Usually consist of the ordinary transverse frames or ribs, beams, floor, etc., and the longitudinal framing or keel, keelsons, longitudinals, stringers, etc.

Frame Lines—See lines.

Frame Mold—Template for the frame of a ship.

Frame Spacing—The fore and aft distance between adjacent frames.

Freeboard—The vertical distance from the upper watertight deck or top of bulwarks to water line, when ship is fully loaded.

Freeing Port—An opening in the ship's side to allow water to run overboard.

Galley—The kitchen of a ship.

Galvanizing—Coating metal parts with zinc for protection from rust.

Gangway—A passage way, or ladder or other means of boarding a ship.

Garboard—Strake or line of plates next to the flat keel.

Grab Stand—A special rig used to hold an electric or air drilling machine.

Gross Tonnage—A figure attained by dividing the total volume of the ship, in cubic feet, by 100.

Ground Ways—Timbers fixed to the ground, under the hull on each side of the keel, on which she is launched.

Gudgeons—Projections on the stern frame to hold rudder steady.

Gunwale—The side of a ship at the edge of the weather deck.

Gusset Plates—Brackets connecting tank top and frames.

In order that duplicate requisitions will not become lost while laying around in many different places, boxes have been installed in the various shops and offices where all duplicate requisitions are to be deposited. These boxes will be locked and the key left with the clerk in each department. He will open the box for all Navy and Shipping Board checkers when requested to do so by them.

We are very pleased to note that a ten-pound baby boy was born to Lloyd Adams Noble, superintendent of the Morse Hoboken office, on February 18. It is said that the youngster even now shows many signs of being a football player like his dad, and that he is learning to pronounce "papa" with a broad "A" the way that they do in Cambridge.

"Vonnie" Job a Record One

ONE of the biggest jobs ever undertaken by the boilermakers and the electric welders in our yard was completed on the U. S. S. *Von Steuben* on Friday night, February 28. The work of the boilermakers was done under the direction of James H. Stephens, foreman of the boiler shop, while the electric welding job, which is considered to be the largest job of its kind ever completed in the United States, was done under the direction of Joseph O'Neil and his assistant, Walter Fallor.

The job in spite of many unforeseen delays for which the men were in no way responsible, was finished on time and might have been finished several weeks in advance of the schedule if the working conditions had been better.

The *Von Steuben*, which was formerly the North German Lloyd liner and German raider *Kronprinz Wilhelm*, came to the Morse yard in the early part of November. Work upon her which would change her into a troop ship of considerable carrying capacity was immediately started.

Work on her boilers and in her boiler room, a large item of the repair work, was also commenced. This consisted of cutting out and installing twenty-eight new back connection tube heads. New fire room floors were installed and other minor boiler jobs were done.

Up to seventy men were at work on the boiler jobs during the day time while from thirty to fifty men made up the night shift.

The work was started under the supervision of the late Martin Mulligan who had the boiler work on the *Von Steuben* in his charge when he died. James Kerr and Joseph Freeman were the snappers who succeeded him.

The work which the electric welding gang had in hand was the welding of all of the tube heads installed by the boilermakers. Because all of the yard welders were busy when the *Von Steuben* came into the yard, it was thought advisable to hire an outside concern to do the work but, after somewhat over a week of unsatisfactory work done by the outside men, O'Neil's gang was taken from all of the other work not of the "rush" variety and put on the *Von Steuben* with the satisfactory result of having the work done well and on time. Eight welders and eight chippers did all of the welding work.

On February 17, the *Von Steuben* left the Morse yard for the Brooklyn Navy Yard to go on dry dock, both Morse docks being in use at the time. At the Navy Yard, where the ship was laid up for two weeks, necessary Government regulations and routine held up the work for some little time.

After leaving the Navy Yard several more days at the Morse Hoboken pier completed the job and the *Von Steuben*, to the surprise of many Navy Yard officials who had not expected such an early sailing date, left for France at 9.30 A.M. Sunday, March 2.

We can well be proud of the fine records made on the *Von Steuben*. The great amount of work that is always waiting for the boiler shop gang and the electric welders is sure proof that many ship owners are beginning to realize that Morse workmen are as good as can be found anywhere.

Acknowledgment

The following notice of thanks to the men of the electrical department was received by THE DIAL recently:

"Electrical workers of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company: I wish to thank you, my friends, for the beautiful floral offering, which you sent to me in the hour of my greatest bereavement.

"Sincerely yours,
"K. E. STAHL."

Paul Stensland, electrician, though under thirty is already half gray. Sorrow is the greatest dyer of hair. He lost a young boy lately, and he has our utmost sympathy.

Billy Safety

BILL SAFETY is a happy guy, as happy as can be; his home and yard and wife and kids just beam aloud with glee. Old sticks and stones ne'er mar his lawn, no rake is upside down; his weedless garden is by far the best in all the town. His wife and he oft go away, the house afire ne'er catches, although the kids are home alone. He buys best safety matches. Pin points ne'er make the baby cry; in comfort, how he grins. Its clothes are fastened safely by the best of safety pins. Each morning William safely shaves without the least delay, sir; so time and money, too, he saves—he has a safety razor. Each pay day at the savings bank his check he wisely cashes; deposits some for rainy days, then homeward straightway dashes. He never runs a charge account, so never gets in debt. He pays spot cash for all he buys, which makes the loan sharks fret. He keeps his mind upon his work, his eyes are open wide, and so he never yet has seen a hospital inside. He never takes a foolish chance to save a little time, and thus he saves both life and limb and loses not a dime. Of all the habits William has, good, better, best and worst—the one that saves and serves him most is labeled "SAFETY FIRST."

THE SHIPBUILDER.

Harry Lawton, electrician, remarked one Saturday on the pay line, to Harry Lockwood of the same department: "What do you think of it? They gave me two cards in my pay envelope. That shows you that they think of me more than of anybody else." "No, no," answered Lockwood, "that isn't the reason. That shows that they think you need them more than anybody else."

Al Breckard, assistant electric storekeeper, ought to be good at indexing. He made a study of it when his appendix was removed.

'Twas work well done that beat the Hun.



Left to right: Pres. James MacFarlane; Former Vice-President, E. A. Bright (not here now); Secretary, James M. Donovan; Treasurer, M. W. Mead; Thomas Collins, Former President; George Mackay; Charles G. Hall; Edward Meyber, Harry Hammer, Vincent Konop, A. Andersen, Sidney Mansen, H. G. Hoover.



Left to right, standing: Alex. Maffat, Fred Taylor (no longer here), Gus Matsen, Wm. Lansing, John Reynolds, (no longer here), James Pearson, James McDonald, Chas. Kelly, Chas. G. Hall, Thomas Hayes, John Wilson, Wm. Dunn, Samuel Porter. Sitting: President, James MacFarlane, A. E. Bright, Alfred Andersen, Thomas Collins, George Mackay, Edw. Meybert, Harry Hammer, Vincent Konop, Samuel Monson, H. G. Hoover.

1918 Board of Directors and Conference Board



Looking 'Em Over

By C. Stewart Wark

PERHAPS the excitement of the election had something to do with it, or maybe it is merely the fact that February is a pretty poor athletic month generally, but, disregarding the alibi, the fact remains that the activities of Morsemen in the athletic world this month is not very inspiring, with possibly one exception, and that relates to the success of the Morse bowling team.

No very burning defeats were registered, but a general slacking up of interest seemed to be prevalent. We now expect, with the coming of spring, that interest in sports will take a big boom.

Baseball is almost with us and, from all reports, our team will be an outfit to be proud of. Plans for the coming season have not been completed as yet. Battery practice has already been started in the Association room.

It will be, according to all present indications, the policy of the team to play independent baseball this season. Several invitations to join leagues have been received, but the inclination seems to be against joining any league. Plans are also under way for procuring a new enclosed field for the home games.

Incidentally we note that Dan Griner, of emery ball fame, has been released by Charlie Ebbets to the St. Paul club, American Association. Griner is the chap who gave the shipyard league a bad smell last summer when he pulled his cheating tactics to help the Standard team capture the league pennant. Griner's removal from our midst bodes well for a cleaner slate during the coming season, let us hope.

Mr. Morse, on behalf of the Company management, has sent to Bunny Dwyer, captain of the 1918 baseball team, and to Niel O'Donnell, manager of the football team, letters of thanks for the trophies won by those teams and presented to the Company for keeping.

Mr. Morse feels highly elated over the success of the teams, and wishes all of the players to know that their work is appreciated by the Company management and himself.

His letter to Bunny Dwyer follows:

"GENTLEMEN: In behalf of the Company I wish to thank the members of the baseball club for their loyal and friendly spirit in presenting to the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company the cup which you won in 1918, and I wish to assure you that the good feeling which prompted this presentation is fully appreciated by the Company. I will have a mahogany cabinet made for this cup and will have it placed in a conspicuous room for the present and later will have it placed in the new assembly room.

"Again thanking you, I am,

"Sincerely,

"E. P. MORSE."

The football team has been having a rather hard time of it. Of the five games played, three were lost, one was a scoreless tie and one victory was registered. The rather unsuccessful results were due, to a large extent, to hard luck; the failures being easily accounted for by the fact that in each case one of the Morse mainstays was injured and it was necessary to go through the game with only ten men in the line up.

Because of the loss to the Paterson eleven on February 9, the Morse team was eliminated from the competition for the A. F. A. cup, but we are still in the running for the United States of America Cup, which, if won, brings with it the national championship.

The team has recently entered the Southern New York State Cup contest and expects to make a good showing. Eighteen teams have been scheduled, among them being one with the Robins Dry Dock football combination. Experts at the game believe that the race for the cup will lie between Morse and Robins.

A goal by Mitchell, of Robins, in the last minute of play put the Robins Dry Dock soccer combination on the heavy end of a 3 to 2 count in their game with the Morse soccer team on Sunday, January 19. The game was played at Todd Field. The game was, according to many of the newspapers, the hardest fought and most exciting soccer contest of the season. The Robins scored the first goal after the first fifteen minutes of play. McGreevy netted the next, and five minutes from half time Holgate scored another which put Morse in the lead when the intermission whistle blew. In the second half neither side seemed to be able to score until the fatal final minute when Mitchell went through for the deciding tally of the game. The score: For Robins—Mitchell, 2; Hayes. For Morse—McGreevy, Holgate. Referee, J. Halliwell.

Due to the "flu" epidemic our game with the Newburgh soccer outfit had to be canceled. We were to have played them on Sunday, January 26, at Morse Oval. The game was postponed indefinitely.

Our soccer team proved its superiority over the Federal Shipyard football combination on Sunday, February 2, by the score of 6 goals to 1. The game was played at Clark's Field, Newark. The "Feds" scored the first goal five minutes after the beginning of play when Renzelli booted the ball into the Morse net. Beardsworth equalized the score three minutes later. McGreevy followed with another, which put Morse on the heavy end of the score. Before the first half was over McGreevy scored again and Beardsworth made it 4 to 1 in our favor. During the last period McGreevy again scored and Cullerton made it six. Score: For Morse: Beardsworth 2, McGreevy 3; Cullerton 1. For Federal: Renzelli 1.

The game with the Paterson eleven, played Sunday, February 9, was at Olympic Park in Paterson and resulted in our defeat by the score of four goals to one. Beardsworth scored our only tally in the game. Score: For Morse: Beardsworth 1. For Paterson: A. Stark 1, Hurziker 2, Bleich 1. Referee, C. Ward.

In game with Federal Ship on Sunday, February 16, Sam Bell was injured very early in the game and the Morse team finished with ten men in the line-up and lost the game by the score of 5 goals to 0. The game was played at Clark's Field, Newark. Due credit should be given to the Feds for the fine game they played. The ball was in Morse territory practically all of the time and the team work of the Kearny team is worthy of high mention. Score: For Federal: Forfar 2, Edmonson, Fisher, Ingram. Federal 5, Morse 0.

Our football team again traveled to Clark's Field, Newark, on Sunday, February 23, where they met the Merchant Ship A football team. The game was one of the cleanest exhibitions of football seen this season and ended in a scoreless tie. At no time during the entire contest did either team seem to have the slightest advantage and the two outfits were so evenly matched that it seemed as if the ball was in play at the center of the field practically all of the time. During the second period the Morse team was forced to play one man short due to an injury to his arm received by Niel O'Donnell.

The Morse bowling team finished in the Shipyard Bowling League at the top of the column and we can all feel proud of its record. They went through the whole season without losing a game and had sixteen straight victories to their credit.

The winning of the league tournament puts the Morse team into possession of the cup donated by C. Blair Woodrow, of the "Sisco" Shipyard. The presentation of the cup and medals for the individual members of the team will be made at a dinner to be held at Thum's bowling alleys. The yard tournament, which has had a most successful season, has also ended.

Bill Dahlen, former manager of the Brooklyn Baseball Club, has been engaged to manage the Morse baseball team during the coming season. Dahlen managed the Brooklyn team in 1912, 1913 and 1914, and was considered to be one of the best managers in professional baseball at the time. At one time he played third base and shortstop for that club. After the conclusion of the 1914 baseball season, Dahlen retired from professional baseball.

The Baseball Outlook

By Bunny Dwyer

WITH the advent of spring comes the longing to hear the crash of ash against the horsehide and the desire to see the Morse club mop up the lot with Robins and the rest of the shipyard clubs. All Morse employees can rest assured of being represented this year by a first-class club.

Practically all the boys who wore Morse uniforms last year are still in the yard and in addition we have added a few men who will no doubt strengthen us a bit. The new men are Braun,who played with Standards last year, Wagner of the Farmers and an infielder named Troy, a nephew of the famous Dasher Troy known to sportdom some twenty years ago. The old-timers will remember this and smile as some of them still claim he was the peer of any of the present players.

On the next page will be found the batting and fielding averages of the Morse club for last season. George Pennington hit 400, which is a remarkable average for a pitcher.

Grant led in extra base hits and was closely followed by his old team-mate Gene Sacks, who was killed in an accident and whose memory will always be with us. Though the averages show Sacks hitting 287 they do not give any idea of how valuable a player he was. He was the most dangerous hitter on the team in pinches, his ability to hit safely with men on base being uncanny. For a little fellow he could hit them as hard and as far as any player in the game.

Chad See was the only man to finish with a clean fielding average. Quite a few of the boys, however, just missed getting into the select circle by committing one "boot."

The clubs batting and fielding averages are remarkable. The Philadelphia Athletics in their halcyon days never compiled better averages than these.

Composite box-score of all games played by the Morse baseball club last season,

	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2 BH.	3 BH.	HR.	S.H.	S.B.	B.B.	Batting Averages	Fielding Averages P.O.	As.	E.	Aver.
Dwyer	34	141	31	59	3	3	..	6	19	3	418	54	3	1	982
Pennington	20	70	13	28	4	..	1	2	1	5	400	3	37	1	975
Grant	28	103	25	40	11	1	3	3	10	10	388	86	69	10	939
Reilly	8	18	5	3	..	..	..	..	..	2	375	13	1	1	933
See	8	30	4	11	1	2	..	1	1	..	366	5	5	0	1000
Damm	32	102	10	32	4	..	..	2	4	10	313	196	55	4	984
W. Burke	26	95	18	29	2	2	1	2	4	9	305	34	28	4	939
Crist	11	37	4	11	2	..	1	1	2	..	297	9	2	1	916
Sacks	27	101	17	29	9	..	2	1	10	12	287	40	5	2	957
Mundhenk	35	133	20	36	5	..	..	10	8	12	270	293	18	16	951
Tee	3	8	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	250	15	4	2	904
Reimann	35	122	22	30	2	2	1	3	5	11	245	74	93	23	878
J. Burke	13	54	4	13	3	..	..	1	2	2	241	32	34	9	880
Russell	5	16	4	3	..	..	..	1	..	1	187	1	14	1	937
McGarry	6	16	2	3	..	..	..	2	3	2	187	2	11	2	866

Club batting average—301.
Club fielding average—936.

With the Fight Fans

By Abe Yager, 2d

BOXING has taken a great hold on the Morse employees. Our "fight fans" far outnumber the "football bugs" or the "baseball sharks," or even the "checker hounds," of which class we have quite a few more than would at first be imagined. Just drop into the Association Rooms some noontime and watch the crowd who like to make 'em kings.

Coming back to the fight situation—the one big reason why boxing is so popular here is because the number of "champ" pugilists on the Morse pay roll is ever increasing. All of the boys who swing the padded mitts are "regular guys," too, as we have been finding out, and that makes us all like to get out and give them a hand when they step into the ring.

There are in all about twenty-five well known fighters working in the various departments of the yard. Some of them are "near champs," some are "past champs," but all of them are our friends, and that means that whether "has been" or "comer," we're going to see them through.

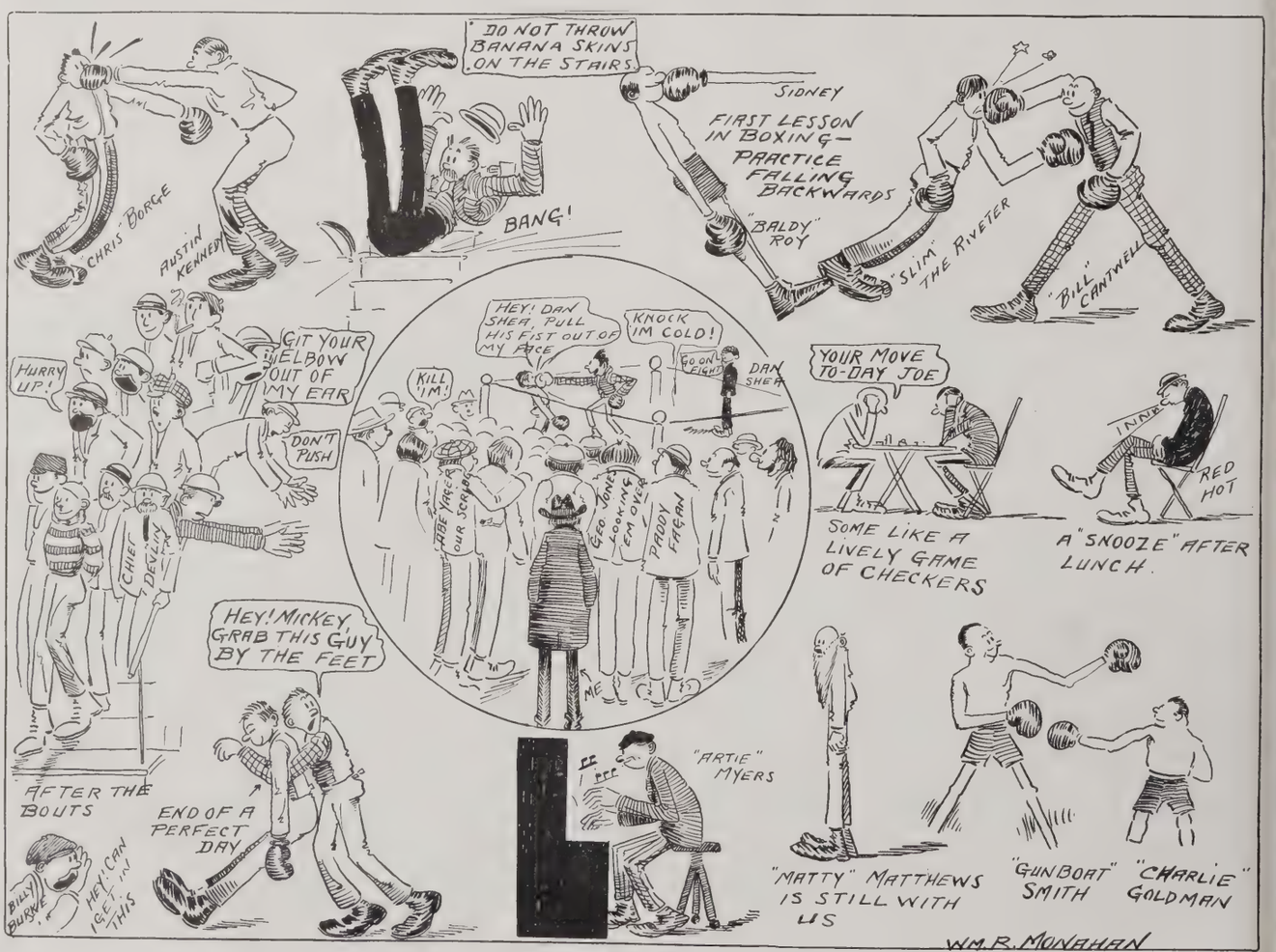
First of all comes Matty Mathews, ex-welterweight champion. Matty needs no introduction. He is employed in the carpenter shop and is a champion at his trade. He is a real old timer now, but, in his day, was looked upon as invincible at 138 pounds, and he will always be remembered as one of the staunchest boxers that ever came from Brooklyn.

Then we have Gunboat Smith, the Sheepshead Bay heavyweight. The "Gunner" is a recent arrival in our yard, but already has a host of friends. Some of the "wise birds" will say that he is a "has been," but if they were at one of our recent monthly meetings they would very probably have changed their minds. During his present layoff from the fight game he is getting into condition by putting his stamina behind a riveting gun, and he's making good at it too.

Charley Goldman, an ex-bantam, comes next. Charley is still pretty lively on his feet, but has been out of the fight game quite a while now. Some day when you happen to run across some of those cigarette pictures that you used to save when you were a kid, you will be sure to see Goldman, in fighting togs, among the bunch. He was some stepper then and even now doesn't find that it gives him much trouble holding wrenches and hammers for the outside machinists.

Battling Kiddy, bantamweight, of the burning department, was another great drawing card in his day and Freddy Lewis, still another bantam, would pack the house when he slipped on the gloves several years ago. Freddy is now working with the outside machinists along with Johnny Coffee who held his own with some of of the best bantams in the country during his palmy days. Others who have made good in the ring are Johnny Keyes, a featherweight, Pete Smith, Dummy Taylor, and Frankie Hufnagle.

At the top of the list of our boxers who hold the attention of those who gaze between the



ropes to-day are the crack bantams, Frankie Fay and Bobby Hansen. The championship of the yard, without a doubt, rests between these two lads, and a lively match is expected when they get together to settle the matter. Hansen wields a brush in the paint shop and Fay travels with Matty Wright's chippers and caulkers.

Another of the active fighters with us is Cowboy Shands. The "Cowboy" has only recently been discharged from the service and has not had time to get back into prize fight condition, but we all expect great things from him in the near future.



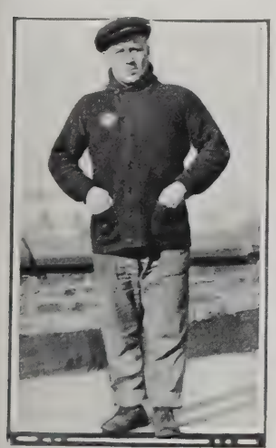
Scene at One of Our Noon Hour Boxing Bees

Johnny Levine, who is getting nearer to the "limelight" with every performance, is a member of our plumbing department. Kid Gunn, another comer, is a pipe fitter's helper. Young Sailor Burke, a pipe coverers' helper, was very popular among the smaller boys during the Frawley day laws. Joe Victor is another one of the old timers who we came pretty near forgetting. He performed for us at our December meeting, but showed very little of his old time speed, due to poor eyesight. Joe is a first-class ship fitter.

Johnny Solsberg, a blacksmith's helper, who was recently mustered out of the army came very near wearing the bantam crown only for a mishap when he fought Kid Williams, then champion, at Madison Square, in the Frawley law days.

Maxey Marks, a burner's helper, was another who was there in those days. Dummy Matthews, of the hull department, was one who often drew a headliner in the sport sheet. This makes up a list of battlers which the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company may well be proud of for they are skilled both at their respective trades and at the art of swapping punches. There are doubtlessly many more in the yard, who at one time or another have climbed between the ropes, but they probably have been hiding their light under a bushel for the above men are all that we can dig out in our wanderings about the yard.

Battling Kiddy, of the burning department, is, according to a recent report, again to put on the padded mitts after his long lay-off. Kiddy, a top-notch bantam, was in great demand during the Frawley law days, and was recently offered a bout in Baltimore. He is considering the offer and is about to go into strict training.



Gene Bruce, Our Champion Wrestler

Johnny McAvoy, the popular referee, who was always present at our monthly meetings is now in France with the Knights of Columbus. In recent boxing contests held in Paris, which were refereed by McAvoy, the American boxers came out with almost all of the honors.

"Al" McCoy, ex-middleweight champion, was asked one day to come out and box at one of our monthly meetings. McCoy was ill at the time that he was scheduled to appear, but sent a telegram to Willie Burke stating that he would surely be present at our next meeting if he had to come on crutches. That's the right spirit, Al.

Harry King and John Anderson, two burners' helpers, put up a slashing bout at one of our recent noon hour meetings. This started the ball rolling and every noon hour Dan Shea has all that he can do to try and oblige every one that volunteers to go on.

Paddy Fagan, boiler maker, sent a kid into the ring one afternoon who was "there." Paddy calls him the mysterious kid and that's a good monaker for him for he certainly did lambast his opponent. His name is Paddy, too, if you please.

Gunboat Smith, the well-known heavy weight, who is now in the Morse employ, needs no introduction to the followers of this column. The "Gunner" who is not through with the fight game yet believes that work gets a man in better condition than idleness and takes this means of getting ready for bouts.

The "Gooner" as his old manager "Joimes" Buckley called him comes to us as a riveter and a mighty husky one he ought to make. He is not in the same shape as of old, but is still there with the K. O., so efficiency men beware of that old right.

Last winter the boys in the sheet metal shop went fight crazy for quite a while. We visited over there several times and saw some very interesting bouts during the lunch hour period. After a while the crowds got so large that a stop had to be put to the bouts. This winter Dan Shea has started the same sort of impromptu boxing contests in the Association Room between twelve and one o'clock. The gloves are ready for anyone who wants to use them at that time. It is a great idea and we expect to see many interesting contests at noon time from now on.

Harry A. Hanbury, our industrial director, and Hildreth Benner, superintendent of Employment and Welfare, enjoyed themselves immensely one noon hour at the assembly rooms, top floor of the new carpenter shop. Dan Shea was refereeing an exhibition bout between two anxious youngsters. Mr. Hanbury wore his usual smile and seemed to be a real dyed-in-the-wool fight fan, for every time that one of the boys put one over you could see that he felt like saying, "Go to it, boys." Mr. Benner seemed to feel about the same way, too. Men of the Hanbury and Benner type who are not afraid to mix up with the boys are largely responsible for the splendid "family" spirit which we have in this yard and of which we are all very proud.

With the Pin Boys

By Thomas J. Plunkett, Bowling Secretary

THE shipyard bowling championship was won by our team which went through the tournament without losing a single game. They have stacked up against the best bowlers in this section, and the boys deserve a lot of praise for their work. Our Association is now in possession of the "Woodrow" trophy, which is permanent, and will occupy a conspicuous place in our rapidly growing collection of victory cups.

Willie White of our team won the gold medal for highest score, beating Rochelle on the last night of the tournament. Rochelle had held the lead from the start. Between White and Rochelle rests the award for the highest average.

Many of the enthusiastic followers of the team were at Thums alleys on the final night of the tournament, and at that time plans were made to hold a dinner at which the members of the nine teams in the shipyard tournament will have places. The medals and cup will be officially presented at that time, and plans for next year will be discussed. Quite a number of the fans have arranged to attend.

Wednesday evening February 26 was Morse Night in the Evening World Headpin Tournament, and about twenty teams from our yard competed. The bowlers who scored over 100 have been awarded watchfobs by the tournament committee. They are listed below.

One of our teams rolled up the high score of 479, which is an excellent total, and in all probability Morse will be awarded the cup for the highest team score.

The tournament has not as yet been completed, and the final result will not be known until after this issue of the DIAL goes to press.

Name	Score
Peters, Hull Department	105
White, New Dry Dock	106
Cohen, Inside Machinists	103
Cy MacLaurin, Carpenters	105
Murphy, Pipefitters	101
Frazer, Pipefitters	101
Rochelle, Solicitor	104

The yard tournament schedule for the 1918–1919 bowling season has been practically completed. The leadership, as predicted, rests

with the Hull five, and the team from the New Dry Dock, and the final result will not be known until these teams hook it up for a playoff of the tie.

Much credit should be given to Tom Cavanaugh's bunch in the hull department, for in the "Farm team" three members of the championship shipyard team are bowling.

Cavanaugh is optimistic, and claims that his bowlers are coming out on top. George MacLaurin, speaking for his men, says that Cavanaugh's bunch put over their last coup when they came through with the "solid south" vote for McGuirk, who was recently elected president of the Association.

There has been particularly keen competition throughout this year's tournament, and the attendance was much better than that of last year.

Mr. Reiger, the proprietor of the Crescent alleys, paid our boys a compliment in a recent conversation. To quote his remarks: "The Morse boys are fine fellows and the best crowd of tournament bowlers that have been at my alleys in some time."

Taking this season as a whole we have a right to be exceedingly proud of our bowling achievements, and hope to make a much better record next year. Let's go!

The standing of the yard clubs is as follows:

Department	Won	Lost
Hull	13	1
New Dry Dock	13	1
Carpenters	12	2
Painters	9	5
Inside machinists	10	4
Coppersmiths	6	8
Electricians	8	6
Riggers	6	8
Outside machinists	3	11
Patternmakers	5	9
Burners	3	11
Sheet Metal Workers	3	11
Pipe shop	6	8
Store room	1	13

Everlastin' Team Work

It ain't the guns, nor armament,
  Nor funds that they can pay,
But the close coöperation
  That makes them win the day.

It ain't the individuals,
  Nor the army as a whole,
But the everlastin' teamwork
  Of every bloomin' soul.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

In the Carpenter Shop

Boy, Page the Peace Commission. Roy Carter of the carpenter shop, has broken loose again. While looking over a new pair of boxing gloves the other day, Roy became so inspired with the manly art that he challenged every snapper in the shop.

Billie Burke says he likes funny stories, likes to laugh at 'em and show his poily white teeth.

Joe Plant says he's a hard man to shave, but if he persists in covering himself with three-day growths, he's liable to be mixed up with the rest of the Bolshevikies.

Pat Holland says he is going to sign the pledge. Ever since he was nipped sneaking over a cup of coffee 7.30 one day, Pat says he isn't going to indulge in coffee any more—any more than three cups to a meal.

Ike Harris has to bear more panes than any other human being in the yard. Not only does he carry his own panes around but he has to listen to stories about panes from every one else. Ike is our glazier.

Betrayed

The other night I went to the theatre with a low-brow friend, and the orchestra played "The Little Brown Jug." And he thought it was the national anthem and stood up, and I did, too, darn him!

"Chad" See, one of our crack baseball pitchers and a member of the paint department has been around the yard recently looking for two pounds of "elbow grease." This joke is an old chestnut, but the boys in the paint shop say that it is one on See all right.

I'd rather be a Could Be
  If I could not be an Are;
For a Could Be is a May Be
  With a chance of touching par.

I'd rather be a Has Been
  Than a Might Have Been, by far;
For a Might Have Been has never been,
  But a Has was once an Are.

It is all right to be too proud to beg and too honest to steal if you are not too damned lazy to go to work.

Some Don'ts

Don't throw rivets carelessly.
Don't pass under sling or crane loads.
Don't leave tools or material on staging.
Don't fail to keep all safety guards in place.
Don't violate your employer's safety rules.
Don't fail to keep clear of lines and blocks.
Don't injure your fellow-worker by your carelessness.
Don't go on to a staging unless you are sure that same is safe.
Don't sit or lean on safety rails or braces; they sometimes break.
Don't throw anything from staging; you may hurt someone below.
Don't fail to wear goggles, when required, you may lose your eyesight.
Don't carry spud bars, wrenches, drift pins, bolts or rivets in your pockets.
Don't jump from one staging to another; there is always a way around.
Don't fail to examine all hooks, slings and other rigging before using them.
Don't use defective tools; your foreman will furnish you with proper ones.
Don't fail to report to your foreman when staging or rigging is in need of repairs.—*Heave Together.*

We have a new musical outfit that is appearing on the Association Room bills, a regular jazz-band. Jazz is their specialty. Artie Meyers has those spooky runs on the piano down to perfection. Sonny McKeon can make his violin talk, Willie Johnston tickles his banjo as no one else can, and to watch Lafayette La France prance around his set of drums, whistles, sirens and what-nots, is a three-ring circus all in one.

A rumor that the *Game Cock* and the *Panuco* are to take part in a race is responsible for the following communication from George Fossing, an admirer of the racing ability of Dredge No. 2: "Hearing a rumor that the *Game Cock* and the *Panuco* are going to enter a race this spring, for a silver cup, I wish to state, if this is true, that *Dredge No.* 2 would like to enter the contest. Captain Hedley can churn both water and mud with her."

Jim Hughes, of the hull department, says that the fellow who wrote: "The snow, the snow, the beautiful snow," was sitting at a warm desk with his feet on top of the radiator.

Famous saying—Make him show his badge —Frank Seering.



Yard View from the Office Building

Finishing the Big Job

(*Continued from page 8*)

pital with the first wound and the second one I got was after eight months so I've seen a little and a fight with the Sein Feiners so I didn't have to wait for the Huns to baptize me."

Fred MacDowell, formerly of our office force, is one of those helping to take care of Coblenz for Uncle Sam according to a picture postcard received by Miss Jensen. MacDowell is with the 107th Motor Supply Train. He writes:

"The Rhine is a beautiful river but give me the Hudson. The day before Christmas it snowed about four inches which gave us regular holiday weather. Give my regards to all of the boys and girls."

The following letter was received by James Collins, our chief engineer, from Michael Burns, who prior to his enlistment was employed in the air plant. Burns has been a machine gunner attached to the 304th Infantry. Carlson, who is mentioned in his letter as having been missing for some time, is a brother of another Morse employee. Burn's letter reads:

"How is everything in Brooklyn and especially in the yard? I hear you have been pretty busy lately. I am glad that you are equal to the task and only hope that the ships get over here now to take us home as we are tired of this place. Since we came over we have hardly had a day to ourselves as we have been in the lines or very close to them most all of the time. At first, when we landed at Calais, we were with the English for about five or six weeks, then we went to the Lorraine front and from there to the Chateau Thierry front, where we had some hard knocks, but came out winners and drove the Germans out many miles during our few months there. When we left there we thought that we were going out for a rest, but we went right into the Argonne drive on September 26 and have been at it hard up till the day that the armistice was signed. Then we were relieved and we walked from there to where we are to-day, some 150 miles, and now we don't know when we are to get out of this place, which is a dirty old tumble down town, miles from nowhere, but we hope to be home in a few months anyway. Just received a citation for bravery to-day for our work on November 3, in breaking through the German lines around St. Piermont, when they tried to hold up our advance. We were very lucky and only lost a couple of men. I never got a scratch all through the game, but all of the boys were not so lucky. Eric Carlson's brother has been missing for some time, but there is hope yet as his body has not been reported found, so he may have been taken prisoner."

Eddie Shea, Dan Shea's brother, with the American army of occupation, at the time that the following letter to Red Hot was written, was stationed in Sohren, Germany:

"When you were writing your last letter I was somewhere up at the front listening to and watching the big shells bursting. It sure was a hot place up on that Argonne front. I had some very narrow escapes about the second day of the drive. One fellow standing less than an arm's length from me was wounded in the back, another was hit in the head a minute after I had left him to pick up another that had been wounded. I sure was a lucky guy that night, but I never will forget the sound of an "ash can" or a bombing plane as long as I live. Fritz seemed to have had a very good range on me, but I guess I won't have to worry any more. Jimmy Kent is lucky to be in the Navy. It is a heap better than the Army. Give my regards to him when you see him. How many timekeepers are with you now that were there when I left? Is Victor Foley still in the traffic department? If he is tell him to write. Also little Tommy McGuire. They all have a lot more time than I have, especially since hostilities ceased. We have marched from way back in France to way up in Germany. Some days we get in early and some days very late at night, only to leave the next morning. But it is pretty interesting. Germany in this part is very mountainous. This is a very small town where I am located at present. How long I will stay here I have no idea. How is old boy Whitman these days? If you want to you can send me some New York papers. A fellow just made this remark, "I would like to see some New York papers with some real news."

George Siebold, a former employee who is now with Troop H, 8th Cavalry, at Sierra Blanca, Texas, writes to the Employees' Association:

"I received the Dry Dock DIAL you mailed me last month and both my buddies and myself found it very interesting. We really did admire the verse that the DIAL published. It sure does make a fellow know that there still is a God's part of the world. It interested me so much that I sent it home so that the folks may read it. Wish you all the luck and success in the world."

Fred Dambra, formerly employed here, is back in the United States after several months overseas, but has not as yet been discharged. In a letter to Tom Plunkett, from Camp Merritt, he writes:

"Here I am back again in the U. S. A. and believe me, it is the best place I have struck yet. I have been to England for more than four months and have been to France for a while but give me America all the time. I went over in August and came back in October and was sent back in November, arriving in the States, January 19, 1919. I have crossed the water four times and I think it was plenty. I hope not to cross it any more as all I did was to feed the fishes on all four trips."

John McCarthy, formerly a member of the band, is still in Camp Hancock, Georgia. In a letter to Dan Shea, he said:

"I presume you know that no one wants to stay in camp when the war is over. And beside, things are rather slow now that the "flu" is giving us another visit. All of the places of amusement are closed and if one wishes to go to town he has to walk. It is six miles to Augusta from camp. If you happen to have an extra copy of the DIAL would you mind sending it to me? Perhaps you have sent one, but I have been transferred to a different organization in the meantime. I have found the DIAL a very interesting book and I surely do miss it. I saw Sweeny a short time ago and he expects to leave shortly. Give my regards to Jack Bauer and Dearney and all the rest of the boys."

Frank Crossen is in France with the 504th Motor Truck Company. In a letter to his father, Patrick Crossen, of the hull department, he writes:

"I recently received all the DIALS—three from you and one from the company. I hear that the yard plans to run a big ball during this month. If I could get home in time, I would trot along one of these nice-looking French girls to it. However, I don't think I'll get home for some months yet, so instead, I guess I will have to go to one of these French balls over here. Did you ever hear of these French balls, Pop? They consist mostly of Vin Blanc and other wines. I have received two letters from the fellows in the yards, saying that Jimmie Donovan and Bob Walsh have been married. We have a great time over here. There's something going on every night at the Y. M. C. A., and it's something good, too. From the looks of things, I guess it will be three or four months before we start back."

Private Raymond J. Butler, a former employee, who is now in France with Co. B, 112th M. G. Bn., writes:

"You may not know the real dope about the mail of a soldier. It sure does change him and as soon as he gets a letter from a friend back home, it reminds him that he really has a friend back home, and then his mind goes back to the good old U. S. A. in a day dream. Believe me, this country is some mud-hole; that is, in this section. The sun came out on December 31, and in two hours went back to its old ways again—raining. It has been that way for about two months now and I am sick of this country and they can't send me back any too soon."

Old Scout Says—

Oscar Kruger, our "sign king" has been ambitious to become a member of the Morse Volunteer Fire Department. As a reward for his enthusiasm, the boys in the employment office presented him with a badge of considerable size, which is to-day the pride of Oscar's heart. He doesn't wear it around because it is just a bit heavy, but as an ornament for the mantel shelf it cannot be beaten.

We heard a couple of inside machinists wondering out loud, the other day, why Billy Robins, machinist boss, had that extra steam coil put in his office. We were curious and investigated. Now we know! Those extra coils are to keep his "high art models" warm. The presence of said h. a. models also explains those dirty office windows. The boys would be able to see the models if the windows were clean but of course, their attention must not be distracted from their work.

It takes John Loding, of the hull department, exactly forty-eight hours to see a joke. John went to the Winter Garden one Saturday night recently and Monday morning a couple of his friends heard him laughing heartily at the jokes he had heard two nights before. Such a state of affairs looks very bad, John. Even Weincke can see a joke in less than half a day.

The first lines of the latest boiler shop song go like this: "When you argue with a fellow you should carry an umbrella."

True friendship, like phosphorus, shows up best in the darkest hour.

Reason to Be Proud



Florence and Leslie Swift

JACK SWIFT, chipper and caulker, is very proud of his two children, pictured in the accompanying photograph. Jack says that the boy, Leslie, and the girl, Florence, were too young to do their "bit" in the past war, but if anything else ever happens people had better look out, for the Swift fighting traditions are to be reckoned with. Jack is a veteran of the Boer War and justly proud of the fact.

OVER *the* BACK YARD FENCE



IF anyone has a notion that an Editor's life is all pie they've got another think coming. We'll grant you, however, that a few nice things do come our way now and then. For instance, we received a luscious apple confection from Mrs. Barene the other day, and lordy, what we didn't do to it! Right away we determined to do all we could to encourage the art of cooking as so ably practiced by Mrs. Barene, and one way to carry out this resolution is to print cooking recipes in our magazine. Incidentally we hope that this will not only fulfill our resolution but that it will also fill full our gastronomic expectations.

So you good housewives send along your favorite cooking recipes and we'll try to find space for them. There is only one restriction. We desire to print the name of each person contributing a recipe. We'd like to tell what YOUR favorite recipe is. Who'll be the first to comply with our request and, by the way, if any of you desire to obtain expert judgment on your cooking ability we will be glad to furnish same if you will submit specimens of your art as did Mrs. Barene. In her case our judgment is that she is SOME cook.—The Editor.



Mrs. Barene

A Patriotic Poem

We very gladly use the following poem written by Jocefa Feely, 192 Liberty avenue, Jersey City Heights, N. J., who is the wife of Thomas Feely, an outside machinist employed here. Mrs. Feely in her letter to us states that she sent a copy of her poem to President Wilson and received from him a letter which she is very proud of She has also received a letter of thanks from General Pershing which she likewise considered a great honor.

The *New York World* and other papers have published her verses and the DIAL is particularly grateful to Mrs. Feely for the opportunity to reprint her very splendid tribute to our President.

This is the letter Mrs. Feely received from the President:

"AMERICAN MISSION TO NEGOTIATE PEACE
January 6, 1919.

"Madame:

"President Wilson has instructed me to acknowledge the receipt of your greeting and the charming verses which you sent him, and to express to you his high appreciation of them and of your kind thoughts of him.

"Very truly yours,
"GILBERT CLOSE,
"For the President."

Three Cheers for President Wilson

Kaiser Bill, we heard you brag,
We saw you fight and blunder.
You sank our ships, you took our blood,
It seemed you never understood,
The sword of justice often shine
For those who worship by the shrine
For worldly lust, for worldly fame,
Your name is carved in blood of shame.

Just lift your eyes to heaven
And watch the skies above,
Then you will see the starlight,
Which we so dearly love.

Oh may you start to worship
The Heart that's in its Hue,
And help to give three cheers, old Bill,
For our Red, White and Blue.

Three cheers for the boys in khaki
Three cheers for the boys in blue
Three cheers for General Pershing
Three cheers for our allies too;
Three cheers, three cheers and more so
For God's own chosen man,
Three cheers for President Wilson,
The leader of our land.

Copyright Dec. 5, 1919.

The Editor's Basket

Courage is a good thing.
I am sure I have it
Quite some nerve also.
Otherwise I would hesitate
To send in my poor writ
To editors and poets.
I stop at nothing
But try to infect others;
Boldly—inflinchingly and
In a nicety of manner.
For I know some women
Who write nice things;
Stories, essays and poems
And they will not send them in.
To wit:—
There is Mrs. Charles Burke,
Who has written heaps of things
And she fears that Editor's basket,
She told me so recently at dinner.
There also is Mrs. J. Greenfield
Who could send in some stories,
For in her beautiful home,
She has some splendid children
All interesting and bright,
But there is that basket—
Some men have told my hubby.
Their wives all hesitate
And it is all account of that basket.
It stands out quite defiant—
As for me—I stop at nothing.

MRS. O. E. BARENE.



Little Henry Remuzzi, One of Our Future Burners

He Likes Charlotte Russe

THE bouncing baby boy in the accompanying picture is the six-months-old son of Henry Remuzzi, one of MacFarlane's star burners. We hear from our burning department correspondent that the younger Henry's only vice is a great fondness for charlotte russe. "Cooke," as Henry, Sr., is known throughout the yard, says that the boy is a chip of the old block. Both sources of information are reliable so you may choose whichever one you like.

Ah There, Daddy!



Eleanor Lillian Hill

HERE we have one of the reasons why William Hill, outside machinist, hurries home every night as soon as his work at the yard is finished. This bright little lady is Eleanor Lillian Hill, his nine-months-old daughter. As soon as Bill gets home at night she smiles and says "Daddy"—reason enough for any man to want to get home as soon as possible. We sure do envy him.

"What Will Done"

IN the September DIAL, we spoke of a child having been born to Mr. and Mrs. William F. Dunn, Sr., he of the outside machinists, erstwhile bowler and generally well known to all. This young man was practically born under fire. The picture was taken when our future outside machinist was but seven weeks old. We prophesied in our earlier announcement that the father, without Mr. Chamber's sanction, would be doing a wheel job on Third avenue, so you see our prophecy has been fulfilled. William Francis Dunn is now at the sturdy age of six months. Will Dunn, *well done*, you've *done well.*



William Francis Dunn

A Prescription

"If you don't feel just right,
If you can't sleep at night,
If you moan and sigh,
If your throat is dry,
If you can't smoke or drink,
If your grub tastes like ink,
If your heart doesn't beat,
If you've got cold feet,
If your head's in a whirl—
WHY DON'T YOU MARRY THE GIRL?

—*Trumbull Cheer.*

Here's a Daisy

LITTLE Mildred Poder is not and never intends to be a farmerette even if this picture seems to indicate that she has inclinations in that direction. She is the five-year-old daughter of Milton Poder, one of our inside machinists, and lives uptown where the strawberries she is picking never grow. The picture was taken during one of her summer visits to the country.



Miss Mildred Poder



Maude Wilson is happy again, and ooo—so many dates! The famous chicken-eaters are home. How's the general, Maude?

Miss C. Olsen told us that when her "sweeti" sneezes, she doesn't know whether to say, "God bless you," or "Hold your hat." His nose is anything but Grecian, but "she loves him just the same."

We notice that Miss Florence Fenk has started taking an interest in living again. Just think if the 27th Division had never gone away. The "Hope" chest is also receiving attention.

Room 111 is in great turmoil over the merits of the 27th and 77th Divisions, and maybe the Irish can't hold their own too. Well, who ever heard of a Casey or Shea that couldn't?

Marion Hayes is in an awful predicament wondering what she will do when all the boys have discarded their nice little blue uniforms. She says she could never love anyone unless they wore a uniform. This is a hint to the Street Cleaning department.

Helen Brett comes to the office every now and then sporting a large sore on her lip. Nellie says her lips are chapped. Far be it from us to contradict a lady, but we think "chap" would be more like it.

Jimmy Glinn is very quiet these days. Oh, well, love doth work wonders. Besides the "she" in the case likes quiet men so James is on his good behavior.

Miss Mahon, the dearie of Room 115, has not been talking to her "Hon" for several days because he promised to part his hair in the middle, and, well, he just wouldn't.

Seen William Dooner's smile lately? It's a girl, born Feb 25.

Lost—Pair of white gloves, belonging to Miss Jensen. If found, please return to Mrs. Waterman.

Twenty Years Ago

Ladies wore bustles.
Operations were rare.
Nobody swatted the fly.
Nobody had appendicitis.
Nobody wore white shoes.
Cream was five cents a pint.
Cantaloupes were muskmelons.
Most young men had "livery bills."
You never heard of a "tin Lizzie."
Doctors wanted to see your tongue.
Milk shake was a favorite drink.
Advertisers did not tell the truth.
The hired girl drew $1.50 a week.
Nobody cared for the price of gasolene.
Farmers came to town for their mail.
The butcher "threw in" a chunk of liver.
There were no sane Fourths.
You stuck tubes in your ears to hear a phonograph, and it cost a dime.

—*From Town Crier.*

Mr. Goldsmith, of Room 115, was seen recently on a Fourth avenue subway train, sitting contentedly on a large bundle. Are you in the rag business after office hours, Joe, or were you taking home the family wash?

Mr. Riess and Mr. Brady must be used to hanging around hotel lobbies. They spend their lunch hour each day in our front hall reception room.

Elizabeth Hofmann is trying to capture the handsome ex-soldier who recently joined our office force. Keep after him, Elizabeth, you know the bigger they come the harder they fall.

Miss Morris now spends her week ends at York, Pa. She says she visits her cousin, but we who know that young lady think 'twould take more than a mere cousin to drag the fair Katy from Brooklyn.

Wednesday evenings Margy Sullivan just flies out of the office. She loves to be home early that one night. At first we didn't mind it, but now that we hear so much talk of a certain young fellow we can understand her haste.

Dorothy Moran has just returned to work after spending two weeks at Lakewood, N. J. Oh, the joys of being a rich man's daughter, winter vacations and everything.

One of Helen McKenna's soldier brothers, just back from France, paid a hurried visit to our office not long ago. He ducked in and out so quickly the office "vamps" could not make a good showing. It's funny how a fellow will face all kinds of war terrors, but will quake at the sight of some "Wild Women."

Harold A. Sweet, of Room 115, was married February 12. All our young men are going fast. Congratulations and good luck, Sweet.

Any sailor in distress apply to Edna Hildebrand, Back Pay office. No credentials needed—your uniform is your pass. All welcome.

"Pass the can, please." "Fill up the glasses." No that is not a mixed ale party. It's only the fair maidens of Room 115 partaking of lunch and the can holds coffee.

Famous Sayings

"Hey, Plunkett, I'm goin' over for a pack of butts."—*Clancy.*

"How's business Bill?"—Whitman (looking for cigars).

"It's a pleasure for me to eat."—Mead.

"Fine and dandy."—Benner.

Here's to the bachelor, so lonely and gay,
For it's not his fault, he was born that way;
And here's to the spinster, so lonely and good;
For it's not her fault, she hath done what she could.

A rose to the living is worth more than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.

It's a Riot

ANYONE who has ever been in the heart of the New York business bourse and thought the Stock Exchange was a riot, should visit Mr. Daly's new office upstairs and hear Arthur Ratsell trying to find out where he can get inch and a quarter right and left return bends and Jack O'Hara trying to locate safety valves.

By the way, when the sun comes up and the curtain in the office is raised the sun shines so strong in Jack O'Hara's face that every order he gets he imagines calls for brass.

But back to the riot. There's Miss Burke complaining about her typewriter, and Miss Collins translating from short into long hand and Mr. Daly himself trying to tell over the 'phone some negligent house which had forgotten to deliver the goods, and being a gentleman and there being ladies present and with Jerome trying to talk over the same wire, Daly has some job to keep his temper down. To make matters worse Vic starts (we don't know whether you'd call it a typewriter or a threshing machine) to write out orders.

Wall street in its wildest days of frenzied finance is but a quiet secluded corner of paradise, assigned to the peaceful spirits of Happy Hollow, compared to the above clearing house of shipyard essentials. And with Tommy Lynch down below, running that department in conjunction with the store room, well, we'll just say the curb brokers haven't anything on Daly's crowd.

Champion Soap Hounds

Talk about the "Soap Hounds,"
Who work out in the yard,
To try and get one hundred hours,
They'll all work very hard.

But we've a few in our office,
Who have them beat a mile,
So just to make them famous,
We'll put them in THE DIAL.

There's Harry Lyons, our handsome blond,
Of "Soap" he gets his share,
It buys his nifty suits and ties
So why should Harry care.

And Aaron Schwarts, he'd like to work,
Most every single night,
To be as rich as Rockfeller,
He's trying with all his might.

Teddy Olsey likes to keep
The others company,
But when pay day comes—and the heavy cash,
Does he refuse it?—not he.

Their dreams of wealth and motor cars,
Will all come true we hope,
But remember, boys, you won them all,
At Morse's making "soap."

Conk! Conk!

TOM CONK, our chauffeur jokester, had one of his "practical ones" come back at him, the other day, and Jimmy McCormack, also of the garage force, is at the present time, the proud possessor of an extra hall tree.

"Jimmy," says Tom, "There's a hall tree down the corridor that nobody wants. Better drag it away."

Jimmy, in his innocence, started to carry the thing toward home when Mr. Mead interrupted with the explanation that the hall tree belonged to Mr. Morse.

All very funny with the joke on Jimmy until a few hours later when he received an order, signed by Mr. Morse, to take the hall tree home. Mr. Morse had heard of Conk's joke and put one over on Tom.



Conundrum—When is an assistant traffic manager not a traffic man?

Answer—When he's a *Porter*. A little *Harper James*, someone's *Guyon* me.

You've all heard of the "Battle of the Roses" and recently of the Battle of Chateau Theirry, Argonne Forest and Mihiel woods, but did you ever see the "Battle of Charlotte Russe" outside the main gate noon hour?

In an argument as to where a helper should leave some credit material, a man in charge of one of the store rooms said to the helper: "Who is running this place?" The helper said: "I don't know, but he laid off a thousand men, I hear."

Christie—to the telephone operator—"Give me the pattern shop, please." "Hello. . . What's that, the copper shop?"

Brightsen—"Don't get mad, Christie, get the copper shop, and ask them to give you the pattern shop."

Al Wheelhouse says his ship's name, *Herman Winters*, is all right in summer, but it should be *Hel-en Winter*. Hurry up the steam heat.

Have you seen it, have you seen it as it runs around the yard,
Since the first day that we got it Riggers haven't worked so hard,
If you have a load to carry from the storeroom and you're stuck,
You don't say: "Please, Mr. Harper, won't you let me have a truck."
When a gang of men with hand car, loaded down with heavy plate,
Strike a snag and cannot move it, they don't yell for Number Eight.
Boon of boons and king of blessings you, your share of work deliver,
And we're proud we have a helper in our new electric flivver.

There's one man who seems to be on the go all the time and whose legs never seem to give out. His position is both an exalted and elevated one. Though outside most of the time he is well housed. He's a mixture between an elevator operator and a dining-room waiter, he raises and carries plates and dishes out material to the boiler makers. I refer to J. Johnson, the man who runs the traveling crane for the boiler shop.

Pete Grant had a ship in the stream called the *Wahkiakum*. He ordered two heavy valves and flanges and a gang of pipe fitters to go out and do the job. On the morning when they were about to go, the fitter told the helper to bring a hack saw, a two-foot and the valves. The helper shouted: "What's the name of that ship?" The fitter said: "*Wahkiakum*." The helper hollered back: "Say, hadn't we better take a ukalele?"

To the order clerks:
Should you receive an order for the S.S. *Chesapeake*,
And to locate the same and have it back will take a week,
No matter what it calls for, with this vessel's name in view,
Just duplicate the order, make it *Mana Hata* to.

Yes, Henry Rochelle had a bad foot, but it was not due to a bowling accident. You are wrong, constant reader.

If you think the acme of art consists alone in the paintings of Michael Angelo, the music of Beethoven or the classic dancing of Pavlowa, just watch John Sjursen placing the stack of the new boilers in position.

Hughie Pace believes in keeping, that is, in keeping pace with the public, inasmuch as he became the father of a—of a—of a—a— Say, Hughie, on the level, we'd like to say boy, but we can't spell it with a G. Congratulations all around.

Gibsie Conk was seen around the yard on a furlough a week ago and since then half the lightweights want to enlist.

What has become of the beautiful Harlem heiress that Vic Foley used to rave about? She can't be in Long Beach *this* weather.

Any one who doubts that we will be blessed with the art of another Rubens, has never caught Red Hot painting numbers on the keyboard in the Timekeeper's office and soliloquizing to himself—
"I was an artist once, not one who daubed on bricks and wood,
"And if I'd not been bothered, I'd have done the best I could."

P. S. You had the wrong kind of paint, Red Hot.

Harry Illions paid a flying visit to Hoboken and finished the *S.S. Fredericks* in a day and a half and then flew back to his permanent home, or rather homes, the *Mana Hata* and the *Chesapeake*.

Jimmy Weldon he has left us, we shall see his face no more,
He has gone to join the Noble throng on that dear Hoboken shore.

When Charlie Brightsen is busy he tells you to take your work to Schaeffer. When Schaeffer is busy he tells you to take your work to Brightsen. When both are busy they tell you to take it to—well, speaking about bolt circle, what is the standard on a two and a half by seven?

Someone was trying to rush Charlie Small, of the blacksmith's shop,with some work the other day. Charlie said: "You'll have to wait, I'm so busy I can't get anything done."

Bob Olsen certainly has his hands full with the new dry dock these days, and keeps the gang on the jump raising those heavy bends and getting them in place. The fellow on the other side is just as busy, too, holding up his end to see that Olsen doesn't get ahead of him. This is one of the best regular competitions in the yard.

On behalf of all of the men in the yard we wish to extend our sincere sympathies to William Wherry, shipfitter's helper, whose mother, after a very brief illness, died of pneumonia on February 6.

The latest thing in racing circles is apt to be the horse you bet on.

Thomas McCarthy, the pay-roll clerk of the angle-smiths, wants a vacation to recuperate from the nerve-wrecking work which he has gone through during the recent weeks. Mac has thirty-six men on his pay roll.

Harry Solinsky, known as "Dizzy" in the pipe coverers' department, is noted for the wonderful suggestions which are always forthcoming from him when the boss is perplexed.

Bill Voss, the elevator man in the North Building, recently had a close shave. You look better without it, anyway, Bill.

Up in the mold loft they have a sign which reads: "Please do not walk on other side of floor," which fact prompted Dan Shea, our band master, to remark: "Whata they think I am, a cockroach?"

One of the inside machinists was working on a 6-inch crossbeam in one of the ships in the yard and was so cramped up that he could only swing his hammer from the wrist, keeping the rest of his body rigid in order to maintain his equilibrium. The following day an efficiency slip came in charging him with "sleeping" on a crossbeam.

A war and peace time breakfast is crullers. Ask George Rothwell why, he knows.

If you want a port hole burnt out call A. Kennedy, No. 2787, and he will answer with his two-minute "special." Bill Cantwell, however, claims that he is "*Bullsheviki*."

Famous sayings around the yard
"Hey, Mickey."—*Ed Cody*.
"Get an order."—*George Hampton*.
"Can you use me on the dry dock to-night?"—*C. Stidolph*.
"Where's a soap job?"—*Fligner*.

About the most unanimous verdict we know anything about, with the exception, perhaps, that hanging is too good for the Kaiser and that Wilson is the personification of wisdom and diplomacy, was that voted by the men of the pipe shop Thursday, February 6, that Joe Lowe, "who bends to conquer," was the best man to fill the vacancy left open on the Conference Board. The vote was the quickest thing on record.

"Bishop" Francis Falconer, of the compensation bureau, has been appointed Dr. Wynn's private secretary and stenographer. When Miss Jensen was asked why this promotion was made she said, "Owing to the 'Russian' business of the hospital Dr. Wynn needed a secretary."

Joe Tuffano, electrician's helper, is mighty pleased with the fine weather we are having. He can take in a few parties which he missed during the summer on account of "soap."

Frank Purkis, electrician's snapper, traced back his ancestry for curiosity's sake. For a few generations things went fine, when suddenly he stopped abruptly and we have heard no more about it.

One Hundred Per Cent. American

BELOW is a photographic reproduction of a full page advertisement which appeared in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* on January 8, and some letters, which have been received as a result of that advertisement.

It is worth a good deal to work for a concern which values your labor; it is also worth a good deal to work for a concern which is 100 per cent. American in everything that it does. If the fellows "over there" think so, we should too.

PARIS, FRANCE, January 15, 1919.

Editor THE MORSE DIAL,

Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MY DEAR MR. BARNES: Did you ever hear that good old song, "Gee, ain't it great to meet a friend from your home town." The other day I was looking over the New York *Herald* of the A. E. F. and found that one page adv. of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co. Well, Mr. Barnes, that song just came to my mind. It was like meeting a friend from my home town and I am sure that all members of the A. E. F. formerly employed by the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., felt the same way I did. They realize as I do that they worked for a concern that was American first, last and all the time.

With best wishes to all, I am,

Yours sincerely,

HENRY C. WEISMAN.



January 8, 1919.

Daniel F. Shea,

Employees Association,

Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.

DEAR DAN: Just a few lines to let you know that I am alive. Dan, I often see a lot of boys from the yard and we talk about the good times we had at the Morse Association smokers. We very often talk about you and your band and how much we miss it. Well, we were all talking about our jobs the other day and wondering if we would get them back when we get home and we were more than surprised when we saw the big adv. in the papers over here, welcoming the boys who were called to their country's need back to their jobs. Well, Dan, I must say it is a very nice thing for the Morse Company to do that for us.

I have been on two fronts since I have been over here, Argonne and Verdun, and we did some great work while it lasted. We did not leave Verdun until the armistice was signed. Hoping to hear from you soon, remain,

Your friend,

PATSY.

Private Patrick Clark, Headquarters Troop, 79th Division, American Exp. Forces.

BRICON, HAUTE MARNE,

FRANCE, Jan. 11, 1919.

Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN: With great pleasure I received your most welcome Christmas Greeting Card. I was more than delighted to receive same. The same day I received your card I read in the New York *Herald* (which is published "Over Here") your well-known adv. I know that your "doors" are wide open to every American who is doing his bit for liberty and Democracy of civilized nations. I am

Very respectfully yours,

PRIVATE PHILIP CIPOLLINA,

Co. C., 302d Eng.

A. E. F. France.

VERDUN, January 9, 1919.

Dan Shea,

Employees Association,

Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.

DEAR FRIEND DAN: I saw the Morse adv. in the paper and was glad to know that someone thinks of us over here and hope that I will be home soon to go down there again and get a little soap; for I worked there before. We don't get any soap over here. I will send you a paper with the adv. and Dan, let me hear from you soon. I will let you know when I get home.

Your friend,

JOSEPH A. SMITH.

313th Inf., Co. D., American Exp. Forces, A. P. O. 771, U. S. A. 79th Division

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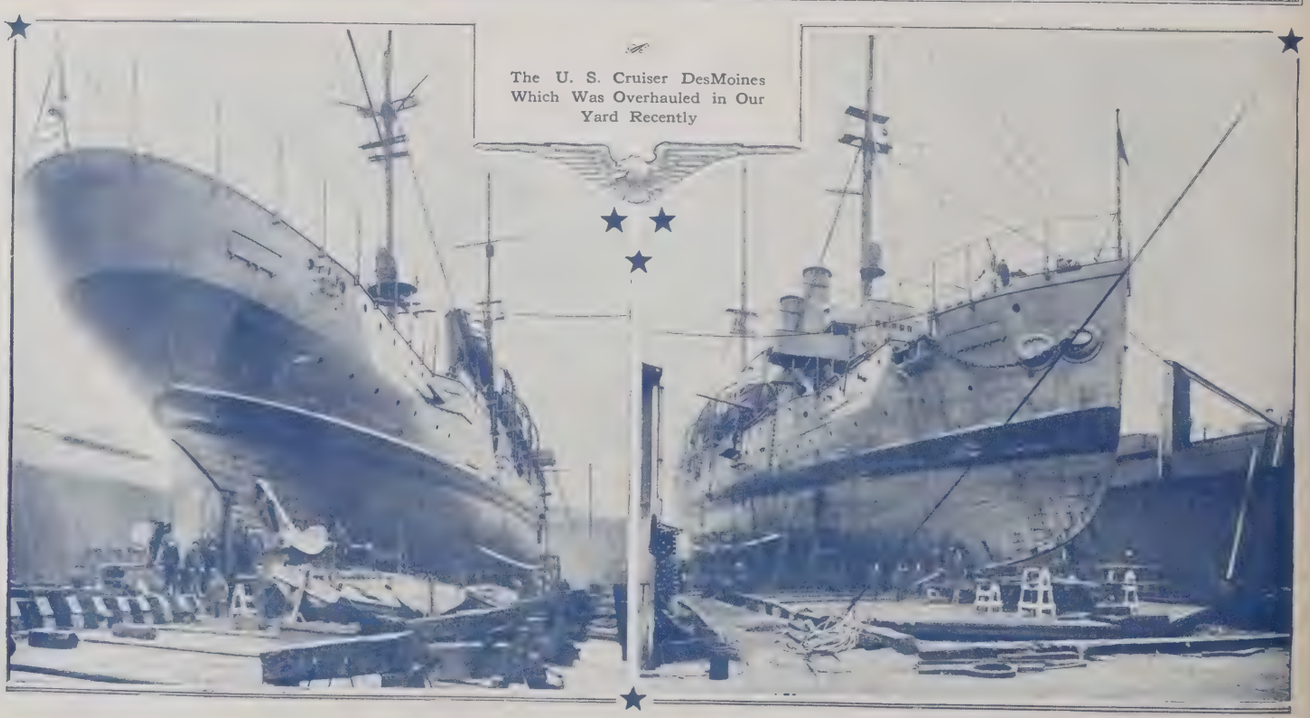
Equipped to Do Anything

NO matter what the job is we can handle it, whether overhauling the machinery of a ship, putting on a new wheel, installing new boilers, renewing the stem or replating the shell.

And it makes no difference how big the ship is, the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co. is equipped for putting the work through in record time and in a satisfactory manner.

Our plant is complete in every detail, well managed and awake to improved methods of repairing vessels.

Our employees are the best in the business, reliable, efficient, loyal and thorough.



The U. S. Cruiser DesMoines Which Was Overhauled in Our Yard Recently

.08
011

The

MORSE DIAL



APRIL 1919

FORESIGHT

THE course and speed of a ship is controlled from the "bridge." On the bridge is always a man to watch ahead, a lookout.

You, like the ship, are sailing life's course. Unless you watch ahead, the sea may some day grow rough.

Unless you keep a sharp lookout for the future the wind or ill luck will spring up and drive you on the rocks of regret.

Every vessel has its rudder. Man's rudder is his common sense. It steers him who uses it toward a future happy and secure.

BUT the fellow who lives just for to-day in later years may be a derelict—a rudderless ship, a half-sunken, deserted hulk in the way of good ships, a danger to all who must pass near it.

The man who thinks not of the morrow, is in the way of other men, better men. When that morrow comes to which he gave no thought, for which he neglected to provide, he is a burden on his brother, a charge of charity, a shame to himself. His past rises up to accuse him.

The man who lives with no mind for what's beyond to-day, is drifting toward a falls. At the foot of the falls where his thoughtlessness will plunge him, is failure.

The man who thinks, lights the darkness ahead with rays of reason. The quality of common sense and the power of reason give foresight. With them you see ahead. They point out the dangers in the path you are following. They reveal its good spots, too.

FORESIGHT tells them to improve their brains, work and habits. These things insure a future that will yield peace and gladness to the heart.

Don't shrug your shoulders, use your mind! Work as earnestly with your head as you do with your hands.

Plan, plan, plan and carry out! All men cannot plan the big businesses that give work to other men who carry out those great visions.

But every man can plan and should plan his own life. Chart its course to the Harbor of Happiness ahead.

DETERMINE what you WILL do and the things you WON'T do. Hear the voice of common sense and listen to reason in all matters of home and shop, friendship and money.

Take no action of any kind without foresight. In every case, look before you leap; first and always consider the effect on your future!

The only difference in mind between a monkey and a man is that the man reasons. Monkeys imitate and do not reason why. Men imitate, but not WITHOUT reason.

Don't pattern your life after some one else's unless you are sure his way of living is better. Don't follow another's method unless you know your own is not as good.

DON'T change unless you see FUTURE advantage in these changes. If you do make them, do it to improve your chance for a bigger place in the world LATER, not just for now.

Only the few succeed; be sure when you follow in another's footsteps that he is one of those few who have really succeeded.

Be independent, self-reliant; do not chase the rainbow because of idle talk.

Get your thoughts more and more on the future. Use greater foresight and adjust yourself. Tighten up here if you are going in the wrong direction; loosen up there if you grumble and growl at your lot in life. Don't complain in old age; grouchiness proves you were unpleasant in youth.

ABOVE all, don't let the want of a little foresight cause you to have bitter regrets later on in life. Remember the little word "If." So shape your affairs that in later years you will not have to sit down with yourself and say, "Oh, if I had only known what this would have led me to, if I had done something different, if I had had the courage to think and act my own way instead of letting someone else do it for me, how much better off I would be."

Willingness, readiness to do a little more than is expected of him, recommends a man to those who mark that sort of worker for advancement to come.

Give your best to the task with foresight and the future will reward you in money, perhaps power, but above all, in the contentment of mind that follows foresight and faithfulness.

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MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

Vol. 2 April, 1919 No. 4

Saving the Shipowner Money

By Wesley T. Jones

HUMAN nature, or rather, human whim, is a very curious thing. It has often been noticed that people will raise cheer on cheer for a low rakish speedster as it flashes by the checkered flag in an automobile race. They will gasp in admiration and envy at a palatial limousine, yet they rarely take any particular notice of that grim worker, the commercial truck—the giant which accomplishes things, not with thrills of speed nor with glamor of gloss and silk, but with that characteristic determined way that never fails.

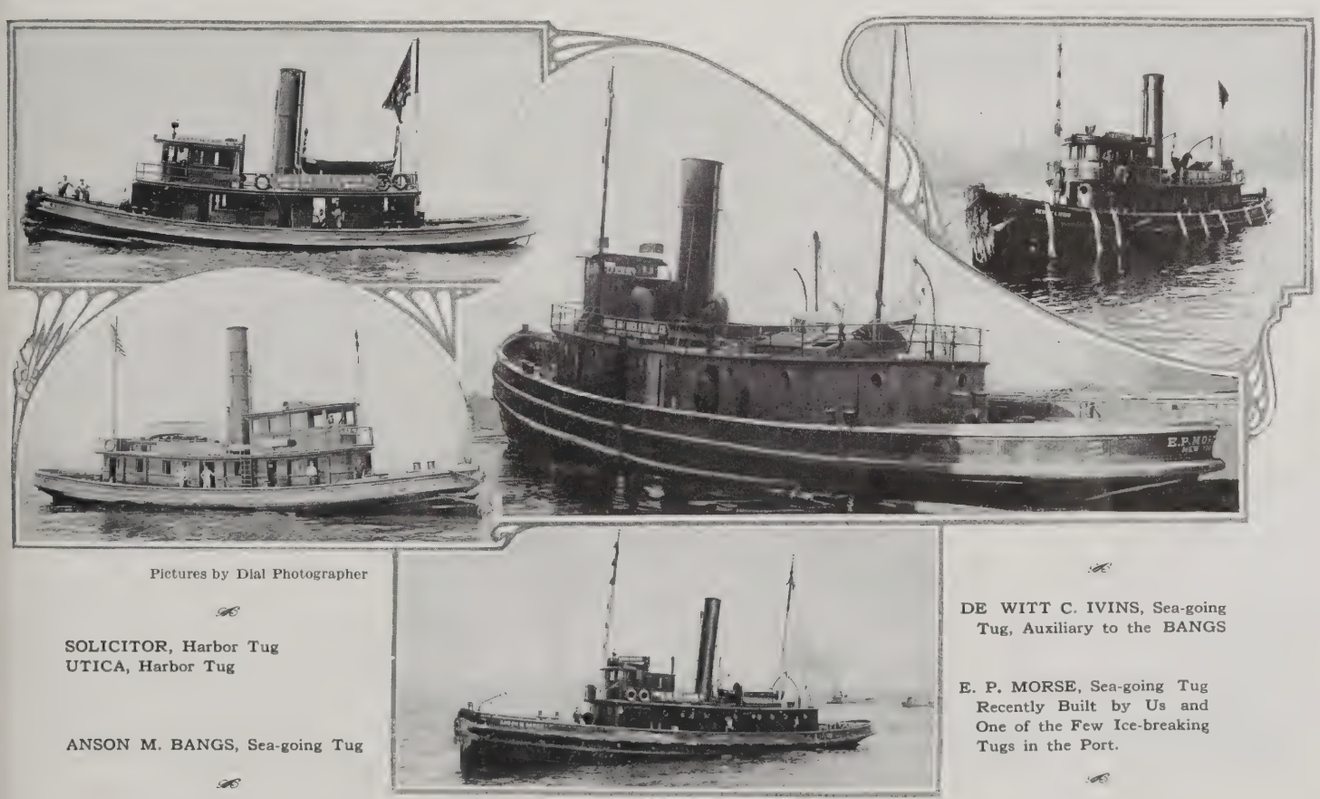
This thought may be applied with equal correctness to the public whim as it concerns the "vehicles" of the water. We have all admired the speed and gracefulness of the destroyers passing up and down the bay, slicing the waves with impatience and audacity. We have all admired the massive palatial ocean liners which have come into our dry docks and likewise do we admire the spectacular strength of the battleship, but how haughtily we overlook that little worker, the towboat; the craft which does every kind of work and gets the least credit for it.

Articles have been written about the various ships which have come into our yard, the new buildings, the new dry docks and other equipment, and now we come to a phase in the ship repairing industry which we do not intend to overlook—the floating property of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co.

Tugs, sea-tugs, lighters, dredges, scows and all, they represent a comparatively new phase of this Company's enterprise. As in other things we have led the way for others to follow. The Morse Co. was the first ship repairing concern to operate its own tugboats, and though the enterprise is young it is rapidly coming into its own. We can boast of a fleet second to none in the port.

Formerly ship repair yards had no fleet of this kind and were accustomed to hire such crafts as they needed. Ships were delayed in moving in and out of dry dock and to the different piers of the Company by having to wait for outside tugs. In fact it was at times impossible to work the dry docks steadily because frequently when ships were ready for docking or to be taken off all of the tug boats in the port were busy on other work. This often resulted in the dry dock being idle two or three days and in one case during bad weather one of our docks was out of commission for ten days.

Mr. Morse finally decided to have as part of the company's equipment an up-to-date, tug-boat fleet, and this innovation even in the short time of its existence has proven just as beneficial to the shipowners as to the Morse Co. as it is a matter of the utmost importance to give ships a quick turn in dry dock. To-day it is not necessary for us to secure help of any variety. Morse does the job from start to finish with a beneficial result to all concerned.



Pictures by Dial Photographer

SOLICITOR, Harbor Tug
UTICA, Harbor Tug

ANSON M. BANGS, Sea-going Tug

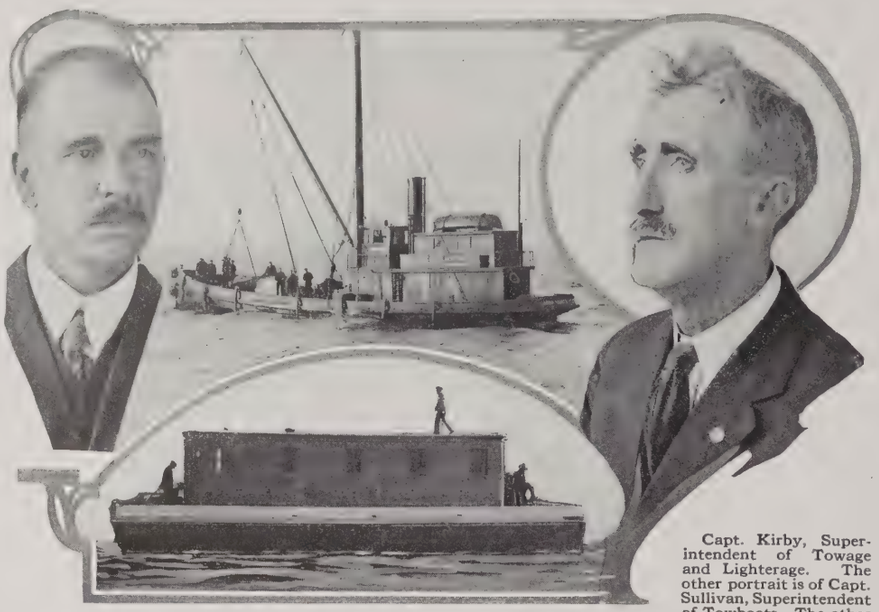
DE WITT C. IVINS, Sea-going Tug, Auxiliary to the BANGS

E. P. MORSE, Sea-going Tug Recently Built by Us and One of the Few Ice-breaking Tugs in the Port.

IN order to get first-hand atmosphere for this article, we accepted the invitation of Captain Carmichael to go out for a little trip on the tug *Anson M. Bangs*.

Now, before we go any further, let us state that we had never been on any craft before in our lives larger than a launch, other than a few Hudson River excursion and ferry-boats (and then with the cold interest of a mere passenger) —and, what's more, we certainly showed our inexperience.

"Shelieso'eryon'er," said the Captain, as he nodded across the slip to another pier. We followed him down a perilous perpendicular ladder to the dry dock, along a slippery six-inch ledge for a few feet, under the towering bow of a steamer which made you dizzy if you looked up at it, and then on to the tug.



Capt. Kirby, Superintendent of Towage and Lighterage. The other portrait is of Capt. Sullivan, Superintendent of Towboats. The other photographs are of the steam lighter John Hallock and one of our welding barges.

When we were about twenty feet away from the tug the Captain sang out the order to cast off. The great tug slowly slipped away from the dock and we certainly felt shaky when we undertook to jump from the dock over six feet of intervening slimy black water, the distance increasing every second as the tug got under way.

The jump was clumsily made and the deck-hands who witnessed the inglorious feat were not very undertoned in remarking:

"What'n'll is tha' kid-gloved lubber doin' here," and other similar remarks.

We made our way into the Captain's cabin. This, by the way, is fitted up just like any modern stateroom should be, complete as to furnishings from steam radiators to a hook for the captain's razor strop.

His cabin is directly in back of the pilot-house. This little semi-circular compartment is just as neat and compact as a modern office. Each control handle, each switch, each wire, and every part of the complicated steam steering apparatus was brightly burnished. Even a tug-boat captain has his superstitions. Right above the pilot-house door was a horseshoe, which, the Captain said, has been there for years.

We had just got under way when the mess boy announced dinner. The mate came up to take the wheel and received his instructions in a crisp, snappy and decisive manner which is characteristic of the Captain, exactly in the same way the hero commander gives his final instructions at the time of peril in the third act. And then we ate.

It was a regular course dinner, soup, fricassee, etc., and the Captain chatted congenially with the deck hands and the engineer, all perched on their little stools. He talked in a rambling way, but intelligently, of the various types of engines and different signal systems.

We reached our objective, took a crippled vessel in tow, as only an efficient tug-boat Captain can, and started on our way back. Everything was done with routine and systematic precision and efficiency, the engines turning over regular motions, every part of them oiled and glistening, the ropes on deck coiled neatly each thing in its place and a place for everything.

On our way back the Captain told of many experiences, how he believes that he was among the first to sight the enemy submarines which were operating then off the coast. Captain Carmichael thought at the time that they were American submarines. He told of the various tussles, humorous and exciting, which he and his men had had with the different sheriffs which had come on board to arrest a man who had been a little boisterous while on shore leave.

He told many interesting stories also of the life of the barge men and some of their escapes from the sinking scows and otherwise. Just to see him, one hand on the wheel, the other alertly on the engineer's signal, drawling out these stories in a low Scottish accent—well, we though of some of Jack London's tales.

BUT to return to the chronology of the Morse fleet and its sea-going tugs, the *E. P. Morse*, now under Captain Carmichael; the *Anson M. Bangs*, under Captain John Bunnell, and the *DeWitt C. Ivins*, under Captain Al Kauterman.

The rest may be best comprehended by listing them as follows:

Arthur Kill, harbor tug, Captain Fred Barth.
Solicitor, harbor tug, Captain George Bunnell.
Utica, harbor tug, Captain Al Raynor.
Say When, launch, Captain Charles Juliuson.
Say Yes, launch, laid up at the farm.
Why Not, launch, Captain David Roche.
Emily, soliciting launch, Captain Aleck Melville.
Captain Kirby, welding barge, machinist in charge.
Game Cock, welding barge, machinist in charge.
Captain Roche, welding barge, machinist in charge.
John Hallock, steam lighter, Captain Wilford Mason.
Panuco, steam lighter, Captain K. Nelson.
Steam Dredge, No. 2 mud dredge, Captain Edward H. Heady; and several mud scows with dumping apparatus.

The *Anson M. Bangs* and the *E. P. Morse* are the largest craft in the fleet. These and the *DeWitt C. Ivins* are very handy and nimble in harbor work and yet are able to stand any sort of ocean weather. Frequently they are used to make trips to Norfolk, Va., and New London, Conn., to take a steamer in tow.

Recently the *Anson M. Bangs* and the *DeWitt C. Ivins* made the run from Norfolk, Va., to the yard with a 4,218 ton disabled steamer in tow in fifty hours. The *Anson M.* Bangs is capable of making the outward voyage in twenty-six hours.

The *E. P. Morse* hasn't been afloat long enough to have made any records, but we give fair warning now that some real big things are to be heard from her soon. Captain Carmichael previously was in command of the *Anson M. Bangs*. He is said to be one of the best known tug-boat captains in the port and is considered also to be an efficient coast pilot. On these trips the *Bangs* is usually accompanied by the *Dewitt C. Ivins*, Captain Al Kauterman's pet.

The launches, although the smallest craft of them all, probably have the best traditions among them. They are all very modern and seaworthy in their construction.

The *Why Not* was the first boat in the Morse fleet. She is still in commission under Captain David Roche, one of the most interesting men in the yard and of whose experiences THE DIAL carried quite an article in a previous issue.

The *Say Yes* was the second of the fleet and was followed by the *Say When*, formerly the *E. P. Morse*. When the latter was in course of construction, the Robbins Dry Dock & Repair Co. undertook to build a similar launch, and the two boats were completed at about the same time. Both of them were used as soliciting boats and there was a keen rivalry among the men of the two yards as to which boat could make the best speed.

A race was planned and the *Say When* carried off first honors. The *Say When* is also credited with having gone to Sandy Hook and towed the ship *Nepthis* to the yard. The *Nepthis* had been abandoned at sea and proved to be a big job for the company. The *Say When* is now engaged in doing light towing and transportation work and conveying the men to and from the ships which are being repaired in midstream, as is the duty of the other two tugs.

The *Emily*, another launch, is our soliciting boat. She speaks to the ships at quarantine and otherwise scouts around for business.

A word may be said about the lighters and welding barges. Captain Nelson's steamlighter *Panuco* is fitted out with a complete air compressing and electric welding outfit in addition to her steam hoisting derrick, making her a veritable floating machine shop. The *John Hallock* is built on the same plan.

Steam Dredge No. 2 is at present engaged in deepening the gas-house slip to make room for the new three sections of the new dry dock. Several mud scows accompany the dredge, and are fitted with bottoms, which, by a contrivance of chains may be lowered or raised at will.

BUT an organization is only as good as the men behind it, and perhaps we have thus far slighted the personnel of this topic in hand.

(*Continued on Page* 20)

Our Drafting Department

YOU burners, boilermakers, heaters, riveters—and even you snappers and foremen, did you ever stop to consider by what authority you place a plate or a rivet in a certain position, just where the guiding hand which aids you in your work is and what it does to make that job of yours possible and easier?

Probably very few of you have given that subject any serious thought. The working day is too full of ever present difficulties to allow most of us to get away from that which is immediately before us, yet the subject ought to be one of interest to every mechanic.

The guiding hand is the draftsman. Due to the character of the work which he does, he is usually hidden away in some quiet place and many a shipyard worker has plied his trade for years without knowing that such a thing as a drafting force existed.

In our plant, the drafting room is located on the second floor of the main office building. To a casual observer, business there would not seem to be very rushing for it is about as quiet a place as you could find, but lack of work was never one of the worries that beset any of the men in that department. Ingvald Johansen is in charge of the department, which at the present time includes seven other men.

Only a small force is required as about eighty-five per cent. of the work done in the yard doesn't have to go through the drafting room. Most ship repair work can be done without the aid of blue prints and is handled directly by the foreman in charge. Because of this fact, the work of our draftsmen differs greatly from the work done in a yard where ships are built.

In a shipbuilding yard, the drafting department makes designs and is responsible for every plate and every rivet which goes into the new hull. When a man wishes to build a ship, he first goes to a naval architect and tells him just what kind of a ship he wants, whether it is to be used to go up the Hudson or across the ocean and how fast he would like to have the boat go.

The naval architect with these general facts in mind draws up plans and submits them for his client or else they are submitted by the prospective ship owner to several shipyards for bids on the cost of turning out the ship. As soon as a shipyard receives the contract, the draftsmen get busy on the job and with the specifications of the naval architect as a guide proceed to work out in detail every part of the ship that is to be constructed.

When the plans are completed, they are checked sometimes as often as three times.

In a large shipbuilding yard it is not unusual to see a drafting force of from one to two hundred men at work, but in spite of the greater size of their departments the work which they have to do is much easier in many ways than the work done by our draftsmen. In the first place, the draftsmen in the shipbuilding yards have more time in which to complete the work at hand while our work is always of the "rush" variety. With the other fellow, his work is usually completed several months before actual construction is begun and when they finish a job it is finally out of their hands. Our draftsmen are continually in contact with the men doing the actual work.

Repair jobs are usually rush affairs and if the broken part is at hand it frequently can be patched up so that a new part can be copied from the broken one. If such is the case, the patching method is used because time is saved. In this case the drafting room will never hear of the job. If on the other hand the part has been lost then it is necessary for our drafting force to draw up plans for a new part. This work has to be done under pressure because time is a vital element.

It is this time element that makes the lot of our drafting force such a difficult one. The foreman on the job in the yard is continually on the 'phone and all hands have to get together and rush the work through.

Plans for all parts that are taken in hand by the drafting force are drawn upon tracing paper first in pencil and then are retraced in black ink if it is thought necessary to preserve the copy. When these plans have been checked by Mr. Johansen, they are reproduced upon blue paper by the use of a special printing machine operated by electricity. When the final print is completed, it is the familiar blue and white form with which we are all acquainted; the black figures and letters of the original appearing in white on the blue print.

The work turned out by the Morse drafting force has never shown any signs of the strain under which our draftsmen are compelled to work. They are finished draftsmen and know their business from start to finish. Coöperation along their line of endeavor, then, and not ideal conditions, is the reason for the efficiency of the department.

We asked Mr. Johansen just who was his assistant and he answered, "We all assist each other in here and are trying to put out good work and what is required of us so you see I haven't any titled assistant." That sort of an idea combined with the real coöperation which must have made such management possible could not help but produce the brand of work that our drafting force is giving to us.

Maybe He's Afraid of Work

ONE of Miss Jensen's many little stories, which she delights in telling, is the one about the "No Beer No Work" button. A patient who was in the habit of wearing this announcement on the lapel of his coat came into the hospital for treatment.

During his stay in the hospital he was seen to give rather serious regard to a sign on the wall, one hand continually fumbling with the aforementioned button. When he left the building he took the button from its place on his lapel and deposited it in his pocket.

Here's the sign which he read:

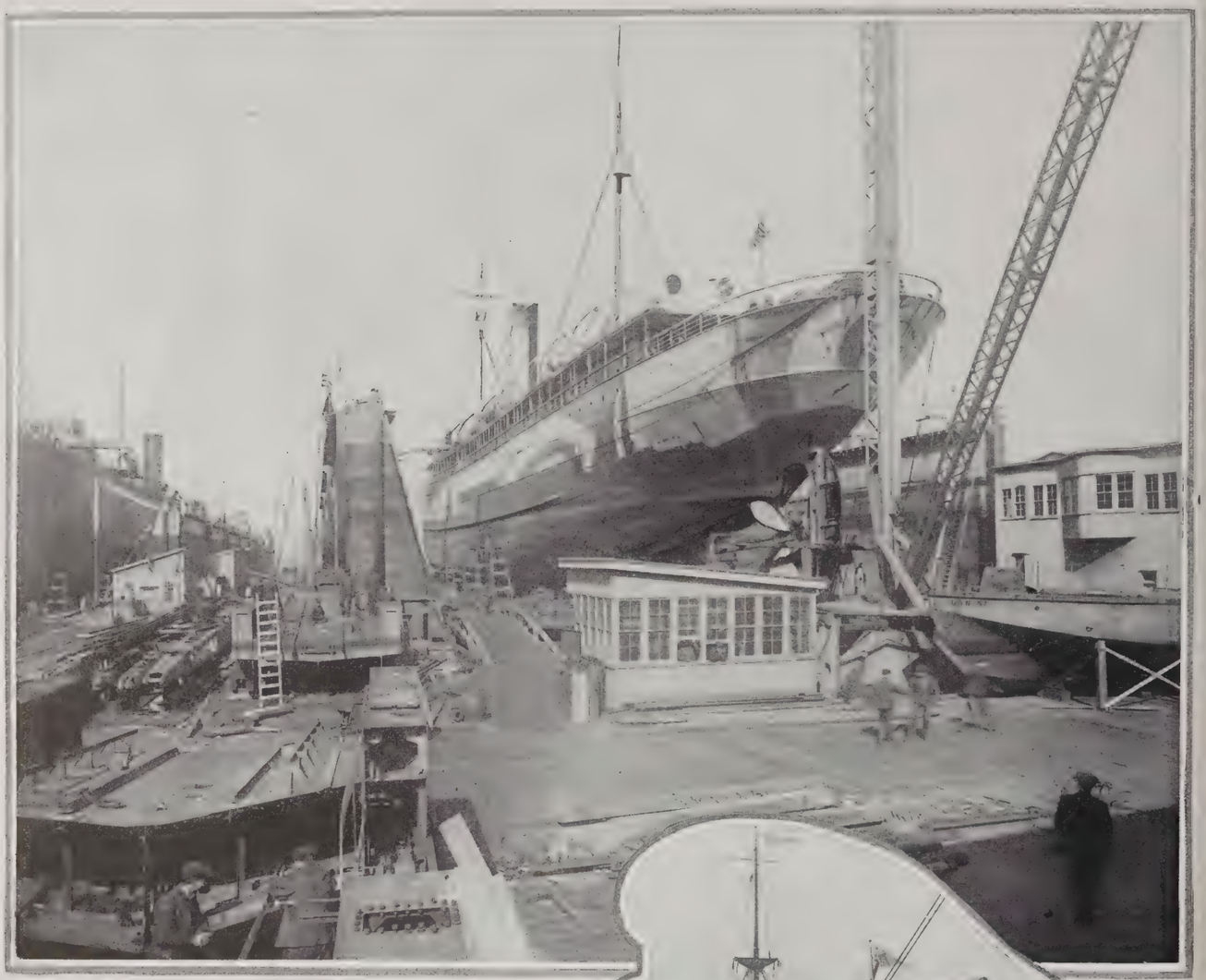
"Don't take any chances, Pal, by wearing one of those 'No Beer No Work' buttons. Someone might come along and offer you beer and then you'd have to go to work."

What a man is, depends largely upon what he does when he has nothing to do.



By Dial Photographer

ONE CORNER OF OUR DRAFTING ROOM





Pictures by Dial Photographre

Why Camouflage?

By C. Stewart Wark

ONE of the most noticeable changes which has accompanied the return of peace-time conditions to our yard is the gradual reappearance of the uniformly colored ship on the dry dock. It was not so very long ago that a ship of any size was considered to be out of commission, a neutral or of the ferry boat class, if it did not sport a different color for every dozen feet of space along its side.

Camouflage, a word which is so common now that it is used freely by practically everyone, is one of the inventions created by the necessities of the great world war. Even the word with which to name the new idea had to be invented on the spur of the moment, and camouflage, as an expression, came into universal use so quickly that there was no time to make an English equivalent for the original French word.

We all remember the first camouflaged ship that came onto the dry dock. How grotesque it looked and what a strange sight it was to our eyes. Then the number of them began to increase with such amazing rapidity that the sight no longer had any charms, and we began to regard the zigzag and what-not painting designs without any particular interest.

Recently, naval secrets, long kept under cover, have been revealed, and both the reasons for camouflage and the affects that were used are now available.

Contrary to public opinion, the art was not used for the purpose of making war ships and transports invisible to enemy craft The many bright colors used, and especially the white, made a vessel stand out much more prominently than the neutral battleship gray would.

Invisibility was sought after by our army camouflage artists. Guns were painted so that from above they looked like hillocks or grass, trees turned out to be men and even horses were painted so that they were entirely concealed from the eyes of an enemy aviator who might be hovering above.

The marine exponents of this art, however, merely attempted to deceive and, in many cases, deception was made at the expense of making the vessel more prominent and visible than it otherwise would have been.

A type of camouflage which was used extensively by the American Navy was that known as the "dazzle" system. In it bright white was used extensively, and it was possible to see the ship from a great distance.

The object sought after was not concealment, but the upsetting of calculations on torpedo fire which might be made by a U-boat commander. Due to the patchy and zigzag coloring effects used, a ship painted according to the "dazzle" system did not seem to be going anywhere in particular. Its course could not be ascertained with any degree of accuracy by a submarine gunner, and many a missent torpedo was the result.

A ship camouflaged according to the "dazzle" system recently seen in our yard was the *Von Steuben*. Sometime previous to her arrival here one of the most novel effects in camouflaging ever used during the war was employed. A picture of a destroyer was painted along her side, which made her appear from a distance to be convoyed. It is very probable, incidentally, that this idea originated with Mr. Hoertz, the artist who drew the cover for this issue of THE DIAL. Mr. Hoertz submitted designs to the government which were exactly duplicated on the *Von Steuben*. His idea also called for smoke pots just over the dummy funnels to make the painted destroyer seem more realistic.

This idea of deception in regard to the character of the craft was used more extensively and to better effect by the Italians than by the naval authorities of our country, where that system could not be said to have gotten above the experimental stage.

A favorite effect employed by the Italian navy was to camouflage a ship so that from a distance it looked like two or three vessels, all heading in different directions. The Italian battleships at our docks some time ago showed that method of camouflaging.

Respect the Yard Rules

EVERY man in the yard should have received by this time a copy of the yard rules. Printed copies of these rules were placed in the pay envelopes in order to insure the receipt of one by every employee.

The rules which are now in a concrete and definite form are the result of a move started at one of our recent monthly meetings for a definite understanding of just what an infraction of company regulations was.

The quick action upon the matter taken by your Board of Directors should be appreciated. The justice of the complaints heard was immediately realized and the result of the attempts made to rectify the matter is the printed set of rules which you now have.

Appreciation of the work of your Board of Directors can best be shown by your respect for the yard rules.

THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL *for February contains some very interesting articles. The front piece which depicts a giant shipworker was taken from a snapshot of Peter Shea, one of the Morse employees. Other features are the full page photograph of the Morse employees ball and an editorial page which is, in our opinion, 100 per cent. The editorials are up to the minute upon topics of vital concern and written clearly and convincingly. We appreciate the* MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL *more than any other similar periodical which comes to our table.—Chips.*

Standing Up for Britain

"*To the Editor of* THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL.

"DEAR SIR: As a very much disgusted member of the audience at a concert given by the employees of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., at Prospect Hall, Brooklyn, on Monday, the 24th of March, I will be glad if you will publish this letter. One of the performers was a gentleman who gave us an interesting display of 'legerdemain,' one item being the production of flags of the several Allied nations. Amid much enthusiasm he first produced the American and then the Irish flag which were received with much cheering, as were the flags of France and Italy; but when lastly he displayed the emblem of Great Britain there was a dead silence. My own effort at applause met with no response and I felt thoroughly disgusted with the whole thing. The Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co. and its employees have been drawing huge sums from the British government ever since the war started and one would think that they would be glad to show their appreciation of the flag of the 'contemptible little army' that held back the Hun whose chief assassin told us that 'After this war I will stand no nonsense from America.' We all know that the British are not looking for applause, but it seems to me that too many of us underestimate the value of the good feeling and friendship which now exists between the two great nations—the cementing of which must be retarded by incidents as above described, and they are, I regret to believe, of frequent occurrence in places of amusement.

"Yours very truly,
"AMERICAN."

Peculiar Seaplane Craft

THE peculiar crafts shown in the accompanying pictures are navy seaplane skids, used to pull a seaplane from the water after it has descended. The skid prevents damage being done to the seaplane by a heavy sea and bad weather. Many seaplanes were seriously damaged while being towed to shore before it was invented.

The craft closely resembles the chopped-off bow of a sailing vessel. Its deck slopes toward the stern at a gentle angle, the lower end terminating under water.

By means of ballasting tanks, it is possible to lower the deck to any depth required. The deck of the skid is laid with two pair of parellel rails. The plane is run up onto one pair of the rails and is drawn onto the deck. The other pair of rails serve as guides to keep it steady. It is not run under its own power, but has to be towed to its destination.

The skids shown in the accompanying picture are the *U. S. N.* 58 and *U. S. N.* 57. They will be cut in half and a section will be added to lengthen them 14 feet.

Treasurer's Report

MORTIMER W. MEAD, treasurer of the Employees' Association, gave the following report of receipts and expenses from April 1, 1918, to March 19, 1919, at the March meeting of the Association:

RECEIPTS:

Annual Ball	$3,841.50	
Baseball Account	3,557.36	
Insurance	17,188.35	
Bowling Club	50.00	
Football Team	380.99	
Dues	13,295.55	
Total Receipts		$38,317.75

EXPENSES:

Annual Ball	$3,247.31	
General Expense	5,812.97	
Entertainment	1,251.38	
Baseball Account	5,194.01	
Basket Ball Account	72.58	
Insurance	16,567.35	
Bowling Club	378.40	
Band Expense	493.95	
Football Team	748.08	
Liberty Loan Account	856.71	
Total Expenses		$34,622.74
Receipts Over Expenses		$3,695.01
1918 Balance		1,808.26
Cash on Hand		$5,503.27

Pictures by Dial Photographer



Extraordinary Invention

By J. Moses

"JUST a minute, Mr. Purkis."

"I am very sorry, young man, but I can't spare it."

"But, Mr. Purkis, I am a representative of the DIAL and have come to interview you on your marvelous invention."

"What? Do you know about it too?"

"Oh, there are mighty few things we literary men don't know."

"I see, I see; I should have guessed that."

This was the conversation I had with Frank F. Purkis, of our electrical department, before I induced him to speak of his invention. For Mr. Purkis is a man of few words and one must know how to get around him in order to make him talkative.

The first question I put to him was, "What is the definite name of your invention everyone in the yard is speaking of?"

The fortunate inventor stuck his hands into his trouser pockets, put out his chest, and betook a proud smile on his face. "The name of my invention is 'The Perfect Insulation.' "

"I see. And what does it do?" I asked.

"Why, man, it is humanity's long sought for blessing. It will revolutionize all industries. It will do away with all steam engines, electric motors and all sorts of mechanical appliances. Furthermore, every man will be his own aviator and ships will be raised without dry docks."

"And how does it accomplish these wonderful feats?" I queried further.

"Very simply," he answered in the manner of a man who has attained his life's ambition, "By overcoming the magnetic lines of force of the earth."

"I don't quite understand," I ventured dubiously.

"Oh, it is impossible for me to explain to you, a man of the pen and ink. But the electricians of our yard will surely comprehend me," he assured me.

"And how soon will mankind be able to avail itself of this most marvelous of all inventions?" I was eager to learn.

"Ah, my young man," he sighed, "now you have struck a very painful string in my heart. Mankind, or at least the present generation, will not be able to make use of my invention at all. For the simple reason that I am prohibited by the government to place on the market the product of my brain and life-long labor. You see, due to the public's lack of knowledge of electricity it will prove very detrimental for anyone to use it for it is capable of decomposing his body immediately or pop him off the earth so fast that his naked eye will not see him go."

The fearfulness of his invention had scared my wits a bit and I set out to get his views of things in general, which I give in the following concise form:

"The most difficult task in a man's life is to get the first five million dollars. The other five come themselves."

Mr. Purkis does not see the necessity of making holes in bulkheads watertight when they are above a person's height. "When the water gets up as high as that," he says, "it is time to run out anyhow."

Speaking on navigation in general he remarked most wisely. "Years ago we had wooden ships and iron men. To-day we have iron ships and wooden men."

Mr. Purkis also claims that as paper is made out of wood, we should also be able to make wood out of paper. "All you have to do," he says "is reverse the process and you will get the opposite result."

The next invention he is going to work on will be a telescoped mast.

"There is no reason," he argued, "why a mast should be constantly exposed to heat, frost, rain, storm or snow. When the mast is not in use why not lower the top half into the bottom one, and raise it again when you want to make observations."

It was getting late and the Editor was waiting for the story. So I hastened to thank Mr. Purkis for the interview and rushed to the editorial office.

While thinking the subject over on my way I murmured to myself: "I think his invention is one of those of which the less said the better."

Ship-joiner Cornetist



MAX PETROVE, of the ship-joiners' department, and an eminent cornetist who has played in several of the leading bands, has been given a part in our famous Morse band. Max, though only twenty-six years old, started his musical career twelve years ago. In 1913 he was appointed soloist in Asbury Park with Baretta's famous band. The following season, 1914, found him as solo cornetist in the Luna Park Concert Band. In 1916 he joined the Willow Grove Park Band in the same capacity. Max has plied his ship-joiner trade equally well and has had six years' experience in this line of work.

Return the Crutches

A REQUEST has been made by Miss Jensen, head of the hospital staff, that all persons who still have in their possession crutches, hot-water bottles and ice bags loaned to them, return these articles as soon as possible.

A record is kept of all loans made by the hospital, but it is felt that a notice is all that will be necessary for the return of the articles and that forgetfulness on the part of those now in possession of hospital property is the only reason for their not having made a prompt return.

Stick to Old Fire Alarm System

AFTER several futile attempts to put into operation the new fire alarm system in the yard, it has been decided that the new apparatus cannot be made to operate satisfactorily, owing to a material difference in the nature of the electric current in the yard and that for which the apparatus is designed.

This does not necessarily infer that either the apparatus or the current are at fault in any way. The apparatus is manufactured to operate under alternating current with a frequency of 60 cycles, and will not operate satisfactorily under the 25-cycle current which is furnished throughout the yard.

The present system, using the yard whistle, will continue in effect until the new equipment can be installed. The delay has caused great disappointment among those interested in the Fire Department, and further action in the matter is patiently awaited.

New hose-racks have been installed in the new North Building, one on each stair landing. They are of Chief Devlin's own design, and permit the running out of the hose without the use of a reel, thereby insuring quick action in time of emergency.

Speaking of the new racks, Chief Devlin casually mentioned that if a fire does occur, the hose lengths on the floor below should be used, not the hose from the rack on the same floor. In this way if the fire gains such headway as to drive the fighters to the floor below the hose will still be in operation.

The Voice of the Toilers

IN the drab days before the A. E. F. I used to work in the Wall street district. Day in and day out as I passed a certain stationery store on Nassau street I would encounter the same seedy, stoop-shouldered individual lounging in the doorway or standing on the curb in front of the store. He was tall and thin as George Church, unshaven, collarless, and busted out at knee, elbows and toes. In winter he wore a faded overcoat, worn to a frazzle and fastened at the neck with a safety pin. Once in a while he would get a job for a day holding a sign advertising a sale in the stationery store. But generally he chewed his tobacco, watching the hurrying crowd with a placid, watery eye, and just loafed. The other day when I received my release from the Navy I went around to see my former boss. As I passed the stationery store, there was Old Faithful still on his station, looking just the same as he did twenty months ago. But not exactly the same either. There was something bright and fresh on his shabby overcoat. When I came nearer I saw it was a shiny celluloid button, and the legend on it was: NO BEER, NO WORK!

R. W. H.

An Insurance Tip

Here's a little insurance tip which probably many of you are not aware of—if you are carrying an accident policy through the yard plan and happen to have an accident, DON'T trust your foreman or your friends to let Mr. Kling, the insurance clerk, know of your accident! Do it yourself! Or if this is impossible, make *sure* it is attended to.

You have only ten days in which to report your case, according to the State law; and if you neglect to let Mr. Kling know after this time limit, you do not receive any benefit.

Mr. Kling says that there are cases in his files where men have lost their benefits through the ignorance of this fact. It is an easy matter to stop in the employment office after receiving treatment at the yard hospital to file your case.

Democracy in Industry

(Extract from a speech delivered by Mr. Hanbury, our Industrial Director, at the Second Conference on Democracy in Industry, held under the auspices of the New Jersey State Chamber of Commerce in Newark, N. J.)

I HAVE attended a number of meetings recently. They have left the same impression with me that I have received here to-day. I don't think that that impression should be permitted to go forth. I am afraid that in a short time, rather than being a laughing nation, we will be a long-faced nation. The impression that I receive is the most pessimistic outlook that we can possibly face. I don't believe that such an outlook confronts us.

Let me go back to twenty-one months ago. At the eve of the last presidential election when Wilson was made our President to succeed himself, the slogan was "He has kept us out of war." Before he filled his chair for the second term thirty days we were plunged into war, so we can see just how far that important plank in that platform was effective. It wasn't his fault. Conditions compelled us to get into it.

The people in this country—the boys from 21 to 31, their brothers and sisters, their mothers and fathers, their relatives and all, met the crisis as no other country under the sun could have met it.

Labor organizations met the crisis as no other labor organizations could have met it. We had a standing army of a little over 50,000. After nineteen months in the war we had 4,000,000 boys in the army between the ages of 21 and 31.

Not only did we do that but we went to the fathers and mothers of those boys that had been taken away and asked them for billions of dollars, and we raised $20,000,000,000, taking it from the working people, the manufacturers and the capitalists without a vestige of protest anywhere.

We went through with all those things so I don't think there is any menace in front of us but that we will be big enough at any and all times to face and harmonize and overcome in the same spirit and with the same fortitude that we have overcome every other crisis.

I think the relation between capital and labor is so intermingled to-day that they will meet on a common ground and adjust their differences—not readjust them. We don't want to readjust things. We don't want to go back to the old manner of doing things. We can't go back to the old manner of doing things; we have gotten out of the ruts that we were in. It is not a question of reconstruction; it is a question of construction and adjustment.

The day never was here and it is not here now and it never will be, when brains, ingenuity and energy will not receive their reward, no matter whether it is in the laborer or in the capitalist. Every one has his component part to work in and fit in.

The Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co. has an employees' organization. There is no such thing in our factory as handing the workman anything on a silver platter that invites suspicion and jealousy and the workmen don't hand us anything that way, of course.

We had a meeting of the Conference Board the other day and one of the officers of the Company said: "We no longer wish to prescribe a penalty for slackers or for men who violate the rules of the company." For instance, we are in danger of fire by smoking and there is the fellow who crawls up into the bow of the ship in darkness and goes to sleep. "We no longer want to prescribe a penalty for that fellow. We are going to leave it with you. Do you want to work alongside of men that are slackers and let them get away with murder?"

And then the men presented a set of penalties, about twelve or fourteen penalties, to take in all those situations. So that the man who had mechanical ability but who had the hookworm in him, who would rather loaf than work, would be disciplined by the Employees' Association.

So you see there is a different kind of feeling now between the employers and the employees. We have our Association room, we have boxing bouts. Whenever a man fights in the yard the foreman comes up to him, swats him on the back, gives him a pair of boxing gloves and says, "Go to it now," and we are accomplishing something.

Whatever menace is going to come between labor and capital is going to be manufactured by ourselves in the future. You have been telling me that there is some terrific menace that will require all our fortitude and we are continually saying that the labor organizations must get ready for it, they must get ready with fists clinched to meet it whenever it comes along, but that is a mistake if we are preparing a co-operative spirit in all parties concerned. If you are looking and preparing for trouble you will surely get it.

Office Election

CHARLES E. KELLY, billing department, was elected as office representative on the Board of Directors, and George Keenan, cost department and Miss Margaret Shea, disbursement department, were elected as Office Conference Board members at a meeting of the office force held at four o'clock on Friday March 28, in Room 126 of the main office building.

James M. Doremus was Kelly's opponent for the office of director. Balloting which followed the nominations showed a plurality of 66 votes for Kelly. Out of the 126 votes cast Kelly received 96, Doremus 30.

Nominations for members of the Conference Board resulted in the naming of six candidates: John J. Brady, Roger Moran, Rollo Stier, Frank Keenan, James Glynn and Margaret Shea. Mr. Doremus, who nominated Miss Shea, made a stirring appeal for direct representation for the office girls. Mr. Stier was nominated as a representative of the office employees not located in the main building. The balloting showed Frank Keenan to be the favorite by a great majority. Each ballot carried two names. Out of the 290 votes cast, Keenan received 82; Miss Shea, the other Conference Board member-elect received 49; Stier followed a close third with 47 votes; Brady received 46 votes; Glynn, 41; Moran 25.

A feature of the election was the last minute campaign made on behalf of Stier. Only a few minutes before the meeting was to take place it was decided to run Stier as the representative of office employees in the North Building, employment office, and other isolated departments.

Printed cards announcing his candidacy were spread among all office employees by his campaign managers. The showing which Stier made, and the close race which he gave all of the other candidates who had been in the race for some little time, again proved the power of the printed word. Stier was comparatively unknown in the main office where the balance of power rests.

Misrepresenting Themselves

THE Morse basketball team was disbanded late last fall, and there has been no team on the courts since that time which officially represented Morse or the Employees' Association. This announcement is given because there is still a group of men who are playing basketball, and calling themselves the Morse basketball team. They do this unofficially, and their activities are not being sanctioned by the Employees' Association.

A fussy person quickly sours the milk of human kindness.

Lively Entertainment

By Thomas J. Plunkett

THE entertainment program of our March monthly meeting was one of the best staged in the history of our Association. Music, dancing, comedy, boxing and wrestling, everything from soup to nuts as that connoisseur of entertainment, Bill Lansing, expressed it.

First there was an old favorite, Eddie Clark, the tramp, with his comedy juggling and his cigar box slapstick work which knocked Oscar Kruger, our Sign King, from his chair in the first row.

Next came little Miss Levy, who danced on her toes very gracefully. Then the new singing and dancing review by Professor Small's Young Americans, who presented an entirely new act with new costumes. The feature of the review was the youngster who burlesqued a respectable "Hebrew," celebrating the 17th of March. The Morse Quartette sang some new songs, and received great applause. There was a big improvement in the singing of "Coppinger's bunch," and they were encored several times. Our entertainment could not be complete without some of our good home talent. This time Joseph Santenema, joiner, who used to play the big circuit, put on a magic act with the wine trick. (This time he drank it himself.) He also had a trick in which he drank some milk and from the comparison of facial expressions he enjoyed the wine a lot better than the milk. Another sensational illusion was that of the disappearing girl, who literally rose from the dead, or rather from a coffin especially prepared for the occasion in the joiner shop. It is said that when the joiners made this box they were blind-folded and that they hit their hammers with the nails.

The music was furnished by our own orchestra directed by "Clancy" of the Employment office. It played a few feature numbers for yours truly, one of which was the "Apache Dance." We then had movies of our recent election parade, which were very clear and everyone had a chance to see the famous "Silk Stocking Parade," and the spellbinders who addressed the men throughout the campaign. All of the candidates were proud of their pictures even the ones whose high hats did not fit. The pictures were produced by our own motion picture department, which is some department.

Do You Want The Dial?

YOU received in your pay envelopes recently a card of a different description than those that are usually enclosed. Both, however, tell you what to do: one how to get on in the world, and the other how to get your DIAL. These DIAL cards are to be filled out and dropped in the time-card boxes. The purpose of the card is to see that we have in our files your name and *correct* address.

The reason we emphasize "correct" is because the correct address must be on the envelope before it leaves the office. The two cents postage on the envelope does not permit the forwarding of THE DIAL to any other address than that which is indicated, even if you have already placed your new address with the postmaster.

If you move, the wise thing for you to do is to personally come up to THE DIAL office and see that your address is changed. THE DIAL office is situated on the top floor of the new North Building.

If you find that we have your address and that you still do not receive the magazine regularly, consult your postman.

Everyone has his besetting fault—that is no disgrace to him, but it is a disgrace if he does not find it out and overcome it.

FINISHING the BIG JOB

WHEN the Twenth-seventh Division came up the bay on the *Leviathan*, a Morse launch was one of the first boats that went out to meet it. There were many Morse men among those on board, and the Morse tug with a party of THE DIAL representatives aboard, was among the first to welcome them home.

When the division paraded in Brooklyn and New York, our band was on hand to greet them. Before they left the shores of France almost all of them saw the Morse advertisement in the Paris addition of the New York *Herald*, welcoming them back to the old job on their return home.

In every way the Morse Company has shown itself to be one hundred per cent. American. Nothing is too good for the boys who have sacrificed so much for the sake of our country and the Morse management has realized that fact.

A good majority of "our boys" are now back with us at their old jobs. Those who are still in France are anxious to get back, as their letters show.

We are proud of the attitude of interest which both the management and the employees have always taken in the boys who are in the service. It is because we feel sure that our interest is still with our old friends who are not as yet back with us that we preserve this department of letters.

Read about what our boys still in the service are doing and then when they come back to us they will know, when you tell them of their letters, that you have been interested.

Bill Major has been wounded and is now in a hospital in France, according to a letter received by Dan Shea:

"I hope these few lines will find you and family in good health, also all of the Morse Dry Dock employees. For myself, I cannot kick, for I have only one foot and if I kick I will fall off my crutches. I have been laid up on these crutches for some time and am still in the hospital getting the best of everything, so you see I am pretty well off. As soon as I get out, I have traveling orders to go to Bordeaux. I will be a little nearer home then, but will still be in France. I am pretty lucky at that to think how long I have been at the front, from one part of France to the other, in all of the big battles and after everything is all over I land in the hospital on crutches.

"I suppose Conk is still on the job with that suit like Sid Burns', with the one way pockets, and I hear that Basil is an outside machinist now. Well, that is a good job, but a fellow spends more time in traveling than in working.

"Give my regards to Mr. Morse and Miss Jensen and, of course, to all of the nurses and any others who inquire for me. I hope to see you all soon. When I do get home I will tell you of all my experiences as a soldier and the way to make it a happy life."

In a more recent letter, Major writes:

"I was sorry to hear of the States going "dry." I hope that it will not affect Tom Conk any. I see that they are going to try and stop smoking, too. Guess Conk will have to come over here, for he can get anything that he wants, from champagne to water. Tell Tom and all of the boys of the yard, Miss Jensen and all of the office girls, that I send my best regards, although I know that there are a lot of strange people since I came over here. I am not always going to be over here, however, so tune up your band and I will be hearing them play soon. Now, Dan, I am going to write some poetry for you. I don't know how good it is, but you can't hit me with anything, for I am so far away. Here's where I start in:

"I've slept on steamboats with my feet on deck,
And I've slept in a church with a kink in my neck.
I've slept in fields under the stars,
And I've slept in trains, in old box cars.
I've slept in beds of purple and gold,
And I've slept out in Arras in the mud and the cold.
I've slept in a dugout with the rat and the louse,
And I've slept in France in a fairly good house.
I've slept in barns on beds of straw.
I've slept in sheds with no beds at all.
I'm sleeping now on a stretcher of wire,
And I pray my last sleep will be near a fire.
I'm tired of the mud, the wet and the cold,
And I won't be sorry when I sleep in the fold.
With windows and doors to keep out the cold,
And I'm sure that is some before I get too old."

E. M. Peattie is now at St. Aignan, France, waiting to be sent back home. Peattie is one of our boys who has been in the game "over there" from start to finish. The end of hostilities alone prevented him from getting a commission, for he was in officers' training school behind the line when the armistice was signed. In a letter to Richard Allen, of the office, he writes:



Private William J. Ryan (left) formerly a driller here, drafted on May 28, 1918, went overseas with Co. C, 316th Inf., 79 Div., and died of wounds received in battle of Argonne, Sept. 30, 1918.

"Still here in France waiting to get home. I was on my way once when our names were taken off the sailing list. It seems, since we left school, that we are without a home. First we were sent on our furlough and spent an enjoyable time. After that they shipped us to a classification camp. Well, since I came here I have slept in about ten different places, stood hours at a time waiting for orders and nothing has developed yet in regard to what they intend doing with us. It looks as if we are to be commissioned and kept over here for a while. This is the place where you have your fill of rain and mud, for it rains here most every day. While at Nice I had a fine time. The weather was grand and all of the flowers were in full bloom, and a fellow got some enjoyment out of life. Here it is different. You just hang around, eat, read and sleep. Outside of that you have nothing to do. Have not received any mail since the first of January, for almost all of the men who come here are casuals from the hospital and they can't bother with mail. Many of the boys leave for home every day, and I was to sail on February 22 when that order came through holding us. I expected to be home before the middle of March, but now things are all mixed up.

"There is not much news about the ending of the war here, as the newspapers give very little account of the Conference. Since I landed here I have been doing very little writing as I thought that I would move westward in no time.

"I don't suppose that I will know the plant when I return. Had letters from Miss Travers, Reddy, Miss Jensen and Mr. Morse; also received copies of THE DIAL, which I enjoyed reading immensely, especially while at the front. I wish that I had a few of them here now.

"The 5th Wisconsin Band is about to give a concert and it is hard to write and listen to music at the same time, so here goes to a close.

"Remember me to Miss Anderson and all of my friends at the office and yard. I hope that I may see you all soon."

Jerry Gregory is still in France with the 28th Division, the Iron Division, as it is popularly called because of the work it did at Chateau Thierry. In a letter to Dan Shea, Gregory writes:

"Just a few lines to let you know that I have received your card with the greetings of the year and many thanks for the same. It sure does feel good to get a line from somebody at home and especially from an organization like the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company Employees' Association. By the way Dan, I picked up a paper over here, the New York *Herald*, Paris edition, and on the back was a whole page advertisement of the Morse Company welcoming the boys back home and it sure did look good and bring back old times. How is your band getting along? I suppose there were a lot of old faces missing at the ball this year and I guess there will be a whole lot



Johnny Summers in the middle. (See his letter in next column.)

missing for good too. Well, I will close now. I hope you are in the best of health and give my regards to all of the bunch."

In a recent issue of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* there appeared a full column on a soldier who may be known to quite a few men in the yard. In fact, the article itself was written by our boxing reporter, Abe Yager, 2d. The article was about Johnny Victor, the brother of Joe Victor, a ship-fitter in the yard. Johnny was a prominent boxer in the days when boxing was in vogue in Brooklyn.

But when April, 1917, came around, Victor decided that at that time a bayonet would be a better implement to swing than a padded glove against the Hun, even if he had a horseshoe in it, so he went to Camp Gordon and afterwards sailed for France with the 82nd Division, a good part of which is made up of Brooklyn men.

He took aptly to his desire to wield the bayonet and rose to the rank of Corporal, Sergeant, and finally bayonet instructor. He was wounded in the attack against St. Juvin on Oct. 13, while leading his platoon against the enemy at that town, and has since been recommended for a Distinguished Service Cross. He is still in France.

In a letter telling of his experiences, he relates how his division rode in auto trucks to their position and, after marching all night, went over the top at seven in the morning and took their objective. The following day they were assigned to a reserve position but were soon called into action. After that, action followed action until November 2 was reached. At the end of this time, there was a total of eighteen men and no officers, the rest having been either killed or wounded. He adds:

"The words 'despite inclement weather,' so often alluded to in the official reports, has a significance understood only by those who took part in the fighting. The days were cold and dreary, the nights cold and shivery. Food was scarce and the little bully beef which we did receive was relished with delight."

Eddie Shea, Dan Shea's brother, is still with the army of occupation and is now stationed at Lutzerath, Germany, according to his most recent letter which follows:

"Your letter and one from Mr. Morse at hand this evening. Both of them are appreciated immensely. I am glad to hear of the ball being a grand success. I also know you were quite busy with the arrangements. So Harry Gardner, Red Hot and Tom Plunkett wore full dress suits. If I ever get a collar and tie on again I think I will jump and shy like a two-year old when first going to the post. Don't worry about me getting blue, brother. I am as happy as the day you saw me at Camp Upton. Of course I sure would like to be back but someone has got to do the police duty here in Germany so you see the 4th Division was called. Say Dan, speaking of three round bouts, I was going to try for the bantamweight title of the army of occupation but after working out for a few days I find that my wind is not what it ought to be. Consequently I have given up the sport of self-defence. Any dope that you can gather about the army of occupation would be greatly appreciated by my comrades as well as by me. I am receiving THE DIALS regularly now and they are enjoyed by my comrades immensely. One of my companions, who by the way hails from California, is quite a pianist. We would like to have some up-to-date music if possible. The German family that we live with have an organ and we get some good old tunes out of it. Any music that you send will be thankfully received by all."

John A. McLellan, formerly a carpenter's helper here, is still in France. He is attached to Company B, 316 Infantry. In a recent letter written to his father, A. B. McLellan, of the joiner shop, he enclosed a piece of poetry written by himself which we print below:

Here's to the Morse yard, the yard of fame,
For when I get back I will call there again.
I had lots of good times there, I know all about it,
And I'm anxious to get back there, I can't do without it.
I made plenty of money while I was there,
But if I did not stop there, it would not be fair.
I was making out fine when I was caught in the draft,
But I was longing for a ride on an ocean craft.
Going up on the boat, we climbed up stairs,
Some of the carpenters I used to help were doing repairs.
We have done our share in this war you know,
And it was hell on the Germans, I'll tell you so.
Well this is all, the life is hard
But I don't care as long as I get back to the Morse Dry Dock Yard.

Johnny Summers, formerly one of our ball players, who is a member of 117 Trans. Corps, A. E. F., writes to Mr. Benner, as follows:

"Dear Sir: Just a few lines to let you know I am still alive. We have a paper over here called the New York *Herald* and one whole sheet was used for an advertisement of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co. and maybe I didn't show it around to the western boys, showing them what the Dry Dock Company in the east thinks of their boys 'over here.' I, Johnny Summers of the 50th Engineers, am claiming the welterweight championship of the A. E. F. I have had fourteen fights over here and I have not been defeated yet. I am handling all my opponents in fine style. I made the trip with the boys to London, Eng., and I had a little hard luck. I got the start of a cauliflower ear which put me out of the tournament. I boxed Mike O'Dowd, world's middleweight champion, a fortnight ago in a six round exhibition and the boys just went crazy over the fight. I used to play on the ball team of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co. before I went in the army. I pitched against the Chatham Club if you remember it. I am sending you my photo and if you care to put it in your monthly magazine I would appreciate it. I guess I will be over here two or three months and then I will be back on the old job working in the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co. How is Cy McLaurin? Give him my regards. The Knights of Columbus are doing great work over here."

Summers is known in private life as C. Lienhard, and has many friends in the yard.

Joe O'Neil Leaves Us

JOE O'NEIL, of the electric welding department, left the employ of the Morse Company during the past month and is now in business for himself. He is still in the welding game in the Greenpoint section. We were all sorry to see Joe go. He was popular in his own department, well liked throughout the yard, and an enthusiastic worker in the affairs of the Employees' Association.

As the Beau Brummel of the yard he carried away all of the honors. He worked hard at a hard and dirty game, but always seemed to have just stepped out of a band-box.

O'Neil would like all of the boys in the yard to know that the only thing which made his present business venture possible was the investment which he made in airplanes. Some of the boys may still laugh, but it looks as if Joe must have had the right line on things after all. We all wish him the best of luck.

Wallace Fowler, formerly assistant to O'Neil, is now in charge of the electric welding department. James MacFarlane has general supervision over the burning and welding departments.

If the man on a chugging motorcycle is joy-riding he doesn't look it.



Michael Burns in France with the 77th Division. An interesting letter from him appeared in The Dial last month.

From Our Yard Poets

BELOW are contributions made to the DIAL *by men in the yard. We are using these verses just as they were sent in, realizing that in this form they may better represent the real spirit of the yard and the real thoughts of the men who wrote them.*

Jim Donovan's Troubles

I passed Jim on the deck looking sad,
As if the whole world had gone wrong.
I said, "Are you mad or do you feel bad?"
And he just sung me this little song—

"I have worked for this firm for quite a long time,
"I've had jobs some far, some near.
"But this, in my mind, is the worst of its kind,
"That I've had for many a year.

"Nothing decided means nothing done.
"What they want I'm unable to say,
"About quarter to one is the time that they come
"When they know we will all be away.

"The other night I awoke in my sleep,
"I was dreaming of work at the time.
"Then I suddenly cried, 'Get Walter Whiteside,'
"They've found out they don't need that line."

"After a while I woke up again,
"And—as I looked around for the matches,
"I shouted again, 'Our work is in vain,'
"We must shift all the new booby hatches."

Never mind Jim, forget this affair,
For some day your troubles will cease.
And I declare, there'll be no humbugs there,
To break up your well earned peace.

ANONYMOUS.

Glad and Sad

There is a place named Morse Dry Dock
A pleasant place, you know.
And guys who care to have a job,
To Morse Dry Dock they go.

There's snappers, at the gate they stand,
And Plunkett pulls them in,
The shop is ready standing there
For the employee to begin.

The day goes soon, the week flies by
The next thing you know pay day is *nigh*.

The pay goes straight to wifey
And she thinks she just got rich
And when the time to spend it comes,
Wifey feels so sick.

By John J. Preola, O. S. M. H. 24034.

Advice to Billy Kane

Now Billy Kane, of Hull 4 fame,
Please don't buy a new car
For anyhow, I can tell you now
It won't take you very far.

Remember the last car you had?
Just a little while ago
How you nearly got in bad
Although you drove it slow?

Remember how you swelled with pride
When you started off so fine
You took some sailors for a ride
Then you hit the crosstown line.

Now Billy, for the public's sake
Not my advice, of course
I shouldn't stop to hesitate,
I would go and buy a horse.

ANONYMOUS.

The only time some folks care to tell the truth is when it will injure someone else.

In Room 44, M. E. Hospital

To Our Nurses:

Miss MacKellar,
Is one fine "fellar,"
One fine "fellar" is she.
From morn till night,
She keeps us full of life,
And healthful soon we'll be.
She will cure your ills,
With bandage and pills,
And the blues you'll never see.
Then there's pretty Miss Gibbs,
Who tickles our ribs,
With an alcohol rub every night.
And everyones' pains she'll make light,
So from seven to seven we think we're in heaven,
As her kindness and patience keeps life.

To Peter Struters—Carpenter:

It happens in Room 44,
Peter he lies near the door,
Howling, "my back is so sore."
An alcohol rub and bring him some grub,
And Peter won't howl anymore.

To Ed Swane—Electrician:

Near Peter lies Eddie Swane,
Whose stomach was once full of pain.
With the help of the knife,
Is now full of life,
And getting his health back again.

Sent in by Ed. Swane.

The Victory Loan

Come to its support,
The Victory Loan is here.
You will have to subscribe,
We have no more tax from beer.
We still have men across,
There are no more going over.
We must bring them back,
With our hundreds of ships.
Our Army to support,
And our Navy to supply,
We need money to buy for them,
So that they may survive.
Let's make it a big one,
And go right o'er the top,
It will do us all a lot of good,
And give Fritz an awful shock.

DONALD FRY, Number 7417.

Don't Swear !

By Corporal Frank C. Heina

First—He breaks the command of God.
Second—He profanes all things that are sacred.
Third—He violates the law of the land.
Fourth—He outrages decency.
Fifth—He insults all good people.
Sixth—He dishonors his parents.
Seventh—He transgresses the rules of good manners.
Eighth—He does something he will be sorry for.
Ninth—He shows himself lacking in self-respect, and in respect for others.
Tenth—He proclaims the fact that such man is not a true "Christian"; he is a creature of God, and not a child of God. The Word says: "The tongue is a fire; therefore guard your tongue."—*Camp Dix Trench and Camp.*

If you are all wrapped up in yourself don't blame your acquaintances if they think you a bundle of conceit.

Pattern Shop Notes

Karl Gjeruldsen's favorite tool is the adze. The reason for this favoritism is said to be the fact that he believes in hewing his way through.

Charlie Burbridge is a good old scout and always at it. He may be just a bit old, but his hat is still in the ring.

John Paulson is one of the boys who just enjoys making patterns. He can't stay away from the shop, especially if there is any "soap" in sight.

Goldberg is the "soap hound" of the pattern shop. Only two years at the game and he can show all of the other boys up when it comes to getting lots of "soap."

H. G. Hoover is said to remind many of the boys of President Wilson. While campaigning he continually reminded us that "our Association was the best in the world"; "that it would be the best in the world." Get that "world idea"? Hoover, it looks suspicious.

The boys want to know if Nils Johnson, boss of the pattern shop, has given up bowling for good. If he has, they believe that the automobile fever is responsible. Johnson has a car which is the pride of his heart, but it is also kind of hard on the bowling average.

Tom, Jim and Selmar, of the pattern shop, are a nice bunch of youngsters. Always together and always happy. Good stuff, boys, go to it.

Dan Daniels is the bald headed guy who works all winter and disappears in the summer. He says that work in the summer causes perspiration, and that such a state of affairs is hard on a fellow's health.

Milton Jaros is the fresh air hound of the pattern shop. Whenever there is a draft they blame it on Jaros. His love for the trickling breezes is due to recent army life. Every time there is a draft he thinks he's in a tent.

Auge Anderson is the baffle plate and grate bar expert of the pattern shop. Auge says that the baffle plates never baffle him and that the grate bars are great.

Joe Graff, just back from the navy, is the jolliest man in the pattern shop. Probably got that way from being a jolly tar.

Jim Smith has the record for length of service in the pattern shop and never did care for any "soap." What's the idea, Jim? The boys all think you have an outside income.

Charlie Rice is a hustler in the pattern shop but his heart is on the farm. He has a farm out Long Island way, but we hear that his most successful venture has been raising cane.

Fred Wood, of the pattern shop, is the man with a corner all to himself. "Exclusiveness! That's me all over, Mabel."

Oliver Craig is a true graduate of the Hoover school. H. G. came into the shop the other day with his hair uncombed and Oliver had his all ruffled up in five minutes.

George O'Brien is ambition personified. He has learned how to make patterns and is now learning the business of making "soap." All others wishing to learn the essentials of the trade see Paulson.

Revenge may be sweet, but sweets are bad for the constitution.

A Lucky Patriot

GUS ANDERSON, rigger, of 34 Fourth Place, Brooklyn, was the winner of the centerpiece which was raffled off for the benefit of the yard Red Cross fund in the Association Room at noon hour on Monday, March 17. Anderson had only one chance in the raffle. He had only recently returned to the yard after being confined to his bed with a broken leg for over thirteen weeks and did not think that he could afford more than one chance.

On the day of the raffle he jokingly inquired at the hospital about when they were going to send the centerpiece to him. On his return home that night he was quite surprised to find that the centerpiece had arrived there before him.

Mr. Anderson was both surprised and delighted with his good luck and in order to show that he appreciated the centerpiece made a donation of one dollar to the Red Cross fund.

The centerpiece was donated to the Red Cross by Mrs. Edward Hannivan, wife of Eddie Hannivan, sheet metal shop, and a raffle was considered the best way to realize money on it. Eighty-one dollars and twenty cents was realized.

Miss Jensen, who has charge of all Red Cross affairs in the yard, wishes to express her thanks to everyone who helped make the raffle a success. The previous total of the yard's subscription to the Red Cross, which amounted to $8,744, has now been brought up to $8,825. A few more contributions like that of Mrs. Hannivan's would greatly assist our Red Cross workers in their efforts to obtain funds for a very worthy cause.

Outing Plans under Way

PLANS are now under way for the annual outing of the Employees' Association, which is to take place some time in the middle of next June. A tentative date, June 21, has been set by the committee, the *S.S. Sirus* has been chartered, and the outing probably will be held at Witzel's Grove, College Point.

The committee on arrangements consists of H. G. Hoover, pattern shop, chairman; Joe Lowe, pipe shop; Vincent Konop, inside machinists: Tom Smith Jr., carpenter shop: Edward McGibney, plate shop; Frank Grant, outside machinists: William Lansing, riggers; Peter Lorenzo, paint shop; Frank Whitman, timekeepers.

According to plans, the outing in June will take the place of the department outings held last year. At that time the yard working force was abnormal in size, due to the great amount of war work which we were then doing, and one large outing would have been impracticable. Now that the number of employees is again back to normal size the old idea of one large outing for everybody has been resorted to. There will be no department outings during the coming summer, but the one big outing for everyone now being planned is sure to be the big event of the summer season, and well worth all of the others combined.

It Is Not Always Easy

To apologize,
To begin over,
To admit error,
To be unselfish,
To take advice,
To be charitable,
To be considerate,
To keep on trying,
To think and then act,
To profit by mistakes,
To forgive and forget,
To shoulder a deserved blame,
BUT IT ALWAYS PAYS.

Band Ballads

George Steggmann, of the pipe shop, says: "The finest girl I've met
Is one whose name is Clara, my darling Clara-net."

Charles Shutters says: "It is not foul to eat with any hen,
For every time I'm in the band, I've got my corn-et then."

"I always pay my debts," says Sill, "No matter what the sum,
Though some may think that I'm a beat, because I beat the drum."

Charles Randolph says: They've found a thing to talk across the foam;
"I hope that when they name it, they will call it saxa-phone."

Pop Seaforth says: "When I'm at work, you'll find me at my place.
And when I am not in the band, why then I'm off my bass."

Some people pick a high spot as through this life they go,
But Katz doesn't care a dog-gone—he says, "I pic-a-lo."

Says Dougherty: "When on parade, the trombone by my side,
There is no trouble troubles me, I simply let her slide."

Says Fossing: "I'm the fastest man that ever walked in line;
A symbol that I'm never late, I'm always beating time."

And when each one had blew his horn, the leader, Danny Shea,
Said: "All of you talk like you had a good *bat-on* to-day."

Just couple enthusiasm with knowledge, faith and persistency, and no one can stop you. The enthusiastic man always lands on top.

Your strength of will determines the measure of your success. You get what you give. You must have an intense desire to succeed. And that desire must be supported by a constant will.

In Memory of a Friend

AS a tribute to our late friend and fellow-worker, Martin L. Mulligan, boiler-maker snapper, we are using this picture of his son. It was said of Mulligan that his work here was his greatest joy. We who knew him well realized that that statement was false, although as a worker his record still stands unexcelled in our yard. "Marty's" greatest joy was his son. To Marty everything in this world centered around his boy. His ambitions for him were boundless, and we are glad to use this picture of the little fellow.



Martin L. Mulligan

Getting Memorial Designs

PLANS for the erection of a memorial tablet in honor of the men from the yard who left to go into the service are fast nearing completion according to the report given out by Treasurer M. W. Mead at the March meeting of the Employees' Association at Prospect Hall.

The committee, which consists of Mr. Mead, Charles G. Hall, Thomas Cavanaugh, Albert Simendinger and H. G. Hoover, has several designs under consideration at the present time.

These designs will be brought to the attention of the Board of Directors at its next meeting, and a copy of the design decided upon will be posted on the bulletin board so that every member of the Association may pass on it before the contract is given out.

Mr. Mead explained that the reason for the apparently slow decision on the part of the committee was due to the fact that the committee was trying to obtain the best memorial obtainable, and therefore it was desired to get as many designs as possible.

Band Concerts Begin

THE first outdoor band concert of the season was held at noon hour on Thursday, March 30, and with it most of us got the first touch of that real old time spring feeling.

The boys in the band too seemed to be glad to get out and hit the band stand again, and when they struck into Dan Shea's newest specialty, "Knockout Drops," the whole yard seemed, from THE DIAL office, to be wobbling back and forth in time with the music.

"Knockout Drops" reminded us a bit of "Honky Tonky," which was the favorite "pep" producer last year—the only difference is that this new piece is much better.

At the conclusion of the band concert, Mr. Hanbury spoke shortly on the benefit soccer game which was to take place on the following Sunday, and then to add a little more spring time flavor to the proceedings, he said this about the back pay: "I was walking through a cemetery the other day, and I came across a tombstone on which I read:

"Here lies the remains of old John Day
"Broken-hearted he died,
"Awaiting his retroactive pay."

Spring is a great institution, but without the band and speeches from the band stand it wouldn't bring the same sort of a happy feeling to a great many of us.

Evening

Life's little day is fading fast; upon the mountain's brow the sinking sun is gleaming red; the shadows lengthen now; the twilight hush comes on apace, and soon the evening star will light us to those chambers dim where dreamless sleepers are. And when the curfew bell is rung, that calls us all to rest, and we have left all worldly things, at Azrael's behest. Oh, may some truthful mourner rise, and say of you or me: "Gee whiz! I'm sorry that he's dead! He was a honey bee! Whate'er his job he did his best; he put on all his steam, in every stunt he had to do he was a four-horse team. He thought that man was placed on earth to help his fellow guys; he never wore a frosty face and balked at weeping eyes; the hard luck pilgrim always got a handout at his door, and any friend could help himself to all he had in store; he tried to make his humble home the gayest sort of camp, till Death, the king of bogies, came and slugged him in the lamp. I don't believe a squarer guy existed in the land, and Death was surely off his base when this galoot was canned!"—*Walt Mason.*

THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, and to the interests of the Company.

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor
C. Stewart Wark, Assistant Editor
Wesley T. Jones, Reporter
C. W. Bailey, Photographer

John Powell, Thomas J. Plunkett, Jacob Moses, William Roth, William R. Monahan, Abe Yager, 2nd, Mrs. Otis Elliot Barene, Mrs. Wallace Livermore and Miss Margaret McCarthy, contributing editors.

The magazine is mailed without charge to all employees who keep us informed of their correct address. If you move let us know. The Dial office is on the top floor of the North Building.

All communications should be addressed to B. E. Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn.

Vol. 2 APRIL 1919 No. 4

"Finish the Job"

ON April 6, 1917, we started a job so colossal, so gigantic in nature that even the most optimistic mind was skeptical as to its outcome.

That America could raise an army of four million men and send half that army three thousand miles across the sea in a short space of time proves once again that complete coöperation between capital and labor, soldier and civilian when fighting for a cause so noble, so just as the one we fought for, must win.

How the war was won is of too recent history to be chronicled here; suffice it to say that the part played by the men in the shipyards must take its place in the pages of history for future generations to read and ponder over.

On November 11 the whole world was electrified by the declaration of an armistice which meant that our boys had finished the job—over there.

The men—and women, too—of Morse's contributed magnificently to every demand, every appeal made by our government. The various loans came and we took all the bonds we could afford. How many of us are sorry we bought those bonds? If you had not bought the bonds would you still have money in your pocket?

The enjoyment you receive in clipping the coupons and the optimism with which you face the future proves that holders of bonds are not sorry. The difficulty we have in maintaining our standard of living to-day is proof positive that we would not have saved this money if we had not bought bonds.

During the war our government accumulated about sixteen billions of dollars from the sale of Liberty Bonds, and, on the other hand, we have been told that the first six months of war cost the United States twenty-four billions of dollars. What the total expenditures were for the war and during the year and seven months that we were in it I do not know; nevertheless, you must realize the heavy indebtedness of our country.

The men in the shipyards are not making as much money as they did during the war, to be sure, and I know there isn't a man unpatriotic enough to feel sorry that the war is over, for this reason.

When you are prone to criticize the fates that you think are against you, consider the difficulties of men in the other walks of life who are compelled to live on a higher scale than we, but with smaller incomes.

Bank clerks, bookkeepers, bank cashiers and many other professions, where salaries range from $1,500 to $2,000 per year and working from twelve to sixteen hours per day, were buying bonds and contributing to all war activities and keeping up the family appearances which are so necessary to a bank employee.

The mechanics and helpers in our yard would laugh with scorn at the salaries paid these bank employees; why, the heater boys could do better than they while the war was on.

Do not waste sympathy on yourself, but spruce up and make the best of what you have. You have a job; many of our soldiers and sailors haven't. You have a home; many of "our boys" are homeless.

Our government is contemplating a reconstruction program on a tremendous scale, which will provide employment for every man and woman; but this cannot be done with a depleted treasury.

On April 21 Uncle Sam is going to launch another loan, which will be known as the Victory Loan. The object of this loan is to pay off some of our war debts and to provide funds for the reconstruction.

I don't think any real American is going to raise any question as to the necessity of this loan. Our government needs it and that is sufficient reason for us to lend our money.

We hold up to contempt and ridicule any one who starts a thing he cannot finish.

On May 14, 1917, the first Liberty Loan was offered and we started the job of financing the war. May 10, 1919, will mark the close of the Fifth Loan.

Where is Morse's going to stand? Are we going to *Finish the Job?*

William R. Monahan.

Habits Are Like Sparrows

IN 1852 eight pairs of sparrows were imported into this country, for some reason or other, and turned loose here in Brooklyn. To-day there are about 6,000,000,000 sparrows in the United States directly descended from the original sixteen.

Habits are like sparrows. There are good habits and there are bad habits. They are bound to increase just as rapidly as the sparrows. The question is which kind are you going to form.

If you form the bad habit of loafing on the job, you are apt to get into the habit of lying when you are caught idling and when once you acquire the habit of lying, the chances are ten to one that you'll get into the habit of cheating your whole way through life.

There are men who have a habit of throwing their week's wages across the bar every Saturday night and there are other men who have a habit of saying "Howdy!" with a smile to everyone.

Both of these actions are the result of habit. The result produced is the difference between them.

Habits may be compared to lion cubs. At first they are small, insignificant playthings, enjoyable and fascinating. Soon their shaggy mane takes the place of the downy fur, the snarl and growl takes the place of the playful yelp, and the lion begins to have a power and a will of his own.

If the lion was allowed to grow up in a wild, unthoughtful manner, when fully grown he becomes a wild, uncontrollable animal, a man-eater. But if he is raised with care, trained in a systematic way, he will be an invaluable adjunct to his master when full-fledged.

It is a point in the study of psychology (so says one of our staff who has dwelt with that branch of the college curriculum) that every man must have habits in order to come up to a set standard of efficiency.

His arguments have to do with brain creases, lines of thought, etc.; but summing it all up, if we must form habits, it is up to us to see what sort of habits we cultivate, so that when the proverbial "thread of habit" becomes stronger, it will be used not to drag us down, but rather to lift us up into a better world.

The lives of all the great men of America are the best testimonials against bad habit-forming. Look into them and see for yourself. Many of them, no doubt, smoked an occasional cigar, took an occasional drink and told an occasional lie, but none of them ever formed a habit of doing those things repeatedly. W. T. J.

Sneak Thieves, Get Out!

TWELVE dollars worth of tools were stolen from a locker in the old rigging loft recently. The tools belonged to a carpenter, one of the oldest employees in the yard. He had been in the habit of leaving tools in his locker and considered them as safe there as at home. In short, he trusted his fellow-workmen.

The loss of the tools meant to the carpenter the loss of his only means of making a living. He will naturally be more careful in the future and his care will, in this case, take the form of distrust. No one can blame him for his feelings, yet such a spirit instilled in the heart of even one man will do more to break up the "family" spirit among us than anything else we know of.

The majority of us who are working together here are doing so with a spirit of friendliness and coöperation. We are proud of this spirit which we have built up and are resolved that its virility and life shall not be impaired. If there are a few curs among us we are going to root them out—they don't belong here. We believe that the bad man who packs a gun is an angel in comparison with the sneaking gutter rat who steals tools from his fellow-worker.

None of us are exactly saintly. We are rough and ready, have dirt on our faces and grime on our hands, but most of us don't steal tools, or take pennies from a blind man's hat or snatch doughnuts from the lunch counter. We are men holding down men's jobs and feel contaminated by the presence of tool thieves and nickel snatchers.

Sneak thieves, get out! You don't belong here, we won't have you here! If you don't get out we'll find you and put you out. Voluntary exit will be a lot easier.

C. S. W.

* * *

An Enviable Record

SPRING is with us and that means to every one hundred per cent. American that baseball is with us, too. Not that a love of the national pastime is necessary for a man to be a true American, but it seems that baseball and Americanism are naturally very closely connected.

Morse is putting a team on the baseball diamond this year that is going to be a winner. We have the players, we have the necessary good management, team work among the players is assured. All of these things are necessary adjuncts to a winning combination—and one thing more! That is, support—the moral and financial support of every red blooded man in the yard. The baseball season is now well under way. Get back of that team of ours and support it to the end. Team work in the grand stand is just as essential as team work on the field.

During the past year, our athletic teams have made an enviable record in almost every branch of athletics. Last summer we had a baseball team that was a sensation. It would have been champion of the Shipyard League if it had not been for what was considered by many, shady sportmanship on the part of some of our rivals. No better, harder fighting, more sportsmanlike team was entered in the league.

We have a soccer team in the field which came very near to being the national champion. For a team which has never played together before to put up such a strong showing is a record that cannot be beaten by any other soccer outfit in the country.

Our bowling team won the championship of the Shipyard Bowling League this winter. It made a record of sixteen straight games won and clinched the cup long before the season was over.

Naturally we are proud of what we have done. We can rightly feel proud because the teams which have made such worth while records represented us. We, as members of the Employees' Association, supported them and made it possible for them to compete. We must be entitled to some of the glory.

Now we are after new athletic honors. To lay back upon the records of our former accomplishments will be fatal. We are going to make this a record year in the annals of Morse athletics. Everyone must help. Get out and support our baseball team, get behind them, stay behind them and we'll win.

C. S. W.

* * *

High Wages

THE cost of living worries every one of us. Almost every thing you wish to buy is tagged with a price that seems out of reason. And yet wages to-day are higher than ever before.

What does it mean?

It means only that higher wages, by themselves, are no good to anyone. What we need is a decrease in cost of living. For if living cost comes down, labor need never fear a cut in wages.

Living cost, indeed, cannot come down unless wages also decrease, for the cost of labor is always the biggest cost in producing goods. The one thing that can keep wages up, and at the same time keep living cost down, is increased production.

Just now neither labor nor capital is getting ahead. The trouble is that the manufacturer and his employee have not discovered that they are in precisely the same boat. Both have failed to realize that an increase in wages without better and cheaper methods of producing goods always brings higher prices—and that higher prices will always eat up higher wages. Whether you work with your head or your hands your future depends on how much you can produce and distribute, and save.

The more you can produce, the better off you are, and the better your family, your city, and your country.

The less you can produce the higher prices must go, and the shorter distance your wages will go in buying the necessaries and the luxuries of life.

If you want high wages—if you want steady work—you must produce. Production is the one thing that counts to-day.

The Quarrel of the Docks

By John Powell, Dry Dock Poet

Said the old Dry Dock to the new Dry Dock:
"I suppose you think you're smart,
Because you're trimmed so up to date and
also made your start.
But wait until you've lifted ships as I've
done in the past,
Both night and day throughout the war and
see how long you'll last.
The ships I've lifted in the past are records
on the books,
I'm here to lift in future, not like you, just
here for looks.
It's true you've raised a ship or two, but if
you wait a spell,
When you're my age (I have to laugh), well,
time alone will tell.
Don't think that I am jealous when these
few remarks I pass,
I don't wish to recognize you, for you're not
in my class.
Besides, you're not a native here; for us you
hold no charm,
You're what we call a Reuben; you were
born 'Down on the Farm.'"
The new Dry Dock then spoke and said:
"I'm sorry, sore indeed,
Being neighbors as we are this course to
follow you've decreed;
For I had thought that we'd be friends and
friends that would be true,
Though strange to say, but truth it is, I'm
known but half to you.
You say that time alone will tell, well, wait
awhile and see,
For I am young, I must admit, this is but
half of me."
A voice then through a megaphone upon the
stillness broke,
"Avast, heave to and do your work,"
—'Twas Mr. Hallock spoke.

A Reminiscent Picture



THE accompanying picture came to THE DIAL office recently, along with a very interesting letter from a reader not employed here, Harry Harding, secretary of the Bay Ridge Yacht Club. The picture was taken in 1914 and gives a very good idea of the great harbor changes which have taken place during the last few years. Mr. Harding writes:

"Editor, MORSE DIAL,

"DEAR SIR: I am a reader of your DIAL and find it very interesting. I know that it is of value to employees and others not connected with the Morse Dry Dock Co. I spent my boyhood days on the spot now occupied by the Morse Company and also have a number of friends employed by the company. I feel that anything put out by Morse must be good. Enclosed you will find a photograph. The picture was taken in 1914. The scene is quite different from the view at present. The small boats in the foreground were taken from the Bay Ridge Yacht Club float. The boats were all owned by Morse employees and enrolled in the Bay Ridge Yacht Club. The boat fifth in line was designed and built by Arthur Nylund, George MacLaurin's assistant, at the 'Farm.' 'Maud' is her name and up to the present no boat of her class has equaled her in speed, which speaks well for the 'Farm.'

"Very truly yours,

"HARRY HARDING."

Good Work Wins Praise

THE following letter was received by Mr. Morse recently. Letters of this kind ought to be a source of inspiration and encouragement to all of us, and there could be no better proof of the fact that conscientious effort is appreciated and noticed:

"*U. S. S. Luella*, March 14, 1919.

"*Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co.*,

"MR. MORSE: It is my earnest desire to recommend to you Mr. Frank Abrams, No. 22410, of the burning department, for the faithful and diligent manner in which he has performed his duties while working on board this vessel.

"On March 5, while performing his duties in the engine room of this vessel, he discovered an uncovered acetylene tank which was endangering the lives of many men and also the safety of the ship. This he covered, reported to the chief engineer and had danger removed.

"While using an acetylene burner he is always careful about the sparks, so that there will be no possibility of fire, or danger to the crew who are working around or below him. He seems to be always interested in his work and the welfare of everyone concerned.

"In view of the above, I believe that he should be put on the list for promotion when a vacancy occurs, as he would be a very valuable man in anyone of the duties of his trade.

"Very truly yours,

"WILLIAM J. TATE, Chief Engineer Officer."

Business success is a matter of confidence based on coöperation, knowledge, intense enthusiasm, and work.

Terms Used in Shipbuilding

By Walter K. Crawford

(Superintendent Hull Dept.)

Half-Breadth Plan—See lines plan.

Harpin—A curved wooden piece used to hold frames at ends of ship in position when first erected.

Hatch—Opening in deck of vessel through which cargo, coal, etc., is loaded.

Hawse Pipe—A large fitting attached to the bow of a ship through which the anchor chain passes.

Hawser—A large rope.

Heater or Heater Boy—One who heats rivets.

Heating Tongs—Tongs used to take a rivet from the fire.

Helm—The direction to which the tiller is put, or opposite to which the rudder is put. (When the rudder is to port, the ship is said to carry starboard helm.)

Hogging—Straining of the ship that tends to make the bow and stern lower than the middle portion.

Hold—A large compartment in the lower part of the ship for cargo.

Hold Beams—Beams in a hold, similar to deck beams, but having no plating or planking on them.

Hook Stick—A rig used to hold drilling machine for light drilling.

Horn—To line or square up.

Hull—The body of a ship, including shell plating, framing, decks, bulkheads, etc.

Inboard—Inside the ship, toward the center line.

Inner Bottom—Inner shell for bottom of ships, often called tank top.

Intercostals—Short plates between frames.

Isherwood System—A system of building ships, in which the main framing is longitudinal or fore and aft, instead of transverse, as in ordinary ships.

Jackstaff—Flag pole at bow of ship.

Jam Hammer—A special type of holding-on hammer used in heavy riveting.

Joggling—Offsetting the edges of plates of outer strakes to avoid the use of liners.

Keel—The fore and aft members, usually in the form of flat plates end to end, extending from stem to stern along the bottom of a ship on the center line.

Flat Keel—Plate on bottom of ship.

Vertical Keel—Plates and shapes at center line of ship connecting shell and inner bottom.

Bilge Keel—Plates and shapes fastened to shell at bilge.

Keel Blocks—Heavy blocks on which ship rests during construction.

Keelson—An auxiliary keel or stringer, extending along and over, or parallel to the keel. The center vertical keel.

King Post—Vertical post to support cargo booms.

Lap—A joint in which one part overlaps the other, thus avoiding the use of a butt strap.

Launching—The operation of placing the hull in the water by having it slide down the launching ways. During the launching the weight of the hull is borne by the sliding ways which are attached to the hull and slide down with the ground ways.

Laying Off—Marking plates, shapes, etc., for shearing, punching, etc.

Base Line—A reference line for vertical measurements at right angles to vertical center lines.

Grade Line—A reference line established on a fixed slope or level.

Check Line—An auxiliary reference line.

Linesman—A skilled loftsman who does especially difficult work.

Lines Plan—Drawing showing general outline or form of the ship.

The lines plan comprises three plans:

Sheer Plan—A side view showing length of ship and heights of parts from keel.

Half Breadth Plan—A top view showing a horizontal or floor plan on any water line.

Body Plan—An end view showing curves of the side or frame lines at any point in the ship. Frame lines forward or midship section or on the right of the center line, aft or midship section, on the left of center line.

Loftsman—A man who lays out and makes molds for a ship.

Longitudinals—In a merchant vessel are fitted intercostally between the frames and parallel to the center line of the ship. It is connected to the floors, inner bottom and shell by angle clips.

Lugpad—A projection on deck with hole for fastening a block for a lead.

Length Over All—The length of the ship measured from the stem to the aftermost point of the stern.

Lift—To make a template on ship or in the yard to fit a special place.

Lightening Holes—Holes in plate to reduce weight or permit access.

Limber Hole—A hole of a few inches diameter cut in a floor plate to allow water to drain through it near the bottom.

Liner—A flat or tapered strip placed under a plate or other part to bring it in line with another part that it overlaps.

Lines (on a drawing)—Principal lines of a drawing are as follows:

Base Line—A horizontal reference line from which vertical measurements are taken.

Buttock Line—A vertical line on the body plan parrallel with the center;

A horizontal line in half-breadth plan parallel to the center line;

A curved line in the sheer plan.

Center Line—A vertical line in the center of the body plan perpendicular to the base line; a horizontal line in the half breadth plan through the center of the ship.

Diagonals—Lines running diagonally from the center line to frame lines.

Frame Lines—Outlines showing shape of frame of vessel.

Water Lines—Horizontal lines parallel to the base line in the body plan; horizontal lines parallel to the base line in the sheer plan; curved lines in the half breadth plan.

Lines (on a ship)—Wires, cords, or chalk lines from which measurements are taken.

Center Line—A line through the center of the ship equally distant from sides or a vertical line carried up through center of ship at right angles to base line.

The school for shipfitters, which was reopened in our yard last October under the direction of Walter Crawford, superintendent of the hull department, has been discontinued. According to Mr. Crawford, recent attendance at the classes has not warranted their continuance.

Inspiration—a pair of sharp spurs worn on the heels of Necessity.

On the third cover page of the March edition of THE DIAL it was stated that the advertisement of the Morse Company inviting all employees in the service to come back to their old jobs appeared in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* on January 8. The advertisement appeared not only in the Paris edition, but simultaneously in both the Paris and the New York editions on that date.

When in doubt, mind your own business.

Powell's Patter

IT isn't necessary that a driller be constantly *bored* to think that an electrician is *shocked* over the *current* rumor that a pipe fitter is one whose name is connected with *joints* and rubs *elbows* with caulkers, who are all out of *pitch* and harmony. But from another *angle* the shipfitter looked upon the machinist as one out of *gear* while a carpenter says this *adz* to discontent and is *moulding* trouble for the joiner, but if they'd take a *pattern* from Johnson or Hoover and not *block* and *shackle* the cause of the riggers or from the blacksmith who steadily *forges* ahead, while the boiler-maker *rivets* his gaze on the plumber who seems to *sink* and the coppersmiths *bend* to little *tin gods* above them. The only salvation is the pipe-coverers who are *as-best-as* there is in the yard.

Every man in the yard keeps on the hustle now for fear the moving picture camera is around. One man was taken loafing on the job, and ever since, even at home, when he sees his wife cranking the coffee grinder he goes down in the cellar and splits wood.

It's a funny thing, the man who controls this yard and this paper does not object to the little ridiculous squibs I write pertaining to the yard, while some men who couldn't control their own feelings object to having their names inserted even to their benefit.

Some men think so little of themselves that they call another man a liar if he praises one good point they may possess.

With system as the father, efficiency as the mother, coöperation as the children, there is no reason why our ship yard family should not be the most successful and harmonious in the household of merchant marine.

Arthur Ratszell, order clerk in Mr. Daly's purchasing department, was reported to be suffering from rheumatism, but upon investigation, it proved to be *expanding joints*. *Mercy*, it took him four days to *express* it.

I wish the new tug in the yard named the *E. P.* wasn't our own. I'd like to say what every one says and thinks about her, but I hate flattery.

There are two children in the yard very fortunate. Their Uncle Sam shows no partiality. What he gets for *Chesapeake* he gets for *Mana Hata* too.

This is too good to keep back. When Mr. Jackson was foreman in the pipe shop he rushed into the office and said to yours truly: "Order a two and one-half inch brass valve for the S. S. *Lancaster*." I took out the order book, put the name of the ship down and then said: "What job is it." Jackson answered: "Contract." I asked, "No. What line?" He said, "Gas house pier."

July Jingle

My wife has barley, my wife has wheat,
She's in possession of a grand recipe.
My wife, she knows a cave, sets in a hill,
We're going to move there soon; I love her still.

Ever since they put the sea-planes in the boiler shop, all hands there are up in the air.

I was waiting for one of the order clerks one morning. He came in about 8.10. Jokingly I said, "What time do you get here?" "Oh," he said, "we never get here till eight." That's right, till late.



By Dial Photographer

"The Girls of the Pipe Shop"

NO, gentle reader, these men are not a job lot of primitive South Sea Islanders or was this picture taken in the close environment of Matteawan. To use the words of the first man seen in the top row from left to right: "These are the girls of the pipe shop; in other words, the snappers. This word does not imply that they snatch at everything they see or does it mean they have an easy time of it. The word snapper has no relation to the word snap. They sometimes appear intelligent and rational; their home life seems to be a mystery as in busy times they see very little of it. Their favorite food is soap."

The first, as before mentioned, Joseph Martin, served his time in this yard and on account of doing deck jobs in severe weather has often been christened Martin-gale.

The next on the top row, Jack Murphy, not a politician or boss of Tammany, but boss of the pipe shop.

Next on exhibition is James Weldon, who is accused of making tall men short and short men shorter.

On the right and on Weldon's left stands T. Collins, the man who discovered and fell into Orange Lake.

Next is a personage known as Mat, snapper of the pipe shop lathe, and then comes Hughie Pace, the saver of eccentric-fittings and the savior of all other snappers in a pinch. You will notice that he is trying to look over the head of a man twice his size; Mr. Bisdale, a wonder curio, he of the half-a-face.

Then comes Thornton, who's main forte is finding leaks. The next is not Pedler Palmer, but just Ed, and then we have Fred Hultman and Barney Mooney, the Siamese twins of the *Ancon* and *Tiger*.

John Firgo, of the Fiji Islands, constructor of internal trouble of the *E. P. Morse*, one time a resident of *San Guiseppi*, wherever that is.

Behold, look upon him, cast your eye, or both of them, on he who bites a 10-inch pipe as though it was a yard of macaroni—Joe Lowe.

Seated below is Parson Carson, Missionary to the wicked on Bush Docks, and, ah-ah, here he is—get the name—Grover Cleveland Patrick Samsel, who resides in the bilges, whose internal feed is red lead and who drinks boiled oil.

Next comes Shroeder, general of the yard army. Below him is Powell, whose only interest is a *material* one, while his partner, Charles Davis, was not present, having gone to a fire on First Avenue to get warm.

Fire Laddies Alert

A SMALL fire, the first in over a month, occurred on March 20 in the hold of the *Tiger*, moored at Pier 1. Sparks from a burner's torch started fire among some cases. The yard volunteer fire department responded, and the blaze was quickly extinguished, despite the fact that, through an innocent error, the wrong whistle signal was blown. Damage was confined entirely to the cases.

Miss Jensen, head of the hospital staff, announces that in response to the recent Red Cross appeal for old clothes, she has in her possession about 25 boxes of used clothing donated by the men in the yard. Most of the donations so far have been footwear.

Nothing surprises some men like their own success.

Band Notes

ON Tuesday, March 15, in the midst of a blinding flurry of snow, the Morse Band played a noon-hour concert on the steps of Borough Hall, Brooklyn, in conection with a program for the Armenian Relief Campaign.

The noon-hour concerts have been resumed, a sure sign of spring. Concerts will be held twice a week, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, between twelve and one o'clock. The band's new repertoire is well equipped with new selections.

The band volunteered its services for the Brooklyn and the New York parades of the recent "Welcome Home" demonstration for the 27th Division.

Men's best deeds can be attributed to woman's influence—also, not infrequently, their worst.



Billy Burke
Our Popular
Match-maker
and
All Around
Good Fellow

Our Match-maker

By Abe Yager, 2nd

WILLIE BURKE of the carpenter shop, is one of the men in the Morse yard who has done a great deal toward making the Employees Association what it is to-day.

Burke's efforts on behalf of the men in the yard have been exerted along somewhat different lines than those of most of the members who are actively interested in all that is being done in the yard for our welfare, yet what he has accomplished has been appreciated by almost everyone to no slight degree.

Burke is the man who arranges all of the boxing bouts which we enjoy after the business of every monthly meeting. He is our match-maker, and it is said that he has been caught many times with the perspiration pouring from his brow, worrying over the matches for the coming meeting.

He started to become popular in fistic circles some time ago when he took Young McGowan, a popular Brooklyn lightweight, under his wing. McGowan first broke into the limelight by defeating the then famous K. O. Brown at the old Gowanus A. C. From that time on Burke has been starting boxers on the road to fame and promoting boxing bouts.

As a member of the entertainment committee of our Association his past experience as a matchmaker has been invaluable. All of the high class talent that has always been present at our monthly meetings can be traced in most every case to Burke's efforts.

Noon-hour Boxing Popular

NOON hour activities in the Association room are again in full swing except on the days when the band plays outside. Attendance during the last few weeks has been almost as large as it was during the winter months, and impromptu boxing matches continue to attract many aspirants for fistic honors.

During the income tax collecting days activities at noon time were rather lax due, to a large extent, to the enforced absence of Dan Shea who had his hands full helping a lot of us fill out the income tax forms.

Every woman has an idea that her husband would not have amounted to much if she had refused him.

How the Conference Plan Works

THE following letters are self-explanatory. We are using them because they show, in a very definite way, just how the Conference Board members of your department are supposed to represent you, and how they go about it. The letters are representative of the way business is continually being conducted between your Conference Board representatives and the Company management.

"March 19, 1919.

"Mr. Harry A. Hanbury, Industrial Director.

"DEAR SIR: We, the Conference Board of the pipe shop, having had the following items laid before us for adjustment with reference to the outside machinists doing work that rightfully comes under the head of pipe fitting, respectfully submit these questions for your consideration, since we honestly believe the outside machinists are working beyond their jurisdiction.

"1. On *S. S. Huron* outside machinists stripped water service piping from reciprocating engines and pipe fitters had to be sent for to put it back.

"2. On *Norman Bridge* outside machinists took apart bilge suction piping. Disconnected Pipes from pumps. Disconnected and stripped water service from turbines.

"3. On *West View* disconnected steam lines and drains from turbines.

"4. On *S. S. Thorgerd* outside machinists disconnected feed pump and took pump off foundation. This is ship fitters' work.

"5. On *S. S. Acomas* outside machinists disconnected steam lines and drains from turbine engine.

"6. On *S. S. Broad Arrow* outside machinists took out 27 ballast valves necessitating unscrewing 6 and 10-inch screw pipe on each side of valve.

"7. On *S. S. Oscoda* outside machinists disconnected piping in shaft alley.

"Respectfully submitted,
"[Signed] THOS. COLLINS,
JAMES PEARSON,
J. B. LOWE."

"March 20, 1919.

"Messrs. T. Collins, J. Pearson, J. B. Lowe, Conference Board, Pipefitting Department, Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"GENTLEMEN: I acknowledge receipt of your communication received this date, respecting certain repair work, set forth in detail, which has been performed by our outside machinists department.

"I have given considerable attention to the questions raised, and am of the opinion that what we need mostly in matters of this kind is coöperation rather than technical attention and adjustment, for the following reasons:

"Repair work, at times, requires the simple removing of pipes, etc., in order to properly get at the engines or the machinery parts needing overhauling. As soon as the overhauling has been accomplished, the pipes that have been removed are replaced in the same position as formerly. Should, however, new piping be required, or should there be extensive removal of old piping, the work is turned over to the pipefitting department. This, in my opinion, is just as it should be, otherwise repairs under way on the engines, pumps and machinery coming under our outside machinists department would be unnecessarily held up. Unreasonable delay and excessive cost will occur should our outside machinists department be compelled to stand by waiting for the pipefitting department gang to remove the piping.

"We are compelled, under present conditions, to so arrange our method of conducting repairs, that efficiency in all departments must be first class in every respect, in order that we may reach a favorable competitive position, with other yards in this port and elsewhere, thereby obtaining to our advantage in securing a greater amount of work for all departments of this plant.

"I am positive, that upon your careful consideration of these questions, you will agree with me, that the manner in which the repair work is being done, at this plant, is equally for the best interests of the workman, the ship owner, and this company.

"Yours very truly,
"MORSE DRY DOCK & REPAIR COMPANY,
"[Signed] H. A. HANBURY, *Industrial Mgr.*

New Board Members

The following men have been appointed to fill the vacancies which have occurred on the Conference Board during the past month:

George Rothwell has been appointed as hull department representatives to take the place of Fred Taylor, who is no longer in the employ of the company.

John Brady has been appointed as office representative, succeeding Alfred Todd Baker. John Liden has been appointed as representative of the inside machine shop, succeeding Louis Schatzel.

Benjamin Pearson has been appointed as representative of the blacksmith shop, succeeding Edward Meybert.

When you think of what you can't do, you are not thinking of what you can do. You should be thinking of what you can do, instead of worrying over what you can't do.

It is a safe guess which side would win out in a contest between destructive grumbling and constructive thinking.

"Fighting Jack" Graham

THE accompanying picture is of "Fighting Jack" Graham, hull department, with the pride of his heart, Dorothea Marie, his nine-months-old daughter. Jack Graham is a shipfitter's helper and a crackerjack at his trade. He held down the short stop position on the 1917 Morse baseball team and, as "Fighting Jack" Graham, was well known to local boxing fans during the old Frawley law days.



"Fighting Jack" Graham of the Hull Department and his daughter Dorothea, whom he is very proud of

AFTER THE WHISTLE HAS BLOWN

Looking 'em Over

By C. Stewart Wark

WHEN we were forced to chronicle, last month, a rather gloomy and lifeless period for Morse athletics, we prophesied the return of lots of "pep" as soon as spring started to show itself in earnest. It seems as if that prophecy has come true, for never before has the sporting outlook been better than it is right now.

In the first place, we have a baseball team which promises to be one of the sensations of the season in local baseball circles. Under the able leadership of Bill Dahlen we can be practically sure of having a collection of good "ball-tossers."

As members of the Employees' Association we all ought to feel proud of the fact that the organization was live enough to realize that good management is just as necessary for a successful season as good playing material. No one can doubt that Dahlen has all of the necessary qualifications as far as managing a team is concerned.

The season is now well under way. It is up to every man in the yard to get right back of Dahlen and our team. A successful season depends just as much upon rooters in the grand stand as it does upon the management or the team itself. Morse teams and Morse men are noted for their sportsmanship and "pep." It is up to us to keep that reputation intact this season.

AND we mustn't forget that we still have a football team making a name for Morse in that line of sport. The football team is most certainly deserving of our support.

It is still in the game in spite of the defeat by Paterson, which put us out of the national championship race. The team is now after the Southern New York State Football Association cup, and it looks as if we have a pretty good chance of adding that trophy to our growing collection. The Morse team may not be the national champion this year, but it certainly has made a most unique record for itself. We feel safe in stating that there never has been another team, practically none of the members of which have ever played together before, which has come so near to winning the highest honors that can possibly be given to a football team in the United States.

The game which entitled our soccer team to play in the semi-finals for the national championship was played with the New York Football Club at Lenox Oval on Sunday, March 3. It ended with the defeat of the New Yorkers by the score of 2 goals to 0, everything going the Morse way from whistle to whistle.

The first tally of the game was made by Beardsworth who found the New York net twenty-five minutes after the initial whistle sounded. Five minutes later McGreevy took a pass from Holgate and made it 2 for Morse. Hard play with especially fine defensive work by the Morse team characterized the remainder of the game.

Score: Morse 2, New York 0. For Morse, Beardsworth, McGreevy. Referee, Charles Ward.

Again on the succeeding Sunday, March 9, our old rivals, the Robins, fell before the Morse attack in the initial round of the Southern New York State Football Association cup competition. After the game was over the Robins protested the game on the ground that spectators broke in on the playing field. Because of the protest the game will have to be replayed at Lenox Oval, a neutral ground, on April 6. We don't know how they get away with that stuff, but they always manage it somehow, and of course we have our suspicions. The management of our team fought hard against replaying the game because of its unfair aspects, but to no avail.

In spite of the fact that the game will not count, it was a great exhibition of football, and proved that the Morse team is really back into form and that our victory over New York was not a mistake. Experts at the game have stated that the S. N. Y. S. F. A. cup ought to go to either Morse or Robins as they are by far the two strongest teams entered, so we may feel reasonably sure of adding another cup to our collection before the football season is over.

Neither side was able to score during the first half of the game. At the very beginning of the second half Beardsworth made the first tally for Morse after receiving a clever pass from McGreevy. Ten minutes later McGreevy put the ball into the Robins net for the second point of the game. During the last few minutes of play Gradwell of Robins saved his team from being blanked by scoring a point for the Robins.

Score: Morse 2, Robins 1. For Morse, Beardsworth, McGreevy. For Robins, Gradwell. Referee, W. Gray.

March 16 was an open date, and no game was played.

Before a crowd which packed Morse Oval to its full capacity, O'Ryan's Roughnecks, the soccer team of the 27th Division and champions of the A. E. F., divided honors with our football players on Sunday, March 24. The game ended in a 2 to 2 tie.

Not yet off their sea legs and without any practice for several months, the Roughnecks put up a brand of fighting football which marked them as true representatives of New York's own Division which did so much to break the Hindenburg line.

At the end of the first half the soldier team led by 2 to 1. Toward the end of the second half Holgate, running into a wild mixup from



By Dial Photographer

BIG CROWD TURNED OUT TO SEE OUR GAME WITH O'RYAN'S ROUGHNECKS

right wing, shot the goal which equalized the score.

For the first fifteen minutes of play neither side was able to find an opening. Then Morgan, at center for Morse, found a hole and shot the first goal. Ten minutes later, Playfair of the Roughnecks took a pass from T. Whalen and equalized the score by booting the leather through the Morse uprights. Orr of the 105th Artillery netted the second tally for the soldier team.

The second half featured excellent defensive work on the part of both teams, and a beautiful boot by Holgate which tied the game.

The Morse band in full uniform was on hand to greet the soldiers when they arrived at the 59th street Subway station, and escorted them to the field. Mr. Morse made the kickoff.

At the conclusion of the game Mr. Hanbury was the host at a party given in honor of the service team at the Elks Club, at which time the proceeds of the game, amounting to around $400, were presented to the soldier team.

Goals: For Morse, Morgan, Hogate; for O'Ryan's Roughnecks, Playfair, Orr. Referee, G. Caldicott.

With the Pin Boys

By Tom Plunkett, Bowling Secretary

THE Yard Bowling Tournament officially closed on Monday night, March 10, with the playoff of the long standing tie between the teams of the hull department and the new dry dock. The game, which was one of the most closely contested matches of the season, was won by the "Farmers," who are now, for the second time, the champion bowlers of the yard.

The great crowd of Morse bowling enthusiasts which assembled to witness the concluding game of the tournament was well rewarded. The teams were so evenly matched the result of the contest was not decided until the last ball had been rolled down the alleys.

A great deal of credit is due the hull department team for the great fight which they put up against the farm combination which had several Shipyard Bowling League stars in its lineup.

The champion new dry dock team consists of Andrew Amundsen, John Mitchell, John Eber, George MacLaurin and Harry Andersen.

Presentation of the medals to the champion new Dry Dock team and to the next highest teams, those of the hull department and the carpenter shop, was made at the March meeting of the Employees' Association. Gold



Mr. Morse Kicked off in the Game with O'Ryan's Roughnecks

medals, first prize, were presented to the members of the new Dry Dock team which consisted of Andrew Amundsen, John Mitchell, John Eber, George MacLaurin and Harry Andersen.

Silver medals, second prize, were presented to the members of the hull department team: Bert Banks, Gus Petry, Adam Lester, Lester Coulter, Tom Cavanaugh and William McLellan.

Bronze medals, third prize, were presented to the members of the carpenter shop team: William White, Harry Banks, Fred Petersen, Thomas Smith, Sr., and Thomas Smith, Jr.

Beside the regular medal, Amundsen received a medal for the high score of the tournament. He had a high score of 256 and also holds the high average of 193. Henry Rochelle, manager of the yard tournament and Thomas J. Plunkett, secretary and official scorer, received gold medals in recognition of their services. H. G. Hoover made the presentations.

Arrangements are now being made for the yard bowling program next season.

The final standing of the yard teams was as follows:

	Won	Lost
New Dry Dock	14	1
Hull department	13	2
Carpenter	12	2
Inside Machinists	10	4
Painters	9	5
Copper Shop	6	8
Riggers	6	8
Pipe Shop	6	8
Pattern Shop	5	9
Burners	3	11
Outside Machinists	3	11
Sheet Metal Shop	3	11
Storeroom	1	13

The dinner at which the C. Blair Woodrow Bowling Trophy is to be officially presented to the Morse bowling team which won the Shipyard League Tournament, has not been held as yet due to the failure of the committee in charge of the arrangements to hear from representatives from several of the shipyards which had teams entered in the tournament.

An effort is being made to have representatives from all of the league members present at the dinner which will be held at Thums Bowling alleys.

With the Fight Fans

By Abe Yager, 2nd

BOXING and wrestling are still the most popular sports in the yard. To be sure of this fact one has only to watch the growing attendance at our monthly meetings and notice the enthusiasm of the crowd as soon as the bouts are put on.

Our March meeting, held at Prospect Hall on Monday, March 24, was one that will be remembered for some time to come. Due to the efforts of the entertainment committee an excellent bill was provided.

Pretty nearly all of the contestants in the boxing and wrestling bouts were evenly matched and the program was run off in even a smoother way than it has been at any of our previous meetings. As usual there were a few knockers on hand but they were silenced rather quickly by the announcer Pete Lorenz of the paint shop.

The only other hitch in the evening's program was the failure of Cowboy Shands to appear. Shands was matched to meet Gunboat Smith. This is the second time that the cowboy has failed to show up and we must conclude either that he is not anxious to meet the gunner or that he is looking for some unmerited publicity.

Tom Plunkett, of the employment office, was the official timekeeper of the evening and acted like a veteran in that capacity. All of the bouts were of three rounds, two minutes to the round.

The first bout of the evening brought together Johnny Solsberg, blacksmith's helper, and Joe Sullivan of the outside machine shop. Solsberg had a slight shade on Sullivan. In the third round Johnny let loose a left haymaker which caught his opponent flush on the chin, nearly sending him to the land of dreams. The bell saved Sullivan from a possible knock-



FAMOUS MORSE BAND JUST AFTER ESCORTING O'RYAN'S ROUGHNECKS TO THE FIELD. MR. MORSE IS SEEN AT THE RIGHT

Pictures by Dial Photographer

out. Johnny Coffy, ex-bantam of the outside machine shop, was the third man in the ring.

Al McCoy, ex-middleweight champion, was on hand and boxed Joe Smith of South Brooklyn. McCoy had things his own way throughout the bout. Smith, who was much lighter than his opponent, gave a game exhibition and swapped blows with McCoy in great style. Charlie Goldman, ex-bantam of the outside machine shop, was the referee.

Gunboat Smith, one of our riveters, who claims to be the only man to have a decision over Jess Willard, boxed Dave Goldberg of the Glen Coe A. C., a very willing but much lighter opponent. Goldberg put up a game fight against the gunner but had weight and reach against him. Eddie Dowd, a well-known old-time fighter, was referee.

Young Happy, pride of the boiler makers, swapped blows with Joe Kurnin of East New York. The youngsters put up a fast bout. Happy has the kick of a mule in both hands and shook up his opponent on several occasions. Kurnin, is a very clever boy and was also there with the wallop. Joe McGuirk, our new president, refereed the bout.

Al Woods, the fighting Irishman of the cost department, had a shade the better of Spider Dustling, of the garage. The contest, from the amusement standpoint was the best of the evening and had the crowd in an uproar. Billy Metz of the sheet metal shop was referee.

Young Sailor Burke, pipe coverer's helper, took a hand at the wrestling game and grappled with Jimmy Flynn, of the cost department. They wrestled a fifteen-minute draw. Frank Reimer of the Eastern District Y. M. C. A. was referee.

The final bout of the evening brought together Oscar Carlson, of the carpenter shop, recognized 145-pound amateur champion, and Charlie Johnson, strong man of the carpenter shop. Johnson was pinned to the mat after five minutes and four seconds of wrestling with a body scissors hold. Harry Southern, ex-heater, just returned from France with the Twenty-seventh Division, was referee.

Joe Quinn, who has charge of the burners in Hoboken, is getting a stable of yard wrestlers and fighters together. He expects the boys to raise considerable disturbance at one of our monthly meetings soon. Oscar Noren, welder, and Bernard Murtha, burner, are the fighters, and the two mysterious Finns of the joiner department are the wrestlers. Joe is holding out the names of the wrestlers because he wants to give all of the boys a big surprise. Austin Kennedy, burner, has been engaged to train the men.

Willie Burke, of the carpenter shop, and Dan Shea, our bandmaster, took some of the yard battlers to Plainfield, N. J., to box for the wounded soldiers, recently. Young Sailor Burke, of the pipe covering department, who is always there when it comes to boxing for charity, was on hand. Young Mack of the boiler shop, Johnny Levine, of the pipe shop and Charlie Goldman, outside machinist, were also among those present.

Gunboat Smith, one of our riveters, picks Jack Dempsey to win the big fight. The gunner claims to have boxed both Willard and Dempsey. Hence the big tip.

An amateur tournament among the boys in the yard is a new idea which may materialize if enough men are interested in it. The idea is a good one and a tournament would provide a lot of good fun for both the contestants and spectators.

The Morse pier at Hoboken seems to be the favorte hang-out for all of the battlers of the yard, lately. At one time, Gunboat Smith, riveter; Cowboy Shands, outside machinists' helper; Sailor Burke, pipe coverer's helper; Bobby Hansen, painter, and Joe Sullivan, machinist, were all working there on one boat.

Tom McInerney, who has charge of the tool room at Hoboken, claims a right to the "limelight." Tom says that he has a decision over Harry Gardner, chief timekeeper at Hoboken. If plans for an amateur tournament materialize we may see what ought to be a pretty good bout between Harry and Tom.

Here's a new story on Jimmy MacFarlane, burner foreman. While "Mac" was working in a shipyard in Scotland he acted as third man in the ring during a bout between two of his fellow workmen. Mac had a bet laid on one of the men. His choice was getting the worst of the mix-up and finally dropped for the count. MacFarlane started counting over him and thinking of his bet at the same time. He could see that money slowly sliding away so this is how he finished the counting, 9-9¼-9½-9¾ and when he was about to count ten the bell rang and saved his money.

Johnny Coffy of the outside machine shop, and a very popular featherweight in the days gone by, tells us that the only man credited with a knockout over him was his manager Jack McGuigan—of Philly. Johnny did most of his boxing in the Quakertown.

Maxey Marks, burner's helper, said that Frankie Fay was wondering who was hitting him from behind while they were boxing at the annual meeting. Marks let some corkers go at Fay and caught him in the back of the head with some of them.

Old Dad Cantwell, repair man in the burning shop, has a big boy William who is some boxer. Dad thinks Bill can trim any of them his size. The old gent is some fight fan. He brings his lunch so that he can get a first row seat every noon hour.

Young Sailor Burke is one of the boys who never fails when there is a chance for him to do his bit. At our monthly meetings he is anxious to go on with Frankie Fay, of the hull department, and thinks that he and Frankie could put up a good match. William Burke take notice!

Charley Goldman of the outside machinists, wants Young Happy, boiler maker, to work out with him during lunch hour. Accept the invitation, "Hap." You can't learn too much.

"Red Hot" was "there" with his mitts at one time, according to his own statement. He remembers every boxer from Jake Kilrain down.

Dial Staff Accepts Challenge

THE Employment office boys are out after baseball laurels and officially challenge any other department in the yard to mortal combat on the diamond. They have a team, it is claimed, that can beat any other departmental combination in the yard.

Bill Dahlen, in addition to his duties as manager of the Morse team, has assumed sponsorship for the Employment outfit and will hold down right field. Long Tom Plunkett, the versatile employment man, will be at first, and Danny Shea, band master, boxing referee, assistant welfare manager and election expert, will do the pitching.

A game has been arranged with the pay roll clerks, and the winners of the contest will claim the office championship.

The line-up is as follows:

Bruder, 2d; Plunkett, 1st; Dahlen, R. F.; Clancy, S. S.; Vey, C.; Larsen, L. F.; Seneca, 3d; Costello, C. F.; Shea, P.; Bunny Dwyer, Umpire.

Some of Our Soccer Players



John J. Kane | Henry Holgate | Fred Beardsworth | John Ross | John F. Albin | Chas. S. Burns | Wm. Mackie | Sam Bustard | Edwin McPherson | Tom McGreevey

Saving the Shipowner Money

(*Continued from page 2*)

A word about those who direct the movements of these little workers of the sea.

Captain William F. Kirby might be termed the "big fellow of the hull outfit." He's tall enough anyway. He is the port-captain of all the floating property of the Morse Co., and is also our Water Transportation Manager.

Before joining the Morse family he was master and pilot on the Atlantic coast and has commanded several of the largest and most palatial private yachts.

Captain Kirby is a character in himself. His extemporaneous wit, brought out always in a most serious mien, which of course adds to the humor of it, is known to all those who frequent the little deck-house on Pier 3 which he is proud to call the Transportation of Lighterage office. Here the coffee-pot is always simmering over a little stove. Captain Kirby was also one of our best old-time bowlers.

Captain E. O'Sullivan is the Superintendent of the tug boats. He says he has spent a good part of his life on the sea as master of sailing vessels, where a real sailor's life is experienced, a life not frequently met with in these days of modern engines and other mechanical sailing appliances.

He later became despatcher of tugboats with the Mutual Towboat Co., and is considered to be one of the best in the port. He is always consulted when there is doubt as to the number of tugs required to dock a certain ship, when the location of the pier, the size of the ship and the wind or the tide are to be considered.

Captain Kirby is very proud, he says, of the history and pedigree of Captain O'Sullivan, whom, he claims, will be the next King of Ireland if the Sinn Feiners are successful. According to Captain Kirby he can trace his ancestry all through the former rulers of the Isle of Shamrocks, and, if Captain O'Sullivan ever does aspire to the monarchial chair of that country, Captain Kirby figures on getting all the trade of the vessels on the Killarney Lakes for the Morse Company.

We had always wondered why Captain Kirby would never go into detail when he was asked about his other lieutenants among the fleet, and it has only been lately that he told us.

"No, it would never do. No, in order to effect the proper administration of this department," said the captain, "we couldn't very well let you print the histories of some of these captains and engineers. You see, the police may come and take them all away. Why, the engineers come into dock until after dark for that very reason. By the way, if ever you want to get pictures of these men, it may be a good idea to look in the rogues' gallery."

The captain paused at this point in the conversation and looked out of the window and then continued:

"I'm lookin' fer a new engineer to be comin' down the dock any minute now. These engineers are a great bunch, especially the gasoline ones. They have a great habit of takin' an engine apart to see what makes it run so good. Here comes the engineer now. Naw, that can't be him, this feller's sober, no one ever saw an engineer that was sober."

William Wise is the clerk for the department. When he first joined Captain Kirby he had quite some difficulty in learning all the names of the fleet, so Captain Kirby complied the following for him:

Say When E. P. Morse Kills Captain Kirby's Game Cock Why Not have *John Hallock*, the *Solicitor* of a plan to get *DeWitt C. Ivins* and *Captain Roche* to take *Emily* over to *Utica*, and *Bang* her over the *Panuco* and make her *Say Yes.*

The little Irishman was being examined for admission to the army. He seemed all right in every way except one. The doctor said, "You're a little stiff." Quickly the Irish blood mounted as the applicant replied, "You're a big stiff!"

Most Perilous Trade

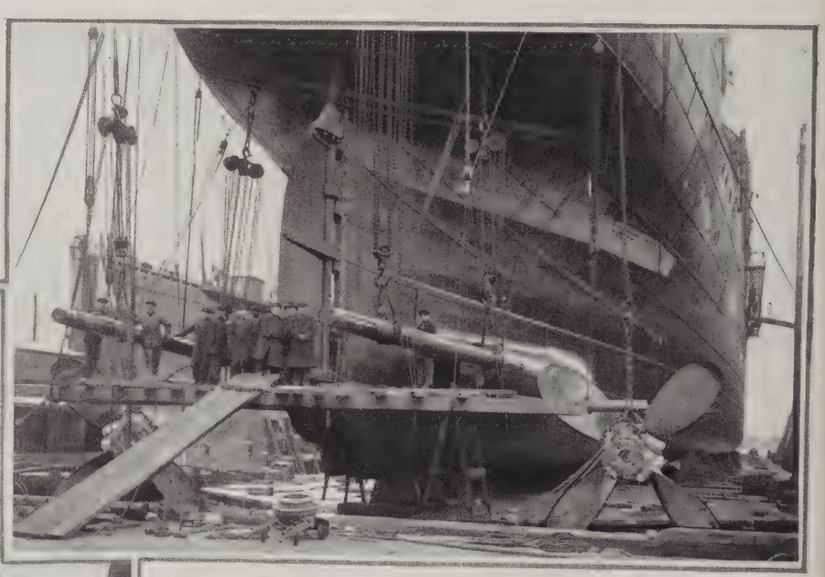
It is not the trapeze performer, the steeplejack, or the old time sailor who faces the greatest peril in his work, but the ship's rigger, who combines all three of these callings. During the present war, with the reappearance of sailing vessels in our ports, the ancient profession of ship rigger had been suddenly revived. The seaports have been scoured to discover old riggers, for their service to-day is invaluable. The skill and daring of American ship's riggers was once as famous as that of the Yankee skippers, says *Boys' Life*, the Boy Scouts Magazine.

When a sailing vessel comes into port in need of repairs, the ship's rigger is the first man aloft. It may be impossible to tell if her rigging will support a man's weight. The ropes may be covered with ice. The rigger must judge the strength of the ropes with his eye and risk his life upon them. A trapeze performer in the circus must trust his weight to ropes high in air, but he is sure that they are strong and will bear his weight. The ship's rigger must swing himself in quite as perilous positions, and remain there for hours, doing the hardest kind of work.

The sailing of a ship usually waits upon the repairs he makes, and the expense of maintaining the crew and delaying the ship makes it necessary for him to work with feverish haste day and night.

Success seems to go with the man who has an attitude of success Even a bold front when one is timid helps carry the situation.

A RECENT CONVERSION JOB





Pictures by Dial Photographer

On the *S. S. Caxias* of the Lloyd Brasileiro line, the Morse Company recently completed one of the best interior conversion jobs ever turned out in the yard. The *Caxias* was formerly the *Bahia Laura*, one of the forty-four German vessels seized by the Brazilian government when a state of war was declared between the two countries. The *Caxias* had been used as a troop ship, and her interior was in very bad condition when she was taken over by the Lloyd Brasileiro line.

In Brazil, as in the United States, there is a movement on foot to establish a great merchant marine. The forty-four former German ships will form a powerful nucleus upon which to build this fleet of vessels.

The *Caxias* is now plying between Rio de Janeiro and the port of New York. She is doing her bit as a part of the new and growing Brazilian merchant marine, and aiding to make the long sought for spirit of friendship and coöperation between all countries of the western hemisphere a realization.

Constitution Amended

THE amendments to the constitution and by-laws of the Employees' Association were at last ratified by the members of the Association at the March meeting held in Prospect Hall on Monday, March 24. Each article, after being read by President McGuirk, was voted on separately and all were accepted by practically a unanimous vote.

Before the voting started Charles G. Hall asked for an explanation of why the ballots on the proposed changes were not counted at the annual election held in February. The question was answered by Dan Shea, who had charge of the election board. He explained that after the votes on the candidates running for office had been counted no time remained to count the amendment ballots, and that they had been put in what he considered a safe place.

Unfortunately the porter who cleaned out the Association room the next morning thought that the ballots had been counted and destroyed them. Shea assumed all blame for what had happened, but Albert Simendinger, of the hull department, moved that Shea be entirely exonerated and that was the sense of the meeting.

By action of the meeting amendments are made in Articles 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and Article 6, Section 1 of the By-Laws. Article 5 now provides that a Conference Board shall be established for each department composed of the director for that department and two additional members. It provides that the Conference Board shall submit complaints from members of the department to the industrial director of the company, who shall try to adjust the complaint.

Article 6 designates the different units in the yard which shall be entitled to elect Conference Board members and Directors. Section 2 provides for the filling of vacancies in any office or on any committee. Vacancies will be filled by election by the Board of Directors. In case of a vacancy on the Board of Directors or Conference Board that vacancy will be filled by a departmental election.

Article 7 provides for the time of meeting of the Association and the Board of Directors. Meetings will be held on the last Wednesday of each month. A special meeting of the Association may be called by the President or upon the written request of ten members of the Association. Fifty members present shall constitute a quorum at a general meeting. Nine members shall constitute a quorum at a meeting of the Board of Directors.

Article 8 provides for the election of Conference Board members and the departmental representative on the Board of Directors. Elections shall be held during the month preceding the annual meeting. Election shall be by secret ballot. The article also explains the group system of election. The time and place for holding all departmental elections shall be established by the Conference Board Nomination of candidates for the offices of president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer shall be made at the annual meeting each year.

All of the nominees shall be placed on one ballot and the election shall be held on the first Wednesday following the annual meeting. At the election, polls shall be open between 6.30 A.M. and 6.30 P.M. Five inspectors shall be appointed by the Board of Directors at the meeting preceding the annual meeting who, in conjunction with the campaign managers of the various candidates, shall receive the votes.

Article 9 provides that the constitution may be amended by the vote of two-thirds of the members present at any regular meeting of the Association, provided that a notice of the proposed amendment be delivered to each member and posted on the bulletin board in the yard at least ten days before the amendment shall be acted upon.

Article 6, Section 1, of the by-laws provides that the accident prevention committee shall investigate injuries sustained by employees while at work and coöperate with the management to reduce the number of accidents.

Sergeant Danny Shea

By John Powell, Dry Dock Poet

We all know, when our boys came back from France, the plans we laid
To entertain them highly, and to give a grand parade.
With thousands of our boys in line to pass before review
They found themselves at loss, because musicians they were few.
And as they started to recruit to make the sight more grand
Civilians, which they quickly got, and one from Morse's band.
And so he donned a uniform, with stripes just for a day,
Which changed him from Civilian Dan, to Sergeant Danny Shea.

And so with regimental air, he walked with stately stride,
And when the ladies looked at him, his chest swelled up with pride.
He'd holler as he showed them just the left sleeve of his coat,
"Now with my stripes and *cornet*—I'm an officer of *note*."
Of course a uniform's all right; that's when you get it first,
But not the thing to wear when you've got an awful thirst,
For when he went to buy a beer, he heard the bar man say:
"We serve no men in uniform." "Good night!" said Sergeant Shea.

So with a thirst and longing look, he took his place in line,
But all he seemed to see along the route was "Ehret's" sign.
He then bemoaned his fate and said, "Why did I wear this suit?"
Just then a captain came along, whom Dan failed to salute.
The captain said, "Who are you, that you do not know my rank?"
When Danny saw his rating, it was then his spirits sank.
With cigarette in mouth, which he had failed to put away,
He said, "I lead the Morse Band, but just now I'm Sergeant Shea."

As Dan was mustered out that night he said: "I never knew
To be a sergeant, you must also be a camel too,
Or that a man with many stripes, with whom I've never met,
Could ever tell me when I couldn't smoke a cigarette.
Of course there's glory in the name, the stripes are also grand,
But as for me, just keep them all, I'll stay in Morse's Band.
I'll always try to do my bit, but not for just one day,
So after this just call me Dan instead of Sergeant Shea."

He Came Up Smiling

He always wore a smile both night and day.
He made his fortune that-a-way.
He had hard luck a-plenty, too.
But settled down and fought her through;
And every time he got a jolt
He just took on a tighter holt;
Slipped back some when he tried to climb,
But came up smilin' every time.

Mark Twain.

New Committees Named

AT the last meeting of the Board of Directors, held Monday, March 24, the following committees were appointed.

Baseball committee: Thomas J. Plunkett, employment office, financial secretary; William Dahlen, manager and coach; Charles Davis, pipe shop; George Gardner, chipper and caulker; Edward Hannivan, sheet metal shop.

Outing committee: H. G. Hoover, pattern shop, chairman; Joe Lowe, pipe shop; Vincent Konop, inside machinists; Tom Smith Jr., carpenter shop; Edward McGibney, plate shop; Frank Grant, outside machinists; William Lansing, riggers; Peter Lorenzo, paint shop, Frank Whitman, timekeepers.

Police, Police, Police

FORMER members of the now disbanded Morse unit, Police reserves, will be reimbursed for all expenses which they may have made in connection with police reserve equipment by presenting all badges, clubs and other paraphernalia at the Seventy-Sixth Precinct Police Station, 4302 Fourth avenue. Reimbursement will be made immediately upon receipt of equipment.

George Clunan, of the traffic department, Packard Truck No. 26, was honored by the title of *Father*, March 8, 1919, conferred on him by Her Majesty, Mrs. Clunan. He neglects so many times to make a note of how much weight he has on his truck that he overlooked the baby, but we'll make a rough guess and say eight pounds. Good boy, Clunan.

One day is like a day in June; the sun shines bright and clear.
And each one sheds his coat, being sure the summer days are here.
The orders from the office are: "Shut all heat in the yard,"
When lo, behold, the next day's cold, and snowing really hard.
And then from each department, snappers in the pipe shop meet,
And what they say to Murphy is X Y— — XXXX???—Where in h—'s the heat?

Now, Davis, I have heard a little certain thing occurred
By which you made a promise and you did not keep your word.
It's true you saw the big parade and wondered at the sight,
And then you promised Foley you would meet him on that night.
So Foley and his two friends stood for hours, and feeling sore.
If you land where they wish you, then you're doomed forevermore.

When Red Hot sits with loving friends, including Mae and Mabel,
And each round costs three twenty when they're placed upon the table,
And when, the time arrives to pay they put it to a vote,
Then Carl's two friends both take a walk, and Red Hot is the goat.
So Stecher says from now on when he feels inclined to eat,
His companions will be Mae and Mabel minus Jack and Pete.

George Petty had the advantage at the 27th Regiment parade. The advantage was his height.

You'd think the riggers were running a garage now. Whenever you call them up, and ask: "Is your truck busy?" they say: "Which one, the electric or the gasoline?"

OVER *the* BACK YARD FENCE



Cooking recipes, household hints; anything of interest to the women-folk is wanted for this page. Help us to make this page worth while by sending us contributions for it.—*Editor*

Don't Let the Baby—

Play with the scissors. They may put out his eyes or cut him seriously.

Play with a talcum powder can. Such powder is often deadly poison.

Get within reach of the medicine closet.

Play with pencils. He may fall and puncture the roof of his mouth.

"Safety first" rules for mothers will prevent 80 per cent. of all serious or fatal accidents to children!

That's the lesson child welfare experts are teaching mothers in a series of lectures on baby care.

The figures of one coroner show that the majority of accidental deaths among children are due to scalding and smothering.

Don't put the baby in the center of the bed where his head may work down between heavy pillows and cause smothering. Don't let a baby sleep in a bed with older persons whose sleeping movements may draw the covers over his face and smother him.

Don't leave a child alone in the presence of open fires, or where matches can be reached. Fire has a fascination for children. Never allow them to play with it—or even be near it unless they are watched constantly.

Don't keep bottles of poisonous liquid, or poisonous pills about the house or where they can be reached by a child. Keep the medicine closet locked and the key out of reach.

Don't let a child play with sharp pointed scissors, pencils or other hard articles. Bad injuries to the eyes and mouth are due to falls, while holding such playthings.

Don't permit a child to play with a talcum powder box. The paint sometimes comes off and the powder itself has proven deadly poisonous if eaten by the baby.—*Safety News.*

Herbert and His Pal



Little Herbert Walter MacPherson is shown here with one of his best pals. Herbert, although only three and a half years old, appreciates the value of a good friend, and takes after his father, Tom MacPherson, a burner snapper, in that respect.

He's His Mother's Boy



"No, he doesn't look like me. He looks like his mother," said Geo. Hunt, of Room 115, when we questioned him about the accompanying picture which is of his sixteen months' old baby boy, George Hunt, Jr.

We have never seen Mrs. Hunt, but are anxious to now, with George, Jr.'s, picture and George, Sr.'s, explanation on hand. Young George is a pretty fine looking chap. George Hunt, Sr., is one of the champion hustlers of the cost department, and a good fellow all around.

"Beauty" Is Gone

About eight months ago my husband brought home a tiny dog a gift from Mr. Charles G. Hall of the office. We called it "Beauty."

In a short time it became a fine companion and friend, quick to learn cute tricks, and quick to return our affection.

She was killed two weeks ago within a half block of where she was born.

A few days later Mrs. Hall 'phoned me the father of "Beauty" had just died. I learned that the father (Tiko) had been on board a Japanese ship and was companion to a Japanese officer. He was quite a seafaring dog of Japanese spaniel breed.

He quickly became adapted to his home with Mr. and Mrs. Hall. He had the same beautiful eyes as "Beauty." They were much alike in coloring and ways and both remarkable for their peculiar beauty.

The mother (Curly), who is still with Mr. Hall, is a descendant from a blue ribbon Maltese poodle.

The death of these dogs occurring within three days of each other and the loss of their faithfulness that we both feel, have caused me to write the following lines:

Golden eyes that looked on me,
Proud as any dog to be
Our companion and friend;
Faithful, kindly, all your days,
Smart and cute in all your ways,
So suddenly to end.

When days were dull and drear
Sunshine danced about you here,
Shone in your bright eyes,
Gently you kissed my hand
And your look could understand
With a glad surprise.

The salt sea now is near you,
Little dog that cheers no more.
The big tree looks on you
As you looked to it before.

Mrs. Otis Elliott Barene

Visiting U.S.S. "Lancaster"

By Mrs. Otis Elliott Barene

A NEW person or adventure is to me a great event. When Mr. Charles Burke, of the inspector's department, asked Mr. Barene and me to accompany him and his wife on a visit through the U. S. S. *Lancaster*, it was truly an interesting adventure.

To pass the yard's armed guards was a ticklish sensation, and to be greeted with as many smiles as Mr. Whitman, the amiable timekeeper, displayed, was also a sensation.

As we proceeded we were almost run down by a speedy electric truck with Mr. Ames and Mr. Mattison on board. That truck interested me greatly—it was so speedy.

Around were so many splendid ships, poised like majestic birds—one could not help being impressed.

We went on board the *Lancaster*, a ship which carried cargo for seven months and was being converted into a troop-ship convoy. Here Mr. Burke led us through the booby-hatch, and we noted the wonderful space which was being arranged for berths three and four tiers high for our soldiers. The main doors were all water-tight as a safety precaution and very expensive. Various other doors from the corridors led the way to the rooms allotted to the medical staff. The hospital berths were very comfortable, and there were several small "wards" for isolation cases, and an operating room with every item worked out, especially the up-to-date sterlizing plant. Physicians and nurses would doubtless be much impressed with the nicety of the sanitary arrangements in all the rooms. The floors are of asbestolite, made from a composition of wood-ash.

Most remarkable is the wonderful ventilation system throughout the ship. Being a fresh air fiend, it made a hit with me. Mr. Burke pointed out several locations on the deck which were to be cut out for what he called "cowl ventilators." The system is both a natural draft and a forced draft. Several of the largest ventilators are connected with powerful electric suction fans which force the air to all parts of the ship.

We came to a little stairway that led to the engine room. Here I was nonplussed. I thought of Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, who said, "When in doubt, take to the woods."

I tried to take to the crow's-nest but couldn't manage it. Besides, I might have harmed the crow's eggs. The works in the engine room were very impressive and well worth seeing.

From there we went to the kitchen, where everything is cooked by steam. Being one of the so-called "weaker sex," I naturally took exceptional interest in this department. There were immense steam soup caldrons which looked more like pieces of machinery than "soup kettles."

There were adjoining rooms for baking, an up-to-date butcher shop, linen rooms and special pantries. Every convenience that could be thought of and put into execution was done for the comfort of our returning boys.

The officers aboard were alloted to state-rooms, fitted with compact furniture and home-like fittings. There were also hot and cold showers for both men and officers.

My attention was attracted to the fact that sailor's berths were lengthwise, crosswise, and diagonally, whatever the space called for, but the soldiers' bunks were all aligned in one way, the way that is easiest on their stomachs in stormy weather.

With my limited knowledge of ships and ship building, it is difficult to give an adequate idea of what was actually being accomplished. An undertaking of that sort ought to give much joy to both the manager, superintendent and the yard, and everybody connected with such a big industrial enterprise.

The OFFICE CAT
SCRATCHES and PURRS



Peggy DeVerna must be fond of traveling. She has been taking so many trips lately. Well, fashion experts say that tight skirts are the thing and Peg would rather fall a million times than be out of style.

If Clarence Wilson, of the hull department, wants to take one of our girls to a show, he shouldn't pick the Prospect. Too many Morse employees go there on Sunday evenings. Both he and Miss Morris thought they were getting away with it, but they can't put anything over on us.

One of our back pay department jokesters gives us the following: Why do some of the boys in our department resemble Jim Corbett in his prime? The answer: (sh-h) Because they are expert sparers (for time).

Never call the girls in the back pay department comptometer operators. When accused of being that sort of a person the other day, the unlucky chap that made the awful break got a glassy stare and the following: "Comptometer operators? H'm, I should say not. We are tabulating experts, if you please!"

Frank Maher is writing a book called, "My First Experience in Mechanical Engineering." (He repaired a typewriter the other day.)

Mr. Whitman must have some bank account for he is holding down two jobs at the present time. The outside job is being a salesman for silk stockings. Ask any of the girls about his bargains.

Willie Hudson, of the pay roll department, wishes that every day was Thursday. At first we were at a loss to know why, but since we have been watching those sweet smiles which he gets from Helen McKenna, we think we have the reason.

Genevieve Moran has at last been fatally wounded by Cupid's dart. It must have been that premature gray hair that got her.

Mr. Reese must have an awful large income tax to pay for he was in one morning very early figuring it out on the comptometer. That's the penalty for being a boss. Big money—big tax.

Miss Hoehn, of the back pay department, is said to be a man-hater, but artists, especially cartoonists, are so different.

How about a liverwurst sandwich for a change, Mr. Brennen?

Red Hot would never do in society. The other noon-hour when the band was playing in the yard, he mistook the payroll comptometers for a "flock" of waitresses. Just wait, Red Hot, until they meet you.

It's hard to tell where Frank Whitman stands on the prohibition question. He has Weterer and Dryer among his trusties.

Willie Goldsmith refuses to bring in any lemon meringue pie for the girls in the back pay office, because—well, Willie can't handle them (the pies), like Charlie Chaplin does. It isn't so bad if you slip while carrying a cocoanut pie or an apple pie for they haven't the adhesive qualities that a lemon meringue has.

Joe Anyon belongs to a jazz band now and he came to work one morning, recently, with his hair all jazzed up. He said that he washed it and couldn't do a thing with it. Charlie Kileen came in with him and he must have washed his feet for he couldn't do a thing with them.

By the time that some of the office help comes to business you would think that they had forgotten to set the clock back.

Isn't it nice to be well informed when discussing some of our prominent artists. The following conversation was overheard in Room 115 during a lunch period.

Miss McCarthy: "Did you ever hear Alma Gluck sing?"

Miss Hildebrand: "No, I've heard McCormack, but I've never heard McGluck."

George Keenan was elected to membership on the Conference Board without making any effort. When you have a good record you don't need a platform.

Vivian Madison, of the back pay department, is some dancer. She recently received a prize as a result of her ability at the terpsichorean art. Isn't it just grand to be talented?

Helen McKenna just will not eat her lunch in the North Building. Why is it, Helen? Don't you like the coffee? Well, that is the best they can do. Remember the war zone must be maintained.

Mr. Mayston's payroll department certainly has some "good lookers" in it. It is a feast for hungry eyes (whatever that may be) to go in and give 'em the double O.

Edna Hildebrand's folks have no misgivings about letting her go out with sailors. They know that "The navy will bring them back."

In a recent discussion about the H. C. of L. in the Employment Office, Charlie Kling the insurance clerk, was heard to remark, "I wonder what it Cost-ello to, live."

Captain Kirby over the phone to Dan Shea: "Say, Dan, I have a man down here who can play a hose, can you use him in your band?"

Peggy DeVerna would love to be an actress, but we don't think that she could possibly appear before a more appreciative audience than those who now delight in watching her "shimme" up and down the aisles.

What a happy old world this would be if men who didn't know anything would only keep it to themselves.

Tell Me

Do ships have eyes when they go to sea?
  Are there springs in the ocean's bed?
Does the jolly tar flow from a tree?
  Does a river lose its head?

Are the fishes crazy when they go in Seine?
  Can an old hen sing her lay?
Can you bring relief to a window pane?
  Or mend the break of day?

What sort of a vegetable is a policeman's beat?
  Is a newspaper white when it's read?
Is a baker broke when he's making dough?
  Is an undertaker's business dead?

Would a wall-paper store make a good hotel,
  Because of its borders there?
Would you paint a rabbit on a man's bald-head
  Just to get a bit of hare?

Would you pay a policeman with a silver coin
  For nickels aren't made for coppers?
If a grass widow marries a grass widower,
  Would their children be grass-hoppers?

If you eat a square meal, would the corners hurt?
  Can you dig with the ace of spades?
Would you throw a rope to a drowning lemon,
  Just to give a lemon-ade?

More Work for Ye Editor

Since the Editor of THE DIAL
Became a moving picture man,
We all have aspirations
To enter in his plan.

We see ourselves as "movie stars,"
Upon the Great White Way,
And forcing Theda Bara to work out by the day.
Petrova, Louise Glaum, and Clara Kimball Young—
Well, a few days on Broadway for us,
And we'd put them on the "bum,"
Please teach us, Mr. Editor,
How we should use our lamps,
And we're certain that our Fortune's made,
Just actin' round as "Vamps."

THE OFFICE GIRLS.

What's the Use?

1 facial massage	$0.75
1 marcel wave	.75
1 bottle of Bloom of Youth	1.00
1 lip stick (imported)	1.25
1 eye-brow pencil	(Christmas Donation)
1 box rouge	.50
1 gown	?????
1 evening coat	!!!!!!

No partner in the grand march!
No bouquet!

Famous Sayings

"Helloe!!! this is the Morse Dry Dock speaking."—*Frank Brewer.*

"Come in the office."—*Roger Moran.*

"Did the 'Clan McMasters' come in yet?"—*Katie Bourke.*

"Jada, jada, jada, jada, jing, jing, jee."—*Christobel Olsen.*

"Let's sing some of the old songs we all know," said Mr. Hanbury, at the reception at the Elks Club given to the soldier team after the Morse-Roughneck soccer game.

"What will you sing?" asked Dan Shea, who was at the piano.

"Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Everybody hung on to their chairs or anything else that was handy and Mr. Hanbury started. The song may be old but when well rendered it is most pathetic and beaut-i-ful.



Does a wave move? If so, why? Why does a ball bounce? How long is a piece of string? How many revolutions in a wheel? How much is bromo? Any person, human or otherwise, capable of offering a correct solution to any of the above puzzles kindly apply at the office of the sheet metal department. A position awaits the successful applicant.

If you have a hole to be drilled, go to the old machine shop and see Schaeffer. If he tells you he is too busy go back and mark "soap" on your order. With the aid of that magic word you can be sure to have it done that night.

There is nothing more fascinating than to watch Daring Dan Lohman, now a time card king, prancing about near the main gate in his "curse you, Claude Eclair," regalia. Dan is now enjoying the real vigorous, strenuous, refreshing life of a timekeeper.

Charlie Camelia is no slouch. He can speak seven different languages and understands Carlisle Stecher.

Memory is a great thing. Some people can remember when Bryan first ran for president. Some can remember when the *Spica* came into the yard, but who can remember when the McDonald brothers (the stem bearing twins) didn't have a load of "soap"?

The new boilers had a test, and the only thing that leaked was the fact that Louis Iaccarino and Jim Collins, the chief, are friends for life.

George Holland, ambassador from his Noble Majesty in Hoboken, has issued an ultimatum to the effect that all revenue in line of small material due His Majesty in the Kingdom of Hoboken, be forwarded by his flivver courier when convenient.

Mullaney, of the Burners,
Has a birthday in July,
And strange to say that very day,
The country wide goes dry.

Chad See without a doubt pitches a good game of ball, but we've lost respect as to his fielding qualities. Any man who goes off the handle so bad that he drops a bucket of paint and then tries to save the game by dropping on his knees and trying to make a pick up and comes out looking like a Comanche chief—Well! what do you think of him, Tee?

Simon Prinz of the blacksmith shop doesn't care for the movies any more. He has a seven months' old daughter who can break more dolls than any other kid of its age. Prinz stays home and mends the dolls.

Charlie Small, blacksmith shop foreman, has moved his office down to the shop. Great economy on shoe leather is the result.

Shorty Kritsky, of the blacksmith shop, is looking around for a house near the yard so that he can go home for dinner and still make "soap."

Rothwell saw Big Mack jump up in the Subway and give three ladies his seat.

Bill Roth, one of our contributing editors, is now the father of a bouncing eight-pound baby boy. Bill says that the youngest member of the Roth family, although only one month old, looks just like his Dad.

It doesn't seem to make any difference how long some people stay in this country. Take Chester Fiske, the chubby carpenter shop storeroom keeper. When making up his income tax he came upon the question "married or single?" He wrote "English."

Now that the income tax is due, the carpenters are all wishing that they did not make so much "soap" last year.

The latest song hit in the carpenter shop is: "Papa's Working 'Soap' to Pay His Income Tax."

We've been wondering how Roy Carter is able to stand up under the great amount of "soap" he is working until we found out that a Lydia Pinkham Vegetable Compound bottle accompanies his noon day meal. There's a reason, eh, Roy?

When Pat Holland and Jack Deighan start their "friendly enemies" arguments they make Weber and Fields look like a peace delegation.

I heard a strange remark last week, 'twas made
by Smokey Joe.
He says the house he lives in, makes him nervous in a blow
For when the wind is at its height, just like a
ship she'll rock
In fact he says that every house is just a bending block.

Some people when they do a thing they make
an awful botch,
But not so with George Pettey, for with luck he
won a watch,
And when he heard the joyful news, it must
have turned his head,
For he said: "Why, you can keep the watch,
I'll take the dough instead."

Harry Filbert, dating from March 22, 1919, will be known as "Father Filbert." Yes, it's a boy, age at this writing, seven days, five hours and twenty-two minutes.

McGuirk is looking forward to making the trial trip on the first sea-plane lighter launched.

It's hard to tell whether Pastor Hohneberg, of the tool room, is saying prayers for Amiel by the movements of his mouth, but if looks count, Amiel is everything but an angel, and he has about as much chance to reach the pearly gate as a Bolsheviki has a bathroom.

Joe Martin, of the pipe shop, told us that he dreamed the other night he was running a hundred yard dash, and when just about to win, woke up tired. Since then I've heard he kicked the dash board off the bed.

Phil Saxon of the machine shop gallery was told by Johnson to take some castings for drilling to Shaeffer. He slowly walked away, and then turned back and said: "Mr. Johnson, they don't do drilling on a shaper."

If you chew tobacco in the storeroom where
they handle brass,
Just ask Frank Ainslie for the pail, which he
will gladly pass.

Everyone thought that winter was surely over when Wiencke changed his hat, but it turned out all wrong.

The machine shop of all other places I know
Is the queerest place for the sparrows to go.
We thought that they flew to the roof for a rest
Until we found out that they were building a
nest,
Which just goes to show that a sparrow's more
bold
Than Robbins below that complains of the cold.

A most unfortunate and distressing occurence, and one that will be deeply felt throughout the yard, was the appalling catastrophe of Canning, welder snapper, cutting himself with a ——— safety razor.

John Beverly, the original coffee cooler, was asked one day last week for a match, and the party asking him said: "Gee, I forgot my tobacco." Then John of Aberdeen said: "Then you won't need the match," and he put it back.

No. 2019, of the boiler shop, has a boil on the back of his neck. He said it was awful trying to walk erect with his head thrown back in the St. Patrick's day parade.

Since Scotty Menzies, of the welders, has moved into a house with a cellar, he has quite a few callers.

McTeague, of the burners, was asked how he liked the new dry dock. He said: "It's all right, but how does the ship get over the fence?"

It was noticed that foreman Johnson, of the machine shop gallery, was suffering from a swollen jaw. Some inside machinist suggested foot soap as a remedy for a sleepless night worker, but the hardest blow of all is when strangers notice his jaw they ask him for a chew of tobacco.

Mr. Swartz, of the general storeroom, had a fedora hat on during the big blow of March 28, and while going to the pipe rack he pulled the rim down. Some kid said: "Say, where did you get that hat?" Swartz replied: "On the *Mana Hata*, don't you like it? The kid said: "It's all right, but I don't like the *Chesapeak*."

A joke's a joke, but putting a pair of shoes in the machine shop tool room with instructions to have Pete repair them is *lacing* it in, and in an *upper* department like that, people ought to be well *heeled* enough to take them to a regular man. While Pete is a patient *soul* this kind of a joke won't *last*.

They say Kelly, of the old machine shop, goes to the bank once a week to see how Ritchie is. Pass another rivet.

A man is known by the company he keeps. Frank Purkis, electrician snapper, has bought an encyclopædia. Congratulations, Purk.

Closing Remarks
on the Victory Liberty Loan

"WE are asked to pay for things that were never used; we are asked to pay for shells that never were fired; for cannon that never reached the battlefront, but we are asked to pay for those things that helped in a major way to bring this war to an end in 1918 instead of 1919. And the bringing of this war to an end twelve months before we could logically look for it means that we are asked to pay for saving the lives of 100,000 or 200,000 American boys who would have died on foreign soil had the war continued another year."

—Extract from a speech by Hon. Lewis B. Franklin, Director War Loan Organization, U. S. Treasury Dept.

Victory Liberty Loan

Space contributed by

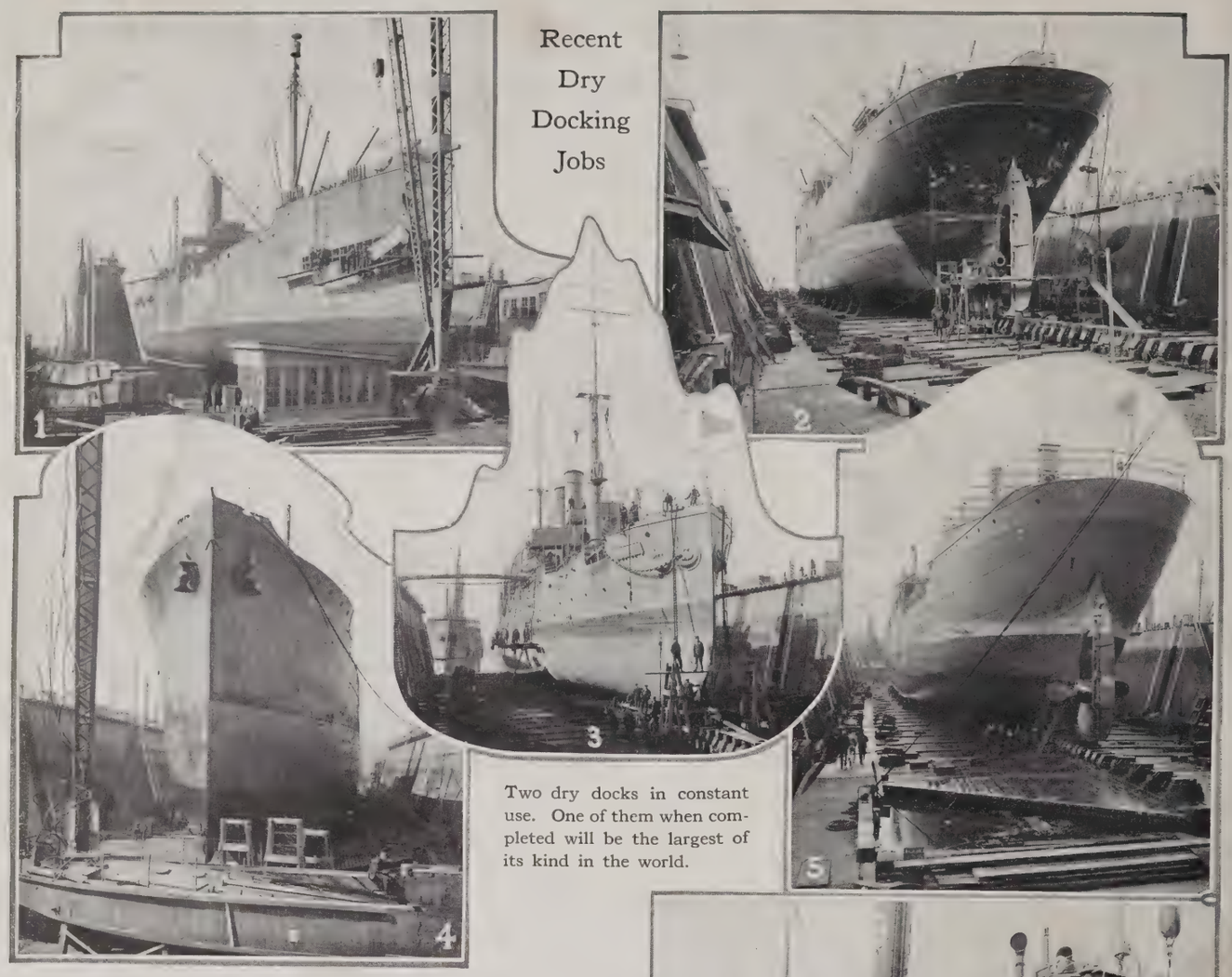
EMPLOYEES' ASSOCIATION OF MORSE DRY DOCK & REPAIR CO.

Prepared by American Association of Advertising Agencies cooperating with United States Treasury Department

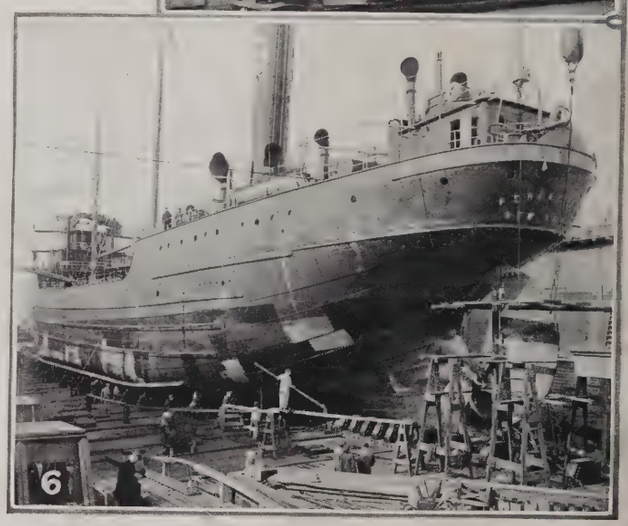
If You Love the Ladies Bring Them to the April Party of the Employees' Association in Prospect Hall, April 30

No Admission Charge to Morse Employees

Recent Dry Docking Jobs



Two dry docks in constant use. One of them when completed will be the largest of its kind in the world.



1 AMERICAN; renewing plates on shell. This boat of 5,650 tons gross was lifted on the new dry dock in twelve minutes actual pumping time.

2 NETHERLANDS; tail shaft drawn for examination.

3 U.S.S. DES MOINES; installing mine sweeping gear.

4 YOSEMITE; painting and cleaning bottom.

5 WESTERN SEA; taking pitch of propeller.

6 PERFECTION; repairing rudder.

Pictures by Dial Photographer

THE Morse Yard offers the best dry docking facilities in the port of New York. The fourth section of the new six-section dry dock is now in use. When the last two sections are added, vessels of 750 feet in length, and of 32,500 tons gross, can be accommodated at any stage of tide, day or night.

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The
MORSE
DIAL
May 1919
HOPPER

Law and Crime

By J. Moses

LAW is the result of crime.

No new law is enforced unless some new vice is committed.

At the beginning of the world's civilization, man enjoyed all conceivable liberties without restrictions. As the world progressed in population, ill-mannered individuals who did not understand the right meaning of the word "liberty," conducted themselves in such fashion as offended the sense of respectability of their fellow-beings, and the first misdemeanors were committed.

The right-minded class was obliged then to find means by which to spare the community the insulting conduct of the ill-minded, and the first law was written.

If all of us would understand that by possessing liberty we are free to exercise only such franchisements as are not unpleasant for our neighbors, then there would be no need of laws. For laws merely prohibit the enjoyment of liberties to our hearts' content, which cause others discontent.

Then again, new laws are enforced because the old ones are violated.

This is true in the government of a nation, state or city as well as of a business organization.

The writer has studied the manner in which the majority of men in a large business plant adhere to the concern's rules and regulations governing the conduct of its employees.

Very often, and too often, men grumble quite frankly or secretly about the company's enforcements of new regulations.

None of them, or mighty few of them, ever stop to think what the cause of these new restrictions are. They do not ask themselves, "Have we minded and obeyed the present rules of our plant? Or, are the new rules the result of our disobedience of them?"

Every concern wants its employees to work in harmony with it.

System is the soul of every business enterprise.

For the execution of this system, rules and regulations must be drawn up, the adherence to which is beneficial to the employees as well as to the firm.

Up to the present day, no community or organization has proven itself capable of existence without a governing body.

The Bolshevik government in Russia proves that.

Man has not as yet attained that supreme height of culture as to be relied upon to do his share and duty by his fellow-man, friend or employer.

Laws, rules, regulations are merely reminders of things we must not do which our impulsive minds dictate us to do without due consideration for others.

Why not, therefore, deem these reminders as friendly hints and keep on the safe and sane side of life?

MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL



Vol. 2 May, 1919 No. 5

Making Promises Pay

By C. Stewart Wark

A BROKEN pane of glass in the captain's cabin of the S. S. *America* was responsible for the origin of the Morse Hoboken office. Captains are very exacting individuals when their personal comfort is concerned. This one in particular, was very loud in his protests, and strenuous language began to issue from one of the many little contractors' huts which are sprinkled all over the Hoboken pier.

The noise attracted a Morse employee who was on a business mission to Hoboken. Being of an inquisitive disposition he got closer to the seat of the disturbance and found the irate captain in conference with a half dozen representatives of other ship repair yards. The captain supplied all of the necessary noise, the shipping men were strangely silent.

"What seems to be the trouble?" inquired the man from Morse's, and the whole story came out. A curved pane of glass which did much to protect the captain from the rough weather, had been broken. His ship sailed the next day, and no one would take the job of replacing the glass in so short a space of time.

The shipping men sat back in their chairs and blew smoke rings complacently. One said eight days, the other said nine.

The man from Morse's had not been sent to Hoboken to estimate on a job. His work was quite routine in nature, and estimating was not part of it. Being chuck full of ambition and the right sort of stuff he took a chance.

"I'll take that job and finish it this afternoon," he said, and all of the other shipping men stopped smoking. Their surprise was evident.

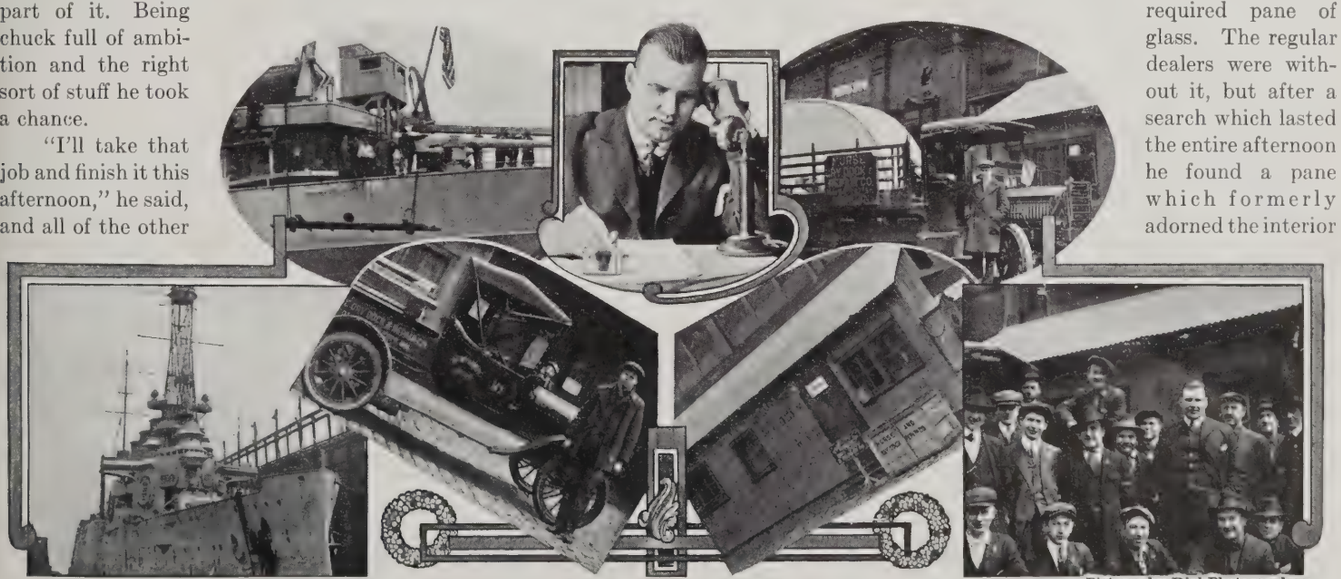
"Who are you?" said the captain.

"I'm from Morse's."

That statement very nearly spoiled the whole thing. The incident happened in December, 1917. The country was in the first spasm of war's confusion, and the Hoboken piers were the very seat of much disturbance. Government work of every kind was being rushed, rushed so hard that in many instances nothing was being accomplished.

SIX ship repair yards, not including Morse's, were competing for the Government work at the Hoboken piers. A complication of circumstances, among which might be mentioned, the distance from the source of labor and supplies had put the Morse office in disfavor among Government officials who were alloting contracts. Briefly, the Morse Company was not in a position to compete with representatives of the other repair yards at Hoboken. Everybody was aware of that fact.

The captain, however, was in no mood to discriminate between the different repair yards. What he wanted was action, and so the contract was awarded. The man from Morse's was due back at the main yard. He forgot everything else however, and hurried out to look for the required pane of glass. The regular dealers were without it, but after a search which lasted the entire afternoon he found a pane which formerly adorned the interior



Pictures by Dial Photographers

Center picture shows Lloyd Adams Noble, Superintendent of the Hoboken office, at his desk. To his right, Harry Holland, Inspector of Repairs at Hoboken, beside one the big Morse trucks. Upper left: Hoboken gang at work on U.S.S. "Henderson." Lower left: U.S.S. "Fredericks" at the Hoboken piers. Lower right Mr. Noble and his executive force. The two center pictures show "Andy" with his "Hoboken flivver" and the Morse Hoboken office.

of a bar room. It seemed to be the correct size and shape for his purpose, so he bought it with money out of his own pocket, and hurried back to the pier. Before the five o'clock whistle blew he had it installed. The *America* sailed the next morning with the captain's cabin just as warm and cozy as it ever was, and in the captain's heart there was a very warm spot for the name of Morse.

It did not take very long for Mr. Morse himself to hear of the job. A letter of commendation from the Navy department followed close on the heels of the sailing of the *America*. Good news travels just as fast as bad news, and the reward is in the same proportion. A few weeks later Lloyd Adams Noble, the man who had taken the contract for the pane of glass, was installed as superintendent of the Hoboken office. That is the position which he holds to-day. "Chief," he is affectionately called by Morse men who work in Hoboken, and chief he truly is. From work which more closely resembled that of a messenger boy than anything else, he has risen to his present position in just a little less than two years time.

The Hoboken office, as it is to-day, owes its existence to that little pane of glass which was broken on the S. S. *America*. Mr. Noble also owes much of his success to the same broken pane, and his pluck and foresight in tackling the job it involved. And of course, the success of the Hoboken office and Mr. Noble are very closely connected.

SUCCESS has a great breadth of meaning, but in this case it can be measured by substantial figures and statistics.

In December, 1917, there were six other repair yards beside Morse competing for the Government hull work at the Hoboken piers. To-day only one of these is left in the business.

Morse men at Hoboken have worked on practically every transport and battle cruiser which came into the port of New York during the period of the war. It has been estimated that about 70 per cent. of all Government repair work done during the war period was done in the port of New York. Morse has had a hand in practically all of this work, and a great majority of the Government work which it has done was contracted for and completed at the Hoboken piers.

As far as it is known, there is no other repair yard in the port which has on its files as many letters of commendation from Government authorities for work quickly and well done. Five of these letters of commendation resulted from work done at the Hoboken piers. Yet the men of Hoboken have to work under difficulties which at times would seem to be insurmountable.

A concrete example might best show just what these difficulties are, and how they are overcome by the Morse Hoboken gang. During the recent harbor strike the Hoboken office had a rush job contract on the shipping board boat *Omsk*, which was docked at Weehawken. The contract called for the completion of the job in five days. Under normal conditions the work could have been completed in that space of time, but the harbor strike was on, and there was no means of getting either the necessary supplies or men to the ship. All harbor traffic was tied up, and the only means of communication between Hoboken and Weehawken seemed to be by water.

Many another gang of men would have given the job up as hopeless and let it go at that, but in the Hoboken office there is a motto painted on the wall which the men believe in. The motto reads, "Never promise more than you can perform." The Hoboken gang are noted for their ability to promise a lot, but they are also noted for their ability to carry out every promise to the letter of the word. Not one single promise has been unfulfilled. They are very proud of the record, and in this case, as in every other, the men were resolved to keep to their record.

The job called for a great deal of pipe work. The pipe was all ready, piled high in front of the office at Hoboken. The fifty men who were to do the work were at hand ready to start. "Chief" Noble, George Holland and their trusty aides got their heads together and decided upon a course of action. The pipe was sawed up into five foot lengths. "Andy," the Hoboken chauffeur, took as much of it as possible aboard his "flivver" and started down the railroad tracks toward Weehawken. All of the rest took as much as they could carry and started after him. A car line helped them along quite a bit of the way, but dropped them off in sight of the *Omsk*, but several thousand feet above on the very top of the Palisades.

The Man Who Wins

"The man who wins is an average man,
Not built on any peculiar plan;
Nor blest with any peculiar luck—
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

"When asked a question he does not 'guess';
He knows, and answers 'No,' or 'Yes';
When set a task that the rest can't do
He buckles down till he's put it through.

"So he works and waits till, one fine day,
There's a better job with bigger pay;
And the men who shirked whenever they could
Are bossed by the man whose work made good.

"For the man who wins is the man who works,
Who neither labor nor trouble shirks;
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes—
The man who wins is the man who tries."

Author Unknown.

Any of you who have climbed either up or down the Palisades realize the difficulties involved. It is a good stiff job when you have both hands free to cling onto every available projection. The men from Hoboken, heavy laden as they were, made the trip down, snaked through the webwork of railroad tracks which line the Weehawken water front, and arrived at the ship, not as fresh as they might have been, but prepared to do a good day's work. In the stipulated five days the job was completed.

This example of how the Hoboken boys overcame handicaps is rather an exceptional one, but even under the most favorable conditions the men at Hoboken have to combat difficulties which the men in the main yard never have to worry about. All material and supplies have to be transported overland, a distance of some eighteen miles, according to the route which the truck was to take. The trip cannot be made in much less than an hour and a half.

The competing ship repair branch office at the Hoboken piers has a main yard close at hand, and for them there are no such difficulties involved. All of the work which is taken care of at Hoboken is solicited from the Hoboken office by Mr. Noble. There are no regular solicitors there, and they have no launch to make its way out into the bay and get the contract before the vessel is docked. All soliciting has to be done over the telephone, or personally. The disadvantages of this system can readily be seen.

IN spite of all of the disadvantages under which the men at Hoboken have to work, those best acquainted with conditions there believe that the Hoboken office has a great future before it. A base on the other side of the river where so much of the shipping life of the port centers, should be of great advantage, even after Government work in large quantities is a thing of the past. It should give to the Company a larger field of operations. The difficulties of maintaining a Hoboken office will always be present, but the men there have never fallen down on a job, no matter what the size of it might be, and they believe that they are capable of keeping up that good record.

There are so many great things that have been done by Morse with the Hoboken yard as the base of operations that it would be monotonous to enumerate them. All of us are acquainted with the great job which was done on the U. S. S. *George Washington* just before she was to sail on the first voyage that President Wilson made across the Atlantic to the peace conference in France.

It seems that the Navy department has recognized the fact that a job of exceptional calibre was done on that boat, for on every occasion since then the *Washington* has been repaired by the Morse Company.

The job on the *Ryndam*, which was completed in the spring of 1918, was perhaps the biggest job ever taken over and completed by the Morse Company. The *Ryndam* was a Dutch vessel which had been lying idle in the harbor for nine months. She was taken over by the Government, and it was decided to transform her into a transport. The job was awarded to Morse, and was completed by the men in Hoboken in thirty days. It is believed that no other similar record can be produced by any other ship repair yard in the port. Other big jobs which might be mentioned here, are the jobs done on the *Matawaska*, in which a new deck was built in in record time; on the *Agamemnon*, on which guns and gun foundations were installed, and on the *Pocahontas* and *Powhattan*, where several high class electrical jobs were completed in a very short space of time. One of the jobs on the *Powhattan* was the making of a stronger foundation for the engine. The men on the job had to work in the bilges, and the gases which arose from the pitch and tar were so strong that it was necessary for them to work with improvised gas masks over their faces.

Again on the *Agamemnon* a patch had to be made in the fresh water tanks. The job was of the rush variety, and there was not time to drain all of the water. The men worked up to their waists in water. It was expected that at any moment fresh water would be turned into the tank, and the men at work would have to swim for it. Still they worked on with five riggers stationed at the porthole overhead to aid in case the water should rise. Luckily nothing happened until the job was finished, and the *Agamemnon* sailed on time.

On the hospital ship *Mercy* another rush job was in progress recently. The men worked while the sailors were casting off, and clips for the last rivets were thrown from the dock on board the ship as she slipped away from her

(*Continued on page* 20)









An Interesting Visitor

THREE hundred and twenty feet of steel and not one puff of steam. That is perhaps one of the most interesting things to shipworkers about the bark *Souverain*, a recent charge of the new dry dock, and she probably brought back to many of the "old timers" in the yard fond recollections of the days when a knowledge of wood caulking and rigging was much more essential to a shipyard worker than that of riveting and making boiler repairs.

The regular old-time salt sea air about the *Souverain* which silently speaks of pirates and the Spanish Armada is, however, not the only remarkable thing about her. She can boast of a very remarkable war career.

The *Souverain* is a four-master and, according to the ship's officers, is the largest sailing vessel with a home port in Scandinavia. She was formerly the German bark *Odessa*.

In 1914, while peacefully on her way to Germany with a cargo of wheat from New York, unmindful and innocent of the thunderbolt which had already thrown Germany and Great Britain into arms against each other, she ran plump into a squadron of English war vessels and was told to surrender.

The chubby old German skipper thought at first that he had run into a flock of Flying Dutchmen, or a fleet from some insane asylum or other. What? A war between Germany and England? Impossible! But the commander of the vessel flying the Union Jack finally convinced him and the conquered prize was towed ingloriously into Liverpool where she was sold to a Norwegian shipping firm.

Since then she has been making voyages across the ocean under Captain A. I. Axelsen and his able mate, J. Thomas Henrichsen. In May, 1917, while bound for Cardiff, Wales, from New York with a hold full of benzine and naphtha, Captain Axelsen chanced to sight an object in the water which he took to be a periscope. Realizing the nature of his cargo and the danger of an explosion should he chance to be struck by either torpedo or shell, he ordered his men into the boats immediately. After two hours at sea in the life-boats an investigation of the "periscope" was made and it was found to be a projecting part of a submerged derelict, a Norwegian vessel which had struck a mine about a fortnight previous.

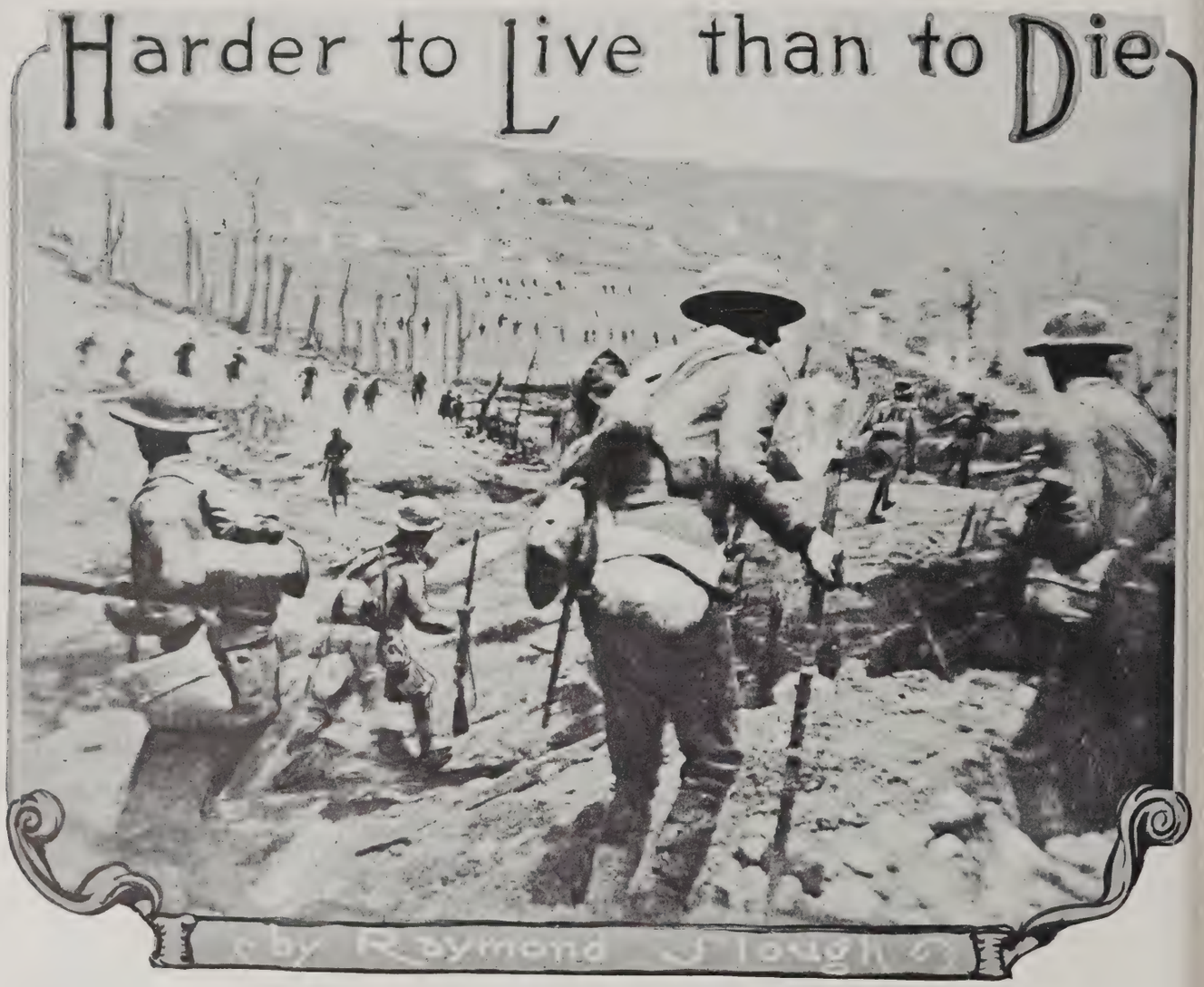
The *Souverain* measures 320 feet from stem to stern, has a beam of 45 feet and draws 23 feet of water. She has a capacity of 3,046 gross tons, 2,915 net tons and 4,900 tons dead weight. She is of steel construction and was built in 1888 in Belfast by the firm of Harland & Wolfe. She is of conventional four-mast bark rig and is not equipped with any other power apparatus, even her steering being managed by a hand screw attachment.

While she was laid up at our yard the *Souverain* was the rendezvous of a great many of our office noon-hour sight-seekers. Other sailing vessels have been in the yard and have attracted very little attention mainly because the slovenly way in which most of the vessels of that type are kept did not appeal to our rather dainty office girls.

On the *Souverain* no such condition existed. In fact no transport or ocean liner could possibly be more neatly kept. Her decks are white as any mother's baking board The cabins are a model of neatness and are equipped with everything which might make life comfortable and more homelike.

Capt. A. I. Axelsen, center; Mate Thomas Henrichsen, left; and their company agent. The center picture is of the "Souverain" on dry dock. Other views, taken in mid-ocean by Capt. Axelsen. Upper right hand picture shows Henrichsen and a shark caught on the last trip.

Harder to Live than to Die



IT may interest you to hear an account of some of my experiences as a member of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, experiences which took me through a veritable hell on more than one occasion, but which I am glad to have gone through.

When I sit down and recall the past events I can't help but feel that I would like to see at least another day on a good hot battlefield. But it might be so hot as to be consuming.

About September 20 we found out that we were to move, and of course the old rumor about going to the States was afloat. A few nights later we left the billets at 1 A.M., and after hiking about five miles we reached a small station and after having hot coffee we entrained in pullman cars of the type—40 *hommes*, 8 *chevaux* (40 men, 8 horses).

There were spaces between the floor planks so large that we had to lay our guns across them. If they had been laid lengthwise they surely would have slipped through. The sides were boarded up, but half the height of the car, the upper half, was closed by a curtain. And in this car on this floor we tried to sleep the remaining hours. We were sprawled in all manners, legs entwined, up on the other lad's chest, some sat upright, their knees up under their chins; so in this style we slept until sunrise, about 7 A.M. I said slept. Tried too is nearer correct, for we nearly froze, for in France in these parts it is not warm during the early morning hours.

For breakfast we had canned beans, bully beef and bread; dinner the same with the addition of coffee. We had a cooking pot and ground coffee and sugar with us and a stove we made of a tin can. Wood was plentiful along the line, for we were crossing a battlefield of two weeks previous and wreckage was plentiful.

We almost smoked ourselves out of the car, but we had our hot coffee.

This ground we were traveling on was the first real battlefield we had ever been over and it was our first real view of what battle does to whatever happens to be in that spot. Villages, nothing but piles of brick, mud and timber; wrecked graveyards and new graveyards where the Huns were planted in good style, with white wooden crosses with the soldier's name, unit, etc., painted on them.

We also saw barbed wire, trenches and dugouts and trenches that the Jerries had built and lost but two weeks previous. Our train ride ended about 3 P.M., and we marched in toward the line a few miles and camped in the open field for the night. We had no more than unslung our packs than a squad or two were detailed to operate a pumping plant. This promised to be a soft detail, but the operators on the job would not give the plant over, as they had no orders, so we went back to the company and slept that night right out in the open with the sky for a roof. The night was very cold and a very heavy dew fell and wet all of our blankets and exposed everything so that we had to let everything lay on the ground until almost noon to dry.

Luckily we did not move until after dinner. The company went about two miles up the road but the other lad and I stayed around and tried to land the pumping plant. We did the same the next day. The outcome was that I went back to the company and the other lad remained with a detail of four Yanks.

It proved to be a fine muddle, there were three details, one in charge and the other two trying to get charge of the plant and all three wanted it.

Two days after I rejoined the company our platoon went up to do a repair job on another pumping plant Jerry had wrecked. While waiting in the evening we slept in Jerry's old dugouts and so safely spent a night of bombardment. In the morning we went out and started working and the shells came over but we were in a sheltered place and the shells landed around our artillery position a few hundred yards behind us. An occasional

FEW letters that have come to THE DIAL *from former employees who fought in the war have pictured a battle scene so vividly and so thrillingly as does this letter by Raymond Slough, who used to work here in the burning department. Slough, who was one of the first of our employees to enlist, saw real action, and, being blessed with a power of observation and a faculty for using a pen, he tells a very remarkable story. The account of his experiences was written to his brother, Fred, who is employed in the burning department. Because of its interesting character, we are using it as a special feature.*



We are very keen to meet Ray Slough when he comes back from France. We want to thank him for this splendid article, also we want to shake the hand of a man who can face danger with the courage he had and then tell about it in such an unassuming, unaffected way as he does in this letter. And we are sure that our readers will agree that there is something inspiring in this simple narrative of how a real American youth threw aside all thoughts of his own welfare for the sake of doing well "the job ahead." One cannot read without serious reflection that part of the letter which tells about the corporal who said: "What is more glorious than to die on the battlefield?" and then went out and met death, or that part which relates how the Huns dropped shells with such disastrous results that only Slough and a few others escaped.

By all means read this letter by one of your former co-workers.—Editor.

shell fell short and on our way to dinner four of the lads were gassed and just escaped being blown sky high. We returned to the company that night without anyone being hurt.

We were camped on a hillside and were scattered among the bushes for concealment. That night Jerry came over and dropped a load of bombs along the coral picket line at the foot of the hill not 200 yards from us, and another load on top of the hill about 100 yards from us, but no damage was done. The next day brought two fine sights. About noon, all was quiet when we heard machine guns let loose, and looking we saw that Jerry had come over and set fire to a captive balloon, which was on the ground at the time. With machine guns and anti-aircraft guns blazing away at him he got away safely. It was a fine stunt and he tried to duplicate it and came back for another balloon close to the one he had burned, but an Allied plane got after him and brought him down in a heap of ruins. The same evening about supper time, all was quiet when machine guns broke loose, and looking up we saw that two Jerries had dropped out of the sky. Swooping down they turned their machine guns loose and set fire to both balloons on duty and they came down in flames, the occupants of the baskets coming down in parachutes.

It was a real job, both Hun planes getting away as far as we could see. How these planes came several miles into the Allies' territory and down to their target is a mystery. This was our last evening in that camp (at least for me), and we cussed the supper, cooks, ration departments, etc., for the supper was a dish of hot water with two pieces of potato in it, the dinner had been the same. We knew we were to be in a battle the next day and this was no meal to march all night and fight all next day on. The only thing it was good for was to make a lad fighting mad. About 6 P.M. we left camp and marched to the —— camp as we were to be attached to them for road repairs. They were veterans of the war and we were glad to be with them. At 11 P.M. we had a fine meal, two rounds of oatmeal and all the bully beef and bacon we could eat. The meal was interrupted several times when a Jerry plane came over. During one of these periods we saw a beautiful sight. A plane was heard coming and all lights were put out and searchlights swept the sky and found him before he reached where we were. The lights coming from all sides centered him and kept on him and anti-aircraft guns blazed away and then shells broke all around him but apparently without success.

He got past the lights and we heard him drop the bombs (eggs) some miles away. The sound of a bursting bomb is different from the boom of a gun or the burst of a shell. Just then one of our planes arrived on the scene and there in the inky sky we saw an air battle, Jerry hot footing it for home and the Allied flier chasing him.

We could see both firing at each other. Every fifth or sixth bullet in aeroplane magazines is a tracer bullet, a lead coated with phosphorous, and this can be seen plainly at night and even at early dusk. Jerry got away all right and all was quiet until 12.30 when we left the camp and started our march toward the big doings of the coming day.

We went through a village that was being heavily gassed and all got through safely. But I tell you that walking at night along a strange road full of holes, dodging transport wagons and keeping in touch with those in front of you is no small job while wearing a gas mask. We reached the appointed place early and had to wait amongst the field pieces for zero hour.

About fifteen minutes before zero hour the gun crew got their rum, but we did not get a smell of their breaths, even.

At zero the guns opened up and we moved forward to where we expected a good breakfast, but all we got was a half canteen cup of coffee.

As I was drinking mine the platoon sergeant came to me and told me to report to Lieutenant ——, of the —— forces with four men.

This I did and the detail was to get a limber of brick from a smashed house, for filling in shell holes in the road. He told me I would find him out along the road. I did not know where he would be, I knew it would be out toward the Hindenburg line somewhere. My detail and wagon went back to the village about 100 yards distance and started loading up with brick. During this time lads of the other platoons of the company came past us going to the first aid posts. Some had wounds in the arms, legs and body, but were able to walk.

Next came stretchers carried by lads from the company on which were two of our lads, one lad was badly shot up but happy, the other had a bandage over his head. He was cold, a bullet had drilled right through his head. This was the first dead comrade I saw. We started up with the load of brick and passed a continuous stream of walking and stretcher wounded. We had not advanced 200 yards when we came to the smashed ones, lads in all positions and with all sorts of wounds, arms, legs, heads off, heads laid open and their brains oozing out.

ONE lad was still alive and crying, "Oh! take me out of here," but we had no time to stop to help the fallen. We had battle duties ahead of us and there were details to pick up the wounded. Well, we just kept going forward, expecting to be hit, but hoping we wouldn't be.

Oh, the air was alive with bullets, machine guns, rifles, anti-tank, etc. And all sizes of shells for there were about 10 tanks a few hundred yards ahead of us and our own artillery all around us, and the road we were on was being shelled for it was one of the main lines of communication and transport of munitions.

We kept going, but we had our wind up and

WHERE OUR BOYS SMASHED THE HINDENBURG LINE



British official photos supplied by International Film Service

Sunken road on Gillamont Farm after battle of Sept. 27, 1918

Fighting scene around Cambrai, described in Slough's letter

Outpost concealed behind battered water cart in a road cut through a forest

everyone was ducking, thinking they might in this way miss being hit.

About half way out, the driver of the limber got well scared and stopped and wanted to go back, but I told him I had to get that load of brick up to the lieutenant, so he got his team going and they ran forward so that he could not hold them back so he had to let them go. Here we met the rest of the platoon going forward with shovels, picks and wheel-barrows; they were all flat on the ground and did not go up any further.

But, I had a lot of courage with me. The fact was that I did not care whether I came off the field alive or was planted there. There was the job ahead of helping to break through the Hindenburg line. The detail kept going forward and we found the lieutenant standing in a trench waiting for us.

We went in and he told us we could not do anything until the barrage was over, so we all went into the trench and were glad of its protection. We were in there about half an hour when a hut in the trench set fire to some ammunition just a little to one side so we all had to scatter. I jumped across the road and into a trench on that side and kept down. There were only three of us there, the others had all beat it rearward.

In a little while a few lads came back from the line of trenches ahead and said Jerry had broken through with a counter attack. There soon were about fifty lads on both sides of the road and the major organized us to make a resistance, as this was the last line outside of the town.

But this was a needless scare for in about ten minutes we saw troops going up on our flank and then we knew we were all right. But we were prepared fairly well to give an account of ourselves if need be, for we had machine guns, rifles and bayonets, grenades, hand and rifle. About this time over came a Jerry plane and when over the artillery, just a little back of us, he sent out a rocket, giving the Hun artillery the range.

He made for home and everyone opened up fire upon him and he used his machine gun, but he never got back home. We saw him come down like a log in our territory. It was now safer to remain in the trench than try to go back so we did the former.

About 11.30 the lieutenant returned and I went to him and asked for orders. My detail having disappeared he told me to remain where I was and I could go back with him and have dinner. I told him I'd rather look up the platoon and this I did for he had excused me for the day. Going back the air was still full of missiles, but we dodged all that came our way.

On the way back I threw away my rifle and helped to carry a stretcher. I found the platoon back where we had started off at daylight, they were all safe, but had narrow escapes to tell about. Our only loss was our lieutenant and ten corporals who had gone back gassed and a first-class sergeant who had been shot up by a machine gun. About 12.30 we had a good hot meal, something I had not expected on the field. This surprise was due to the fact that we were attached to an outfit that *fed* its men. After dinner we lay around and slept until about two o'clock and then moved over into a trench and stayed there until about 4 P.M. when we were ordered to dig in for the night in the side of a bank. This proved the blunder of the day for us.

WE were in a shallow cut which ran to the enemy and must have been under observation, for shells started coming over and closer and closer. A gas shell landed about 200 feet from us, but we did not bother about that. Next came a nicely placed shell. It landed about 30 feet in back of us and when the smoke and dust cleared away we saw the result. I was stunned for a few seconds by the concussion and when I awoke I could hardly breathe and I felt blood on my leg, but it was a small wound.

My partner who was digging with me was dead, his side having been torn away by a shell fragment. Next to him was a sergeant who gave a few groans and then was silent, he was killed by concussion. At the other side of me but six feet away was a lad with his right leg smashed and laid open, an ugly rip on his left thigh and a nasty stomach wound. Next to him was a lad with his head smashed. All up the line it was ripped arms, legs, some off. We took the bad cases to the first aid post and also had ourselves attended to. Here I met Ward, he had a bleeding finger and a dose of gas. We started on our way to the hospital and we passed within two hundred yards of where I had left my pack when we had been smashed up. I had a good auto strop razor, and O. D. shirt and a fine 45 cal. cannon in my pack and I wanted to go and get them, but I saw the shells were still falling around there so I changed my mind.

Starting from the first aid post about 4.30 we walked about a mile and stopped at another aid post to which we had been sent.

From here we rode several miles in an auto truck to the first field station where we received an inoculation against blood poison. They were serving hot cocoa, but I did not get any as I was told gassed cases could not have any. Ward was more fortunate; he got two cups of cocoa and a half pound bar of French chocolate.

We were taken two miles in a Lorry and dumped beside a narrow gage railroad where we had to wait a half hour for the train. We had two cups of hot cocoa and it came in fine, for it was drizzling and cold.

We got on the narrow car all right, but it happened it had no curtains on the upper half so that we got rather wet for it rained hard. I was lucky in that I had kept on my rain coat while digging in the bank and now it kept me warm and somewhat dry. We got off the train and rode more than a mile and finally landed at the casualty clearing station about midnight.

To be recorded and dressed took nearly an hour. Then someone asked the orderly if he could get him a drink of hot tea. He told us to go down to the kitchen and try. This we did and fell in for a nice big meal. Going back to the tent we made the best of it for the rest of the night, some lads finding bankets to lay on. I was not lucky enough to get one so I stretched on the board walk and using my tin hat for a pillow I managed to get some rest.

A big breakfast and dinner and in the afternoon then we went to the train headed for the base hospital. Luck was with me for I managed to get in a second class coach with cushions which were comfortable. A fair supper was given us on the train, two loaves of bread and half a pound of butter for eight of us. We passed the night sitting up and trying to sleep.

We had breakfast off the train and about noon we landed in the town where the hospital was. A trip up the hill in a narrow railroad and we landed at the hospital about 1 P.M.

To be recorded and sent to the wards took about an hour. There was a good hot bath and a dinner and it was almost tea time, 4.30. This was Tuesday afternoon and we had been hurt Sunday afternoon, but we were all walking cases and could stand it. My wound healed up in a few days, but there was a piece of shell embedded in the flesh.

It was there almost two weeks before an X-ray was taken. This was taken on a Saturday afternoon.

Tuesday the nurse came in with the X-ray report and said I should have gone to "Blighty" the day before with the "Blighty" convoy, but they had been unable to locate me.

The following Monday I was sent to the Theatre Ward (operating rooms) and put to sleep and when I awoke a small piece of shell had been removed from my leg. After I went to sleep I knew nothing until I woke up on my way back to my ward. The cut healed quickly and last Thursday I came down to 14th Convalescent Camp, B. E. F.

There is plenty of life down here. There are four canteens where we can get all sorts of canned goods and soldiers' necessities such as shoe polish, brushes, suspenders, towels, etc. Also chocolate, biscuits, tea, cocoa and hot oatmeal. There are four fine shows each week and a band concert, all army talent. Also a concert party of four ladies who give musicales each week.

The town is about a mile away from camp and we can get passes nearly every night. I was down Saturday night 6 to 8 P.M. and had a good supper. I was going down Sunday, but it rained. I would like to see the town by daylight. It is right on the ocean and a fashionable summer resort.

Well, the papers are full of peace talk, Austria and Turkey both out completely, and it looks as though my outfit would not see the front again. The lads are starting to talk about going home and finding jobs. I don't know what I want to go to work on, but after getting THE DIALS I got the shipyard fever and that is probably what I will land in.

That one shell that reached our platoon killed eight outright and two died since. The lad who was killed beside me was Ward's corporal. While discussing the war the day before he said to Ward, "What is more glorious than to die on the battlefield?" And the glory was all his.

The company went back to the place where we had been camped the night before and then tales were told. A platoon head of our company was killed just after zero. Two lads got a shell all to themselves and there were no remains to be found.

During the afternoon while we were resting I saw four Jerry soldiers carrying a wounded Ally. I have since heard that they were shot down in cold blood just as soon as their usefulness was over. There was a Jerry in our lot that went to the Casualty Clearing Station. He had a bullet through his leg and one through the neck, one through his jaw and a bayonet stab in the chest. He was a sad sight.

More came in during the night and one looked a sight, both eyes were black and blue. Some one must have let him have a few fists without charge.

After I left the company they made two more trips into the line, once as bridgemen and they did good work. The next time they went over as infantry and what was left of the company from the other two visits plus replacements was smashed up in this third visit. They are out now being refitted and trained.

I had heard many tales back in the States as to how it felt to be under fire. Now I know the only spirit to be in is the one of keeping your thoughts on the job on hand, knock the enemy regardless of self-welfare. When we were back in Flanders building trenches we were often under shell fire for we were between two lines of artillery, field and heavy howitzers, which were knocking Kemmel Hill off the map and we got a good deal of the ——— that was sent over to silence them. Some landing close to us, one but twenty-five feet from us. At these times we would crouch low in the trench and shake like leaves. I know my knees used to do the Hootchy-Kootchy at these times. But on the battlefield I don't think I shook once for I had determined not to fear anything, not even a bad wrecking or even eternity. No doubt it was this determination that gave me courage and when the other lads ducked the shells which passed us, I cussed the lad that fired them. This day showed me that it was harder to live than to die.

The best way to wear out a grouch is to keep your face up and your back down—and buck the game hard.

FINISHING the BIG JOB

WE regret to note the death of Clinton B. Hazen, former head of the Morse traffic department, who died of pneumonia on Saturday, March 29. At the outbreak of war Mr. Hazen left the Morse employ to enlist in the naval aviation service. He was assigned to instruction work at Columbia University, later sent to Detroit, Mich., and then to France, where he served as an inspector of bombing planes. He was one of the men in charge of the closing up of the harbor of Ostend, and saw service on almost every one of the allied fighting fronts.

THE most interesting news which we have from old employees who have seen service abroad has been coming to us this month, first handed. Almost every new day brings with it another battle-scarred veteran of the great world war to THE DIAL editorial offices.

Bert Foley, who came into THE DIAL office in company with his stepfather, Ben Debar, of the inside machine shop, tells one of the most interesting stories that has come to our attention. Probably there are only a few of the men now in the yard who remember Foley as a fellow-workman. Six years ago he was a driller here. When war broke out between England and Germany, he felt the call to arms, left his job and sailed for England to enlist in the English army. He left the United States on the S. S. *Olympic* on August 26, 1914, with a detachment of twenty other Americans.

He enlisted on September 14 in the King's Royal Rifles, a regiment made up entirely of Americans who wished to champion the cause of Britain. This regiment proved to be one of the crack English outfits all through the war. It corresponded to the French Foreign Legion and has traditions which date back as far as the French and Indian War when General Wolff organized the regiment in the city of New York to fight against the French. The Royal Rifles saw action at the fall of Quebec and took part in all of the wars with the Indians which followed up to the outbreak of the revolution.

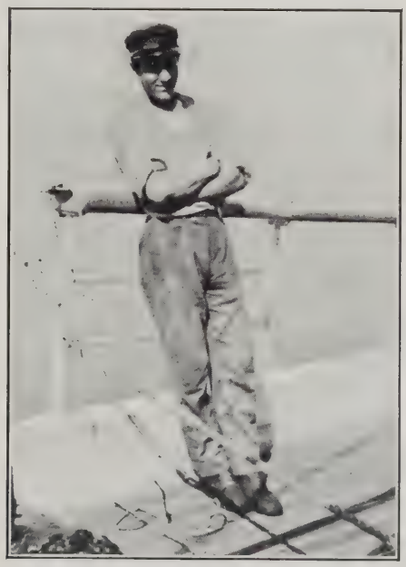
After only a few months of training Foley went to France in November, 1914, and was a part of the "contemptible little army" which stemmed the tide of the first German invasion. He was put in charge of a sniper squad and in his first engagement, seventeen out of his twenty men were killed. He was present at all of the big battles during the first year of the war, at the battle of Ypres, Cambrai, Cuinchy and the "Brickstacks." In the battle of Neuve Chapelle on March 10, 1915, he was wounded for the first time. Shortly after his return to the front he was gassed, and then again in April, 1916, during the battle of Vimy Ridge he was wounded for the second time.

After his third return to active service he was sent to the Somme front where he remained until October, 1916, when he was transferred to sea duty with the Royal Engineers, and became part of the crew of one of the English "mystery ships" which we have been hearing so much about lately.

Foley returned to the United States on the *Mauretania* on April 7 and was discharged from Camp Mills. On his right arm he wears five service chevrons, denoting that he was in the great world war from start to finish. One of the chevrons is red, which means that he was in the first year of the war, the others are blue. His wound stripes are on his other sleeve, and across his breast are half a dozen or more service badges and medals. One of them, which he values most, is the little varicolored strip called the "Mons Star." It shows that he was a part of that "first contemptible little army."

Another of our veterans is one of the timekeepers in the yard who is in the habit of wearing one of those heavy navy ulsters and walking about with the roll of seven-seas salt. Naturally, we deduced that he was once in the service, and questioning proved that we were right. Felix McKenna, timekeeper, certainly was in the navy. Of the eighteen months which he spent with the "gobs," fifteen of them were in foreign waters on the U. S. S. *Yamacraw*, a coastguard cutter and gunboat which was doing convoy duty about the Gibraltar and the Mediterranean, and later in English waters. During this period, McKenna's crew was credited with the destruction of two submarines and had a hairbreadth's escape from the torpedo of another. "We were about 250 miles west of the 'Gib' (Gibraltar) on October 5, 1917," says McKenna, "when at about nine o'clock that night, the *Forestmoor*, a British merchantman of about 9,000 tons, was torpedoed by an enemy submarine.

"At about twelve o'clock that night, we were permitted to return and look for survivors. At two o'clock the conning tower of a submarine was sighted about one hundred yards off our starboard beam. We immediately threw the rudder over hard and dropped four or five depth charges. The night was black as pitch, and we could not ascertain the results of our depth charges until next day, when at about four o'clock that afternoon we picked up four survivors of the *Forestmoor*, clinging to a spar. They said that they had heard our depth-charges, but had thought that the submarine had hit another vessel. Later, however, they heard the cries of drowning German sailors, one of them swimming to their spar and trying to cling on, but he was so badly wounded that he had to let go, and the last they saw of him was when his head sank for the last time beneath the waves.



William S. Wallace, formerly of the sheet metal shop, is now a regular deep sea salt. He left the Morse employ about one year ago, and is shown in the accompanying picture aboard his ship, the *S. S. Advance*, on which he is rated as an able bodied seaman. Beside being an employee in the sheet metal shop, Wallace was a deck hand on one of our tugs for two years. He is eighteen years old, and a brother of Lawrence Wallace of our drafting room.

"It was only that night," continued McKenna, "that right near the Spartel light, off the African coast, just outside of the Gibraltar Straights, another 'sub' fired a torpedo at us, which, fortunately for me and the rest of the crew, missed us by a fraction. It was only by chance happening that the ill-fated *Tampa*, one of the few American victims of German submarines, was on dry dock when the *Yamacraw* put in with a convoy 'at a port in France,' and exchanged it for the *Tampa's* convoy. Had the *Yamacraw* continued on with her original convoy, she might have shared the same fate as the *Tampa*. It was some time during the month of January, 1918," said McKenna, in speaking of another of his adventures with the "subs," "that we were about one day out of Gibraltar, when at six o'clock that night, all who were not then on deck were quickly attracted there by the tremendous pounding of the aft gun, which was energetically firing away at an enemy submarine which was coming at us like a speed boat about three hundred yards off our starboard quarter. She disappeared, and we dropped a few depth charges and went our way.

"The following day the British destroyer *Hussar* was sent out to investigate, and found the telltale wreckage and oil which showed that we had another 'sub' to our credit."

This was all McKenna had to say, but we thought that he was keeping something up his sleeve, and we scouted about.

From one of his friends, who happens to be a newspaper man, we learned that the American navy was officially credited with having sunk six enemy submarines, and that McKenna was in charge of a gun crew that was commended for the destruction of one of these six. Therefore, be it known to all in the yard, that we have among us a man in the timekeeping force who is one of the six best shots in the United States Navy, as far as U-boats are concerned. McKenna was also a prominent athlete in Brooklyn college circles, prior to his enlistment.

ANOTHER man now among us who has had many thrilling experiences in the front line trenches is Edward B. Gardner, of the pipe shop. Gardner is an old-time soldier and had been a member of the Marine Corps nine

years and five months before the outbreak of war. He was among the first complement of American troops to see real action. In fact he was only three hundred miles away from Bordeaux when war was declared. He landed in France in April and only six weeks afterwards was sent into action in one of the quiet sectors of the French front. At Chateau Thierry he was wounded twice with shrapnel, in the head and leg. It was just a little while after that battle, in one of the smaller engagements of which probably none of us ever remember, that Gardner, through an act of bravery, was awarded the Cross of Honor, the highest honor which can be conferred upon a private soldier by Great Britain. The details of the exploit which earned for him his high honor form a tale which cannot be duplicated in much of the fiction written about the great war.



Center, Johnny Omans, Pipe Shop
Left, Bert Foley, Driller; Right, Edw. B. Gardner, Pipe Shop

A German machine gun squad had captured a British Colonel and in order to prevent the Tommies from molesting their "nest" had tied the Colonel in front of the muzzle of their gun so that he would be shot as soon as any of the British came over the top. Gardner, whose company of marines was fighting alongside of the British, saw an opportunity and rushed forward with three hand grenades as his only weapons. With these he managed to kill off a good majority of the machine gun squad and then rushing toward the Colonel pulled him away from the muzzle of the gun just in time, for the lone survivor of the squad had pressed the trigger and the gun was spitting its death dealing stream of lead. Before Gardner had time to get the then exhausted Colonel out of the mêlée which followed, a German soldier ripped the officer with his bayonet making a clear deep crescent shaped wound across his chest. Again Gardner saved the Colonel from what would have been sure death by lunging at the Hun and spoiling his aim.

More stories come from the lips of this man in overalls who is not now and does not claim to be anything more than just one of us, with an ease which is astounding. Yet he claims that shell shock had made him forget a great many of them. During the course of the conversation he parted his hair at one side of his head and revealed a badly battered scalp. "No credit for being wounded was given when I got this," he said, "but I came very near losing my life at that."

"It was during a quiet spell in the trenches, and I was the officer of the guard. I was walking through one of the bays and happened to have my head turned from the front for just a moment when, bang! I felt a crack on the top of my head and fell unconscious. When I awoke they told me the rest. A German on patrol duty had sneaked up very close to our trench and when my back was turned had knocked me on the head with the butt of his rifle. The German never lived to bring the tale of his achievements home because a marine on guard near by shot him in the head at close range and blew out his brains. Pieces of brains were scattered around for many feet and flew in the faces of many of the men on guard."

Gardner returned to this country on January 12. During his long term of army service he has been practically all over the world. He was stationed at Pekin, China, for quite a long while and before going to France was doing prison guard duty at Mare Island, California. Before going into the service his home was in Brooklyn.

EDDIE SHEA, brother of Dan Shea, our band master, is still in Lutzerath, Germany, according to his most recent letter which follows:

"The morning after the night before and I feel like a rag. Of course, I don't mean that I was under the influence of demon rum. I have been on duty for the last twenty-four hours at the guard house and got very little sleep, which accounts for my feeling as I do. I had a letter from home yesterday informing me that THE DIAL had used the pictures of my four pals. 'Thank you,' the young man replied. 'The fellows will be delighted, I assure you.' "

In another letter Eddie writes:

"Daniel Webster, in dictating the dictionary which made him famous, failed to invent words which would express my feelings of gratification and appreciation on receiving your card with the season's greetings. To-day being Saturday, I don't have much to do. We just stood inspection and have nothing to do until Monday morning. Part of the company is away on furlough. They go to Coblenz, a city on the Rhine which they say is very pretty. I may go next week. I am getting along fine, having everything I need and I hope that these lines find all in good health. Best regards to Benner, Plunkett, Whitman, Bell, Doherty and all the members of the band."

Private Joseph Harvey, formerly of the pipe shop, paid us a visit recently. He has returned from France and is now stationed at Camp Devens. In a letter from there to Tom Plunkett he said:

"Well, now that I am home from France, I am not sorry to say that it was the happiest moment in my life when we saw the good old U. S. A. shores when pulling into Boston Harbor. We certainly did get some welcome. If I should start and tell you all about it I may as well stay up two nights and three days and then I would only give you a rough outline of it. Why, I never saw or heard of anything like it. Well, I'll tell the world, the cooties are sorry, for they have all died a horrible death by now. Remember me to the boys in the pipe shop."

Johnny Summers, one of the best boxers in the yard before he went "over there" to help finish the big job, writes an interesting letter to Mr. Benner:

"I am very glad to hear that there are three sections of the new dry dock now in operation," he says. "Well, I have won four more fights since I wrote you last and I have just returned yesterday from a leave to Paris where I knocked out a Frenchman in two rounds. When I return I will be glad to box a few exhibitions with some of the boys from the yard. I was very glad to hear that Joe McGuirk was elected president along with all the other officers of the coming year. I expect to be leaving any day at present because I have made application for doing so because of the folks at home. But it is no use worrying because I am here to do my bit and when Uncle Sam is ready to release me, then I guess he will be through with me for a while. I have been here over nine months. Give my kindest regards to the boys."

CORPORAL JOHN WILLIAM MCCARTHY, now stationed at the Headquarters of Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga., writes to Dan Shea:

"THE DIAL for February received and was, as usual, very glad to get it. We have been rather short on reading matter from home lately. According to THE DIAL the yard must have changed quite considerably lately. No one knows how good Brooklyn really is until one has been away from it for any length of time. I believe that my time down here is getting short. We have been notified that this camp will be discontinued as a demobilization center and we have already started to transfer a number of men to other camps nearer their homes for discharge. It won't take long to get out. Give my best regards to Jack Bauer and the boys in the band. Best wishes for yourself and the office."

Ed Tonry sends an energetic appeal for a copy of THE DIAL, which he says he would like to receive regularly, and also says:

"I am in Germany, about thirty miles over the Rhine, with the first American Division. I am in the best of health and getting along fine. Tell Murray, the shipfitter, to write me. Ask Walter Johnson to write also and do not forget to send me THE DIAL."

Miss Jensen has received another letter from E. M. Peattie, who was attending an officers' training school at the time the armistice was declared. One of his little postals reads:

"Waiting here in St. Aignan, France, for orders to leave for home, but may return to my old outfit if I can be reassigned. Don't know where we stand and we hear all kinds of rumors. Just taking things easy and the boys are playing ball every day. Remembrances to all."

William G. Major, formerly of the truck garage, who had the misfortune to lose one of his legs in one of the very last engagements of the war, is improving rapidly and expects to get out of the hospital according to the following letter which was received by Miss Jensen:

"I am in pretty good health just at present and am improving rapidly every day, although I am still on crutches and I can now get along pretty well with them. I guess I will be out of the hospital soon. I am getting the best of care, plenty to eat and plenty of books to read and also the best of medical attention. I haven't received any mail in a long time, and although I know I am not forgotten, I would appreciate a line or two now and then. Give my regards to all the fellows in the yard and office. I know now what the Red Cross is. I often said that the Red Cross had a nice insignia, but now I know what it can do for it certainly has taken care of all the boys at the front and also behind the lines. I have been in a great many places and the first thing a person sees is the little red cross and then the cheerful smile. I have felt pretty bad at times but whenever I have had the opportunity to talk to one of the Red Cross people why I forget all my troubles and pains. They say 'Smile, and the world smiles with you, weep and you weep alone.' I believe that is a true saying."

Maiden Voyage a Success

BRIGHTLY painted and with decks as spick and span as those of any ocean liner on her maiden voyage, the *E. P. Morse*, newest of the Morse tugs, slid away from her moorings at Pier 3 on her first trip at exactly one o'clock on Monday, April 14.

At 10.30 A.M. steam was up and the engines were thought to be in perfect running order, but in order to be sure that no hitch in the program would occur when the actual trial was to start, Mr. Guernaey, who has had recent charge of the construction of the boat, with Captain Carmichael at the wheel, took her for a short run.

Mr. Morse, who had decided to be on hand when the initial trip was made, came aboard a few minutes before one o'clock. Captain Carmichael gave the signal, the engines began to revolve and with a parting toot of derision at the piers which had held her closely guarded for so long, the *E. P. Morse* slid out into the bay and then up toward Erie Basin, where a visit was made to the Robins yard.

Closely following the new tug came the *Emily* carrying THE DIAL photographical staff. Moving pictures and "stills" were taken during the first few miles of the new boat's journey.

After the trip to the Robins yard, a stop was made just off the Morse piers and the *Emily* took ashore all those who could not afford the time to make the rest of the trip. Those who made the remainder of the trip were Mr. Morse, Captain Roche, Captain Kirby, Captain Mason, Mr. Guernaey, Captain Carmichael, a DIAL representative and a crew of fifteen men.

Straight across the bay to Staten Island, past Shooters' Island in order to give the Standard people some ideas about how a tug should be built and then up the "Kill" to Perth Amboy was the route taken during the first half of the trip.

The voyage was uneventful and everything ran smooth except the whistle, which failed to function in exactly the correct manner, much to the annoyance of a great many of the crew who were anxious to herald the approach of the *E. P. Morse*.

The tug as she now stands is one of the most completely fitted out boats of her kind in the port. She has sleeping accommodations for eighteen men, ten in the forecastle, four in two separate staterooms on the main deck aft, two in one stateroom on the main deck forward and two in the captain's cabin just behind the pilot house. She has an exceptionally large galley and a dining room which will accommodate twelve persons.

The successful completion of our newest tug's first trip is a final tribute to the abilities of the men who designed and built her. The *E. P. Morse* is a product of Morse men and the Morse yard from start to finish. Walter Crawford, superintendent of our hull department, in conjunction with our drafting force, designed the boat.

The work of "laying down" in the mold loft was started in February, 1918, under the supervision of Charles Gryttine. Construction work started in June. Several foremen had charge of the construction work from the time that the keel was laid until the boat was launched.

Among them were William Hughes, Chris Monk, Sam Lorenzo and William Kane who had the honor of being in charge when she slid down the ways. Jules Guernaey, of Mr. Hallock's staff, has had charge of the boat since that time.

A feature of the new tug is the powerful engine which she possesses. Credit for the installation of this engine is due to George Honeyman, outside machinists' snapper. Mr. Honeyman had charge of the engine installation. He is very pleased with the work done by his gang of machinists and claims that the *E. P. Morse* is one of the most powerful tugs in New York harbor.

The *E. P. Morse* has a speed of fourteen knots. She is one of the newest type of oil burners and has a cruising capacity of twenty-four days. The oil burning system is of the Dahl type, natural draft. Mr. Guernaey has estimated that the *E. P. Morse* will use about fifty-five gallons of oil an hour. This is an expense of about three dollars an hour. The running expenses of a coal burning tug usually is around eight dollars an hour.

Square-hole Tool

FRIENDS of William Robbins, superintendent of the machine shop, are greatly interested in a statement made by Alfred E. Nielsen, sheet metal shop, in regard to the tool which bores square holes as described in the March issue of THE DIAL.

Mr. Nielsen says that in 1908 he was in the employ of the Radical Angular Drill Company and that he exhibited a drill to bore square holes almost identical to the tool used by Mr. Robbins.

The tool Mr. Robbins is credited with having invented has attracted widespread attention. Expert mechanics have witnessed demonstrations of what it can do and all are of the opinion that its work cannot be duplicated by any other tool.

Mr. Robbins' friends say that the tool originated with him. They base their belief on the fact that the tool is of such practical use that it would have been commonly used by this time if it had been put on the market in 1908.

Mr. Nielsen claims, however, that the tool he exhibited is similar in every respect to that used by Mr. Robbins.

We do not know enough about mechanics to even attempt to decide which of these claims are right. THE DIAL, however, is a medium of expression which may be used by every man in the yard, and if anyone else has any information on the subject we would be glad to hear from them.

Recreation for "Night Shift"

ARRANGEMENTS have been made to keep the Association Rooms, top floor of the new carpenter shop, open during the night shift lunch hour period. This arrangement has been made because of a great number of requests for a place of recreation in which to spend the lunch hour.

Tonnage Explained

THERE are five kinds of tonnage in use in the shipping business. They are deadweight tonnage, cargo tonnage, gross, net, and displacement tonnages.

1. Deadweight tonnage expresses the number of tons of 2,240 pounds that a vessel can transport of cargo, stores, and bunker fuel. It is the difference between the number of tons of water a vessel displaces "light" and the number of tons it displaces when submerged to the "load water line." Deadweight tonnage is used interchangeably with deadweight carrying capacity. A vessel's capacity for weight cargo is less than its total deadweight tonnage.

2. Cargo tonnage is either "weight" or "measurement." The weight ton in the United States and in British countries is the English long or gross ton of 2,240 pounds. In France and other countries having the metric system a weight ton is 2,204.6 pounds. A "measurement" ton is usually 40 cubic feet, but in some instances a larger number of cubic feet is taken for a ton. Most ocean package freight is taken at weight or measurement (W/M), ship's option.

3. Gross tonnage applies to vessels, not to cargo. It is determined by dividing by one hundred the contents in cubic feet, of the vessel's closed-in spaces. A vessel ton is one hundred cubic feet. The register of a vessel states both gross and net tonnage.

4. Net tonnage is a vessel's gross tonnage minus deductions of space occupied by accommodations for crew, by machinery for navigation, by the engine room and fuel. A vessel's net tonnage expresses the space available for the accommodation of passengers and the stowage of cargo. A ton of cargo, in most instances, occupies less than one hundred cubic feet; hence the vessel's cargo tonnage may exceed its net tonnage, and, indeed, the tonnage of cargo carried is usually greater than the gross tonnage.

5. Displacement of a vessel is the weight, in tons of 2,240 pounds, of the vessel and its contents. Displacement "light" is the weight of the vessel without stores, bunker fuel, or cargo. Displacement "loaded" is the weight of the vessel, plus cargo, fuel, and stores.

For a modern freight steamer the following relative tonnage figures would ordinarily be approximately correct:

Net tonnage	4,000
Gross tonnage	6,000
Deadweight carrying capacity	10,000
Displacement loaded, about	13,350



By Dial Photographer

The "E. P. Morse" on Her Trial Trip

Launching a Success

"HOO-O-RA-A-Y!!!!!"

"When do we eat?"

"What's the matter with Mr. MacLaurin!"

"He's all right!"

"Ray for Mr. Morse!"

Such were the prevalent cries which disturbed the usual quietude of Shore Road Park all April 2, a day which marked the launching of the fourth section of the new dry dock.

Everything "went off without a hitch." Rumors were current during the early part of the day to the effect that the launching was to be postponed, because of the unusual high winds, which were ruffling the waters of the bay, but at ten o'clock sharp the wedge was pulled from under the ponderous mass of timber and she slid gracefully down the ways into the water.

As she struck, a great tidal-wave manifested itself before her and forty-five seconds later she slid gracefully alongside of the north pier, throwing spray and water over it, causing Mr. Morse and party, DIAL staff and photographers, to scamper to more elevated positions.

Although the winds did not defer the launching they did threaten to make things difficult in maneuvering the section about, but under the able direction of Boss MacLaurin, assisted by Henry Rochelle and others, who utilized the pulling powers of men, cranes and launches, she was finally moored safely inshore.

The Morse Band started things rolling with a few of their latest jazz selections, and Mr. and Mrs. Carter, who run the "farm" restaurant, brought out several heaping trays of sandwiches. The men "fell to" with the same amount of vim as they drive nails, and rapidly consumed sandwiches, cigars, soft drinks and other beverages of more adamantine quality. As the men grew more and more jovial, the band continued its selections, until finally the aromas proved too much for them. One of Dan's favorite and ablest solo cornetists played a most stirring ballad entitled, "How Dry I Am." Mr. MacLaurin took the hint and the impromptu bartender was soon very busy.

The afternoon took a steady aspect of joy, and no other incident worthy of mention here took place other than that Miss Joan Sharp, of THE DIAL office, tripped going down the steep stairs leading from the visitor's refreshment parlor. Miss Sharp alleges that "French heels" were to blame. We are sure it wasn't MacFarlane's silk stockings because Miss Sharp hasn't received them yet.



Boss MacLaurin and the Loving Cup Presented to Him

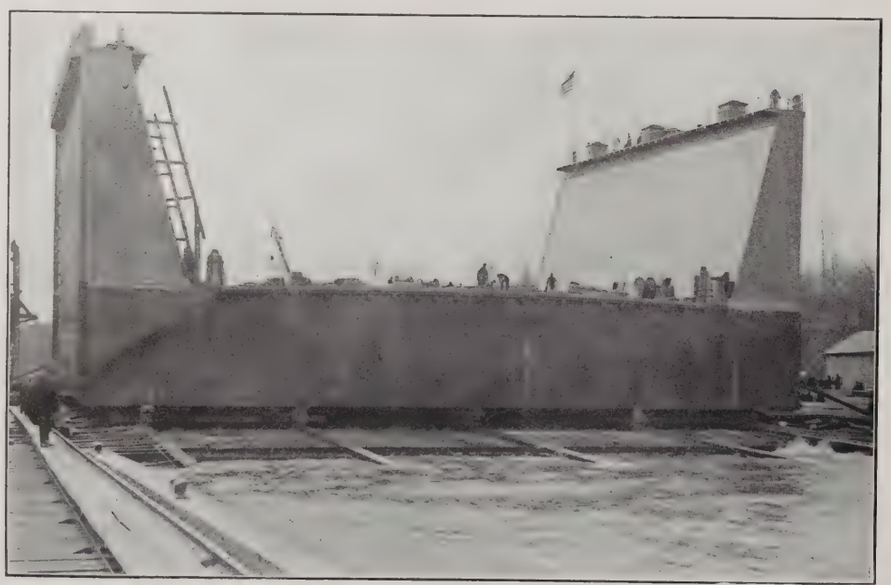
The fourth section was built in record time. She was completed in exactly three months, a Farm record, and it is but one more testimonial of the excellent work which is being accomplished by the "farm" under the direction of Boss McLaurin.

When finally fitted up for actual work the section was towed down to the Main Yard and placed in operation in conjunction with the three sections already in use

When the six sections are completed, the dry dock will be the largest of its kind in the world and will have a capacity for ships of 30,000 tons and 750 feet in length. Work on the fifth section is already under way.

Margaret McCarthy doesn't think she would make a good "movie" actress, because she doesn't understand the change of expression. The change of complexion—well, that is something else again.

Charlie Kileen, of the back pay office, is going to take his vacation in June. Atlantic City is a nice place, Charlie! By the way, is Helen going to take her vacation in June?



By Dial Photographer

Section No. Three, the Fourth Section of Our New Dry Dock, Sliding Down the Ways on April 2

Honors for MacLaurin

GEORGE MACLAURIN, superintendent of the New Dry Dock yard, was the unsuspecting guest of honor at a surprise party given to him by the members of the "farm gang" at Stillwell's Casino, Ulmer Park, on Saturday night, April 5. At the party, which took the form of a lobster dinner, he was presented with a huge silver loving cup by the members of his working force. The cup, which is about eighteen inches in height, has a picture of a dry dock section engraved upon it and under it the sentence, "To our boss, Mr. MacLaurin, from his fellow-workers."

Henry Rochelle, who is never absent when lobster dinners or any other functions of like variety are to be had, was the only man not a part of the "farm gang" who was present.

As a fellow-member of our champion bowling team he was considered to be the best man to steer the unsuspecting farm boss to the seat of the celebration. Henry arranged for a meeting with the promise of theatre tickets and a little seance with the pin boys as a decoy.

When MacLaurin arrived at the meeting place he was rushed into a taxicab and driven to Stillman's before he had any chance to realize what had happened. Everyone was waiting and seated around the table when he entered.

The entertainment which was provided was made up entirely from local talent and not extensive, but the lobsters were of an exceedingly high quality, we are told. Rochelle and Andy Christy rendered several vocal selections, and all of the rest of the forty-eight men present aided to make the evening a pleasurable one in the unceremonious but highly successful way which has always characterized all "farm" celebrations.

Every Damn One of 'Em

By Wesley T. Jones

THIS is intended to be a safety-first item. For its source we turned to the hospital. It's a funny thing, isn't it, to turn to a hospital for a safety-first item?

Frank Falconer, who has charge of the hospital records, was the person to whom we directed our questions pertinent to a safety-first item:

"Had any accidents lately?"

"About 4,500 during the past month, running from a splinter in a finger to others of a more serious nature."

"Any of them due to carelessness on the part of the employees?"

"Every damn one of them!!!!"

Whew! What a field for a safety-first campaign, thought we. We tried again:

"Say, Mr. Falconer, couldn't you suggest something along the line of a safety-first item?"

"I could write a book on that subject, but to get the men to read it would be another thing, and then after you persuaded them to read it, it would take all the riggers in the yard to pound it into their heads to take heed of the suggestions."

Mr. Falconer continued:

"A good percentage of the accidents of the more serious nature have been incurred by stepping on a rusty nail. Yet, in your cruises about the yard, how frequently you see a man throw a board away with a projecting nail in it. How much better it would be for him to clinch the nail, or better yet, to draw it out. Oh, yes, this safety-first stuff is good in a way, but it don't weigh enough."

And Mr. Falconer wouldn't talk further on the subject.

Famous Sayings

"I'll fool 'em and only spend a quarter for supper."—*Dawson, Record Department.*

The trouble with many iron wills is that they become rusty.

Down on the Farm

SPRING is at hand and every farm, both in countryside and at the foot of 67th street, is busy getting ready for the coming season. The past month has been a busy season for our "farm" workmen. Section No. 4 of our new dry dock, the fifth section to be constructed, is already under way and will be launched before "the bay and everything else goes dry," as the "Farm Gang" puts it.

It was but four days after the eventful April 2, when Section No. 3 was launched, that Andy Christy's machinists were busy setting the first pump in place on the new timbers of Section No. 4. One reason given for the speed of the new work is the recent arrival of a big barge of lumber, which provides enough material for the men to continually work with.

The section which was launched April 2 is still moored in the slip, waiting for the harbor strike to blow over, so that the section may be towed to the main yard and operated in conjunction with the sections already in use. Meanwhile electricians under Snapper Swanson and other departments are busy putting the final touches on her.

Lafayette La France, contortionist drummer in the Morse Band, and "Sunshine" Hansen are busy livening things up for the men in between their duties of helping out the electricians.

Joe Murtha is the same old pessimist and Al Breschard is still complaining about his ills. Others of the electrical department are Soldier Schlaefer, Dreamy Ed Swane, Stanley Warren and Al Turner.

Speaking of spring we mustn't forget about the "farm" garden. The garden which flanks the office is in full bloom, and, according to the "farm" boosters, no horticulturist or landscape gardener could ever duplicate its beauty.

Andy Christy is very happy of late over a certain happening in which he "pulled something over" on the assistant editor. He says that there is always a farm-hand who can put something over. But Christy forgets. He forgets the little fire which occurred on the dock recently. The fire department, of which Christy is in charge, never heard a thing about it until the fire was all out. Perhaps Christy's game foot had something to do with it.

One of the busiest men on the farm is George Cossey. He is supervising the raising of the sunken pile-driver which foundered in the gas-house slip recently. No sooner had George pumped out one end and was working on the other than the tide came up and filled it up again, but nothing daunts George, and the pile driver is now well on her way towards usefulness.

William Johnson was appointed rigger foreman the day after the launching. Bill feels proud of his promotion. He certainly deserved it.

George McKay, carpenter foreman, still claims the checker championship and the tournaments which are carried on at noontimes always point out his leadership.

If you ever happen to be down at the "farm" during the noon-hour, don't be alarmed by a sudden fearful odor arising from the cabin of traveling derrick No. 1. Engineer Walter Kenney likes onions with his lunch, that's all.

Two days after the launching, Edward Warden, foreman of the sawmill gang, fractured five toes in an accident. He is coming along nicely and the boys who have been up to see him say that he expects to be back on the job in a little while.

Gerhard Jacobsen, carpenter, lost a son recently. The news was a blow to all on the "farm," and they expressed their sorrow by contributing a beautiful floral tribute.

The first and last years of your life do not amount to much. If you are going to make good, you'll have to do it now.

Attend the Meetings

THE next regular monthly meeting of the Employees' Association will be held on the last Wednesday of this month.

Make a note of that fact and keep the date open.

The last few meetings have been the most successful ones in the history of our Association. Business of the utmost importance to everyone in the yard is transacted at these meetings.

Our Association seems now to have successfully passed through the constructive period of its life and we are able to take up matters which more directly concern our welfare.

Beside the Business the Entertainment Committee has been providing programs which no one should miss. If you enjoy boxing or wrestling you can not see a better show in Brooklyn —and this one is free. The vaudeville too is of a high character.

You are not doing yourself justice if you do not attend these meetings.

You are not getting full value from your membership in the Association if you do not come and enjoy the entertainments provided.

Fire Alarm System Changed

ACCORDING to Fire Marshal James Devlin, the new fire alarm system which is being installed ought to be ready for use by the time that this issue of THE DIAL reaches you. Many difficulties not foreseen when the installation of the new system began have hindered the installation. It is believed that now the difficulty of supplying current for the system has been solved. Batteries have been installed in place of the alternating current formerly used and trials of the new system equipped in this way have proved to be satisfactory in every way.

In Defense of the Cat

By J. MOSES

Garagemen, spare that cat,
Touch not a single limb,
Its nine lives leave intact,
As sinners, forgive its sin!



SOME OF OUR ELECTRICIANS AT THE FARM

Top row: Ed Swane, Lewis Breschard, Lafayette La France, Joe Murtha, bottom row: Olaf Swanson, Stanley Warren, Vincent Lawler, Al Turner. The lower right hand picture is of the "farm garden" and its chief gardener, "Andy" Christie. The insert is of Olaf Swanson, electrician snapper

A Mahogany Storeroom

WERE you ever aware of the fact that there is a $10,000 cabin being used down here in the yard as a storage room? Joe O'Neil, formerly foreman of the electric welding department, at first used it as his office and headquarters, but it got too cheap for him and since then it has been utilized for general storage purposes.

The cabin represents a $10,000 outlay in solid mahogany and formerly graced the deck of the *Winchester*, one of America's fastest private yachts. At the beginning of the war, the *Winchester* was requisitioned by the government and the Morse Company was given the job of converting her into shape suitable for wartime service. The palatial cabin was ripped off and laid in the yard.

An interesting fact about the *Winchester*, which is not generally known, is that she was one of the few mystery ships of the U. S. Navy. Her exceptional speed of twenty-eight knots per hour was recognized by the Navy officials as a valuable asset and she was stationed off Captain's Island, Long Island Sound, the testing grounds for paravanes, those peculiar fish-like contrivances of Commander Burnley, R.N., for severing the moorings of mines planted by the enemy.

Vessels of different speeds required paravanes of different types. A paravane for a battle cruiser would not operate efficiently when towed by a cargo vessel, and vice versa, hence the *Winchester's* utility in testing out the various types because of her flexibility in speed.

The *Winchester* was formerly owned by "Broadway Rouss," one of New York's largest furnishing dealers, and was used to convey him between his business and his summer residence at Bayville, L. I.

Charlie Lohman, driller snapper, was the original polar bear all winter and never wore any coat. Now that summer is with us he sports a brand new pea jacket around the yard and never is seen without it. We wondered why, until we found out that his future son-in-law has just been released from the service. Wrap 'er up with camphor balls, Charlie, summer is here and there will be lots of chance to use that coat next winter.

John Rosnell, coppershop, makes very artistic smoking stands out of horns. Just where he gets the horns is a mystery, but some say that all "Spanish athletes" (they call 'em matadores in Spain), have a large collection of them after they finish throwing the "bull."

Pictures by Dial Photographer

THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, and to the interests of the Company.

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor
C. Stewart Wark, Assistant Editor
Wesley T. Jones, Reporter
C. W. Bailey, Photographer

John Powell, Thomas J. Plunkett, Jacob Moses, William Roth, William R. Monahan, Abe Yager, 2nd, Mrs. Otis Elliot Barene, Mrs. Wallace Livermore and Miss Margaret McCarthy, contributing editors.

The magazine is mailed without charge to all employees who keep us informed of their correct address. If you move let us know. The Dial office is on the top floor of the North Building.

All communications should be addressed to B. E. Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn.

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"Live Wires" Necessary

ONE day, recently, one of the "live wires" in our yard dropped into The Dial office for a little chat. He told us of a man he had just been conversing with who complained that his department never received any recognition from The Dial, no matter how big a job it did.

To be anxious to receive credit for a job well done is not being conceited. It is only doing justice to yourself and your fellow worker. We are anxious to give prominence in the pages of The Dial to all who have done something worth while, but we can not do that unless you help.

If you have done something worthy of note, if your department has turned out a big job, let The Dial know about it. Drop in or call us up on the telephone. The Dial has no favorites. If you do not believe that statement try us and see.

Make use of The Dial, be a booster for your department. Be a "live wire."

* * *

The "Boo" in Bolshevism

WHY aren't we, the men who work in the Morse yard, interested in Bolshevism—that sinister word pronounced like "boo," which is to-day on the lips of almost every denizen, good or bad, of these United States?

The other evening the writer attended a little dinner, and there for the first time came in contact with Bolshevism and its propaganda, or perhaps it wasn't true Bolshevism, for the pamphlet was signed I. W. W. Some people say that true Bolshevism, the kind in which the majority of stock is controlled by Lenine, Trotsky & Co., is of an entirely different variety. Perhaps that is true, but Bolshevism to us means I. W. W. and X. Y. Z., and all of the various varieties of secret "boo" terms which are signed at the end of the "work orders" which they put out. And, by the way, did you ever notice that these pamphlets are never signed by the name of any individual.

The pamphlet in question was the "brain child" of a most unsettled mind. It mentioned trusts and combinations and organized labor, all in the same breath, and then twisted them around until they were a hopelessly confused jumble of nothing. It was convincing on just one point. The man who wrote it was the victim of unjust treatment somewhere along the line. His pamphlet was the result.

That is why Bolshevism has no place among us. Perhaps there are a few Bolsheviki around the dry dock. They are the newcomers and the "floaters" who are rich in experience and have empty pockets. The rest of us, true to type Morse men, are nothing but just plain American. We work hard and earn in proportion. We have families, homes, recreations of our own, we don't mix with the "four hundred," and don't want to. We work together as men among men, we adjust our own complaints, we make the laws by which we are to be governed. We aren't being treated unjustly. If we were we would kick like hell. One can't be a Bolsheviki and at the same time be red blooded.

When we get old and crippled we'll join some "help-me-brother-I'm-down-and-out" society and carry a red flag. Just now it's a lot more fun to get behind a riveting gun, and there is more in it.

Bolshevism is a disease. Like lots of other diseases there is more "boo" in it than anything else. Doctors won't help much—an airing is all that is necessary. When you step around lively, it increases the circulation, and the little "boo" bugs don't get much of a chance.

* * *

Confidence

CONFIDENCE is the one greatest asset any man or institution can have, and it is the one sure foundation for wealth honor, or anything that you may consider success," says a newspaper editorial.

There is no denying the truth of these words.

When you look at it, life itself is confidence.

We are first confident that our parents will look after us up to an age when we can take care of ourselves.

Next we are confident that our teachers know a lot about things that we do not and we get an education because of that confidence.

Then we go out in the world confident that we can get a job and make a living, and in turn we are confident that the company we work for will give us our pay at the end of the week.

Now then, the company which we are confident will pay us, has a right to be confident that we will report for work on time, will do a good day's work, and not try to make trouble.

It follows then that there must be confidence on both sides if the company and the men are to get along together.

What reason have workmen to mistrust and suspect the company?

Why is it that things which are done for the workmen's benefit are looked on with suspicion by the men?

The company needs your work, and realizes that it must have your confidence if you are to be a good workman.

Why not have confidence in this and give the concern a chance to make good the same as the concern is giving you a chance.

When you are employed, the company gives you a job largely on your word as to what you can do, and puts you on work which will cost them money, and has faith that you can do it.

Suppose the first time they picked a lemon who said he could do certain things and then went in and spoiled a lot of expensive material, the company at once decided that all men were the same.

You and the other competent men would not consider that a square deal.

If that is the case, is it not just as unfair for all the men to decide that the company is always trying to put one over because some one man got what he considered a raw deal?

There may be many reasons why a man cannot have everything quite the way he wants it. Maybe the company would be tickled to death to meet everybody's ideas, but if they did they would soon go out of business and then what good would it be to those who got a small temporary benefit?

It must be remembered that the company like every one of its men, is working to make money, and those who do the most toward helping them to make it will in turn enjoy the confidence of the company and profit by it in the end.

Every time you hear a workman raving because the company does this and does that, remind him of these things, and tell him that he will get out of his job just what he puts in it, and if he expects the company to have confidence in him and treat him right, he must do the same by the concern.

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Who Is Paying the Freight?

BOLSHEVISM, a thing of evil omen and unhappy origin, is spreading. WHO IS PAYING THE FREIGHT?

No propaganda can be spread without funds. Unless there is money behind it, no movement can be organized.

Yet Bolshevism is spreading. Men are making speeches for it. Posters are being put up advertising it subtly. Red meetings are being held.

Right-thinking men want to know who is paying the bill. But above all, intelligent women want to know, for Bolshevism will make every one of them "scarlet."

You and the rest of the men working with you love some woman—a mother, sister, daughter, wife or sweetheart. Under Bolshevism, until she is worn out and discarded, she will be the common property of any man or any number of men that want her.

They said this would not happen in Russia. But it did. They say it will not happen here. But it will.

Bolshevism sings a siren song about the Equality of Man. But by the same token, it means Inequality of women. Look at Russia.

THE first teaching of Bolshevism is that all government is wrong. To have real liberty, it says, each man must have the right to do as he pleases.

Yet in Russia the Bolsheviki have established a government of their own. They may not call it by that name, but it is a government none the less. AND IT IS THE MOST VICIOUS AND MERCILESS FORM OF GOVERNMENT IN THE WORLD. It executes people by thousands for any offense or for none at all.

Bolshevism claims it is a step forward to the time when all men will be equal.

The truth is it is a long jump backward to the time when all men were savages. All men were equal then. Each had an equal right to live in a cave and to eat roots and grasses. Each had an equal right to crush his neighbor's head with a club to get the neighbor's wife. Or to have his own head crushed if the neighbor's club was bigger and his arm stronger.

No one believes that Bolshevism will be tolerated by loyal, intelligent workmen. But when an evil thing is BACKED APPARENTLY BY UNLIMITED CAPITAL it cannot be ignored. This is especially true when its appeal is made to habitual malcontents, to the half-wits, and to the vicious element.

WORKMEN are being told that Bolshevism will make the world rosy for them.

If this idea should take hold in their minds, this country will be plunged into red ruin. No man's life will be safe; no man's daughter can be protected from any brute strong enough to overpower her; no man will have any property if the next man is strong enough to take it away from him. As you know, no one will have a job. Look at Russia.

Yet men are advocating Bolshevism in the plant. Who is behind them? Who pays the bill?

Who paid the bill to get Bolshevism started in Russia? Germany is suspected, for the Bolsheviki leaders sold out Russia to the Germans.

Germany, you say, is licked. Yes. But the men who financed the Bolsheviki movement in Russia still have the cunning and the money.

CONGRESS HAS BEEN TOLD THAT MILLIONS OF DOLLARS IS BEING SENT BY WAY OF RUSSIA TO THIS COUNTRY TO FINANCE THE MOVEMENT HERE.

Germany could not win on the battlefields. Is she trying to win by intrigue, as she won in Russia? Certainly the German menace is not over yet.

If Germany is not paying the freight, who is? The men in the plant who are whispering the teachings of Bolshevism may not know the "higher-ups." But it is a fair question to ask them who is immediately behind them; who supplies them with the "dope" to peddle, who is paying them.

Certificates of Sickness Issued

IN order to insure all employees who hold yard life insurance policies against any possible misunderstanding in regard to notification in case of sickness, a "Certificate of Sickness" has been issued by Mr. Kling, insurance clerk, which if filled out and sent to him before the required ten days has elapsed, will make the receipt of insurance money a certainty.

These certificates may be had by applying for them at the employment office. A certificate will also accompany all new policies taken out from now on.

It would be to the advantage of every man who is insured under the Employees' Association plan to see to it that he receives one of these certificates.

The personal note from the doctor who attends you which was formerly used is still acceptable if it is made out in the proper way, with the necessary data accompanying it, but to make certain of having your record put down in exactly the right way it would be well to have one of the certificates at hand.

Girls Are Represented

MISS Maude Wilson, of Mrs. Tillotsen's department, has the distinction of being the first of the "silk stocking contingent" to secure direct representation for her sex in the affairs of the Employees' Association.

She served on the committee in charge of plans for our memorial to Morse employees who served in the great war, attended the meeting of that committee held on Tuesday, April 30, was the only woman present and performed her duties in a most commendable way, according to all of the other members of the committee who were present at the meeting.

New Committeemen

DURING the past month the following men have been elected to represent their departments on the Board of Directors and the Conference Board: Electricians—Edward Knipe, director, Jesse Morse and William Clausen, Conference Board members; Plate shop—Edward McGibney, director; Lewis Seiser and George Petley, Conference Board members; Boilermakers—Wallace Bentley, director; Robert Anstett and Michael Shilling, Conference Board members.

A Heroic Rescue

A HEROIC rescue was made on April 1 when Irving Feltman, burner, dove into one of the yard slips and after a hard battle against the tide and strength of a drowning man, rescued Orville H. Fee, shipfitter's helper, who had fallen into the water from scaffolding on the *Gaelic Prince*. Both men were taken to the Yard hospital, and after a few hours were none the worse for their exciting experience.

Acknowledgment

312 Prospect Avenue,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The family of the late Edward Johnson wish to thank you most sincerely for your kind and heartfelt expression of sympathy.

Yours very truly,
MR. and MRS. J. JOHNSON.

Chief Develin says he'd like to have MacFarland as his aide,
For then to fight a fire alone he'd never be afraid,
For when they need material, as fire material goes,
The chief would buy most everything, but Mac would buy the hose.

Terms Used in Shipbuilding

By Walter K. Crawford
(Superintendent Hull Dept.)

Main Deck—The principal deck of the main hull.

Magazine—A compartment or room in which ammunition is stored.

Manhole—A round or oval shaped hole cut in bulkhead, tank top, etc., large enough for a man to pass through.

Margin Plate—The outer boundary of the inner bottom, connecting it to the shell plating at the bilge.

Marking Hammer—A tool for marking rivet holes on a template with paint.

Marker—A brass pipe dipped in enamel for marking rivet holes on stock.

Marlinspike—A pointed, tapering metal tool for separating the strands of rope or cable in splicing.

Mast—A large long spar, placed nearly vertical on the center line of a ship.

Midship—The middle of the ship's length.

Midship Section—A plan showing a cross section of a ship amidships. This plan shows sizes of frames, beams, brackets, etc., and thickness of plating.

Mold—A paper or wooden pattern, a template.

Mold Loft—A large room on the floor of which drawings and molds of a ship are laid out full size.

Mooring—Securing a ship in position by several lines or cables, so that she cannot move or swing.

Net Tonnage—A figure obtained by making deduction from the gross tonnage to allow for space not available for carrying cargo.

Oil Tight—Riveted and calked to prevent oil leakage. (Rivets must be more closely spaced for this purpose than for water-tightness.)

Old Man—A rig for holding a drill.

On Deck—On the upper deck, in the open air.

Orlop Deck—The lowest deck.

Out board—Out from center of ship.

Overboard—Outside, over the side of a ship. Into the water.

Overhang—Portion of the hull over, and unsupported by the water.

Oxter—Shell plate around upper part of stern post.

Pad Eye—An eye located on deck for fastening cables.

Palm—A guard for the hand used in sewing.

Panhead Rivet—A rivet with a pan-shaped head.

Panting—In and out movement of shell plating.

Pillar—Vertical member or column giving support to a deck. Also called stanchion.

Passer—A man who passes rivet to holder-on and may put it in hole.

Passing Tongs—Tongs used in passing a rivet.

Pintle—Fitting or pin on the rudder which turns in a grudgeon.

Plan—A drawing prepared for use in building a ship.

Planking—Wood covering for decks, etc.

Platform—A partial deck.

Plating—The plates of the shell, a deck, a bulkhead, etc.

Plying Hammer—A form of hand-riveting hammer.

Port—Left direction when facing forward end of ship.

Poop—The after, upper portion of the hull, usually containing the steering gear.

Port-Hole—A circular opening in the ship's side.

Propeller—A revolving device that drives the ship through the water, consisting of three or four blades, resembling in shape those of an electric fan.

Punch—A machine for punching holes in plates and shapes.

Quadrant—A fitting on the rudder head to which the steering chains are attached.

Quarter—A side of the stern.

Quarter Deck—That portion of the weather deck nearest the stern.

Quarters—Compartments, rooms and other portions of a ship used for living spaces.

Rabbet—A depression or offset, designed to take some other adjoining part; as, for example, the rabbet in the stem to take the shell plating.

Rail—The upper edge of the bulwarks.

Rally—Driving wedges 4-5 minutes.

Reaming—Enlarging a rivet hole by means of a revolving, cylindrical, slightly tapered tool with cutting edges running along its sides.

Reverse Frame—An angle bar or other shape riveted to the inner edge of a transverse frame to reinforce it.

Ribband—A fore and aft wooden strip or heavy batten used to support the transverse frames temporarily after erection.

Rigging—Ropes, wire ropes, lashings, etc., used to support masts, spars, booms, etc. Also the handling and placing on board the ship of heavy weights, machinery, etc.

Rise of Bottom—The amount that the flat portion of the bottom of the ship rises from the keel to the side of the ship.

Rivets—Are the small members used to connect the various plates and shapes together. Usually they are heated red-hot and driven or clinched with hammers or presses.

Rivet Set—A tool used in calking around a rivet.

Roll—Motion of the ship from side to side alternately raising and lowering each side of the deck.

Rudder—A large, heavy fitting hinged to the rudder post. Used for steering the ship.

Rudder Post—Heavy vertical post at after end of stern frame under water which supports rudder.

Rudder Stop—Fitting to limit the swing of the rudder.

There was once a great crowd of pipe-fitters,
Who each day drank their whisky and bitters,
Until July first, with a terrible thirst,
'Twas a pity to witness these critters.

A caulker once said, I'm a singer,
In the song oakum I am a ringer,
There's never a hitch, when I get the right pitch,
On a five-dollar note I can linger.

A rigger once said, as a preacher
I'm equal to Henry Ward Beecher.
A true lover's knot, I can tie on the spot,
At splicing I am a past teacher.

Jim Weldon takes the time cards, and he takes the time of men;
He takes the pay roll once a week and then he takes a pen;
He took nine dollars, took a kodak, taking all the fixtures,
And now he's taking all spare time to take a lot of pictures.
He takes most everything he sees, and that without being told;
Last week with his new kodak he took an awful cold.
He hopes it don't *develop* into something more severe,
For if it should he'll take a trip from here.

AFTER THE WHISTLE HAS BLOWN

Looking 'Em Over

By C. Stewart Wark

BASEBALL is very naturally at this time of year the chief topic of conversation among all followers of sport. At this writing, however, conversation is about the only thing which has been taking place as far as baseball in our yard is concerned. The reason for the lack of activity on the part of the baseball nine has been due, largely, to the unsettled weather which has been so prevalent this spring.

The first practice game of the season was to have been played on Sunday, March 30, with the Bushwicks at their home grounds, but due to a sudden return of winter the game had to be postponed. In a pre-season game on Sunday, April 13, our team was beaten by the Tietjen & Lang Baseball Club by the score of 6 to 1.

It was no disgrace to be beaten by the Tietjen & Lang outfit, for they had in their line-up some big league material. Marty Cavanaugh, formerly of Detroit, and Gus Getz, formerly of Brooklyn, were two of the shining stars.

Another handicap which our boys were forced to play against was the fact that it was a very cold day. McGarry, who was on the mound for Morse, has a spit ball that is unbeatable usually but the wintry weather made it impossible for him to use it.

Bucking up against such a strong combination at the very start of the season has its advantages even if the score was not what it might have been. The weaknesses of the team were shown to good advantage, and we now have a chance to correct them before the season really commences.

According to all present indications the team will line up for the coming games as follows: Dwyer, c.f.; Bauer, 3d base; Braun, s.s.; Crist, r.f.; Wagoner, l.f.; Troy. 2d base; Mundhenk, 1st base; Tee, c. Levy will help Tee out behind the bat and the pitching staff will be composed of McGarry, Martin, Boernhoef and MacIntosh.

Morse Oval is now entirely enclosed. From fence to fence the field measures 425 feet in length. With Sunday baseball back into public favor there ought to be big times at the foot of Fifty-second street this summer.

OUR soccer team was eliminated from the race for the national soccer championship on Sunday, March 30, when it was defeated by the Paterson F. C. by 4 goals to 1. The game was played at Federal League Park, Harrison, N. J., and was witnessed by over five thousand soccer enthusiasts.

Beardsworth scored the lone Morse tally in the first period just a few minutes after Stark, of Paterson, netted the ball for the first point of the game. With the score a tie our boys put up a brave fight, but were unable to stand the pace, and before the end of the period Paterson led 2 to 1.

The second half featured strong offensive work on the part of the Paterson eleven.

Score: Paterson; A. Stark, 2; Bleich, 2; Morse, Beardsworth. Refereee, James A. Walder.

The loss of the big chance for the national championship certainly was a hard blow to all of the yard football enthusiasts. Like good sports, however, we have no kick coming, and no alibis to offer. The following letter, written by the football committee, shows just how the committee and the players feel on the subject:

April 3, 1919.

Mr. Thomas Carside, Secretary Paterson F. C.,
111 Lynon street, Paterson, N. J.

SIR: We, the committee and players of the Morse Dry Dock Football Club, heartily congratulate the Paterson Football Club on their final victory in the national semi-final game. The best team won; and to all lovers of soccer, it is best that it should be so. We have met your team twice this season, and on both occasions have met with defeat. We, of course, cannot let it go at that, and we will never rest content until that 4 to 1 result is reversed. We wish the Paterson Football Club the best of luck, and hope you will bring home the much sought for cup. Let us hope that in our future meetings the high standard of football and sportsmanship shown in the past between these teams shall be continued for the good of the players and the game.

Again wishing you every success, we remain,
Yours in sport,

MORSE DRY DOCK FOOTBALL CLUB,
Secretary, ROBERT GORE.
Manager, NIEL O'DONNELL.

Committee: Chas. Menzies, Frank Falconer, Frank McIntyre, Robert Calver.

As the tenor of the letter shows, the Morse team may have been beaten in the most important game of the season, but its hat is still in the ring. The team is now well started on its way toward the championship of the Southern New York State Football Association and prospects for having the S. N. Y. S. F. A. cup in our possession before the team disbands for the summer are bright.

The first round of this competition was won by Morse on Sunday, April 6, when we met Robins, at Lennox Oval, and before a crowd of more than two thousand people beat them by the score of 3 to 2. The game was the replay of the contest which we played and won some little time ago. The Robins at that time protested the game, and because of a little technicality which turned up in their favor the game had to be replayed.

At half time the score was 1 to 0 in favor of Morse, McGreevy makingthe only score in the first half. Holgate made the next five minutes after play was resumed. Mackie made it three, only a few minutes later. Toward the very end of the game the Robins pulled themselves together, Garside and Hayes making the two goals which they netted.

The score: For Morse, McGreevy, Holgate, Mackie. For Robins, Garside, Hayes. Referee, W. Gray.

The Morse team made its chances for the cup just a bit stronger on the following Sunday, April 13, by trimming the White Rose F. C. to the tune of 5 goals to 1. The game was played at Morse Oval. Our boys had no trouble in downing the White Rose outfit, and everything went their way from whistle to whistle. McGreevy was responsible for three of the tallies collected by Morse, Beardsworth got one, and Holgate the other.

On Sunday, April 20, Newburgh was to have been the Morse opponent. The game was scheduled to be played at Morse Oval, but the players arrived to find that their field had been dug up in anticipation of the coming of the baseball team, and the game had to be postponed.



By Dial Photographer

Bill Dahlen, Former Manager of the Brooklyn Club, National League, now Sponsor for the Morse Dry Dock Nine

IN the first post season game which the Morse Bowling Team has figured in this season, our champion ten-pin artists took the bowlers from the Navy Yard into camp in a home and home series of six games played on Sunday, April 2 and Sunday, April 6, winning the series by 353 pins.

The first three games of the season were rolled at the American alleys and resulted in a victory for Morse with a majority of 298 pins. Morse won all three games played. Harry Andersen made an average of 202.

The final three games of the series played on the following Sunday at the Navy Yard Recreation Academy again resulted in a three-game victory for the Morse outfit. This time the Morsemen won by a majority of 55 pins, making them the winners of the match by 353 pins.

Harry Cohn, for Morse, was the star performer of both games. Henry Rochelle was the only other man to get into the double century class during the entire series. The Morse line up for both games was as follows: White, Rochelle, Andersen, Cohn, Amundsen.

Henry Rochelle received the following letter recently from C. Blair Woodrow, donor of the Woodrow trophy which is now in the possession of the Morse bowlers:

"My dear Rochelle:—

Permit me to congratulate you on your team's winning the Shipyard Bowling League Cup and I trust you will see the "Sisco" win it next year, with your team a good second. Confirming our conversation on Thursday night I think it fitting that the season should close with a supper with all the bowlers present, and a few of their friends who are interested in the game. Personally I am delighted that the competition went through from start to finish harmoniously and it is for this very reason that I am desirous of having a keener competition next year.

With kindest regards, yours faithfully,
C. BLAIR WOODROW."

In the last issue of THE DIAL, we neglected to include in the final standing of the bowling teams entered in the yard tournament the name and standing of the dock hands team. Our attention was called to this matter recently by a member of the dock hands team and we are glad to correct the error at this time.

The team earned the right to the cellar position in the tournament standing, but according to the representative interviewed, the dock hands are in no way ashamed of their record and feel that publicity on the subject is far better than being forgotten entirely. The feelings of the team are a trifle hurt on just one subject, however, and that is the fact that they were assured that a booby prize would be offered and that they have not received anything that resembles it to date.

Henry Rochelle, the bowling king, when asked about the matter stated that the bowling committee is arranging for the presentation of booby prizes and that the delay has been caused by their failure to get a suitable dye for the medals.

With the Fight Fans

By Abe Yager 2nd

THE noon-hour meeting spirit, which has been so popular in our Association Room and in the yard, has been brought to Hoboken by Joe Quinn, burner snapper. Joe has had the welfare of the Morse men at Hoboken at heart and in coöperation with Lloyd Adams Noble, superintendent of our Hoboken office, the Y. M. C. A. secretary and THE DIAL boxing reporter, noon-hour meetings on board some transport or other big vessel at the piers are now being held.

The U. S. S. *George Washington*, when she was being repaired by Morse during her last stay here, was the scene of quite a few interesting noon-hour meetings. This is the first time that a stunt of this kind has been effectively carried out by civilians or workmen on a Government boat.

The meetings held in Hoboken have been a great success and employees of other concerns have been taking a great interest in them. Oscar Noren, of the welding department, put on the gloves several times, as did Chicken Roskin, burners' helper, who was a classy boxer in his day. Joe Diamond, a driller's helper, has also been doing his bit, and several sailors and marines stationed on board have been helping out now and then. The wrestling bouts are usually participated in by members of the crew. Jack Doyle, a driller, obliged on several occasions with his Irish melodies and Navy Yard employees have been giving us some snappy bouts.

The spirit which has been displayed recently at Hoboken shows that the men of the Morse yard are just as much together when working outside of the yard as they are when at "home," and it also shows that their good-fellowship spirit is not only intended for themselves, but for all who work with them no matter where they are from.

Gunboat Smith, riveter, told us the other day that when Jack Dempsey hit him, during their last battle, he felt the blow to the very tips of his toes. Smith is "there" when it comes to telling tales of the ring. At noon hour a gang of men can always be seen hanging around the Gunner waiting for him to get rid of his sandwiches so that his stories of ring battles may begin. The Gunner can do more than tell stories, however, for when the one o'clock whistle blows he gets right on the job and according to a lot of the boys that know him can do the work of at least five men.

Frankie Fay, chipper and caulker, who left us some time ago, is again in our midst. Frankie seems to be in great condition and brings back with him several new victories which he has won in recent battles. His most recent fight was with "Al" Shubert at New Bedford, Mass. Frankie showed up to such great form that immediately after the contest was over he was matched to box at the same club at a later date.

Jean Bruce, our shipyard wrestling champion, has been doing great work on the mat of late, but manages to keep busy at the carpenter shop at the same time.

Due to the fact that the boxing season is rapidly coming to a close, it is very probable that the yard boxing tournament, which was to be started, will be postponed until next winter.

George Jones, boiler maker wrestler, is still with us, but has not been doing much at the mat game of late.

Charles Ambriano, apprentice machinist, is training every day at the Association Room, with Young Sailor Burke. Ambriano is ambitious to become one of our future fistic champions.

There are big times every night at the Association Rooms these days. Following out a suggestion made by one of the night timekeepers the Association Room has been opened up during the night shift dinner hour. There are several hundred men working on the night shift now and there ought to be lots of hot times at the old stand during their lunch hour.

Bobby Hansen, paint shop, was painting from a ladder just outside of THE DIAL office one day and we asked him when he was going to start boxing again. His answer was: "Wait; I have a surprise for you. This is the way I have of keeping on top." Maybe it was the pugilistic ladder of fame that he was working on.

Pinky Brown, a popular boxer from Brownsville, is one of our shipfitters' helpers now. He is a fast boy with his mitts and we are glad to have him with us.

Frankie Fay and Young Levine, two of the fistic stars of our yard, were among a party of boxers under the direction of Billy Burke, carpenter shop, who entertained the members of the Rocky Mountain Club in the ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria on April 21. Both boys gave clever exhibitions of how a padded mitt ought to be swung, and upheld the reputation of the Morse yard in the boxing line very creditably. Commissioner Enright, one of those who witnessed the fights, acted as timekeeper.

Arrangements have practically been completed for a bout between Gunboat Smith, riveter, and Billy Miske. Billy Burke, carpenter shop, is taking charge of the business end of the game for the "Gunner" and says that the bout will be held either in Minneapolis or at Tulsa, Oklahoma. A definite date has not been decided upon yet. Go to it, Gunner! We believe that you can knock 'em all dead yet.

Deacon O'Donnell, paint shop, was a well-known referee during the old Horton law days. Many of the old timers will recognize the name for he was a very popular "third man" in those days and was seen at many of the local clubs.

Oscar Carlson, carpenter shop, amateur welterweight wrestling champion of the A. A. U., has forsaken his amateur rating in order to enter the professional ranks. His first bow to the public as a "pro" will be made sometime early in May. The bout will probably take place at Prospect Hall and it is expected that his opponent will be Lewis Nelson, recognized welterweight champion of the world.

Young McGowan, formerly of the burning department, has returned from France and expects to be back in the yard very soon.

Yard Baseball League Formed

By William Roth

THE baseball fans of the yard are to be treated to something new this season. A departmental baseball league has been formed. A meeting of the delegates from the various departments took place recently and it was decided to have the league composed of the following teams: Team No. 1, Carpenters, joiners, painters, wood caulking, pattern makers and farm. Team No. 2, Outside machinists, inside machinists and blacksmiths. Team No. 3, Pipefitters. Team No. 4, Copper smiths, plumbers, pipe coverers and sheet metal workers. Team No. 5, Timekeepers, employment office, payroll clerks. Team No. 6, Hull. Team No. 7, Burners and welders. Team No. 8, Navy yeomen.

Tom Smith, joiner foreman, was elected chairman of the committee to arrange the schedule. Others on the committee are Joe Lowe, pipe shop, Frank Whitman, timekeepers, A. Kennedy, burners, and William King, outside machinists.

In all probability the season will open about the middle of May. According to tentative plans, each team will play sixteen games. It is expected that some sort of a trophy will be awarded to the winning team when the season has been completed. Mr. Benner, superintendent of welfare, has already promised to furnish baseball equipment. Everything will be done to make the league a "live" organization.

Some of the teams have already started practicing and a few unofficial games have been played, the results of which point to a lively tussle and strong competition for the pennant and the championship of the yard.

One of the recent practice games was between teams representing the Pay Roll clerks and the Navy yeoman. The Pay Roll boys, remembering their defeat at the hands of the sailors last year, were out to win. They played a hard game, but were again forced to bow to their hated rivals to the tune of 8 to 7. Ensign Mills, who pitched for the yeoman, was responsible, in a large degree, to the showing which they made. He pitched a great game and also did his share with the stick.

One of Our Fistic Stars

YOUNG SAILOR BURKE, pipe coverers' helper, whose real name is George Eastman, is one of the coming fistic stars of our yard. Burke has not had much of a chance to prove himself to professional ring followers, but is a very clever boy with the padded mitts. He has boxed at many of the local clubs as a semi-final attraction and has established a reputation for himself as being a very willing boxer. He has been in the employ of the Morse Company for about a year. During that time he has always been ready to perform at any of the boxing shows which have been put on by the Employees' Association. The sailor has also been trying his hand at the mat game of late and has been making good at it, too, as every one who attended our last boxing show knows.



Young Sailor Burke

Enjoy Banquet on Ship

IN recognition of the work done by the Morse Company on the S. S. *Black Arrow*, recently laid up in our yard for repair, three Morse employees, who were in charge of most of the repair work, were invited to attend a banquet given by the officers of the boat in honor of the *Black Arrow's* return to sea-going service. The banquet was held on Thursday evening, April 3.

The three Morse men who were present were James Donovan, of Mr. Hallock's staff; Walter Whiteside, pipe fitters' snapper, and John Yeadon, boiler makers' snapper. One hundred officers and their guests were present at the banquet. Commanding Officer Lynch, in an after-dinner speech, spoke very highly of the work done by the Morse employees who were on the job. Lieutenant-Commander Ackerman was host.

Music for the dancing, which followed the banquet, was supplied by seven members of the Morse band.

Finney's Success Recipes

IN a recent issue of THE DIAL there appeared several secrets of success, suggested by well-known objects and persons. Strange as it may seem, several other things just as well known give different recipes for their success, apparently at variance with those printed in THE DIAL. According to Charles A. Finney they are:

"Pull," says the oar; "Grafting," says the fruit grower; "steel," says the tool; "bluff," says the palisades; "bull," says the dairyman; "loaf," says the dough; "don't work," says the can of fruit; "lay down on the job," says the carpet.

Jobs Wanted

By Daniel Robles

(One of our office boys)

What can we do for our heroes,
Now that they have brought us fame?
It's a question that everyone is asking,
And one that needs no shame.

Where are the bosses who promised,
A job for each boy over there?
Why don't they keep their promise?
For it is only square.

Don't you think it's worth it,
After all they have done for you?
To give them back their jobs again
And be told you've been square and true.

So if you value their faithful friendship,
And if you're not a snob,
Take one, take all that come to you,
And give them all a job.

A La Machinists

By John Powell, Dry Dock Poet

You've heard about the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder,
And how when they were thrown in there the people hollered louder,
But in the old machine shop every man there gets the croup,
When they holler who's the man that threw that old rat in the soup.
In the place they make the babbit and this babbit starts with B.
For if it started with an R, then Rabbit Soup t'would be,
No matter what they use for soup to make a bill of fare,
There's no machinist eating since that skinned rat's hanging there.

New Chief Draftsman

JAMES A. KELLY has succeeded Ingvald Johansen, no longer in the employ of the Company, as chief draftsman, in charge of our drafting room.

Mr. Kelly is an old-time shipbuilder. In fact he has spent all of his life at the business of building ships. He comes to the Morse Company from a position with the Emergency Fleet Corporation, where he was in charge of the naval architecture department, concrete ship division.

Prior to his employment by the Emergency Fleet Corporation, Mr. Kelly spent twelve years in the employ of the Newport News Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Company in its scientic department. He served his apprenticeship in shipbuilding at Roches' Yard, Chester, Pa., a yard which is responsible for the schooling of many of the noted shipbuilders of to-day. William Robbins, superintendent of our machine shop, was a fellow-employee with Mr. Kelly at Roches' at one time.

Cupid's Primer

See the young man.

The young man is sitting in a chair.

See the young woman. She is very beautiful.

She is sitting on his lap.

They are engaged.

See the young woman now. She is resting her fair head against his breast.

This is true love.

Stay!

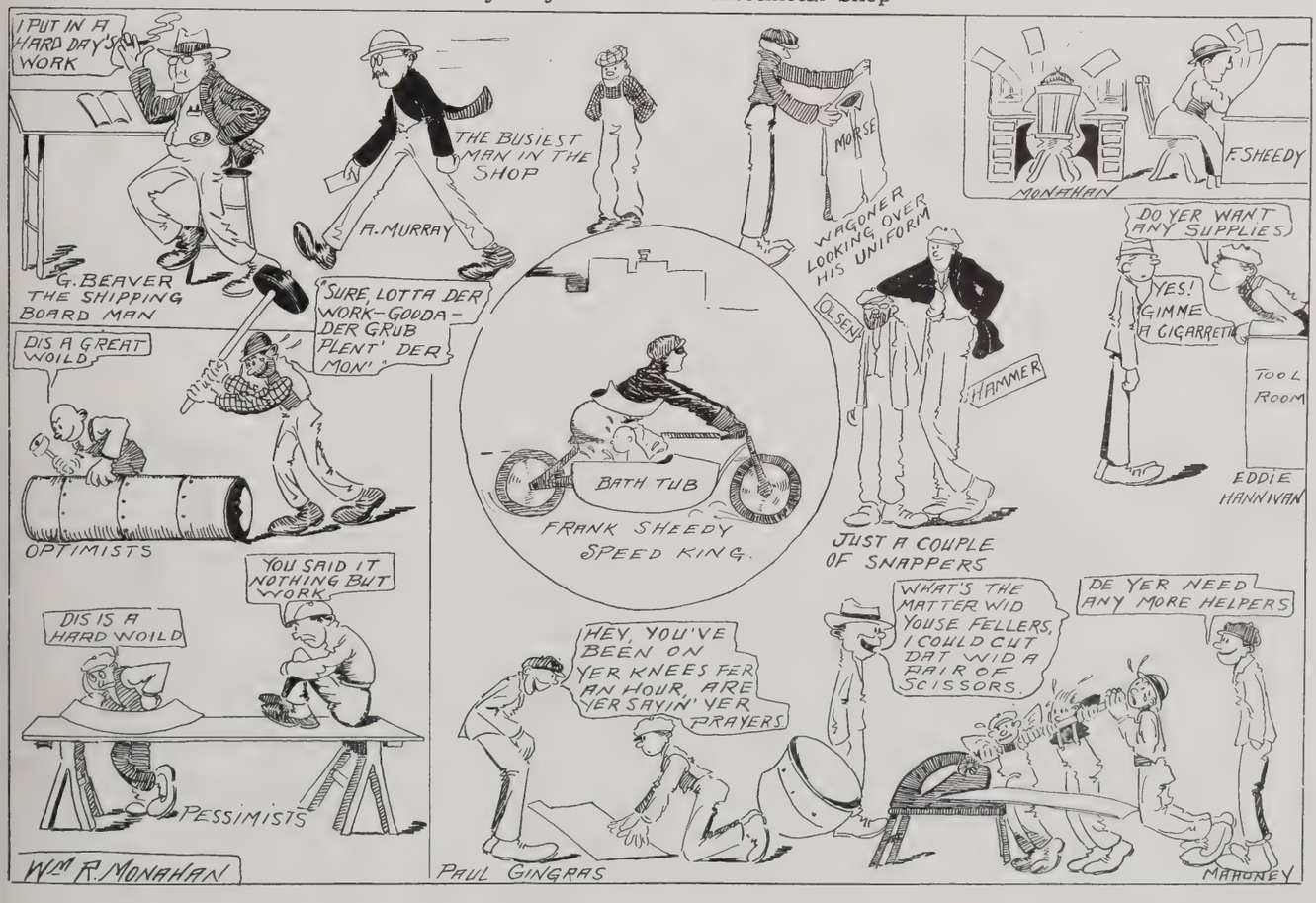
The young man is strangely agitated. He exclaims——

But no, it is not a nice word.

What is the matter?

The beautiful young woman has crushed four cigars in the young man's vest pocket!

Every Day Life in the Sheetmetal Shop





This friendly group includes the committee which has charge of purchasing for the Employees' Association a memorial tablet in honor of Morse employees who went into the service during the war. At a recent meeting of the committee this snapshot was taken. In the picture are. Top row—Miss Ethel Van Nostrand, Miss Bernice Campbell, Frank Falconer; middle row—Alexander Zeitlin, the artist who designed the tablet; Albert Simendinger, Harry England, Thomas Cavanaugh, Miss Maud Wilson; seated—Jacob Moses and H. G. Hoover.

Memorial Design Chosen

A MEMORIAL tablet designed by Alexander Zeitlin, a prominent New York sculptor, has been selected by the committee appointed to decide upon a suitable memorial in honor of the men who left the Morse Company to go into the service. The committee has had several designs under consideration and has decided upon that submitted by Mr. Zeitlin as being most suitable.

The design, as originally submitted, is now undergoing some changes which were suggested by the committee. When it is finished it will be exhibited in some conspicuous place in the yard so that every one will be able to give his approval or offer suggestions before it is finally accepted.

Al Simendinger, hull department, posed for the main headpiece in the tablet. It was through the efforts of Jacob Moses, electrical department, one of the contributing editors to THE DIAL, that the services of Mr. Zeitlin were secured.

The members of the committee who made the selection are: Mortimer W. Mead, Charles G. Hall, Thomas Cavanaugh, Albert Simendinger, H. G. Hoover. Mr. Cavanaugh orignated the idea of a memorial for Morse men who fought in the war.

Free Instruction Offered

THE Bay Ridge Evening High School, Fourth avenue and Sixty-ninth street, is offering free instruction in mechanical drawing, machine drawing, blue print reading and shop mathematics; courses in algebra, geometry and trigonometry are also provided.

These classes are being run with the intention of making them of especial use and aid to everyone engaged in a mechanical trade. Here is a chance to learn, free of charge, something which will make you a more valuable man in whatever mechanical line you may be engaged in. Machinists, shipfitters and all apprentices, especially, should be interested in these courses. There are two months left before the classes close for the summer season. If you are interested, consult the instructor in Room 405, Bay Ridge High School, any evening between 7.30 and 9.30 P.M.

Some Speed

THE *Santa Maria* is anchored in the stream. The opposition boat leaves the Battery to get the captain and take him ashore.

Some one in the New York office, with a pair of binoculars watches nervously the progress of the opposition boat. Where is Henry, where, oh, where is our wandering boy? Meanwhile the opposition boat gets alongside the *Santa Maria*.

"Coming off, captain."

"No, not-a-yet—Wait a minute."

And the opposition boat waits patiently.

The phone rings. Henry is on the wire. The nervous watcher who had been spending anxious moments pulling at his beard and chewing his finger nails tells Henry to go to the *Santa Maria* and see what he can do.

"Oh, leave it to me," replies Henry.

And then all at once the watcher from the Whitehall Building sees the *Emily* go up to the steamer, stop awhile, proceed towards the Battery and discharge the captain of the *Santa Maria*.

Off goes Henry again scouting for more captains. Passing the *Santa Maria*, where the opposition boat is still waiting, he calls off:

"Say, Bill, anything doing?"

"Yap, waiting for the captain; don't want to miss him."

"Sure thing, *don't you* miss him," says Henry cheerfully.

Who ever said Henry was slow?

Rats, Girls, Rats!

THE girls of the office force, especially, and all others of an inquisitive disposition, are invited to visit the truck garage, where there is on exhibition at the present time a large white rat, the only living specimen, in so far as it is known, which was ever raised in a garage tool room.

Dan Blake, garage snapper, is the rat's sole keeper and chaperone, while Arthur Hewitt is in charge of the animal's commissary department. The garage employees like all other circus men and animal trainers always have in mind the value of the all mighty dollar so as you pass out of the garage after viewing the exhibit, you are invited by William Banks, treasurer of the Truck Garage White Rat Benefit Association to contribute one nickel to the worthy cause of keeping the rat fat and healthy.

The best way in the world to drive the drudgery out of your work is to put lots of heart and spirit into it.

Pooh! Pooh!

THIS drawing is purely imaginary. Those who schemed it merely *thought* they would like to get away with something of the kind. The "silk stocking element" over in the office building is responsible. They couldn't stand the light of publicity and sought to get back at the Editor for exposing some of their political crimes during the recent yard election, so they framed this cartoon and defied us to use it.



It takes much wisdom to realize what a fool you are.

When a man refuses to argue with a woman she considers it a sort of acknowledgment of her mental superiority.

Office Rules and Regulations

1. Conserve air by eliminating some of the unnecessary conversation.

2. Conserve shoe leather by remaining at your desk. Remember you are supposed to be a comptometer, not a floor walker.

3. If you are hungry, get out and get something to eat. Don't hang around here chewing the rag.

4. We have a wheatless and meatless day, let's have feetless days. Keep your feet on the floor, not on your desk.

5. Don't acquire the saving habit to such an extent that you go home with a pocket full of paper clips every night. Just because you have a good touch don't think you have to get light-fingered.

6. If you feel that you must whistle during office hours, please whistle something German, so that the rest of the office will have an excuse for dropping a comptometer on your head.

7. Any person or persons having as a part of their lunch limburger cheese, will kindly adjourn to the roof until the ordeal is over. There is a strong reason for this.

8. If you feel that you must take home a comptometer now and then, please leave the desk. We can get a new comptometer, but desks are scarce and hard to get.

9. Make the world safe for democracy—stop throwing milk bottles out of the windows.

10. As Abraham Lincoln said in his famous Gettysburg speech:
"Eight hours a day for the man who works,
Seven hours a day for the Government clerks."

11. Just because they've been using a lot of ammunition in Europe, do not think you have to powder your nose every ten minutes.

12. Save a loaf a week. Just because you've got crust, don't think you can loaf around this office, even if you are well bred. Don't come in here with a bun on.

Why He's Serene

There is a young fellow named Reese,
Who ever keeps his clothes in a crease,
  He works hard all day,
  And after hours will stay,
My word, will this work never cease?

He's boss in Room 115,
With some girls who admit to sixteen,
  Nevertheless they are nice,
  And you don't have to look twice,
To know why he looks so serene.

Repairing a Ship

By John Powell

REPAIRING a ship involves a world of meaning or I should say a worldly question as to what constitutes a ship and what are repairs to a ship. One dictionary assures us that a ship is a large vessel for carrying merchandise and passengers, especially one with three masts and square rigged. It doesn't state whether the passengers or the ship must have three masts or be square rigged, but we'll take for granted it's the ship.

Now according to this statement our yard is not busy, for the only ship, according to the dictionary classification, in our yard at present is the *San Guisippi*. To avoid confusion, however, we'll call all vessels, ships, including the *Captain Kirby* and the *Game Cock*.

A ship nowadays is liable to come into the yard (that is if the owners and the harbor men are on speaking terms) and she will look spic and span enough to sail through and around the Equator four or five times and then some. We find that she is no sooner secure to the dock when her steam is shut off, fires pulled (this happens mostly in winter) and two or three hundred more or less husky shipworkers board her. Then is heard the bang, bang, bang of hammers and the zzzz of burners' torches, a Babel of voices shouting a language that Webster would think was Cochin China and no preacher would use unless he was under chloroform; a language that is known only to a shipyard.

In a week or two this vessel looked like Admiral Noah's flagship, the *Ark*, after it had laid on Mount Ararat until that locality had a new population of three hundred thousand and Noah's youngest grandchild had been retired on full pay as Commandant of the New Jerusalem Navy Yard.

Then another ship comes into the repair yard, towed by the majestic seagoing tugs (?) *Say Yes* and *Say When*. She looks like the oil painting one sees in an art gallery, with the title underneath reading, "The Derelict" and the only thing that savors of the title is a view of a battered hulk and two clothes-line poles sticking in the air, like a couple of Esquimo totems seen at a distance of three miles.

Well that's exactly what's on the other end of the hawsers of the aforementioned sea-going tugs and as the vessel is pulled close to the dock it keeps one guessing as to whether she is the remains of a ship or whether she is a floating oyster bed. The only place one doesn't find a barnacle is on the smokestack and the reason there isn't any there is because there is no smoke stack. Still the boat is given a berth the same as the other ship, the same amount of men climb aboard, and with a little difference in the language of the men, the same routine is gone through, and in a short time she gains in appearance as fast as the other good looking ship does the opposite.

So you see, ship repairing seems to be a complex problem. The average person would remark of the first ship: "Why didn't they leave her alone when she looked good." Of the latter: "She doesn't seem worth fixing up."

Now while it's not my intention to give shipbuilding lessons (Mr. Crawfor will attend to that) still I can suggest a moral. The ships in mention are just like we poor mortals, some appear on the outside fully rigged out with a front that would make Beau Brummel look like the late lamented Nat Wills in makeup, and would seem to have ambition, full steam ahead, pumps in action, each stroke apparently one of success, but somehow or other we can't be trusted to reach our destination, so we are pulled in for repairs. Something has been misplaced, possibly confidence, but to find out the root of our failure we've got to go through an overhauling and we are dismantled in the remaking. The longer we've been running with mental engine trouble the longer we will be undergoing reconstruction.

As with the ship, some men come in all wrong, exterior and interior, every fault lies bare; the ship is derelict from hull to engine. The man is derelict, physically and mentally, but the man is easy to reconstruct because one knows where to begin. It is only necessary to begin at the bottom and when that's done the man starts to show improvement. With the ship it is the opposite, for as fast as you remedy one trouble another weakness breaks out.

The average repair yard, compared with the new work yard, is what the Third Avenue cobbler is to Hanover of the Douglas Shoe Factory, and accomplishes the same results, namely, if there is the least foundation to work on in making the repairs, there will be longer service derived when completed than there was from the original products. (See ninety day ships.)

I don't know why they ever called some yards I know repair yards. They are more than repair yards. In many cases they build anew. They take a battered old hulk in which every plate is as loose and rotten as a Bolsheviki's politics, and the only semblance of a ship are the three masts that have been scraped so often they are about the same dimensions as a Japanese performer's balancing pole, and the ship has done service when Morgan and the Hon. Capt. Kidd were doing business in the Spanish Main, and out of such a combination, which is like the "Wreck of the Hesperus" and "Santa Maria," in a few months they convert the ship into a fast going S. S. *Nepthis*, registered in Lloyds in the South American trade, and she lives to a good and respected old age.

If that's ship repairing then I'm a personification of Socrates, John L. Sullivan and Jack the Ripper, and no one can deny that reconstruction is a greater feat than construction.

So, if these few remarks which originated after eating six hard boiled eggs, two lobsters, a quart of ice cream, a pint of beer, don't agree with you, they do with me, so use your own judgment. A *bon voyage*.

Our Famous Quartet

THE Morse Quartet, now under the management of Thomas Coppinger, pipe shop, is one of the Morse organizations which has made an enviable name for itself during the past year. During all of the Liberty Loan drives the Morse singers volunteered their services and traveled throughout the city to participate in rallies for the various loans. Recently they have been doing a lot of good work in conjunction with the Knights of Columbus, entertaining soldiers at many of the local camps.

The quartet is composed of Thomas Coppinger, John Wood, Thomas Johnston and Arthur Meyer. "Artie" Meyer before coming to this city was one of the best known professional pianists in Buffalo. John Wood, top tenor, was formerly with the vaudeville act of Frazer, Bruce and Wood. Thomas Coppinger, second tenor, has been for years a popular cabaret performer in Brooklyn. Thomas Johnston, baritone, is not as well known in musical circles as the other members of the quartet, but gives promise of being a sensation in musical circles during the coming year.

Largest Motor-driven Ship Here

THE U. S. S. *Maumee*, one of the recent charges of the old dry dock, is reputed to be the largest motor-driven ship in the Navy. The *Maumee* was built at the Union Iron Works in San Francisco. A remarkable thing about her career is that after being launched she was towed all the way from the west coast to the Brooklyn Navy Yard where her engines were installed. She is equipped with two six-cylinder full Deisel engines and has a speed of approximately twelve knots per hour. The engines have a rating of 3,600 horse power each, 600 horse power per cylinder, and turn over at the rate of 125 R.P.M. The *Maumee* is an oil collier. A good picture of her will be found on the back cover page.



By Dial Photographer

One of the Reasons Why the Morse Yard Is Famous. The Morse Quartet, Reading from Left to Right, John Wood, "Artie" Meyer, Thomas Coppinger, Thomas Johnston

Making Promises Pay

(*Continued from page 2*)

mooring. The big thing about all of these minor records is that the ships in every case got away on time.

The jobs at Hoboken are "rush" jobs from start to finish in almost every case, but completed work has always been the result.

Outside of the many records which have been made at Hoboken, the outstanding feature of that branch of the Morse organization seems to be the spirit which prevails among those who work there, and the great personal successes which many of them have achieved.

Far away from the main yard as it is, the spirit at Hoboken is identical with that which reigns "at home." The men have none of the advantages such as use of the Association room or band concerts, which can be enjoyed by those who work in the main yard, yet the now famous Morse "family" spirit is just as prevalent as it is anywhere else where Morse men work together.

A little peep into the personal affairs of those who boss the Hoboken yard ought to be an inspiration to anyone. For good deeds and hard work there is always a proportionate reward. Sometimes this fact seems to be somewhat idealistic to all of us. It would be well when feeling that way, to look over the records of some of the men at Hoboken. Mr. Noble, before the episode of the pane of glass, was really nothing more than one of the clerical force. His main job was to perform errands which required just a little more tact and skill. In a short space of time he has risen to his present position, and comes to work in his own motor car. He saw his chance and took it. How many of you who read this article have had a similar chance and turned it down? How many of you have read the statement that opportunity knocks only once at every gate, and rewarded the suggestion with a sneer?

NOT only Mr. Noble, but other members of his staff have accomplished great things for the Company and for themselves. George Holland, who is now assistant to Mr. Noble, was formerly a timekeeper. Harry Holland, inspector of repairs, was formerly employed in the copper shop.

Harry Illions is now the foreman pipefitter in Hoboken. Only a short time ago he was one of the many pipefitters in the main yard. H. Braaten, now in charge of the shipfitters in Hoboken, was once a woodworker in the yard. Others who have risen from the ranks and are now a part of the Hoboken executive staff are Duncan Taylor, Sam Samuels, Harry Anderson, Joe Quinn, Joe Ballis, Harry Hammer, Herbert Longmore, Harry Gardner, Charles Brann, Tom Hyman.

A mention of the names of those men who are doing much to make the Morse Hoboken office famous would not be complete without that of Tom McNanny, the "Duke of Hoboken." Tom is the first man that you meet when you go to Hoboken, and the last man to say good-by when you leave. He answers the telephone when you get Hoboken on the wire; in fact he is omnipresent. Beside having the distinguished title of "general manager" tacked on to his name, McNanny is a hero of some note. While the U. S. S. *George Washington* was on her first visit to the Hoboken piers, a gas bottle being used by the Morse workmen at work on her, burst into flames. The incident happened just a few hours before her sailing date, and she would have been delayed if McNanny had not jumped into the very center of the flame and smothered it with his coat.

Then there is "Andy" Andersen, the lone Hoboken chauffeur who has made the trip from Hoboken to the Morse main yard so many times that he knows every cobblestone on the route. "Andy" is in possession of a pretty rushing sort of a job, but through it all he manages to maintain his record of being the most cheerful man in the Noble outfit.

Recently the Hoboken offices have acquired the services of our own boxing reporter, Abe Yager. Whenever you say "fight," Abe is immediately all action. True to instinct he, in conjunction with Joe Quinn, has instituted a series of impromptu boxing exhibitions during the noon hour at Hoboken. These bouts are attended by huge crowds of sailors, soldiers, Morse men and other workmen who might be on the dock at the time.

To speak in detail of all of the members of the Morse Hoboken gang would require pages.

Hoboken may be far away, but we all must remember that the men there are just as truly Morse men as any of us who devote our activities exclusively to the main yard. Everyone of them is full of the same spirit of friendliness and coöperation; they are a true type of Morse men, and are making a reputation for the Company and for themselves of which we are all very proud.

Careless Machinist's Creed

1. I BELIEVE in using a monkey wrench in preference to a hammer, because a monkey wrench looks better when it is all battered up. And besides, that is what it was made for.

2. I believe in borrowing other men's tools in preference to buying some of my own. This is a good method of cutting down the high cost of living and saves me carrying around a heavy tool chest in my travels.

3. I believe in oiling my machine once every six months at least. This is a great saving to the Company, as oil costs something these days.

4. I believe in keeping the shop tools in a heap on the floor instead of using the locker provided for this purpose. In this way they can have their cutting edges ruined far more quickly than by using them on the work.

5. I believe in wiping off chips with my fingers in preference to using a stick or brush provided by the Company, because the former is a most ancient custom and takes the place of a surgical operation.

6. I believe in keeping tools under the planer table and in reaching for them while the table is running. This breaks the monotony of life and gives opportunity for some clever gymnastics.

7. I believe when running my shaper, in having my slide rest projecting far enough to to hit the bed on the back stroke. This is great fun and provides employment for the repair gang who might otherwise be out of a job.

8. I believe in wearing loose or torn overalls and a long flowing necktie, when running a high speed lathe or drill press. This is also a very ancient custom and a suitable dress for work.

9. I believe in mixing brass, babbit, steel, and iron chips in the pans. This mixture always looks well and provides fascinating employment to the man who has to separate them.

10. I believe in using a long-handled wrench in tightening a three-quarter bolt and much prefer a half nut to a nut on the whole depth. This ruins the bolt at once instead of prolonging its life indefinitely.

11. I believe in blaming the night man when anything is lost or goes wrong with my machine. He is not here to contradict me so I can explain it all to the boss satisfactorily.

12. Finally, I believe in abiding by all rules and regulations of the Company to the best of my ability when the boss is around.

Witness my hand,

N. O. Good,
The Shipbuilder.

Make money your god and you will have the devil to pay.

Wanted, a Job!

That boy that you sent to war is back,
  That laddie who fought your fight,
That youngster who wallowed in mud and blood
  To prove that our cause was right.
He's back from the front and done his bit
  And has done it without a sob,
And all that he's asking of you to pay,
  Is to give him back his job.

That little old job whatever it was,
  Means much to that boy to-day,
Back here in the land where a dollar bill,
  Is needed to pave the way.
He's had all the war that he cares for,
  And he's back from the howling mob,
And he isn't asking a single thing,
  Only just give him back his job.

And don't you remember the day he left,
  While shaking his good right hand,
How you wished him luck and a safe return,
  Back to dear old Yankee Land.
Well he had his luck and you got your wish,
  He's back on the dear old sod,
To prove that you meant what you said that day,
  Just give that boy a job.

He needs it more than he ever did,
  For now that the war is through,
He's tired of wearing a uniform,
  And wants to dress like you.
He gave his all and fought our fight,
  Where the poppies sway and bob,
But what seems to trouble him most right now,
  Is where can he find a job.

(Sent in by Eddie Shea, one of our boys now in Germany.)

Many Give Old Clothes

AS a result of the call for old clothes printed in the last issue of The Dial in answer to the appeal sent out by the Red Cross, Miss Jensen who has charge of Red Cross activities in the yard, received several large boxes of discarded clothing which she has shipped to Red Cross headquarters. Miss Jensen wishes to thank every one of the men in the yard who answered the appeal and helped to make the drive here a success.

Reports from Red Cross headquarters state that the drive made it possible for them to ship over 300,000 pounds of used clothing to refugees in Europe on April 7. This is only the first shipment and 2,000 additional bales lie at the docks awaiting transportation.

We Will Miss You

FRIENDS of Miss Bernice Campbell of the hospital staff gave her a "send-off" party on the evening of April 22. Miss Campbell has left for an extended vacation with friends in Malone, N. Y., and Montreal, to take a much needed rest. A beautiful pearl chatelaine watch was presented to her and a most delightful time was had by those who gathered in her honor. Miss Campbell has been assistant to Miss Jensen in the hospital for nearly a year. Of course we haven't got to speak of her popularity because it is generally known.



Miss Bernice Campbell

A Young Warrior

THE *El Sol* laid up in our yard for repairs recently had as one of its passengers a war "veteran" with three service stripes on his left arm and captain's bars on his shoulders. Yet he is only nine years old.

That passenger, who some of you might have seen strutting around the yard in company with some of the ship's crew, was little Charlie Monet, mascot and a regularly enlisted part of the personale of E Company, 67 Engineers. Charlie wears an officer's uniform of the regulation type, Sam Browne belt, leather puttees and is fully equipped with every other item of overseas paraphernalia. He left the yard for St. Paul, Minn., and a farm near there will be his future home.



Charlie Monnet

Young Monet is a native of France and comes from the town of Dijon, a formerly picturesque little village, caught in the whirlpool of war and now nothing but a heap of ruins. His father died fighting. His mother was lost when the Germans came, and little Charlie was left alone in the world until Company E picked him up on the streets of his demolished town, mothered him as best it could and at least gave him a more permanent sort of a home than he had had for several months. Charlie went through the very thick of the fight with Company E. When his company went into the front lines he remained at headquarters only because he was convinced that headquarters was the place for an executive of the company to be. He was under constant shell fire for over eighteen months and came through it all without a scratch.

His future home will be with one of his comrades in arms. Sergeant Graves, one of the members of Company E, has adopted the little fellow and it was to his home near St. Paul that he went after leaving the Morse yard.

Charlie has adopted the land of his protectors with the same spirit of friendship and good will that the doughboys of the 67th Engineers adopted him when he was a wanderer in France. He is learning to speak English rapidly and, although many of his sailor companions on board the *El Sol* were able to carry on a conversation in French, Charlie refused to speak anything but the language of his adopted country.

No better example of the close friendship which is and ought to be growing up between the two great sister republics, France and the United States, as a result of the great war could be given than the attitude of cooperation and friendship taken by both Charlie Monet and the boys of Company E.

The fool asks, What is he worth? The wise asks, What has he done? A man's money value may be great, and yet he may be worth nothing. It is no disgrace to be rich, nor to be poor; but it is a disgrace to die without having done something.

It is nothing for a man to hold up his head in a calm; but to maintain his post when all others have quitted their grounds, and there to stand upright, where all other men are beaten down—this is divine and praiseworthy.

Seeks Lost Family

IN the fall of 1914 Antwerp fell before the attack of the Huns. Many little tragedies, a lot of them never will be heard of, took place during these bitter days. The Germans came and they conquered after the manner of their ancestors, the Huns. One of the families which was caught in the toils of the invaders, was that of Christian Pedersen, now an outside machinist in our yard.

Several months prior to the outbreak of the war, Pedersen lived happily with his wife and two little children, Alice and Lily, in Antwerp, Belgium. They were happy and contented, but the news of the money which could be made in the United States at shipbuilding seemed attractive to Pedersen, and he left for America with visions of a few years of hard work for him and then luxury for his family.

He found employment in the Morse yard. For quite a while frequent letters were received from those whom he had left on the other side, and then suddenly they stopped. The last letter which he received was written five days before the bombardment of Antwerp.

Pedersen still hopes that the streams of Belgian refugees which are continually flowing from the German frontiers back toward Belgium and France will contain his wife and children. He is making every effort to get in touch with them if they are still alive.

Back Your Representative

JUST a word or two more about the yard rules. These rules were compiled and adopted by your own Conference Board. They are not rules made by the company management but rules made by yourselves. If you have any faith in your Conference Board and wish to back it up in what it is trying to do, if you want to show that you appreciate the right of self-determination which you enjoy, you should obey these rules.

Remember that you are not allowed to smoke during working hours and that smoking is never allowed in the carpenter, joiner, wood caulker, painter and pattern makers departments. Don't loaf on the job. Ring your time clock at the right time and in the right place. Never change the time punched on the card even if you know the time designated is wrong. Keep wide awake and don't sleep on the job. Wear your badge where it can easily be seen. You will be held accountable for the loss or wilful destruction of tools loaned to you by the company.

All of these rules are simple. They are merely common sense as it is applied by most of us in a codified form.

Our "Pied Piper"

WE have a "Pied Piper" in our midst. Salvatore Brugato is the gent. It isn't that he feels a great deal different than a lot of the rest of us when the bandsmen begin to "let 'er go" every Tuesday and Thursday at noon time, but Sal just shows it a little bit more and has the added advantage of being able to join in with his own little horn. Like the original "Pied Piper," he attracts huge crowds, but it seems to us that he has something on the original at that because he always gets a hand.

The horns with which Brugato charms the noon hour crowd are home made. He learned how to make them back in the old days in sunny Italy. His dance steps too are entirely original. No one who ever watched him step around the Mall will ever doubt that. Even Red Hot hates to leave.



Outing Plans Completed

THE annual outing of the Employees Association will be held on Saturday, June 21. The date is somewhat distant, yet it ought to be kept well in mind. Just as the annual ball is the big event of the winter season, so the annual outing is the high mark of the Morse social season during the summer months. Last year there was no general outing because of war-time conditions.

At nine o'clock in the morning the S. S. *Sirius*, which has been chartered for the day, will leave the Morse pier and steam out the sound toward Witzel's Grove at College Point. It will arrive there at eleven o'clock, when breakfast will be served.

During the afternoon there will be games of all kinds; a tug of war, potato races, jumping and running. Arrangements for a baseball game are also being made.

At six o'clock dinner will be served, after which the *Sirius* will again start on its way back to Brooklyn.

The whole day's outing from start to finish will cost four dollars. There can not be any additional expenses because your ticket includes everything that it is possible to buy. One of the items is $2.75 worth of "eats." Considering all of the many things which will be packed into this one day, the price is not at all high. Yet it is a lot of money for many to pay at one time.

The committee in charge of the outing has realized this fact and has formulated a plan which will make it possible for everybody to afford a ticket and be among those present. The tickets are now on sale on the installment plan. Any time that you have an extra dollar on hand which you would like to invest in future pleasure, take it to the clerk of your department and in return for it he will give you a receipt which shows that you have paid one dollar toward your ticket.

When four of these receipts are in your possession, your ticket for the outing is paid for and all you have to do is step onto the boat. It is believed that the installment plan of purchase will enable many to go on the trip who otherwise would not be able to do so.

If you buy your ticket on the installment plan do not lose your receipts. When that plan of purchase was being considered by the committee in charge of the outing the only thing against it was the fact that some men would lose their receipts and still expect to obtain a ticket. There will be a vast amount of bookkeeping connected with the installment plan of purchase.

The committee in charge is attempting to do everything in its power to make it easier and possible for every man to attend, but it can not assume responsibility for receipts lost. Four receipts will have to be presented before a ticket is issued and no allowance will be made in case one of the tickets is lost. If during the time in which payment is being made anyone should leave the Morse employ, a refund will be made upon presentation of the receipts to the department clerk. No refund on receipts will be made to anyone still in the employ of the company.

OVER *the* BACK YARD FENCE



We invite all our women readers to send us practical housekeeping hints which they have found useful in their own homes—good recipes, health hints, suggestions for the garden, in fact, any and every bit of information which will be of use to the women folks. Every home-maker has some helpful advice, which is worth listening to.

Definition of a Baby

Some magazine offered a prize for the best definition of a baby. Here are some of the answers:

A tiny feather from the wing of love dropped into the sacred lap of motherhood.

The latest edition of humanity of which every couple think they possess the finest copy.

A native of all countries who speaks the language of none.

That which makes home happier, love stronger, patience greater, hands busier, nights longer, days shorter, purses lighter, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, the future brighter.

The sweetest thing God ever made and forgot to give wings to.

The Value of a Smile

(Ella K. Livermore, Seaford, L. I.)

He started on a journey
When he was but a boy
Along the road of hardship
But his faith—they could not destroy.

He encountered many difficulties
Meeting them all with a smile
For he who fights off trouble
Is the man worth while.

Leaving care behind him
As each rung he climbed
On the ladder of progress
To him—the world all rhymed.

Lightening his fellow-men's burdens
With a good heart and words of cheer
Doing, "unto the least of them,"
The value of a smile is dear.

Spring Epigrams for Women

Oh, where are all the soap hounds of yesterday?
The little gee-gaws chased them away.

Now a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—that old-fashioned strawberry shortcake.

A few more weeks and there will be no more kisses flavored with—cloves, gum or peppermint life savers.

ESTELLE BARENE.

Lost

Lost yesterday, somewhere
Between sunrise and sunset,
Two golden hours
Each set with sixty diamond minutes.
No reward given, for they are gone forever.

MRS. CHARLES F. BURKE.

It Was Great, We Say

To the lady readers of THE MORSE DIAL.

I have read every DIAL and have enjoyed them very much. Was very
Glad when a page was offered to the ladies to gossip on. I have
Waited long for results,
But you all seem to fight as shy of it as an old maid is said to avoid
A kiss. I never expected to be a pioneer in this game, but I always
Did hate to see a party spoiled because one wouldn't play and the other
Didn't dare. Who wants to play? I'll start off by sending a New England
Recipe for a "butter pie," and you can ask the editor how it tastes,
Because I sent him a sample.

MRS. CHARLES F. BURKE,
5716 Fourth avenue, Brooklyn.

"Butter Pie"

One cup of sugar; one cup of milk; one egg; one heaping dessertspoon of flour; butter size of an egg; a little salt, and a spoonful of vanilla. Cream, sugar, egg and butter, then beat in flour before adding milk. Make crust the same as for custard pie, and cook.

A Good Drink and Cup Cakes

For a refreshing beverage: One-half ounce of cream of tartar, juice of one lemon, one-half pound of sugar and one-quarter of an ounce of bruised ginger. Pour on half gallon of boiling water. Strain and serve ice cold.

For one dozen cup cakes: Two cups of flour, sift in one teaspoonful of baking soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one egg, one tablespoonful of lard, one cup of sugar. Bake in moderate oven. Flavor to taste.

MRS. ESTELLE BARENE.

Chop Suey

Fry one pork chop in butter. Cut up chop. Add one cup of celery and one cup of onions. Cover and soak for five minutes. Add one cup of chicken meat, one cup of mushrooms and one cup of broth from chicken. Let it remain uncovered after adding broth and when celery is tender it is ready for serving. Three tablespoons suet; pepper and salt to taste. Serve on bed of rice.

MRS. CHARLES G. HALL.

Chasing butterflies may be a profitable employment for the collector, but not for the man who seeketh a wife.

"Do right and you will fear no man.
Don't write and you will fear no woman."

John Powell's Cooking Recipes

Clam Chowder

THIS kind of chow is no more than an introduction to fish. Chow first, then fish for the rest. The point is to take a despondent clam, in other words a *blue point.* Be careful not to pick the vicious ones. Take three quarts of water, Croton will do, but this recipe originated with a lady from Jacksonville and she used Florida water. Peel five potatoes; blind them thoroughly, that is take out all the eyes, then dice them. Cut them up seven or eleven times. Cut up fine the green tops of any vegetable except rhubarb. Now open your clam, that is the clam you bought. One woman we gave this recipe to thought it meant her mouth and she kept it open so long her husband left her. Next parboil the clam or in other words see that the clam is half-stewed. (Clams are not seasonable after July.) Then chop it up fine. You notice everything is chopped except prices. Now simmer for two hours, and you will have as fine an opening to any *Fish Fry* that was ever *fried* on *fryday.*

Scrambled Eggs

The above recipe is the process of cooking the output of the much heralded, homely, humble hen. Your intentions should be to cook it to represent a California sunset surrounded by a seething sea, but on account of said sunset breaking too previous you throw it in the pan and the result is loose or otherwise Scrambled Eggs. By closely following these instructions you will become as successful a scrambler as some of our boys trying to reach the woman who sells Charlotte Russe at the gate during noon hour. Take two china eggs. That is, two laid by Shanghai hens, but don't use one bantam as they don't mix and might scramble too soon. Stir thoroughly and fry in butter, fifty-two cents a pound. When a maroon color, serve. This makes an enjoyable and economical dish for a poor family.

Split Pea Soup

Take two quarts of round peas and split them in half. Take a yard of pork, that is three pigs feet and split them. Take four quarts of water, don't split the water, boil it but don't burn it. Put your feet in the water; that is, the pig's feet, and then boil. When the feet are soft, that's your que, put your peas in. Then mind your P's and Q's. Serve hot. This soup will please the palate of any Sandwich Island Cannibal.

Household Hints

To remove grease spots from silk: A lump of magnesia, rub it wet over spot; let the silk dry and rub the powder off.

To preserve flowers in water: Mix a little carbonate of soda in the water and it will keep the flowers a few days longer.

To Wash Lace.—Valuable old lace should always be washed by the following method. Tack the lace onto a piece of muslin; put the muslin round a bottle and shake it into some soapy mixture, such as lux, without the lace being rubbed in any way. Rinse thoroughly in cold water and then give a final rinse in sugared water. The right mixture is two-thirds of a tumbler of water to two lumps of sugar. This stiffens the lace splendidly and obviates the necessity of starch.

To Extract Salt.—Should too much salt have been dropped into the potatoes, stretch a clean cloth over the saucepan, sprinkle a tablespoonful or more of flour on the cloth and allow the contents to steam. In a little while the flour will have absorbed the salt.

Covers for Preserves.—If it is not possible to obtain parchment for covering pots of preserves, kitchen paper dipped into milk is an excellent substitute.



Carrie Pierce, of Room 111, has taken quite a fancy to Chief Mac. Watch out, Carrie, there is a "Blanche" in the case and she may not relish the idea of losing her "John."

When asked what the "Jewish Passover" was, Mr. Schwartz answered, "Why the Williamsburg Bridge, of course." After that, Aaron, you should pass out.

Many of our office girls say that they are going to be married next year. Wonder if the men realize that the year 1920 is Leap Year. Watch out, boys, a word to the wise is sufficient.

Mildred Berg, of the pay roll department, goes for a walk every day at noon hour. She claims it is good for her health, but if she keeps on meeting that handsome sailor it might be bad for her heart.

When the 27th Division reached home Helen McKenna got right on the job and picked herself a "tall, dark and handsome soldier boy." That's the kind you want, Helen, they've been taught to love and obey.

Harry Katz, of Room 115, now and then casts longing glances in the direction of Christobel Olsen. Wonder if she reminds him of that little French girl he talks so much about. We hear you are saving up to go back to France—is that right, Harry?

With a few more patrons like Maud Palmer, of the pay roll department, the Telephone Company would be coining money. The operator at Farragut 6500 is so used to hearing her voice now that she just answers, "58th C. A. C. listed for early return, good-bye."

Harry Lyons, of Room 115, proposed to one of our girls and she surprised him by accepting him. Everything was running along smoothly when like a bomb came the report, "No more soap." Kathleen wanted an auto and a house in the country so they have called it off. 'Tis a cruel world after all.

Frank Brennan, of the back pay office, can't keep warm; sometimes he has to wear his overcoat in the office. Never mind, Frank, it will get warmer some day. You can't live forever.

Edna Hildebrand is getting more "Theda-Bara-ish" every day. When she looks at you she produces, we are told, the same effect on you as that famous vampire of the "movies."

Louise Hoehne, of the back pay office, is making a hit with Joe Anyon, the well-known jazz artist. Someone said that matches were made in heaven. Well the top floor of the North Building is nearer to heaven (geographically speaking) than any other place around here we know of.

Vivian Madison has bought a Fourth Liberty Loan bond and says that she is going to keep it until it matures twenty years from now. Anybody want to lay any wagers that she won't have it after the next sale of summer furs?

Mr. Hunt, of Room 113, came to the office one morning looking as if he had lost his best friend, or perhaps he had his dates mixed and thought it was July 2. We soon found out the cause of his agony, however. He was trying to wear a six shoe on a twelve foot. We always thought that to be a woman's privilege, but when the stronger sex tries the same kind of tricks we all sit up and take notice.

The daylight saving bill was certainly introduced for Mr. Cornell's benefit. By the time he used to reach Glendale in the evenings it was so dark he always had to carry a little lantern or flashlight to guide him down the roads. But now that is a thing of the past. He gets home while it is still light and can enjoy the scenery (chickens?) included.

When asked where she would spend her vacation this summer, Kathleen Morris replied: "Oh, any place but Jersey." Leave it to her to play safe, and keep within the law, for she knows that if she practiced her wiles in Jersey she'd have her picture in the "Vamp" Rogue Gallery. Look out, Kathleen, that law might be passed in New York.

Jack Molloy always had the reputation of being a woman-hater. But now we hear he has a "steady" and that's the reason no other damsel can charm him. Well, Jack, we all wish you luck even though you did put one over on us.

Mr. Riley, of Room 115, is to be married in June. Any man who thus defies the high cost of living and the rent profiteers should be cited for bravery. Oh, well, it has been said that none but the brave deserve the fair.

In a vain effort to reduce Helen Brett has been Hooverizing on her lunches, eating nothing but bread and jelly. If you keep up the way you are going, Nellie, you will soon tip the scales at 200 pounds.

WARNING—Don't ever ask Mary Travers to have a bit of anything, unless you never want to see it again. One of the girls of Room 111 had a pickle the other day, and offered it to her with the best of intentions. Mary's mouth may appear small, but we never saw the pickle again.

Girls in the pay roll department will be sorry to hear that "9800's" gray Chalmers may find another owner in the near future. Anyway, good physicians always advise a walk home every day.

The Casey sisters think it is a shame because the 77th Division are going to parade through the East Side of New York. Never mind, girls, just let one of the inhabitants over there hear your name and they'll surely make room for you when the parade is passing.

After unsuccessful angling in the Navy pool Marion has finally decided to try her luck with the Army so she took a trip to West Point, and now the Navy has lost out. Marion! How could you—after all these years.

Signs of Spring

Filazzo's Hair-cut.

One morning not so long ago,
We got a big surprise.
When Filazzo came into the office
We sat and rubbed our eyes.
His head was shorn of every lock,
He had no hair at all,
If one had only polished it,
'Twould of been like a billiard ball.

We asked him why he did it,
But he'd just sit and smile.
So we reasoned it out between ourselves
And sent it to THE DIAL.
One said the cost of living
Makes everything so dear,
That he had to get a hair cut
To last him through the year.
Another said "Like a convict,
He surely looks to me.
But he hasn't been away from work,
So of course that cannot be."
Then another turned to us and said:
"The reason's very plain,
Filazzo is a married man
And is saving himself much pain."

When he gets home in the wee sma' hours,
And starts giving wifey "Bull,"
The first thing she'd do is go after his hair
But he fooled her—there's none to pull.
Whatever reason he may have,
Of course that's his affair,
But we wish he'd warn us beforehand
And not give us such a scare.

Charlie Killeen and Helen McKenna, of the North Building Pen Pushers' Association, are becoming more closely alienated (whatever that means) of late. He chases her and she chases him and then they both chase each other. Hey, Casey! dust off the electric chair.

Peggy DeVerna, who has ambitions to become a wonderful dancer, has learned a new step. She tripped on it going up the North Building stairs.

Miss Stearns, of the back pay office, had an operation performed on her throat recently. She couldn't speak for two or three days. This is a hint for married men—have an operation performed on your wife's throat.

Monroe Goldman, of the record office in the North Building, is getting to be an efficiency expert. He has everything arranged in his office in such a way that all you have to do when you want anything is to go in and get it—if you know where it is.

After all these years of waiting Maude Wilson has turned slacker, and given her "onliest" the shake. She said it's too far from here to Boston, and besides she doesn't like Boston Beans.

Now that "Long Boy" has finally come home Florence Fenk hasn't any more use for the daily papers. The returning of the different divisions bear no interest to her. . . . THE division came home—the 27th.

We hear most of the pay roll department are taking dancing lessons. One individual in particular, who says he knows the old-fashioned dances, but can't see the one step or the two step and the fox trot is greek, but we're never too old to learn, and some time in the future you may read a sign displayed, dancing lessons by Day.

"Hey, Clancy! Get off the carpet and give someone else a chance."—Plunkett.



We hear that Vincent Burke of the Hull Department was away one afternoon on important business, collecting his bonus from the Prudential Insurance Company.

A boy on the third floor of the North building asked another boy where the elevator man was. "Oh," said the former, "he's downstairs getting a load on," and the other boy said: "Gee, and the efficiency department right in this building."

Since Cornell left the boiler shop toolroom the outside seems to look brighter to him. He is chief window cleaner for Mr. Stephens of the boiler department.

A certain helper rushed to the storeroom and said to Mr. Schwartz: "Give me credit." Mr. Schwartz—"For what?" Helper—"*Mongolia*." Mr. Schwartz—"Did you build her?" Helper—"No, it's coming back." Mr. Schwartz—"What, the *Mongolia?*" Helper—"No, material." And while the air was blue the material flew and the helper's funeral was half-past two.

MacFarlane, burner foreman, asked Vance of the machine shop, what he thought of the hereafter, and whether he believed in spirits. Vance replied he was in doubt. MacFarlane, to convince him, then asked him where the light came from. "Well," said Vance, "Edison has a contract, and as far as spirits are concerned we'll wait until July."

At this writing the Barnum and Bailey show is in town. In the general storeroom is a kitten with five toes on one front foot, which would be a great feature for the above show and would be putting one over on Forepaugh's.

Income, income, income tax,
In this some men are very lax,
But Holland says: "I do not fear,
I've got my pay slips for a year."

A drawing for a flivver will be held as soon as all tickets are sold, which will cost from one to thirteen cents. This is a benefit for Mr. Roach. Starkey, of the outside machinists, says he'll take two tickets if they throw in a can opener with them.

Scotty Lamb of the outside machinists got a letter from Philadelphia and told Christy of the new dry dock there was a hundred dollars in it. I hope Scotty's wife looks good in her new *lamb* skin coat.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
Osawatomie has fooled our men.

I never saw a man take so much pride in turning out a real finished product as John Fiyo, the pipe fitter snapper on the tug *E. P. Morse*, and it wasn't false pride either. He delivered the goods.

A machinist approached the elevator man and asked if Mr. Holland was on the gallery floor. He, who raises many a man above the level of others asked: "Which Holland do you mean? We have Inspector Holland, and Jack Holland, Mr. John's floor walker. If you want to be looked over we'll get George Holland, if you want the other Holland walk to another floor and you'll find him. Then you'll be a floor walker too."

Scheffer, in charge of the drillers, was kept busy perforating four hundred inch-and-a-half caps for a tube blower job on the S. S. *Westport*. Two days after he had finished the job, and perspiring over another one bareheaded, someone asked him why he didn't put his cap on. "Oh," he replied, "it's too hot." Then he was told to put some holes in his cap and let the air in. "No," he said, "I had too many of those D—n things already, four hundred of 'em."

There's a shipping board material man named Nelson Bell, who came into the pipe shop office and found a yellow slip a day old, and asked the man in charge what it was for. "That's for one-eighth taurl packing, 24x24," was the reply. In about half an hour he returned from the front office and said: "You made a fine fool out of me. I went up and told my chief I had an order for one-eighth towel, 24x24, and he laughed at me and asked me if I got any soap with it."

Jim Weldon had three mechanics trying to fix a pay roll book cover, so he could use it to keep the scores of the bloomer girls' baseball club.

Inside Machinist Rydberg upon being absent one day was asked by Foreman Johnson why he was in mourning. Rydberg said: "Good morning, Mr. Johnson." Then Johnson said, "Why the black eye?" "Oh," Rydberg said, "I fell on the wrong stoop."

On the eve of April the sixteenth, Ritchie, of the old machine shop, had a job to do for the S. S. *Lord Ormonde*. Later, that same night, a rigger came in and said: "Say, Mr. Ritchie, have you anything here for the Lord Almighty?"

Since Van Gilderen has been running the new electric truck, everything he moves he wants to know who'll he charge it to. The other day he was called to move some gas bottles and as the men were loading them on the truck he said to the man in charge: "Who will I charge them to?" The man said: "No one, they're charged already."

McGibney, of the boiler shop, heard there was so much money in eggs that he ordered quite a few of the fowl intending to go into business this summer, but on receiving the shipment everyone of them knew how to crow. Never mind, Mac, when we're eating corned beef, well, you know the rest.

If some one doesn't pay the Pied Piper of Morse's, who plays night and morning at the front gate, he'll be dragging all the dear children who sell papers away and you'll never see them again. But Red Hot says he doesn't care.

Of all the trials and tribulations and injustice heaped upon one man, that was on Scotty Menzies, April 13. He laid in a goodly supply of oranges to help the football players beat the White Rose and then couldn't go to the game.

Paul Sheehan's car was standing between the boiler shop and the storeroom at 7.30 one morning when another chauffeur said to his comrades: "Gee, do you hear the exhaust on Paul's car?" The other one said: "Exhaust nothing, that's the new rivet cutting machine."

"Smithie," the popular and dapper shipping board timekeeper, is such a conscientious man at his work that on shipboard his favorite and only fruit is the naval orange. He has to sail into one every morning in order to start the day's voyage right.

Farley, another S. B. man (his official title is material checker) admits to having been the chief engineer of a "hay burner." He ran his engines, three mule power, with the aid of a whip and the tracks were the tow path of a canal.

Lieutenant Aryoult, pronounced "Arrow," formerly with us as a material checker on the *Black Arrow*, has again obtained a commission and is now in the Philippines as a member of the Philippine Scouts.

And still they say there is no wit in the yard. On the week of April 14 I saw and heard a young passer boy look at the old dry dock and say: "Gee, I've seen that dock lift many a ship, but I never saw it lift *The Gulf of Mexico*." And the tide dropped three feet.

There is a sign in the office of the outside machinists that reads: "All helpers having locks on lockers must take them off or have their locks knocked off." I think they meant to put a B on the last locks.

Pete in the machinists' toolroom is writing a book, "How to be a Machinist Worth Ten Cents." I guess Pete means a shoemaker.

I have in my mind's eye Frank Wilson on a hot scorching day standing in the middle of a lot, telling men they're out or they're safe or that it was a strike or that it was a ball. I can also imagine the losing fans calling him the endearing names they always do. *But* pulling a tank on a four-wheel hand truck, nay, nay, Pauline, not on your inshoot. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen him. I've heard of tanks being taken but never dragged, and by Wilson, that 's all.

John Kelly, of the pipe shop bending block, is wearing his spring working uniform, a white coat with a black hand painted on the back, which means, I suppose, that he's always got a helping hand pushing him ahead. As far as the pant legs are concerned, pull 'em down, Kelly, pull 'em down.

I've heard men describe the wonderful and beautiful qualities of our ocean grayhounds, but to hear Mr. Honeyman's description of the trial trip of the *E. P. Morse*, simply meant to be rooted to the spot and drink in every word. We'll not attempt to repeat it, neither will we swear, but in the vernacular peculiar to gentlemen he said: "She glided like a bloody bird."

Now the favorite tune of old Ches. A. Peake is that love song, "Juanita," to which tune he sings the following words in memory of his absent mate, *Mana Hatta*:

"Hatta, Mana Hatta,
Ask thy soul if we should part;
Hatta, Mana Hatta,
Give me back my heart."

June 21st Is the Date

of the Annual Outing of the

Employees' Association

GET your ticket immediately as the number is limited. The cost for everything will be Four Dollars. That includes the trip on the *S.S. Sirius*, which will leave the yard at 9 A.M.; a big, hearty breakfast when you arrive at Witzel's Grove, College Point; refreshments free of charge, and a bang-up dinner in the afternoon, besides the entertainment and athletic programs that have been arranged for.

AN EASY PAYMENT PLAN

has been worked out by the Outing Committee. For One Dollar you can buy a receipt which will go toward the purchase of a ticket. If you should leave the employ of the Company and decide not to go on the outing you can get your dollar back by surrendering the receipt. Buy a receipt every pay day until you have four, present the four receipts to the clerk in your department and he will give you a ticket.

WANTED—Vacant Dwellings

MANY of the employees in the yard have asked THE DIAL to help them to find living quarters. If you have or know of a vacant house, flat, apartment or room, we will be glad to pass the word along to those who have sought our assistance. To print a list of vacancies each month isn't feasible because by the time the list appears the dwellings might be occupied.

We will be glad, however, to keep a record of all vacancies on file in THE DIAL office if any one having or knowing of a vacancy will send us the information. If we secure a list large enough to warrant it, we will be glad to post the list in conspicuous places about the plant.

Those who are seeking living accommodations are invited to make use of whatever list we are able to obtain, provided, of course, that they are Morse employees. We cannot be expected to investigate such properties as are offered for rent or for sale, and cannot assume to serve in any way as real estate agents, but it is possible that we can help out somewhere along the line if you will help us to help. Send us what information you may have about vacancies, either by mail, telephone, or in person, and we will pass it along.

This is your chance and ours to help our fellow-workers. The rent problem is bothering everyone of us and one way to solve the situation, to beat the unscrupulous landlords who are taking advantage of the present housing situation to do profiteering, is to work together. THE DIAL organization will do its part if you will give us a hand.

AND THIS MEANS EVERY READER WHO KNOWS OF ANY VACANCIES

We Can Take Them Any Size



1—U. S. S. MAUMEE



2—CITY OF SHANGHAI



3—ROMAN PRINCE

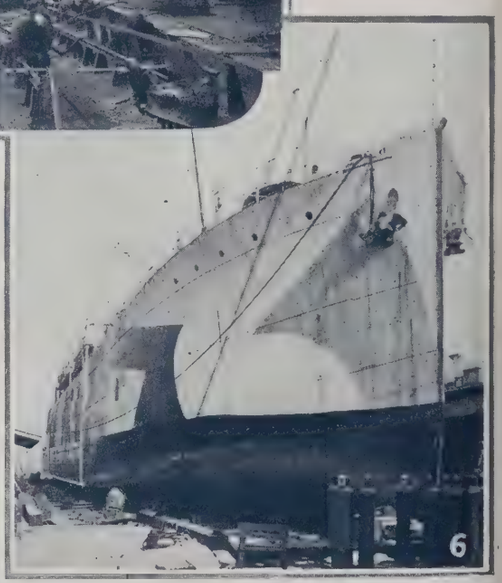


4—PERSIAN PRINCE



5—GAELIC PRINCE

6—DEERFIELD



AN EFFICIENT ORGANIZATION

MEANS A WHOLE LOT TO THE MAN WHO PAYS THE BILL.

Pictures by Dial Photographer

UNITED STATES NAVY YARD
New York, N. Y.

Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.,
Ft. 56th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

May 3rd, 1919.

Gentlemen:—The Industrial Manager desires to express his appreciation of the despatch of your firm in the performance of the conversion and repair work on the S. S. KAISERIN AUGUSTE VICTORIA and requests that you convey his recognition thereof to your employees engaged in work referred to.

Very respectfully,
G. E. BURD,
Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy,
Industrial Manager.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM GREEN, A CORPORATION, NEW YORK

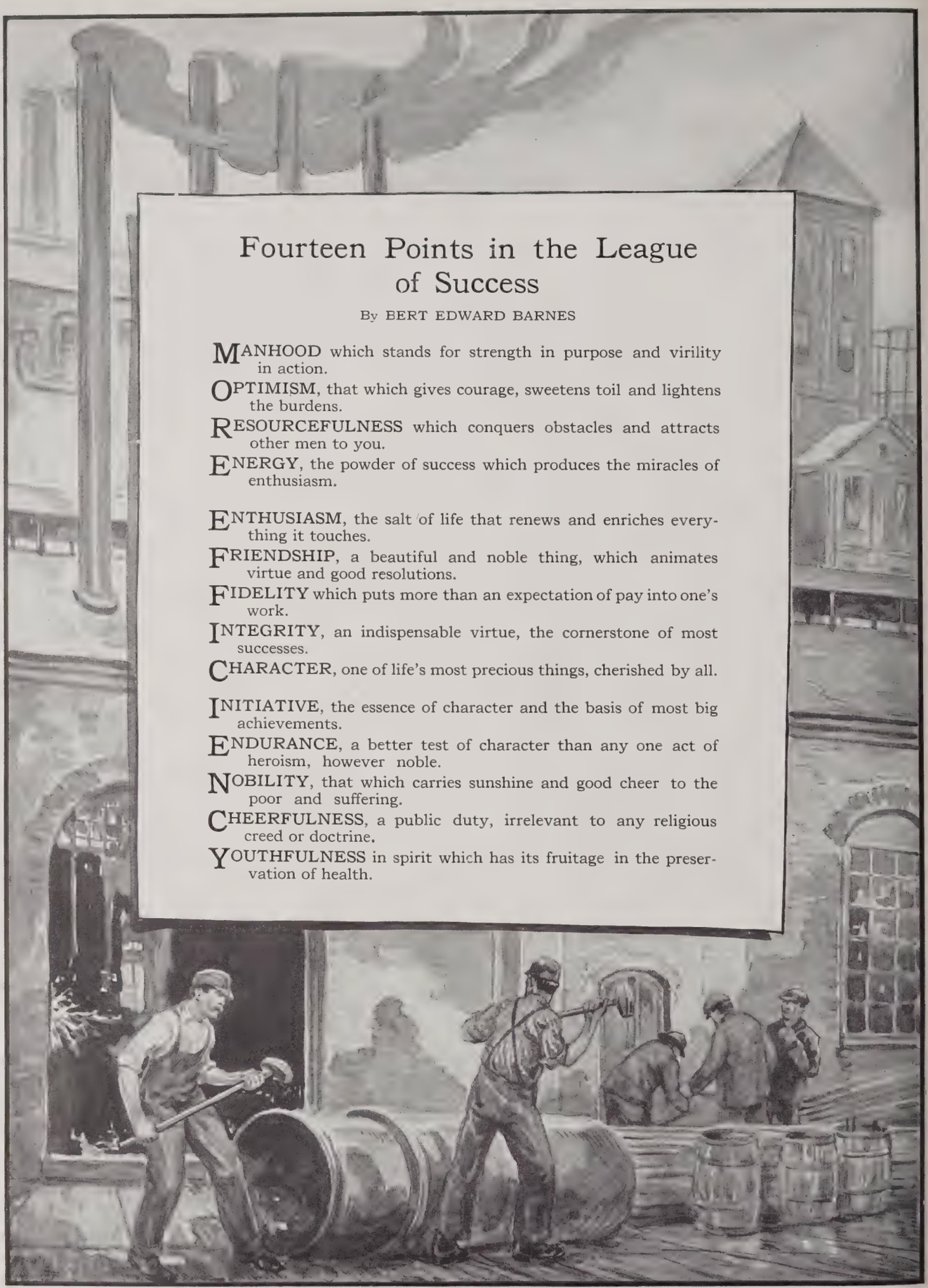
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The MORSE DIAL



FRED. J.
HOERTZ

JUNE 1919



Fourteen Points in the League of Success

By BERT EDWARD BARNES

MANHOOD which stands for strength in purpose and virility in action.

OPTIMISM, that which gives courage, sweetens toil and lightens the burdens.

RESOURCEFULNESS which conquers obstacles and attracts other men to you.

ENERGY, the powder of success which produces the miracles of enthusiasm.

ENTHUSIASM, the salt of life that renews and enriches everything it touches.

FRIENDSHIP, a beautiful and noble thing, which animates virtue and good resolutions.

FIDELITY which puts more than an expectation of pay into one's work.

INTEGRITY, an indispensable virtue, the cornerstone of most successes.

CHARACTER, one of life's most precious things, cherished by all.

INITIATIVE, the essence of character and the basis of most big achievements.

ENDURANCE, a better test of character than any one act of heroism, however noble.

NOBILITY, that which carries sunshine and good cheer to the poor and suffering.

CHEERFULNESS, a public duty, irrelevant to any religious creed or doctrine.

YOUTHFULNESS in spirit which has its fruitage in the preservation of health.

MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL



Vol. 2 June, 1919 No. 6

What Efficiency Means

"IT can't be done," said someone and the Morse men went right ahead and finished up the job on the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria* in eleven days instead of the fourteen allowed by the government.

"It can't be done," said someone else so Morse men at Hoboken got busy on the *Mobile* and the job was finished in eight days instead of twelve.

"It can't be done," again shouted the wise ones when work was being rushed to get the *Henderson* out on time and yet she steamed away from one of the Morse piers at exactly the date set for her sailing and the job was completed in thirty-nine instead of forty days.

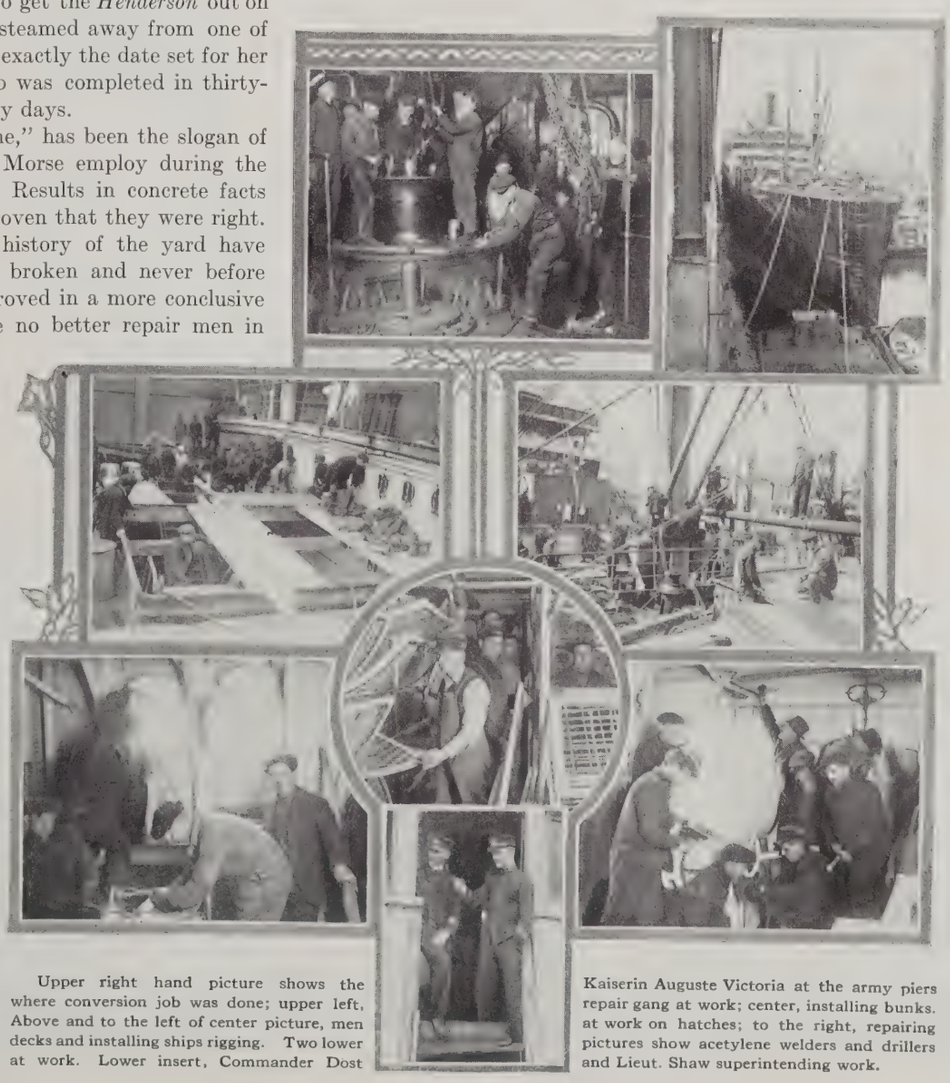
"It can be done," has been the slogan of every man in the Morse employ during the past two months. Results in concrete facts and figures have proven that they were right.

Never in the history of the yard have more records been broken and never before have Morse men proved in a more conclusive way that there are no better repair men in the port of New York than those who punch in their time cards at the foot of Fifty-sixth street in Brooklyn.

These recent days of "rush" and night shift work have been reminiscent of the war period when Morse men as part of the "Second Line of Defence," fought against time for all they were worth, when "rush" was about the only word they knew, outside of "eat."

The successful completion of these three big jobs was accomplished in such an efficient manner that Mr. Morse personally congratulated Superintendent Albert Murray and his assistants, and has asked THE DIAL to convey to the employees in the yard his thanks for the splendid spirit which has been shown of late by everyone employed here.

In his note to THE DIAL and in his expression of congratulations to Mr. Murray, Mr. Morse said: "At no time in the history of this company has the business given me so little care as at present. During the past year the efficiency of the yard has increased steadily until now. I am sure there is no repair yard in the world that can successfully compete with this one. I ascribe this to the get-together spirit of the men and the loyalty and good feeling of the men toward the company, and if this gait is kept up there will be no trouble in keeping the yard full of work."



Upper right hand picture shows the where conversion job was done; upper left, Above and to the left of center picture, men decks and installing ships rigging. Two lower at work. Lower insert, Commander Dost

Kaiserin Auguste Victoria at the army piers repair gang at work; center, installing bunks. at work on hatches; to the right, repairing pictures show acetylene welders and drillers and Lieut. Shaw superintending work.

Things began to get lively very early in April when the transport *Henderson* came alongside one of our docks with a big engine repair job to be completed in very short time. Then the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria*, one of the largest liners afloat, sailed into the harbor and the Morse Company was awarded the con-

tract of converting her into a temporary transport.

Only a few days later the U.S.S. *Mobile*, another German liner, formerly the *Cleveland*, docked at the Hoboken piers and "Noble's Gang" began to get busy on her. Any one of the jobs on these three boats would have been something for a repair yard to worry about. We had all of them on our hands at practically the same time.

First avenue around the Fifty-fifth street gate began to assume a crowded and congested appearance. News about the big jobs travels more rapidly than a wireless message among the "soap hounds" of the port, and we'll bet that there wasn't one of them who ever did work in Morse's yard that wasn't anxious for a chance to return.

The men were ready to work and the ships were at dock, so it was up to the employment boys to get busy. They did. Perhaps it took them a few moments to rub the "sleepers" out of their eyes, and there were vague rumors afloat that "Clancy" got lost in the first rush of applicants and wasn't found until the stream of men got to Costello's desk, where Devlin, the fire chief, picked him out of the crowd and set him safely behind his files again, but the employment gang responded nobly to the task before them and again proved that the Morse employment department is one of the most efficient organizations of its kind.

Three thousand, nine hundred and fifty-one men, hired and added to the force already working, in one week was the record which they made and of which they are now justly proud. An average of five hundred new men passed through the employment office every day of that week and in order to get the men for the Hoboken job to work in the shortest space of time possible, a branch employment bureau was established over there.

Tom Plunkett, who can hire men faster than any other employment man we ever heard of, was put in charge of the Hoboken employment branch and as many as seven hundred men were employed from that office in one day.

Too much credit cannot be given to the employment men for the work which they did during the rush of the first few days. The employment office on the hill was jammed full of job seekers every hour. The employment men had an efficient system well learned and a desire to do their part, and they did it. Never before did they have such a good chance to do something worthy of note. They seemed to realize the opportunity and the figures on the number of men which they hired are the results which speak for themselves.

In point of general interest, the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria* was the most important of the three big jobs which were handled during the first part of the new rush season. She was formerly of the Hamburg American Line, at one time the most luxurious of all passenger ships which plied the waters of the Atlantic. She tied up to her old dock at Hoboken on April 17, after her first voyage across the ocean in four years.

At her mast head, on this her most recent trip, was the Stars and Stripes, and on the bridge, instead of the German officer of former days, she sported an alert young captain who had an American eagle on his cap. The *Kaiserin*, in other words, was one of the spoils of victory and had been allotted to the United States by the Allies under the terms of the armistice. Our Government needed her for a troop ship and needed her right away. That is why, after a day spent at Hoboken she was towed over to the army pier adjacent to the Morse yard and Morse men were told to hop aboard and get to work.

When a conversion job is necessary, and necessary right away, the first word a great many of the naval authorities think of is "Morse."

Work on the big German liner was started on April 19. The job consisted of a complete overhaul of the ship and the installation of sleeping quarters to accommodate about 8,000 troops. Beside all of this work, there was an engine repair job of no mean size. K. N. Pearson, of Mr. Hallock's staff, was placed in charge of the general repair work, while George Clift was given the job of bringing the *Kaiserin's* big engines back into shape. Lieut. J. M. Kiernan, U. S. N., was the naval officer who had direct supervision over the work. Lieut. Commander P. G. Crisp, C. C., U. S. N., was the naval general superintendent in charge.

Mr. Clift, in speaking of the work of the men who worked under him, said: "The men who I had working with me on the *Kaiserin* were the best bunch of men I have ever worked with in all my life. They were a fine lot. Everybody realized that there was a big job ahead and all went at it cheerfully and with a determination to do it to the best of their ability."

According to the government contract, the vessel was to be completed in fourteen days. Many naval authorities thought it would be impossible to complete the job in that time and the suggestion was even made that a party of workmen be kept abroad when the boat sailed away if the job was not finished. In eleven days every bit of the work contracted for was completed and the boat was turned over to the naval authorities. On a job of that size to beat the contract date by three days is a unique record in the history of big repair jobs done around the port of New York. We are proud of that record and have a right to be.

Men from every department in the yard worked on the boat for there was no branch of specialized work which was not needed badly. On April 19, the first day on which any work was done, only 315 men could be recruited from the various other jobs to go to work on the big liner. Things looked foreboding at that time and for the next few days. The first night shift was put on on April 21 and from that time the work began to speed up. New men were coming in fast and soon from thirteen hundred to fourteen hundred men were at work on the day shift while an average of 500 men were at work every night. In spite of the great number of men at work, some hustling had to be done to get the job finished.

Anyone who had the chance to look at, or better yet, to feel the weight of the printed work orders on the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria* has a good idea of the tremendous amount of work done on the ship. All of the sheets when put together looked like the first volume of a loose leaf encyclopedia. The largest item on the lists was the installation of 6,190 bunks to accommodate troops. These bunks were placed in the former cargo hatches and in the spaces which had formerly been used for second and third-class passengers. Eight hundred and fifty new bunks for the crew were also installed.

Most of this work was done by the carpenters and joiners. Sam Spencer had charge of the carpenters and Eric Thollen was the snapper on the job with the joiners.

Another big item of repair was the entire



By Morse Photographer

Job-seekers Shaping Up at the Employment Office, 55th Street Gate. Not An Unusual Scene.

renovation of the ventilating system. Harry Hammer and his sheet metal workers, about one hundred strong, did the greater part of this work, and it was a big job to handle because practically an entirely new ventilating system was established. Most of the other jobs required men from every department in the yard. A mess room to accommodate one thousand first-class passengers was built. This mess room will be used by the army officers, naval officers, nurses and any Government officials making the trip across the ocean.

In the troop mess rooms 1,336 feet of mess table was installed. All new galley fixtures such as bake ovens, coal ranges and 40, 60 and 80 gallon kettles were installed. Five hundred feet of wash basin and 424 feet of latrine space was laid out and piped. One hundred and nine new life rafts were installed along the decks. Besides this life saving equipment, ninety new abandon ship ladders were placed in correct positions and 193 feet of trailing line was installed. All of the fire line connections were changed from German to Navy standard. Everyone of the port lights on the ship was gone over and, when necessary, were renovated. Over three thousand feet of rubber was used on this job alone. The engine repair work consisted of an entire overhaul of the main engines. Beside this work, new floor plates were put in in the engine room, some boiler mounting work was done, new coils were placed in the ice plant, all boilers were scaled and cleaned and an entire overhaul was made of the winches and steering gear. From six hundred to seven hundred men were at work on the engine room job during the day shift, while an average of three hundred men were at work on the night shift. Mr. Clift, in charge of the engine room job, says that especial credit for turning out first-rate jobs in record time ought to be given to snappers Sidney Munson, Nick Mueller and Dave Johnson, of the machinists; Bill Bentley, of the boiler makers; Ralph Bisdale and Barney Mooney, of the pipe fitters; Oscar Munson, who had charge of the riggers working on night shifts; and both Bill Petrick and Gene Repole, his assistant, who were in charge of the pipe coverers.

To mention all of the smaller items of repair would be an impossibility here and to give credit to all who did good work on the ship would take pages. Joe Landon and about 150 of his paint brigade were on the job both night and day. Tommy Hale was in charge of the burner gang, and "Silent" Hughes, the man who won't tell his first name, was the shipfitter's snapper on the job.

The gang, which perhaps, did more work than any of the other outfits, was the riggers. Bill Lansing had about 225 of his hard workers on the job.

At just about the time when Morse men were putting in their busiest moments on the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria*, the U. S. S. *Mobile*, another former German liner, steamed into the bay and again naval authorities set out in search of a repair yard which could do a conversion job on her in short time.

Mr. Noble, over in Hoboken, ever anxious to demonstrate just how good the "Hoboken gang" is at a "rush" job, heard of the *Mobile's* entrance and immediately telephoned to Mr. Morse for permission to bid for the contract.

"Better not try it," Mr. Morse telephoned back, "we have all that we can handle at the present time and you would not be able to get any assistance from the yard force."

"We can do it without any help from the yard," said Noble.

"Go ahead then," said Mr. Morse, and in twenty-four hours a contract with the navy department was signed and work was started.

The *Mobile* was formerly the German liner *Cleveland* and, like the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria*, was one of the German ships allotted to the United States. She was to be converted into a temporary transport capable of carrying six thousand troops. Twelve days were allowed in which to complete the work according to the Government contract.

Work was to start on April 25 and end on May 6. On Friday, May 2, the job was completed, and again Morse had beaten the Government contract date, this time by four days.

During the eight days in which Morse men were at work on the *Mobile*, the boat was completely outfitted to carry from five to six thousand troops. The big item of the job was the installation of 6,000 new bunks. Beside this work new troop mess rooms were built, latrines and wash basins installed and piped, a new sick bay was built, all of the fire lines were overhauled and many sections replaced with new hose, the double bottoms of the ship were cleaned and fresh water drinking accommodations were installed. All of the life boats on the decks were overhauled and all of the ship's rigging was renovated, all new galley fixtures were installed. Minor repair work was done on the engines.

The *Mobile* is a slightly smaller boat than the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria* and, at first glance, it would seem that on that account the job was not quite as big a one, but there are other factors which prove that the "Hoboken gang" must be given every bit as much credit for turning out a first-class job in record time as the men working on the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria* have received.

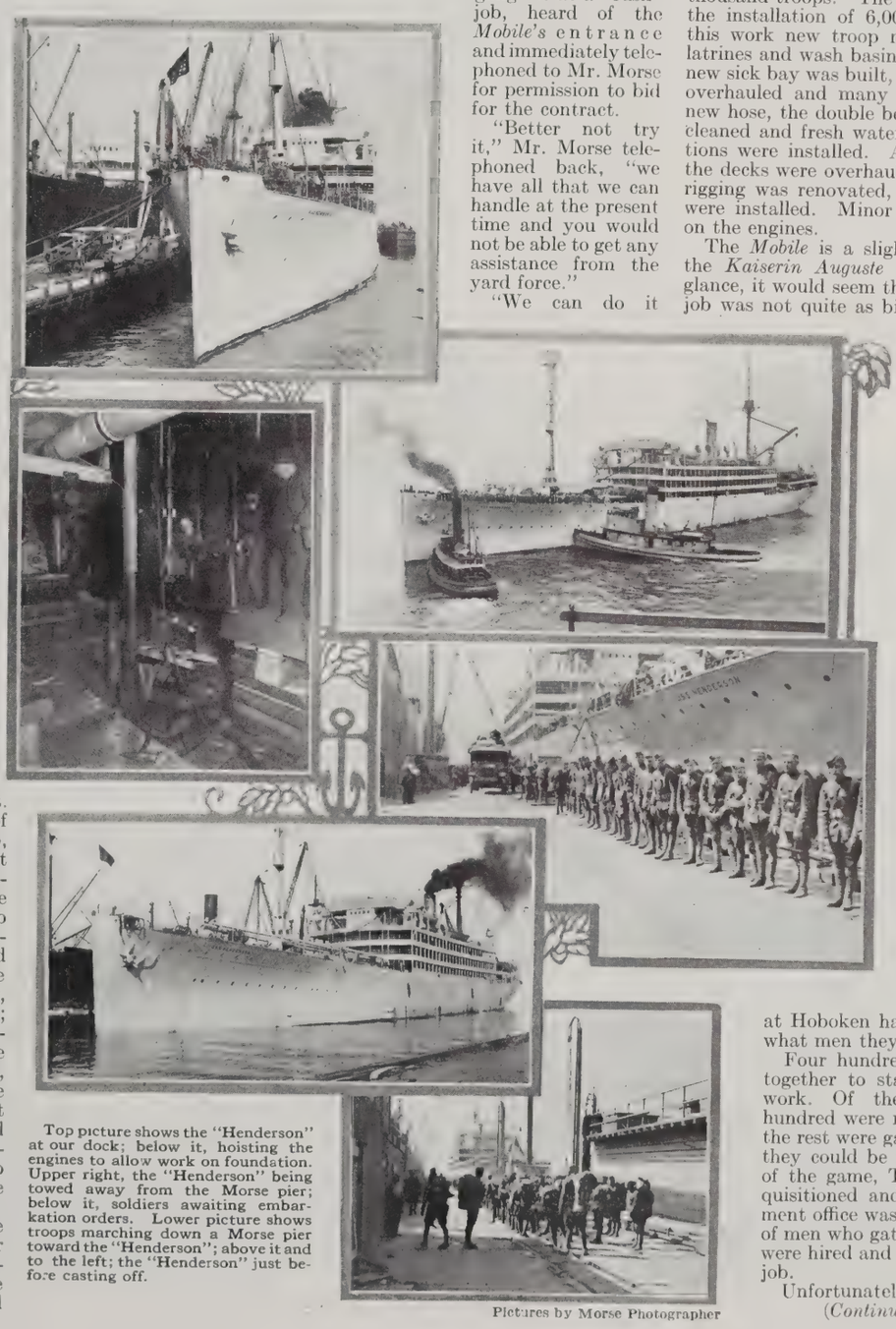
Noble's cohorts again upheld their reputation as hustlers and we can again be proud of our "foreign missionaries" over on the coast of Jersey.

One thousand men were at work at Hoboken by the time that the job was completed, but in the beginning there were only the regular crew of men who could be depended upon to do any work at all. Not a single man could be spared from the main yard, all of the regular snappers and foremen were head over heels in work in the main yard so the men at Hoboken had to be satisfied with what men they could get.

Four hundred men were gathered together to start on the first day's work. Of these only about one hundred were regular Hoboken men, the rest were gathered from wherever they could be found. At this point of the game, Tom Plunkett was requisitioned and the branch employment office was started and hundreds of men who gathered around the gate were hired and set to work on the big job.

Unfortunately the "*Mobile*" was

(*Continued on page* 19)



Top picture shows the "Henderson" at our dock; below it, hoisting the engines to allow work on foundation. Upper right, the "Henderson" being towed away from the Morse pier; below it, soldiers awaiting embarkation orders. Lower picture shows troops marching down a Morse pier toward the "Henderson"; above it and to the left; the "Henderson" just before casting off.

Pictures by Morse Photographer

Our New Blacksmith Shop

By Wesley T. Jones

THE Morse yard can boast of a blacksmith shop which, according to its superintendent, Charles Small, is the "nicest li'l' shop in the port." After looking over the department we agree with him. It is ultra-modern in equipment, the work it turns out speaks for itself, and the size—well, there are fifty-six fires going when the shop is running in full swing day and night.

Although Mr. Small did not specify this, we will also add that the department is headed by one of the finest and ablest "supers" in the port.

Now some of you who read this probably have the mental picture of a blacksmith shop as being a low rambling clapboard affair, "under a spreading chestnut tree," garnished with characteristic long rows of horseshoes and a single solitary fire smoking away. You also probably picture Mr. Small with a leather apron and a horse's hoof in his lap, and his assistant, Robert McQueen, dusting flies off the old white mare. Let us tell you right here that you're way off.

When a ship like the tanker *Shabonee* comes into the yard and needs a bushing for a stern tube, the Morse blacksmiths don't take a small eight-pound hammer and start at the job, but rather one of the seven twelve-inch three-ton steam hammers, and soon they are pounding and shaking the whole new steel structure into which the department has just moved.

In December, 1917, the old shop was gutted by fire and it was only a few months ago that the department moved from temporary quarters to the new glass and steel building at the foot of the South Pier. The move was made so quickly and in such a short space of time that the change was not noticed by hardly any of us until the old shop was torn down.

Even those departments which relied to a great extent on the output of the shop did not notice that a change was being made, because even while it was moving, the output of the blacksmith shop remained of the same quantity and of the same high grade. Mr. Small evidently does not believe that even such an important affair as a change in quarters should affect the producing powers of his plant. The department is getting well settled in its new building now and with another thirty feet to be added to the rear of the building and three more steam hammers to be installed, we may expect very soon to hear of still more startling records made by the blacksmiths.

When Mr. Morse started in business, a few machinists and the blacksmith shop, consisting then of about seven fires and a few steam hammers of small capacity, made up his entire corps. Oh yes, there was one book-keeper. Just now the shop runs a regular shift of forty-six fires. Mr. Small expects to have about forty blacksmiths employed when the shop is entirely completed.

All of the Morse "smithies" are rather proud of the "esprit de corps" which prevails in their shop. The majority of the men are old timers in the yard. One of them, Harry Godfrey, recently discharged from the British Army, has worked under four different foremen in the shop. Jimmy Tester has been a Morse blacksmith for eighteen years and several others have also served a considerable period. Mr. Small came here a few years ago as a blacksmith and has worked himself up to his present position.

During the war period, the shop ran a steady shift of fifty-six fires night and day, but during the recent "rush" period in the yard, when nearly every department was working "soap," the blacksmiths were able to confine themselves to one shift, and turned out all the work required of them in that time.

A proof of the efficiency of the blacksmith department is the fact that recently it has been handling a great deal of specialized work, which according to many of the boys of the department, could not be done in any other blacksmith shop they know of.

On the following page there is a picture of a big band which the shop is now turning out. It is a band for a sailing vessel mast and many other bands of the same type and size are now being produced regularly by the department. The band in the picture is one of a lot which was shipped to Bermuda and there installed on vessels. It weighs 858 pounds, has a diameter of 23 inches. It was forged out of ten-inch billet by Charles Christiansen and five helpers in two and one-half days. The upper part of the picture shows a group of our blacksmiths. They are, reading from left to right, Robert McQueen, assistant foreman, Charles Small, superintendent, Arthur Fallon, assistant foreman, Charles Christiansen and Robert Coates, department clerk.

When it is necessary to send all the way from Bermuda to the Morse yard to get a piece of forging done properly it must be that the Morse blacksmith shop is as good as any other shop of its kind in the port of New York.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man; help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day; bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen.

Robert Louis Stevenson.



By Morse Photographer

One Corner of Our New Blacksmith Shop



A group of Morse blacksmiths and one of the mast bands recently constructed.

Read the story on opposite page.

Our Dock Beats Theirs

A NEW dry dock was put into commission at the Sparrow's Point plant of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp., Ltd., recently and in reporting its first tryout *The Sparrow's Point Pilot*, their plant paper, claims the dock to be the largest floating dry dock on the Atlantic Coast. The article went on to state that the dock will accommodate a vessel of 20,000 tons, D. W., that it is considerably larger than the famous dry dock *Dewey*, and is only equalled in size by a similar dry dock in Seattle, Wash. According to this article the dock is 600 feet long and 130 feet wide, with a clear width between the wings of 100 feet and it can accommodate a vessel of 650 feet long and can submerge to a depth of 26 feet.

With all due respect to our esteemed contemporary we must pick flaws in their boasts. If you please, the Morse Dry Dock which will be completed before fall will be the largest floating dry dock on the Atlantic Coast and in comparison the little thing they have there in Sparrow's Point will make no showing. To be statistical let us say that our new dry dock will accommodate a vessel of 32,500 tons gross. It is very much larger than the famous dry dock *Dewey*, and will not be equalled in size by any floating dry dock we know of. It is 750 feet long and can accommodate a vessel 32,500 gross and can submerge to a depth of 33 feet.

Profit in Mistakes?

IT seems many people turn mistakes into personal profit.

When a plumber makes a mistake he charges twice for it.

When a lawyer makes a mistake it's just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a carpenter makes a mistake it is just what he expected, because the chances are ten to one that he has never learned his business.

When an electrician makes a mistake he blames it on "induction," because nobody knows what it is.

When a doctor makes a mistake he buries it.

When a judge makes a mistake it becomes the law of the land.

When a preacher makes a mistake nobody knows the difference.

But when a printer makes a mistake everybody knows it, and his only alibi is the devil.—*Roycroft.*

Loyalty to our country won the war, and loyalty to the man who signs the pay check will win personal advancement.

He Likes The Dial

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 19, 1919.

Editor MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Dear Sir: Being in the employ of a local shipyard I happened to get the opportunity to glance over your wonderful magazine, THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL, and I must say it is a magazine that beats any I've ever seen or heard of. There certainly must be a wonderful body of employees in the plant.

My object in writing this is to ask you if it is possible to have THE DIAL mailed to me here in Buffalo, so I can enjoy the reading of same at home. I am a former Brooklynite and know where the Morse Dry Dock is, and feel at home when I see and read THE DIAL.

I may be rather forward in asking this, but if I can subscribe for the magazine and pay whatever expense there is attached to same, I will gladly do so, as long as I get it.

Hoping I will hear from you, and that this request will meet with your approval, I remain,

Yours for success,

JULES S. OLIVER.

105 Baraga street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Hugo's Prophecy

A DAY will come when the only battlefield will be the market open to commerce and the mind opening to new ideas. A day will come when bullets and bombshells will be replaced by votes, by the universal suffrage of nations, by the venerable arbitration of a great sovereign senate, which will be to Europe what the parliament is to England, what the diet is to Germany, what the legislative assembly is to France. A day will come when a cannon will be exhibited in public museums, just as an instrument of torture is now, and people will be astonished how such a thing could have been. A day will come when these two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, shall be seen placed in the presence of each other, extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean.

VICTOR HUGO,
Written in 1880.

A missing suspender button often leaves a man in suspense.

When fame does come to the average man it roosts on his tombstone.

Most people are willing to lend a hand if they think there is a chance of borrowing two a little later.

Help to Fill Our Quota

ELEVEN hundred dollars are needed to complete the yard quota of $10,000 which the Morse yard is expected to raise for the American Red Cross Second War Fund.

This money must be in the hands of the Red Cross by July 1. Miss Jensen, head of the yard hospital, who has charge of Red Cross activities in the yard, is very anxious to have the Morse Company go over the top in this drive in the same way as it has in all other drives for the Red Cross. If every one would add fifty cents to the fund already in the hands of our Red Cross committee, this would be possible.

In recognition of the great work which has been done on behalf of the Red Cross by the employees in this yard five hundred Red Cross calendars were sent to Miss Jensen recently by the Brooklyn Red Cross Committee. They were distributed to as many of the yard employees as possible.

More than half of the Red Cross subscription quota alloted to Brooklyn is now in the treasury of the American Red Cross Second War Fund Committee. The exact amount in cash collected during the ten months ending February 28 is $4,004,683.78. This sum is the result of the recent Red Cross drives for money conducted under the direction of Darwin R. James, chairman of the Brooklyn division.

All of the money collected is being used to care for the destitute in the war stricken countries of Europe. There are some pledges made to the second war fund last May that have never been paid. The payment of these pledges would save thousands of destitute French families from ultimate death by famine or disease.

It is the hope of the Red Cross Committee in Brooklyn that this borough will head all of the other boroughs in the amount subscribed to the Second War Fund. If you made a pledge of money and have not as yet paid it, pay it now. If you have paid your pledge do just a little bit more than is expected of you and donate an extra fifty cents. Help keep Brooklyn "over the top"; help keep the Morse Red Cross subscription record at its present high standard.

Our Photographic Department

A PHOTOGRAPHIC Department capable of producing any kind of photographic work, has been established on the top floor of the new North Building, next to THE DIAL office. In addition to doing all of the photographic work for the Company it also furnishes such pictures as are required for THE DIAL and handles a moving picture outfit with which films are produced for our monthly meetings, etc.

The department is under the general supervision of B. E. Barnes, Editor of THE DIAL. C. W. Bailey has charge of the work done in the department and is assisted by Rollo Stier. Mr. Bailey came to the Morse Company from the Consolidated Gas Company of Brooklyn where he had operated a photographic department. Prior to that connection he was the official photographer on the McAdoo Tunnel work, and made a complete picture record of that gigantic engineering job. He has established a reputation for turning out first-class pictures and his short connection with the Morse Company has amply demonstrated his ability along that line.

Mr. Stier, though not a professional photographer has had extensive experience in photographic laboratory work and also was of valuable assistance to THE DIAL in connection with its picture requirements before the photographic department was established. The photographic department is adjacent to THE DIAL office, fourth floor, North Building.

Band Celebrates Second Anniversary

MOST of us remember each day in the week by some little incident which happens in it. For instance, who ever forgets when Saturday comes around? In just about the same way we remember Tuesday and Thursday for on those days at noon time, Danny Shea and his bandsmen mount the steps of the freshly painted band stand in the Mall and entertain us for a full hour with some of the best music that we have ever been privileged to hear.

The majority of us do not remember the Morse yard when it was without a band and we take the noon hour concerts as a matter of course, yet there was a time not so very long ago when such a thing was unheard of in this yard, or in any other yard in the country.

The Morse band is just two years old this month. It was the first shipyard band to be organized in the United States with the exception of one other.

To Danny Shea, our bandmaster, most of the credit for the organization of the band is due. Back in June, 1917, he was one of our timekeepers. Previous to his employment as a timekeeper he had been employed in the carpenter shop and several other departments of the yard.

Not content with working all through the day, however, when night time came around Danny would go home, get out of his working clothers, jump into fresh clean ones and go out to lead a band of his own. Dan Shea's band at that time was one of the most popular and well-known musical organizations in Brooklyn.

June, 1917, was a very important month in the history of our yard for it was just about that time that the Employees' Association was first started.

One of the first things done after the organization was well under way was to hold a smoker. The whole yard was combed for talent to help out with the entertainment and one of the first men that everybody thought of was Dan Shea.

Dan volunteered to supply the music for the occasion and the eight piece band which he brought to the smoker proved to be the feature of the evening's entertainment. Dan also played a couple of cornet solos and after he finished even the boys who couldn't whistle "Home, Sweet Home" correctly, realized that they had a muscian in their midst.

The enjoyment which everybody received from the playing of that band was so great that the desire to have a band of our own became apparent. Soon afterwards an organized movement for a band was made; a letter to Mr. Morse was written, he gave $300 dollars to buy instruments and everything was in readiness, except the men to blow the horns.

A call for bandsmen was all that was necessary and they came fast. The first meeting of the band was held on June 8, 1917. Some of the musicians came with their own instruments, others didn't have any and had to be supplied. In order that the $300 could be used to the best advantage Dan spent several days visiting all of the second-hand musical instrument shops which he knew of and came back with horns for everybody, horns bought at one-sixth of the price which they would have cost if bought new. Everything seemed to be in readiness for a demonstration of what the band could do; musicians, horns, a leader and music ordered, nothing seemed to be lacking.

The time set for the demonstration came, Mr. Morse arrived but the music didn't. It was right at that point that the band first showed the "pep" and initiative which has characterized it to this very day.

Without music and unused to playing with each other the bandsmen were sadly crippled, but they went right ahead and played their little concert anyway and then just to show their utter contempt for music as other people see it, they paraded through the yard so that no one would miss the initial bow of the now famous Morse Dry Dock Band.

Many stories are told of the trials and troubles of the band during its first few weeks of existence. Practice was conducted in the Association Room, which in those days was on the top floor of the old carpenter shop in the yard. It was small, stuffy and in no way resembled the Association Room of to-day. The bandsmen sat on soapboxes or anything else which might be at hand, for seats enough to go around were not available; and when they started in to play the noise was so great that many of the players were deaf for a few days afterward. Dan too had his own troubles and a baton being one of the many items of band equipment which were absent, he was forced to use a long ruler, which, as it waved to and fro, would, at times, collide with other articles of furniture which the room possessed.

Many of the "old-timers" in the yard will remember some of the first appearances of the band. One of the first demonstrations of what it was capable of doing was made at the flag raising held in front of the old pipe shop in July, 1917. Again in that same month it was the feature attraction of the machinists' outing. From that time on the bandsmen began to become just about the most popular boys in the yard and, unless we have judged public sentiment entirely wrong, that is the position which they hold to-day.

Fourteen of the men in our band to-day were members of the original band started two years ago. They are: Dan Shea, "Pop" Seiferth, Jack Bauer, Bill Dougherty, George Fossing, Mike Leonard, Harry Boilin, Charles Shutter, Martin Ferrarri, Joe Katz, Joe Sill, Lester Graham, George Stegeman, Fred Stemmler.

The band now numbers forty-nine pieces. It is recognized as being one of the leading industrial bands of the country to-day. During the two years of its existence it has accomplished much.

It has been one of the big factors in cementing the bonds of friendship which tie us together into one common family. Most all of us swear by that band of ours and believe that



The Shipyard Band Competition, Held on May 10

it is one of the best organizations of its kind in the country. On this its second anniversary we all wish for the band the best of luck and many more years of existence.

Although there are many more pages which could be written about what the band has done for us, here in the yard, we were just about to close this story because of a scarcity of space when the following letters were received:

GOVERNMENT LOAN ORGANIZATION
TREASURY DEPARTMENT
LIBERTY LOAN COMMITTEE
WAR SAVINGS COMMITTEE
120 Broadway, N. Y., May 15, 1919.

From: Feature Bureau, Publicity Dept.
To: President, Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.
Subject: Appreciation Morse Dry Dock Band.

The Liberty Loan Committee desire to express their keen appreciation of the services of the Morse Dry Dock Co. Band rendered during the Victory Liberty Loan Drive. The band was in a peculiar position to materially help in the sale of Victory Notes. We have every reason to believe that their playing was an inspiration and an incentive to the purchase of Victory Notes far beyond the idea of any of its members.

Great stimulation was needed during the past campaign as the activities incident to war times had ceased, and inspiring music was the particular thing needed to awaken New Yorkers to their privilege and duty in the purchase of Victory Notes.

May I ask you to bring to the individual members of the band our cordial, best wishes and sincere thanks for the excellent work done during the Victory Liberty Loan?

Adding my personal thanks to you, sir, I am,
Cordially yours,
Thomas Wilson Switzler,
Chief, Division Parades and Bands Feature Bureau, Publicity Department.

ARMY COMMITTEE
VICTORY LOAN PARADE
4th Floor—461 8th Ave.
New York City, May 6, 1919.

From: Lieut.-Col. Bernard Lentz, G. S.
To: Bandmaster, Morse's Dry Dock Band, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Subject: Commendation.

On behalf of the War Department and as the representative of the department in charge of the Panorama of Victory, it affords me genuine pleasure in expressing to you and to the members of your band my sincere thanks for your zealous cooperation with us in making the parade on Saturday, May 3, a success.

Bernard Lentz.
Lieutenant-Colonel, General Staff.

These letters coming as they do from outside sources prove the worth of our band more conclusively than anything which we who are band enthusiasts could say.

The House of Success

There are no "lifts" in the House of Success,
And the stairs are long and steep,
And the man who would climb
To the top, in his time,
Before he dare walk, must creep.

Of carpets, there're none in the House of Success,
But the floors are hard and bare,
And you're likely to trip
And slide and slip,
In the pitfalls here and there.

There are no lounges or easy chairs,
Nor places to rest your spine;
But after you've won
To the roof—there's the sun,
And, ah, but the view it is fine!

The Optimist.



By Morse Photographer

Band Director, Daniel F. Shea

Second in Band Contest

THE best band won.

That seemed to be the sentiment of all who attended the shipyard band contest held on Saturday, May 10, at the Twelfth Regiment Armory, Manhattan.

Our band did not win. It was awarded the second place but in spite of that fact the occasion will be remembered as a memorable and stimulating one by all who were there.

Three other bands, the Downey, the Standard and the Submarine Boat were contestants. At the conclusion of the contest, the Downey Shipyard Band was awarded the first prizes—an oil painting and a silver cup. The Morse Band was awarded second place and the Submarine Boat Band, third place.

The Downey Band under the very able direction of Professor Leotti proved to be the "dark horse" sensation of the evening. The band, numbering only fifteen pieces, was handicapped by lack of size and volume of tone yet by the skill with which it rendered its two selections captured the coveted honors. The two pieces which they played were "The Cuban Serenade" and "The Guaranay."

Our band played a selection from "Faust" and "Our Directors' March" which has proved to be such a universal favorite among the men of the yard during the spring band concert season.

The judges of the contest were Victor Herbert, the noted composer, Nahon Franco and Pierre V. R. Keys. When they came forward to announce their decision Mr. Herbert explained that he had been selected as chairman of the committee of judges and stated that his associates and himself appreciated the precarious position they were placed in. He said:

"We are the artistic judges of this thoroughly delightful affair. It has been a great surprise to us to discover what splendid interest these shipyard bands have given to our beloved art. We know that you love these bands, every one of them, and of course you judge only from the heart, whereas we must be stern judges like those who sit on the benches in our courts.

"As I have said before, it is surprising to us how excellent is the general work of these bands and I have no hesitation in saying that they have done much for the cause of music. In announcing the winners let me first state that we were unanimous in our opinion.

"The first prize we give to the Downey Band. This band, though small compared to the next one we are to favor, was in detail, tone, color, rymth and all other fine artistic points the best. It was absolutely very artistic. The band played a most difficult overture and the last selection was excellent and difficult. The band aimed high and succeeded.

"The second prize goes to the Morse band. In volume this band excels the others of course, because it was larger and it is our opinion that it contains some very excellent material. Its tempo however, in the "Faust" selection, was not quite as good.

"The third prize we award to the Submarine Boat Band which played its two selections very well.

"We regret that we are unable to give a prize to the Standard Band. This band did not aim high enough. Its selections were very easy. The other bands aimed high."

In connection with the contest a Victory Loan rally was held. The speakers for this part of the program were provided by the War Camp Community Service. Speeches were made by Leo Healy, Colonel Cecil Williams of the Canadian army, and Commissioner Wallace of the New York Police Department and Judge Knox of the U. S. District Court.

Commissioner Wallace spoke of Bolshevism and of the part which that group of misled people had taken to hinder the successful conclusion of the Victory Loan drive.

At the conclusion of the rally Commissioner Wallace announced that two hundred bonds had been sold in twenty minutes. Each purchaser received a medal made from the metal of a captured German gun and stamped at the United States Treasury.

After the contest was over a dinner to all of the bandsmen and a few invited guests was given by the victorious band at Thomas Healy's in the Jungle Room. There were about 350 guests. Included in this number were the wives and lady friends of some of the bandsmen. John Quinn, service manager of the Downey Shipyard, was toastmaster. Dan Shea made a speech in which, according to all of the true sporting instincts for which Danny is noted, he said that the result was rather a disappointment to him but that the best band had won.

Myself and Me

I'm the best pal I ever had,
I like to be with me,
I like to sit and tell myself
Things confidentially.

I often sit and ask me
If I shouldn't or I should,
And I find that my advice to me
Is always pretty good.

I talk with me and talk with me.
And show me right and wrong;
I never knew how well myself
And me could get along.

I never try to cheat me,
I'm truthful as can be;
No matter what may come or go
I'm on the square with me.

The Rumbler.

Sandy and John were sitting in a car when a pretty girl got in and smiled at the former. He raised his hat.

"Do you know her?" asked the Englishman.

"Oh, yes, very weel," the Scot replied.

"Well, shall we go and sit over beside her, and then you can introduce me?" asked his companion.

"Wait a bit," returned the canny Scot. "She hasna paid her fare yet."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Our Heavyweights

YOU don't have to wait until July 4 to decide the heavyweight championship of this yard. Just look over this picture and take your pick for here are the two leading contestants. Miss Maude Wilson is the heavy favorite among those of our office force but the boys of the yard say that she doesn't stand a chance when Tom Cavanaugh, hull department, is around. A final decision will not be given. Our yard rules don't allow it, but everyone is privileged to make their own choice.



Honesty Pays Best

HENRY JOHNSON, a porter on the night shift, while at work in the main office building early in the morning of May 11, found a twenty dollar bill on the floor. The next morning, on his own time, he came from his home to the office to find the owner. A notice was posted and Frank Motto, timekeeper, was found to be the owner.

The next time that you come into the office in the morning and find that your rubbers, your umbrella, or even a box of thumb tacks have been lost, think just a moment and try to remember this story before casting slurs on the porters as so often happens. The porters have frequently been blamed for many things that they have been in no way responsible.

In Henry Johnson we have a tangible proof of the fact that they are as honest as any one else. We are proud that Henry Johnson is one of our fellow employees. To be sure that we are working among honest men is something worth while to all.

Billie Burke of the carpenter shop is pretty proud of that picture of himself which was used in the last issue of THE DIAL. He says that his wife has it on her dresser now and that every once in a while she says, "Bill, I never realized what a handsome man you were." We think Mrs. Burke ought to give THE DIAL photographer a little credit.

He who spends half his time telling how much work he does, does half as much work as he might.

Beauty, it is said, is only "skin-deep," but the wise man knows better.

Miss Campbell Weds

MISS BERNICE CAMPBELL, the little blue-eyed lady of the hospital staff who made so many friends while she was employed here, has gone and done it. She is now Mrs. Jack S. Niles, if you please. The wedding took place in Pottsdam, N. Y., on April 30. She will live in Montreal, Canada, "happily ever after," we sincerely hope.

Miss Marie Anderson is now Miss Jensen's assistant in the hospital. Miss Anderson is a long time friend of Miss Jensen and was formerly a nurse at the Norwegian hospital.

Our Spring Dance

INSTEAD of the regular April meeting of the Employees' Association, a Spring dance was held in Prospect Hall on the evening of April 30. The occasion will be remembered for a long time by all who were there, for it was one of those pleasant family affairs which are such a pleasant feature of the Morse yard.

The hall was decorated with flags of the Allied nations. Impromptu decorations in the form of many streamers thrown from the balcony overhead added to the festive appearance of the hall and made of the decorative scheme a perfect riot of colors. Caps, rattles and whistles were given to everyone as they entered and with the dancers, gaily bedecked in varied colored caps swaying back and forth over the dancing floor the scene presented to the eyes of a late arrival resembled that of a Mardi Gras night. Music for the dancing was furnished by a contingent from the Morse band led by "Clancy," the Employment office violinist.

Toward the middle of the evening a roll of the drums announced H. G. Hoover, our vice-president, who presented gifts to George MacKay, president of the Association in 1917, James MacFarlane, president in 1918, James M. Donovan, secretary, and Mortimer W. Mead, treasurer. Mr. MacKay was presented with a huge silver loving cup; Mr. MacFarlane received a gold mounted elks tooth; Mr. Donovan was given a pair of diamond-studded cuff links and Mr. Mead, a gold watch. Short messages of thanks were given by all of the men who had been presented with gifts and then the music started again, and dancing continued until the very last note of "Home, Sweet Home" had been sounded.

A feature of the evening was a novelty dance in which vari-colored lights were thrown upon the dancers as they twirled around the floor. Toy balloons were tossed from the balcony and floated down toward the dancers below.

Our Own Printing Shop

IN connection with his general policy of making the Morse plant as thorough and complete as possible, Mr. Morse has had installed an up-to-date, well-equipped printing shop on the top floor of the North Building. Practically all of the printing which is required by the Company will be handled by this new department, which will not only effect a considerable saving in time, but will save much expense. The department is under the general supervision of B. E. Barnes, DIAL Editor.

Phil A. Hartwell is in direct charge of the work of the department. Mr. Hartwell comes to us after an extended period of service overseas where he was connected with the 53rd Balloon Company. Before the war he was connected with Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, L. I., in their printing dept.

Brag is a good dog, but Hold-Fast is a better.

Out Calling

AFTER looking over this picture, do you wonder why a certain little lady who lives in this town powders her nose ever so carefully whenever George comes around? You wouldn't wonder why George looked so happy either if you knew what we know—sh-h—that same little lady took the picture and George, of course, was doing his best. There are rumors around the office that there may be a Mrs. George Kosovsky soon.



Fire Department Works Well

AN overheated steam valve which burst and flooded the forepeak of the U. S. S. *Westchester* caused a great deal of excitement among the men of the night shift on April 21 at 11.45 P.M. The steam heated the shell of the boat until it was so hot that fire was supposed to have broken out in the forepeak. An alarm was sent in to the city fire department but both the engines and the fire boats *New York* and *Mayor Gaynor* arrived upon the scene after the cause of the excitement had been discovered.

The incident served to again prove the efficiency of our volunteer fire department. Almost as soon as the alarm was sounded the chemical engine from the machine shop station, manned by men who had been drilled to use it, was on the dock alongside of the *Westchester* and if a small fire had broken out it could very probably have been extinguished long before the city fire apparatus arrived.

A small fire due to a short circuit on one of the portable electric welding machines occurred on Pier 2 at 7.30 A.M., May 10. The fire damaged the welding machine considerably but was put out before it could spread further. Two of the extinguishers from the burner shop were used and it was not necessary to send in an alarm for the city fire department.

Girls Enjoy Picnic

By Miss Joan C. Sharp

A NOON-HOUR "Come-and-bring-your-lunch" picnic was held on Tuesday, May 20 by the girls of the office for the benefit of the Salvation Army Drive. Twenty of the girls gathered in Room 216 where they held a raffle of the lunches. Mrs. Tillotson, who arranged the picnic, raffled off two boxes of flowers, one of American Beauties, and one of Lilies-of-the-Valley. All were anxious to get the flowers, and after much excitement Miss Travers finally won the American Beauties which turned out to be a box of radishes. Miss Margaret Casey was the winner of the Lilies-of-the-Valley—a nice large bunch of fresh scallions. The proceeds of the raffle amounted to $15.50.



After the luncheon there was dancing on the roof. When the "five to" whistle blew there were all kinds of requests and pleadings for just one more, but Band Leader Dan Shea just wouldn't be persuaded.

Those who were present had a very enjoyable time and other noon hour parties will be held during the summer months.

"Down on the Farm"

WHEN the Morse Company first started to build a new sectional dry dock it took eighteen months approximately, to contract the first section. Delay in receiving the necessary supplies contributed somewhat to the cause of this comparatively slow work, but the efficiency of the "farm gang" could not have been at the high pitch at which it is now, for the newest section is to be completed in eighty-nine days.

This figure was given out by George MacLaurin, the "farm boss" and when he says anything we are pretty sure that it is true. His prophesy as to when the fourth section was to be launched was fulfilled to the minute. To complete a dry dock section in eighty-nine days is some record and we would like to hear of any other yard who can or has beaten it.

"Andy" Christie now possesses an office. It is located in the northern part of the machine shop; to be more exact, in the northeastern corner. It measures about 4 x 8 feet and Christie has to go outside every time he wishes to stretch. One advantage of the new office is that "Chris" now has a locker large enough to accommodate his several pairs of rubber boots. His office windows are glazed in a most futuristic fashion. We don't know whether it's part of the pattern or just a slip of the painter's brush, but anyway, right in the center of one of the lower panes is a tiny hole which affords the eye a clear view of the yard.

The "farm's" new chef is George H. Davis, who has succeeded Mrs. Carter as manager of the "farm" restaurant. The restaurant, in its attic quarters above the toolroom is very inconspicuous, but nevertheless, quite a place. It accommodates over 200 men each meal time, meals being prepared in the most modern fashion, with two large steam percolators and a large electric range. Not only does the restaurant accommodate the "farm," but also it serves a light meal at 4.30 P.M. every day to employees of the L. I. R.R. terminal nearby.

Two of the tug-boat fleet were down at the "farm" receiving a thorough "spring cleaning" recently. They were the tug *Solicitor* and the soliciting steam launch *Emily*, considered by its master, Henry Rochelle, to be the fastest soliciting boat in the port.

On Saturday, May 10, the fourth section of the new dry dock, was towed from the "farm" to the main yard and there coupled onto the three sections already in use. The sight of it has been greatly missed by the farm fellows, who got into the habit of regarding the imposing structure as sort of a land mark, or water mark.

The men on the "farm" according to the crew of *Derrick No.* 1, are working so hard that everyone has blisters on their hands. They are trying to get the section launched before July "Thirst."

John Johnson, engineer of the air compressor is wondering how he will ever get along without the wonderful "music" (?) of his machine after the "farm" is dismantled. Some say he intends to bring the compressor home so that he may go to sleep with its racket.

Jack Mulqueen has just purchased a new motorcycle. Mrs. Mulqueen knows just when to prepare Jack's supper for she can hear the darned thing all the way from 65th street. Jack is also taking a course in "How to Become an Electrical Engineer in Three Lessons." He says that pretty soon he'll be able to wire up a new coil. The fellows all hope that Jack will be able to invent some contrivance which will keep Jack Jacobsen, "Steeplechase Jack," from walking into the harbor up to his neck every time he gets a job near the slip.

Olg Olsen, blacksmith helper, has offered a reward for the return of eleven sandwiches. What the idea is we don't know, but that's what he told us.

George MacKay, former president of the Employees' Association, has been having a very hard attack of spring fever lately, according to a lot of the boys down at the "farm." Beside that he has been feeling as proud as a peacock ever since he was presented with that silver loving cup, given to him at the April dance of the Employees' Association. We think that MacKay has every reason for feeling proud. The cup is a beauty and a fitting tribute to him for the great work which he did during his term of office as president of the Employees' Association.

The boys down at the "farm," and especially Andy Christie are greatly interested in their flower garden, which they claim is the best if not the only institution of its kind in any shipyard to-day. After looking over what they have accomplished in the horticultural line we are inclined to believe that they are right. Tulips, hyacinths and a lot of other flowers the names of which we are not familiar with, flank the sides of Mr. MacLaurin's office in such a beautiful fashion that to look at the display makes a fellow feel like whistling "Home, Sweet Home."

The "farmers" are very thankful to Burnett Brothers, who supplied all of the seeds free of charge. Beside making the garden as beautiful as possible this year they are already making plans for a more extensive one by the time that next summer comes around.

A Man of the Right Sort

May 15, 1919.

Editor MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL, *Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., Fifty-sixth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.*

DEAR SIR: It would be a great privilege to express, through your paper, my appreciation and thanks to the employees of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co. From October 24, 1918 to May 3, 1919, I had charge of the Brass store room. Leaving a prosperous business to work in a ship yard for patriotic reasons, seemed a difficult undertaking, but I so thoroughly enjoyed the work, that it was no effort to beat the seven o'clock whistle by fifteen minutes. From the day of my employment, to the day I asked to be relieved, I was not late a morning, nor was I absent a day.

From the very first, I was impressed with the magnitude of the organization, the wonderful efficiency in completing large jobs, and the willingness of the average man in the yard to co-operate.

It soon became apparent that this organization did not run itself, but at its head was a man, who through sheer strength of will had mastered every detail. I soon noticed that this man was a tireless worker, and that every minute of the working day he was in touch with the yard. What employee of intelligence could fail to benefit by his example? Personally, I would have been ashamed to have been late or to have neglected the slightest detail, when I knew that the head of the yard was there in all weather at 6.50 A.M., when he could so easily have "Let George do it."

It has been a great pleasure to meet so many men of sterling worth, and I found them all good fellows, from the heater boys to the heads of the organization.

Many thanks to the men in the yard for their good fellowship and co-operation, and many thanks to the executive staff for their courtesy. Last, but not least, a feeling of gratitude to Mr. Morse, for permitting me to serve in his wonderful organization.

Very truly yours,
FRANK V. AINSLIE.

After all, the great difference between a man and a mule is that a mule seldom kicks without cause.

Old Friends Back

THE *El Sid* and the *El Siglo*, two ships which were converted into mine sweepers in our yard are now back on this side of the Atlantic where it is expected that they will soon be converted back to their former peace status. Both of these boats were completely fitted out for mine laying, in our yard.

After being converted into mine sweepers the *El Sid* and the *El Siglo* were renamed the *Canonicus* and the *Canandaigua* and it was under these names that they were known throughout the war.

The *Canonicus* according to a recent statement made by Capt. Reginald Belknap, U. S. N., who was in charge of the American mine laying squadron, laid 860 mines in three hours and thirty-five minutes. This string of mines would be long enough to reach farther than from Washington to Baltimore and is considered to be a record in mine laying.

There are many other thrilling tales about the work done by the "suicide squadron" as the mine layers were known, during the great war. The work done by that squadron was of the most dangerous variety. T. N. T. was carried during some of their excursions in quantities ten times as great as the amount which blew up the city of Halifax.

The most satisfying part of the whole thing is that American vessels made good just as American doughboys made names for themselves in the trenches. When facts show that at least two of these vessels were made ready for service in the Morse yard, who can say that we did not have a great and vital part in the winning of the war?

Passing the Buck

OUR riveters seem to have started something when they broke several riveting records a few months ago.

A little story about the records which our riveters made appeared in several New York papers. It was copied with comment by the *Merchant Shipbuilding News* and then again reprinted from that paper in *Forced Draft*, the plant paper of the Carolina Shipbuilding Corp., as the following item shows:

GIVE IT THE ONCE OVER

John Canton, a riveter at the Morse Dry Dock, South Brooklyn, together with his two helpers, has established a record of 9,153 rivets in eight days, or an average of 1,144 rivets every eight hours. Victor Sobatino and two helpers drove 5,760 rivets in six days, an average of 960 for each union day.

The above is clipped from a New York paper, and is passed on for your information. The *News* knows that we have the best riveters in the country right here in this yard. Let's show them that this can be beaten. Who will be the first riveter to show the Morse Dry Dock that for good riveters they must come to the Merchant yard.—*Harriam (Pa.) Merchant Shipbuilding News.*

And the *Forced Draft* respectfully submits to the *Merchant Shipbuilding News* that after its experts break the Morse Dry Dock record that they be sent to the plant of the Carolina so that they may really learn how to drive rivets.

Well, several months have passed and we have heard of no new riveting records that have been hung up. It seems as if we have started something that no other yard is able to finish.

A ten and one-half pound baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Otto Rochelle on Saturday, May 17. Otto is one of our inside machinists, and one of the most enthusiastic supporters of all Morse activities that we have in the yard.

FINISHING the BIG JOB



IF it were possible to find all of the men about the yard to-day who have recently been through thrilling experiences on the battle lines of France, and if these men could be either forced or cajoled into talking about them, volumes of war experiences could be recorded instead of the few pages which we devote to these war records now.

The English and the French delight in the narration of their war experiences. They are proud and have reason to be proud of what they have accomplished. Our own Yank doughboy, however, is reticent, although he has a record to be proud of too, and especially among the ex-soldiers in our yard is it hard to learn of the experiences which they have just been through.

One of the men whose war experiences would easily fill a book if all of them could be brought to light is Richard Slaght, plumber's helper, who very recently came to our yard. Perhaps there is not another man in the yard who more fully represents sacrifice in its highest form to the needs of a well-loved country than this man, for Slaght is to-day only a shadow of his former self, his nerves wrecked by shell shock, his faculties of speech ruined, his mouth slightly paralyzed, his whole system a jumble of seething nerves due to the experiences which he has so recently been through.

Slaght was at one time a range rider in Montana. War broke out and his "bunkie," a Frenchman, immediately answered the call to the French colors. Slaght, eager for any new experience and anxious to aid what he considered a just cause, accompanied him and both joined the same French regiment. At first they were with the 10th Division, Heavy Artillery, and then with the 55th Division. Slaght served three years and nine months in the French Army and in that time was wounded twice.

More about this haggard, silent man we were unable to learn until finally he consented to write a little story about some of his experiences at the front. His story follows. It is printed exactly as Slaght wrote it and is a narrative which, although in some places plain, ought to convey a lasting impression to all who read it:

"I will endeavor in my poor way to tell you about my pal, 'Pinkie' Meartha, and myself. We were range riders together in Montana when the war broke out in 1914, and 'Pinkie,' who was French, immediately determined to go. He asked me to accompany him, saying that we would probably be assigned to the same regiment. Well, I went, being a happy-go-lucky sort. We arrived at Paris. 'Pinkie' and I enlisted and sure enough we were kept together. After three months of training we were ordered to the front. We didn't see much of the real fighting until 1916, but let me tell you, we saw enough rain, snow, mud, death and stark fear during that time to fill our appetite for it. In the first part of 1917 we were transferred to the first line to man some trench guns. It was during this time that we lost all sense of time and being in the field. The things we saw on the march turned us sick, we could hardly sit on the gun horses. The worst crime that the Hun committed, to my mind, was the crucifixion of babies. The other things we saw were too hellish for me to tell you. We got to our sector in a blinding snow storm. Then followed weeks of white Hell. You sitting in your warm and dry homes could not imagine the suffering in the first-line trenches and I cannot describe it to you. All through it, I never heard a word of complaint from any of the men. The spring of 1917 came and also the real battle, fighting during the day and marching by night, week after week. We were so tired and haggard that we dropped in our tracks in the mud, sleeping. Often we would doze off while shooting. One night 'Pinkie,' three others and myself were detailed on wire duty. It was raining in sheets, and dark as pitch. We were well out in 'No Man's Land,' and it was a stinging, creeping feeling when one grabbed a dead hand or a body. All of a sudden a hand shot out of the dark into my face and then we found ourselves fighting as we never fought before. It seemed to me that there were fifty of them to one of us. But they only counted twenty-five good Huns the next day. 'Pinkie', the poor old chap, was bayoneted in the side and died three hours later in my arms, telling a funny story. After 'Pinkie' passed away I was sent to a base hospital as I had been wounded in the left foot. It was there that I learned the meanin of the words, grit, faith and hope. Afte spending some time in the hospital I went bac to the front and fought the best I could. Bu I missed 'Pinkie' and when things were quie I was accustomed to search and see if I couldn' locate his grave, but I was unsuccessful. The came the day the world will never forget, th day of the coming of the Yanks. At that tim the French Army was holding on by sheer nerv only and were covering the retreating troop with heavy artillery fire. The Yanks cam along singing and believe me, it was the happies day of my life to see them. I could hardl believe my eyes. The tide of battle changed but I didn't see much more. I was put out o the game when a shell struck an ammunitio truck and killed all but two of us. I came to with half a body laying across me and I knev then that I was out of the game for good."

That is the conclusion of Slaght's story He neglected to say, however, that he was twic decorated, once for an unusual display o horsemanship, and once again with the Croi de Guerre for distinguished bravery in th field. After his foot wound he returned to hi regiment, but the war was soon over and, afte being discharged in France, he came home on a American transport, and now we find him i the plumbing department.

Fielder Jones, one of the former Morse boys who we have been hearing from quite frequentl through his letters, which have been publishe in THE DIAL is now back at his old job in th sheet metal shop again. Jones left the yar just about a year ago and was sent to Spartan burg where he became attached to the 52 Pioneer Infantry. A month later he sailed fo France and saw a lot of action at the fron before the armistice was signed. He was in al of the heavy fighting a Verdun and in the Argonn sector and came out of i all without a scratch.

Jones says that while i France he received THE DIAL regularly and that i kept him in touch with th activities of the yard so wel that he did not feel at all lik a stranger when he first cam back. He left France Marc 31 and arrived in New Yor April 13. His return trip wa made on the *Luckenbach*, on of the Navy boats laid up a our docks recently.

Jack Finneran and Bil Major, we never think o them separately, are nov back in the good old Unite States after their long term o service in France. Bill i already back at his old job i the traffic department an Jack is again sporting a Mors badge around the yard an dry dock.

It would be a very strang thing if Finneran did no come back, especially sinc Major is now here, for the tw

"THE boys just waited in line for that DIAL *when we were in France and all of them enjoyed reading it whether they had ever seen the Morse yard or not."*

That was the story brought to the office of THE DIAL *recently by Harry Anderson, of Ambulance Company 21, one of Eddie Shea's buddies in France and Germany. Anderson was honorably discharged from the army in April because of disability, and although he had never worked in or seen the Morse plant, he came down to visit us as soon as he landed in New York.*

"I am from California and have no friends in New York," he said, "but from reading THE DIAL *for so long it seemed as if you all were my friends down here so I came down to see you."*

We were glad to see one of Eddie's old pals and to learn from him that when he last saw Eddie, on March 29, he was in perfect health and feeling fine.

The March DIAL *had not arrived in Germany before Anderson left and so he was very much interested in the picture of four of Shea's buddies "over there," which was used on page eleven of that issue.*

The dog in the picture, he said, had been wounded and gassed since the picture was taken and now wears a wound stripe on his blanket.

Anderson also spoke of the work of John Powell, our dry dock poet, and said that many of his little jingles and poems had been learned and were continually being quoted by the boys of Ambulance Company 21.

Of course we were pleased to hear of how THE DIAL *was being received by the boys in the service "over there." Such news would very naturally please us, but it ought to please every one of you whose magazine* THE DIAL *really is.*

THE DIAL *is received in far away places and received there with enthusiasm and interest. It represents you and your work to people who have never seen New York or heard of the Morse yard. Help us to make your magazine better so that it may better represent you to them.*

of them have been inseparable pals ever since we have known them. Their friendship began in the yard and was continued when they went abroad.

Both of them were among the best correspondents which we had and through their letters, which appeared in the columns of THE DIAL, we have been able to keep track of them and learn of their experiences while in the service. Major was wounded just a day or two before the armistice was signed and was in the hospital for quite a long time. There was a rumor around the yard to the effect that his leg had been shot off. Bill's return, we are glad to say, has proved this rumor to be untrue. He was severly wounded in the leg, but his wounds are healing fast and he will soon be none the worse for his experience.

William Puetz, burner, now back with us, is one of the old Morse employees who left the yard to go into the service. He has been back at his old job several months, but his return did not come to our attention until recently when he came up to THE DIAL office to get the copies of THE DIAL which he did not receive while away from the yard.

Puetz left the yard early in 1918 to enlist in the naval aviation service. After a short training period in Charleston, S. C., he was sent abroad, sailing for France on June 15, 1918. He sailed on the old U.S.S. *De Kalb*, the vessel which all of the newspapers reported as being sunk by a German U-boat and from Puetz we obtained a first-hand account of the thrilling experience which the troops on board that ship must have had on their voyage over.

The *De Kalb* was not sunk, but if it had not been for the sharp eyes of the gun crew aboard her she would be at the bottom of the sea to-day. Just off the coast of France she was sighted by a submarine which immediately launched a torpedo. Everyone on board thought that the boat was gone and orders were given to man the life boats, but the officer at the wheel swung the ship around sharply and the torpedo just missed its mark. The gun crew on board the *De Kalb* then got to work and soon nothing remained of the U-boat but a big slotch of grease floating on the water.

While abroad Puetz visited almost all of the big European cities and was stationed for a considerable length of time in both Paris and London. He says that he enjoyed his experiences abroad, but that the happiest moment in his life was when the Statue of Liberty first loomed into sight and that his next happiest moment was when he was again a part of the Morse burning department.



Top picture, Jack Finneran of the traffic department, recently returned from France; center, Richard Slaght, plumbing department, an American who served with France; lower, Fielder Jones another old Morse employee recently returned from the front.

Pictures by Dial Photographer

James Donovan, of Mr. Hallock's staff, has recently received a letter from William Nelson, a friend of his who formerly worked in the yard, and who is now stationed on board the U. S. Submarine Chaser No. 96 at Ragura, Austria. His letter reads:

"We are working for the food commission here supplying this country with flour and other staples. We have been doing a whole lot of work here, but things are pretty well settled now and all we have been doing for the last month is having a good time. It sure is some easy life. Where we are now is supposed to be the summer resort of the millionaires of Palmata, and it sure is a pretty place, but I would rather be back in dear old Brooklyn than here. There was a company of doughboys at Cattaro, Austria, and we sure did have a good time with them, but now we are all alone as they have returned to the States on some of our destroyers. Lord knows when we will get back, but we hope it will be soon. The weather here has been awful as it rains a little every day. We have only had two decent days since we came here. We are having pretty good eats at times and some times not, as our boat can't carry enough supplies to last until another supply comes in for us, but we can't kick as we are having an easy life."

Eddie Shea is still in Germany and still keeps us in touch with what he is doing along the banks of the Rhine through interesting letters to his brother, Dan, our bandmaster. Eddie's letters are always full of snap and interest and give a very good idea of life as it is among the boys of the American Army of Occupation. "Our March to the Rhine," is the title of an account in diary form, of his adventures in Germany which Dan received last month, and which we print at this time. Eddie Shea is stationed with Ambulance Company 21, 4th Division. His letter is dated April 1 and reads:

"Starting from Ville Essey on November 20, we hiked to Beauconville, reaching there at 3 P.M. Pitched tents for the night. November 21—Left at 7 A.M., arriving at St. Benoit at 9 P.M. Pretty stiff hike. Pitched tents again. November 22—Left at 7 A.M. for Puxieux, arriving at 3 P.M. small hike and glad of it, felt a little tired. Buddy on guard all night at Headquarters. Pitched tents. November 23—Left for Moneyville, arriving at 3 P.M. Pretty nice town. Buddy and I found a boat chained to a tree. We cut the boat loose and rowed down the Moselle River. Later we met the owner of the boat, a Frenchman, who started a fearful yelling for his craft. We showed him a key and explained that that was how we released the boat and finally calmed him and he allowed us to continue our little row. We discovered a large pile of hay and straw on the opposite side of the river and brought several loads across in the skiff. The fellows sure were glad to get it for bedding in the tents as the ground was very damp near the river where the tents were pitched. Slept fine that night. November 24—Left Moneyville at 7.30 A.M., and at this point we were going from France. The company hiked two kilometres then they left their packs on the roadside. Buddy and I were picked to guard the packs, the company proceeding straight ahead. An army truck picked us up together with the packs and we passed through Perle and Luxemberg. An interesting feature here was the fact that we accidently stopped the auto on the border of Alsace and France. I had one foot in the former and the other still in France. We proceeded and arrived at Eukingen at about 11.30 A.M. Company got in at about 5 P.M. We were billeted in a large barn close to the river. It was a pretty town, with lots of cafes and pool-rooms. Plenty of Alsatians who had been just discharged from the German Army were seen around in full uniform. Left on December 2 at 7.30 A.M. for Catterton. We arrived early, feeling fine after hiking with full packs again. We slept that night in a hay barn. December 3—We left early and arrived in Tinze at about 10.30 P.M., passing through Treves, a large town where Marshall Foch and the armistice commission was stationed. We were marching in full pack and were very tired. We crossed the German border at 2.50 P.M. December 4—We arrived to-day at Hentern at 5 P.M., a small town. We slept in a hay barn after another day with full pack. December 5—Arrived at Ciol at about 10 P.M. Our field kitchen took the wrong road.

(*Continued on page* 19)

THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, and to the interests of the Company.

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The magazine is mailed without charge to all employees who keep us informed of their correct address. If you move let us know The Dial office is on the top floor of the North Building.

All communications should be addressed to B. E Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company, foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn.

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The Man with Vision

THERE are men who, during every working day, with each stroke of hammer, pen, or whatever implement they may use, are able to see farther ahead than the job immediately at hand. What we mean to say is that whenever they drive a rivet not only do they say, "Well, I guess that plate will hold now," but they are also able to see in what way that rivet will help the company, the shipping industry; in short, they get into the spirit of the game.

An inquisitive shipyard visitor once asked three riveters the following question:

"What are you working here for?"

The first riveter answered:

"For eighty cents an hour."

There was a man whose vision was obstructed by his own selfish motives, the enjoyment and spirit which ought to be in his work was not there.

The next riveter said:

"I'm trying to rivet that plate as it is in this blue print here."

There was a man who saw what he was doing. His vision was a little broader and he took upon himself a certain amount of responsibility.

The third riveter's answer was:

"I'm trying to do my part in repairing that ship over there in dry dock."

There was a man who saw beyond his wages, beyond his blue prints, into the realm of what was really being accomplished. He realized indirectly that he was doing something for his fellowmen, doing his bit to fulfill his mission on this earth.

Thrift—The Message of Money

THE dollar, you are told, is your best friend. That is not so of all dollars, Some dollars are a man's worst enemy. They are the ones he spends foolishly. The SAVED dollar is your best friend.

Anyone can be extravagant, but STRONG men save. The word ECONOMY is smaller than Extravagant but its meaning is BIGGER to YOU.

Some save on large things, and waste on small. Wise Ben Franklin said "LITTLE leaks sink BIG ships." His idea was—don't dribble out your dollars. He meant in dimes and nickels. He wasn't above noticing the pennies either. He said, "A penny SAVED is a penny EARNED."

What you earn is not nearly so important as what you SAVE out of what you earn!

Your SAVING POWER affects your earning power. The man interested in saving is naturally more honestly interested in his work. He is anxious to earn more so he can save more and be secure earlier in life. He gives his job the best in him that he may get the best out of it.

Saving brings with it self respect. You can't hold your head high if your bank balance is low.

Saving lessens worry. It advances your care and anxiety, lifts a load from mind, heart and CONSCIENCE.

Every great business man who worked up the ladder to the top, made the first step upward, the rung above the bottom, THRIFT.

So thrift is a law of Nature, just as regard for your health is another of Nature's rules. If you break one of Nature's health rules, what follows? Disease, suffering, hopelessness, poverty.

Money breeds money. One hundred dollars, at 4 per cent. in any savings bank or trust company, will become two hundred dollars in twelve years—and almost anyone can save $100 per year by the exercise of ordinary care. Thrift was the foundation of every fortune; it is the key to success and peace of mind.

NOW is always a good time to do anything. Get started on that bank account of yours NOW—sooner, if possible!

Save to your limit and TO A PURPOSE. Fix in your mind a sum to be saved by a certain date. Have a goal. You wouldn't start a journey without a destination. Begin your bank account with an OBJECT. Then direct every dollar, every spare quarter, every loose dime toward that object! Get the zest of the game. Go into it with the got-to-save-it-or-bust spirit. You'll win. Try it. Let's go!

Commonsense Talk

WHEN you are handling hot dies why not use a heavy glove? Many a festered and blistered hand could be avoided by making use of that precaution.

We have many hospital cases each month due to the incautious handling of hot dies. There is nothing brave or manly about disregarding all of the rules of nature. One of them which we learned when very little children was that fire burns.

A passerboy working on the hull of the *Tocantins* the other day either forgot all about all of his early training or else thought that he was acting as a brave man when he picked up a hot die which had fallen from above. The result was a badly burnt hand, and he was forced to stop working until that hand healed up again.

Your two hands are two good friends. Without them very few of us are worth much and this fact is especially true in a shipyard, where practically every one, from the best mechanic to the humblest helper, would be powerless and useless to the company without both hands working at their highest efficiency.

Walter Crawford, superintendent of the hull department, when asked for suggestions to prevent careless accidents said: "No one knows more about riveting tools than the riveter. It's up to him."

What about it, riveters?

* * *

Honest Men Among Us

SEVERAL months ago seven men were discharged for cheating. They attempted to get their pay by dishonest methods.

Very few of us who have been in the Morse yard for any length of time believed that any great number of the men who work here among us would do that sort of thing. We believed that the majority of those who work here were honest men.

Recent facts have proved that we were right.

Peter Laurence, joiner, received his pay envelope several Saturdays ago, took it outside, opened it and found that it contained fifty dollars, instead of a smaller amount which he should receive. He knew that a mistake had been made and took the envelope to Peter Swanson, rivet counter and former timekeeper, seeking advice as to what he should do. Swanson explained that the money ought to be returned to the cashier's office. Laurence took it there and the mistake was corrected.

Peter Laurence was an honest man and we are proud of his association with us.

Honesty pays in the long run. Honest

dealing with the company may prove to be especially helpful some time.

There are men who are honest to the word with their fellows yet would cheat those who provide everything for them whenever possible. What is, we wonder, the logic which makes them feel that way?

Peter Laurence had imbedded in him honesty of a different sort. Honesty which is universal, which plays no favorites.

That is the sort of honesty which counts. It is the kind of honesty which we believe is possessed by a majority of Morse workmen. Not only because they are Morse men, but because they are real true to type Americans, the kind of men who have made it possible for the Stars and Stripes to fly to-day along the shores of the Rhine, the men who are the bedrock of the nation.

We are thankful to Laurence for his display of real honesty at this opportune time. He has proved to us that the yard is still filled with a type of man we are proud to see wearing the Morse badge, that it was only a case of a few gutter rats sneaking in a few months ago when the cheating at the cashier's booth happened.

* * *

From Cabin Boy to Fame

ARE we wrong when we say that a good example is the most virile force of progress; that one strong man, by setting a good example to his friends and associates wil help to create a large following of strong, honest and thrifty men?

Capt. William Dixon Burnham, a close friend of Mr. Morse, died recently at his home in Portchester, N. Y., at the age of seventy-one years. His had been a life of activity, an example worthy of review.

From cabin-boy to director of a large steamship company, his rise in life was remarkable, considering the early handicaps he had to overcome.

We hear much in these days of magnates, big business and various forms of business endeavor, of how machines are being used to replace men. The Bolsheviki type of individual would have us believe that the opportunities of the ordinary man for advancing in life are few. Even some men of high intelligence have stated that such a rise in life is now impossible.

There are just as many opportunities to-day as there ever were, and there will be just as many opportunities to-morrow as there have been in the past. Opportunities for success in life never decrease, they always increase.

Captain Burnham went to sea when he was fourteen years old, serving in the most humble position. He applied himself to the tasks which were set before him with an energy and thoroughness which always characterized his work. Most of his early sea-faring days were spent on clipper ships, and he traveled all over the world on those fast sailing vessels for which America then was famous. At one time his clipper *Pactalus* held the sailing record from San Francisco to Liverpool.

There are many who have risen from the humble position of cabin boy to the captaincy of a boat, but Mr. Burnham differed from other men in that he was not satisfied to stand still. In 1898 he became one of the principal organizers of the American Hawaiian Steamship Company. He made the opportunity for himself.

"Shall He Still Be King?"

I ask you to sign my next petition because I am the mightiest king that ever lived.

Other kings have yielded to me as a child to a sire; even have I laughed at all the gods of every land from Osiris to Jehovah.

With my breath I have wiped whole nations from the face of the earth.

For me men have discarded honor and women virtue.

I destroy ambition, ruin statesmen, and still they love me.

I fill insane asylums and prisons, house my subjects in hovels and feed them on husks; still they love me.

Fathers give me their sons, mothers their daughters, and maidens their lovers and beg me to stay.

With one touch I have ruined great industries.

Judges yield to my power and lawyers forget under my spell to plead.

I burn cities; with one touch I have sunk navies and destroyed great armies.

I never sleep. I turn gold into dross, health into misery, beauty into caricature, pride into shame.

The more I hurt, the more I am sought.

I by turns raise man to highest heaven and sink him to deepest hell.

I am Satan's right hand man, I do his work freely, cheerfully and without pay.

Yet he is ashamed of me.

My name is *Rum*.

During the strenuous days of general seamanship he had studied to learn his position so thoroughly that he became recognized as one of the best ship captains in the country, and it was not long when his knowledge advanced him in the newly organized steamship company to the position of general manager.

Captain Burnham remained in harness almost up to the day of his death.

Some day when you feel that the future holds very little in store for you, read over again this story of the life of Captain Burnham. Starting in as he did, the prospects of future advancement probably were less bright than those which confront most every man in the yard to-day. His rise from cabin-boy to captain was not phenomenal. There are many men who have done that very same thing, but how many have attempted to rise still higher?

Captain Burnham evidently did not believe that there were any vocational boundary lines. As soon as being a captain showed no further future for him, he stepped out and became a manager of captains.

There are opportunities to-day; just as many of them as there were years ago. It is only necessary to find them, and once they are found to make the most of them.

* * *

Anent the Back Pay

AT the last meeting of the Employees' Association there was a healthy discussion of some of the things which vitally concern every individual in the yard. We have not the space in this issue to discuss all of these matters as fully as we desire, but one matter which concerns the magazine in particular calls for our immediate answer. The other questions will be taken up in the next issue.

The speaker whose untimely death is sincerely regretted by everyone, stated during his talk about the back pay that he had read an item in THE DIAL which "sounded awfully good," but which he "almost doubted." The item in question was on page 7 of the December issue. It was an explanation of the back pay situation at that time, and stated among other things that Mr. Morse had ordered the money due the employees to be paid from the Company's funds rather than to wait any longer for the Government to pay the bill.

We do not feel that the speaker sought purposely to cast any reflection upon THE DIAL, but his remarks are apt to be misleading. The editor wishes to state that he personally wrote the item in question, after careful investigation, and that he will stand back of every statement of fact made in the item. He will wager a straw hat against a red necktie that it is a fact that the money was paid by the Company before one red cent was received from the Government, and furthermore that not even up to this day has the Company received a nickel in return. The amount involved is a quarter of a million dollars.

This explanation is not in defense of the Company, because those who have worked any length of time under the leadership of Mr. Morse know that they can depend upon him to do the fair thing by them. The explanation is, instead, an attempt on the part of the Editor to reassure the employees that THE DIAL can be depended upon to report serious matters as authentically and truthfully as it is humanly possible.

$23,000 Is Subscribed

APPROXIMATELY $23,000 was subscribed in the yard to the Victory Liberty Loan by Morse employees. If it were possible to ascertain just how many men subscribed to the loan through outside sources a great many more thousands of dollars could probably be added to this amount. Regardless of this fact, however, the $23,000 dollars which was collected at the Employment office is a very gratifying result when it is remembered that during this drive no organized effort was made to obtain subscriptions in the yard.

Morse men had done so well during all of the four previous drives that when plans for the Victory drive were being considered those in charge decided that the men of the yard would perform their patriotic duty this time without the aid of brass bands, fiery speeches, and other forms of soul stirring propaganda.

The final result shows that Morse men were judged rightly. Enormous figures may be absent this time, but the number of little blue buttons, which were so much in evidence wherever the Morse badge was seen is proof enough that Morse men again recognized just what their duty was and acted accordingly.

Joseph Dirosse, most of us know him as "Clancy," of the Employment office, had charge of the subscriptions taken here and deserves credit for the efficient way in which he handled his job. His reports show that $2,500 was collected in cash and that $20,250 was subscribed on the partial payment plan. There were 275 fifty-dollar bonds, 60 one-hundred-dollar bonds, and one $500 bond purchased. The $500 subscripton was made by Everett Archer of the burning department. Joe Henderson, of Mr. Hallock's staff, purchased the first four bonds sold.

Record Installation Job

ONE of the recent record jobs turned out by the boilermakers was that on the *Waaldijk*. The work consisted of the installation of entire new uptakes, and it took John Yeadon and Bob Anstett, boiler snappers, and twelve men, working until 11 P.M., each night, exactly six days to complete the job.

In conjunction with the installation work it was necessary to include the removal and replacement of the stack, alterations of the donkey stack and repairs on the furnace doors, stay bolts and ash guards. This work was included in the same job. The removal and replacement of the stack was accomplished by skewer poles without the aid of a derrick.

Mr. Stephens, superintendent of the boilermakers, estimated that it would normally take three weeks to finish the job.

The boilermakers also had quite a job on the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria*. Drawplates in all four fire-rooms and alleys were renewed in nine days. William Bentley, snapper, and fifteen men working ten hours each day, were responsible for the work, which was compelled to be of extra well and neat fit to pass the strict eye of the Naval inspectors. The Naval authorities asked especially for Bentley's supervision of the job because of the good work which he turned out on the U. S. S. *Baltimore*.

An election of representatives on the Conference Board and the Board of Directors to represent the burning department was held on May 16. As a result of the balloting, James MacFarlane was elected director and William Cantwell and John Wixted were elected to represent the burners on the Conference Board.

Louis Leiser is now a member of the Conference Board representing the plate shop. In the announcement of new Conference Board members given in the May issue of THE DIAL we spelled Mr. Leiser's name wrong and we wish to correct the error at this time.

Terms Used in Shipbuilding

By Walter K. Crawford

(Superintendent Hull Dept.)

Sagging—Straining of the ship that tends to make the middle portion lower than the bow and stern.

Sail Needle—A heavy three-cornered needle.

Samson Post—A heavy vertical post that supports cargo booms.

Scantlings—The dimensions of various parts of the ship.

Scarph—A lap joint in wood or metal.

Scrieve Board—A board or temporary floor on which the body plan of a vessel is sometimes laid out.

Scupper—A drain from the edge of a deck discharging overboard.

Seam—Fore and aft joint of shell plating.

Seam Strap—Butt strap of a seam.

Serving Mallet—A tool used in serving or wrapping cord about a rope or cable.

Serving Board—A tool used in the same way as a serving mallet.

Set Iron—Bar of soft iron used on bending slab to give shape of frame.

Sheer—The slope of a deck fore and aft.

Shaft—Long, round, heavy forging connecting engine and propeller.

Shaft Tunnel—Inclosed alleyway around shaft extending from engine room to after peak tank.

Shape—Long bar of constant cross section, such as a channel, T-bar, angle bar, etc.

Shears—Large machine for cutting plates and shapes.

Sheer Plan—Side elevation of ship's form.

Sheer Strake—The upper strake of the main shell plating, just below the bulwarks.

Shell Expansion—A plan showing details of all plates of the shell.

Shell Landings—Points on the frames showing where the edges of shell plates come.

Shell Plating—Plating on the outside of the hull.

Shore—A large round wooden brace.

Side Stringer—A longitudinal girder at side of ship.

Snap Rivet—A rivet driven with a snap die. (Has a round or button head.)

Sounding Pipe—Vertical pipe in oil or water tank, used to measure depth of liquid in tank.

Spar—A long, round, wooden timber.

Spar Deck—Upper deck.

Spread—Distance at right angles to the center line.

Spur Shore—A slanting brace on either side of ship or ways.

Stability—Tendency of ship to remain upright.

Stanchion—A post or support, as an awning stanchion or a rail stanchion. Also applied to supports under deck beams, which in structural work would be "columns."

Staple—An angle bent around shapes and connected to plate, fitted water tight.

Stapling—Collars, forged of angle bars, to fit around continuous members passing through bulkheads, for water tightness.

Starboard—The right hand side of ship, when looking from aft forward. Opposite to port.

Stealer—A strake of shell plating that does not extend completely to the bow or stern.

Steering Gear—Apparatus for controlling the rudder.

Stem of Vessel—The stem is located at the front end of the vessel. It is made of bar steel. The ends of the shell plating are connected to same to give a finish to the vessel.

Stern—The stern is the after end of the vessel. It supports the stern frame, rudder-post and rudder.

Step—To set in place as applied to a mast.

Stern Casting or Frame—A heavy steel casting or forging at stern of vessel, supporting the rudder and to which the shell strake plates are fastened.

Stiffener—An angle bar, T-bar, channel, etc., used to stiffen plating of a bulkhead, etc.

Stop Water—Canvas and red lead, or other material, fitted between two metal parts to make a watertight joint.

Stowage—Every thing for support and fastening, as anchor or boat stowage.

Strake—A fore and aft course or row of shell or other plating.

Straight Plate—Is a straight plate without any curves.

Stringer—A fore and aft continuous member used to give longitudinal strength. According to location, are called hold stringers, bilge stringers, side stringers, etc.

Strut—Heavy arm or brace, a support for propeller tail end shaft used on boats with more than one propeller.

Tank Top—The inner bottom.

Template—A wood or paper pattern from which the plates and shapes are marked for fabrication by the ship fitter.

Tie Plank—The fastening holding the ship from sliding down the ways.

Tie Plate—A single fore and aft course of plating attached to deck beams under wood deck to give extra strength.

Tiller—Arm attached to rudder head for operating rudder.

Transom—The aftermost transverse frame.

Transverse—Athwartship, at right angles to the keel.

Transverse Frames—Are the frames or ribs of the ship, and when placed in position give the principal shape to the vessel.

Trim—Amount ship is off from an even keel.

Toggles—Wood timber around which rope is knotted or fastened.

Tomahawk—A tool used in finishing a rivet.

Torpedo—A steel plug forced through a pipe to expand lead tubing for lining.

Tumble Home—An inboard sloping of the ship's side above the level of greatest beam.

Upper Deck—The highest complete deck.

Uptake—Connection between boilers and smoke stack.

Water Line—The line of the water's edge when the ship is afloat.

Watertight—So riveted or calked as to prevent the passage of water.

Waterway—A narrow passage along the edge of the deck for the drainage of the deck.

Ways—Support for ship at time of launching.

Weather Deck—A deck with no overhead protection.

Web—The vertical portion of a beam, the thwartship portion of a frame, etc.

Web-Frames—Large frames built of plates used as stiffeners. Sometimes called "deep frames."

Welding—Making a joint of two metal parts by fusing more metal in between them.

Winch—A small hoisting engine.

Windlass—The machine used to hoist the anchors.

Yard—A horizontal, thwartship, spar fitted to a mast.

Bunch of Keys Found

A bunch of keys, probably belonging to someone in the yard, were found in Prospect Hall after the April dance. The owner may obtain them by applying at the Employment Office.

The Kaiser for the Circus

To the Editor of THE DIAL.

As the world gets down to normal and the circuses get on the road again, would it not be a good plan to have the Kaiser in a cage among the wild animals?—G. F. P.

AFTER THE WHISTLE HAS BLOWN

Looking 'Em Over

BASEBALL in all of its glory is with us again. For several weeks now the crash of bat against horsehide has been heard in the vicinity of Morse Oval, Fifty-first street and Second avenue, every Sunday afternoon. The shouts and yells of Morse baseball fans have served to inject more "pep" into our sporting activities.

Morse Oval, newly fenced and well "gardened," is now one of the best semi-pro fields that Brooklyn can boast of, and this fact, combined with the high class attractions which have been offered, is making of it a Mecca for all of the South Brooklyn baseball fans. If it were not for the short right field, the Oval would be ideal in every respect. We have a good antidote for that short right field, however, so why worry? Paddy Martin very seldom lets any of the boys who swing the willow when he is on the mound get anywhere near that fence with the pill, so it really doesn't make much difference how near home the fence is.

The "opener" of the 1919 season, played on Sunday, April 4, with the Standard Shipbuilding outfit, started out like a regular ball game and ended up like a woman's Bolsheviki reunion; all of the Bolshevikism being displayed, we are glad to say, by the Standard ball tossers and a few others from the wilds of Shooter's Island who considered it only right and proper that they should have a hand in the argument.

A great exhibition of ball playing was given to the several thousand fans who packed the Oval until the eighth inning, when the Standards refused to take a decision of Umpire Walter Burke at its face value, and after much wrangling departed for the shores of Staten Island with their guarantee well salted away but leaving behind a 9 to 0 decision forwarded to Morse when they left the field.

The argument which ended the game was started when, with the Standards at bat, Ferry singled, scoring Costello. With two outs against the Shooter's Island crowd, Fitzhenry struck out. Tee dropped the ball but recovered it and tagged Fitzhenry out. Claim was made by the Standards that Fitzhenry was not touched and they would not abide by the umpire's decision.

Things started out pretty smoothly in the first inning and all looked well for a great game.

The Standards, first to bat, failed to do anything to their material advantage, and then the Morsemen took a chance at the willow. The bags were soon filled and things looked great for an early start in the right direction. Then Herring, the Standard pitcher, tightened up, Crist flied out, "Mundy" struck out and Costello in left field smothered a long one from Pete Grant.

Right here let us say that the Standards have two great ball players in their outfield. Costello in left field picked 'em out of the air and just off the dust with equal ease, and Emrich couldn't seem to help getting right under all of the long ones placed in his direction.

The Standards started the scoring by getting two runs in the fourth inning. Then Morse got busy in the fifth and scored five runs. Paddy Martin came in with the first; he was followed by Bunny Dwyer and then, with the bases full, Pete Grant knocked out a three bagger, making it five. Standard collected another tally in the sixth and had one more to their credit in the eighth just before they decided to stop playing ball and go home.

In all fairness it must be admitted that Umpire Walter Burke did not have the eagle eye which is supposed to be a part of the equipment of every umpire, but even that fact does not excuse the Standards for walking off the field like a bunch of school children.

Paddy Martin pitched a great game for Morse. He struck out ten men and only allowed one base on balls. No one can complain of his stick work either. His support in the opening game did not seem to us to be quite up to the mark. Pete Grant did a lot of good work with the willow and gives promise of being one of our leading stick artists this season.

Morse	0	0	0	0	5	0	0	0	—	5
Standard	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	1	—	4

Batteries—For Morse, Martin and Tee; for Standard, Herring and Soper. Umpire, Walter Burke.

On the Sunday preceding that of the opening game our ball tossers traveled to Dexter Park and played a pre-season game there with the Bushwicks, which resulted in the score of 3 to 2, in favor of Morse. The game was the opener of a double header for the Bushwick outfit.

The Morsemen did all of their scoring in the fourth inning. Crist started the hitting bee with a two bagger and three runs were tallied to the credit of the Morse sluggers before the inning was over. In the seventh the Bushwicks came back and hung up two runs. Paddy Martin, on the mound for Morse, then tightened up and held them for the remainder of the game.

Morse	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	—3
Bushwicks	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	—2

Batteries—For Morse, Martin and Tee; for Bushwicks, Maloney and Hohman.

Tebo and Newburgh were to have been the Morse opponents in a double header on the Sunday following the Standard game, May 11, but cold weather and generally poor playing conditions made it necessary to postpone the game.

Joe Tee turned the trick which put Morse on the heavy end of a 5 to 1 score in the first game of the double header played on Sunday, May 18. Our opponent in the first game was the Elizabeth team, of Elizabeth, N. J. In the fourth inning, with the bags full, Tee let go a double which scored three runs for Morse

The 1919 Morse Baseball Team



By Morse Photographer

Dahlen, manager: Dwyer, c. f. and capt.; Braun, s.s.; Maloney, trainer; Crist, r. f.; Mundhenk, 1b. Tee, c.; McGarry, p.; Troy, 2b.; Bauer, 3b.; Hickey, c.; Brant, l. f.; Martin, p.; Bornhoeft, p.; Tom Plunkett, financial secretary

Former Welterweight Star



DUMMY MARSHER, chipper and caulker, is another one of the Morse family who was at one time pretty far up on the pugilistical ladder of fame. Dummy was a welter weight of considerable ability and was well known at many of the local clubs. His friends in the East New York section of the city thought that they were to have a champion among their list of friends for a while and the Dummy might have risen that high if he had not had an accident which forced him to give up the game. Marsher has never been seen in action at any of our boxing bouts, but is well known to the boys in the yard and very popular in his department.

Looking 'Em Over

(*Continued from page* 15)

Elizabeth squeezed in a run in the third inning but after that none of the boys from New Jersey were able to understand Jimmy McGarry's slants and a series of circles filled up the remainder of their end of the score board. McGarry pitched a fine game, allowed only four hits and had nine strikeouts to his credit.

The second game of the double header brought the Tebo Yacht Basin team into action and, incidentally, jolted the pride of several thousand good Morse fans. The Tebos demonstrated the fact that other shipyards in Brooklyn are also capable of playing ball. They beat us by the score of 3 to 1. Except for the seventh inning the Morse team played every bit as good a game of ball as did the Tebos. Mr. Jinx got by "Clancy" Dirosse, who sells the tickets, and Charlie Davis, who takes them in, and for a while it looked as if the men from Morse's had forgotten all they ever did know about baseball. After the seventh was over Mr. Jinx stretched and departed, but the damage had been done, and the game was finished before Morse had a chance to get started again. Paddy Martin pitched great ball and deserved to win his game. He struck out fourteen men and allowed only five hits. Bunny Dwyer also did some great work for Morse. In the sixth inning he made a catch which brought every one of the bleacherites to their feet. Pete Grant was in his usual good form.

(First game)

Elizabeth....	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Morse.....	0	0	0	3	0	0	2	0	0—5

(Second game)

Tebo.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0—3
Morse.....	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—1

A FEATURE of this year's baseball season is the Yard Baseball League, which is rapidly gaining in importance and, according to present indications, attendance and enthusiasm at the yard games, may soon rival that at Morse Oval every Sunday when the Morse "big nine" is seen in action.

The first game of the yard schedule was played on Monday, May 12, between the teams of the hull department and the carpenter shop. It resulted in a victory for the hull department boys. Yard games will be played every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday during the coming season. All games will be played at Morse Oval and will begin at 4.30 P.M.

One of the yard teams which is causing quite a sensation is that which hails from the pipe shop. Even Bill Dahlen, it is rumored, is seriously considering the advisability of making his "ball tossers" shine their shoes before trotting out on the field, so that the pipe shop team won't have anything on the "big nine" in point of neatness.

Uniforms with M. P. S. in monogram, bats, balls and gloves of the best material that money can buy, complete traveling equipment, a secretary, a manager, and again quoting "General Rumor," club stationary of its very own—that is what the pipe shop team can boast of this season. Beside playing in the Yard League it is the intention of the pipe shop diamond artists to travel on Sundays and in that way extend the fame of Morse's pipe benders to all parts of this neck of the woods.

Beside being a pretty sportily togged out outfit the pipe shop team can also play ball. That fact was made certain on Sunday, May 11, when it took the Sheridan B. C., a fast local nine, into camp by the score of 8 to 5. The game was played at Fifty-sixth street and Sixth avenue, Brooklyn.

On the roster of the pipe shop team there are many players who have had "semi-pro" and "pro" experience. Bill Gillholey, who holds forth behind the bat, has played with teams in the International League; Bill MacIntosh, one of the slab artists, played with Toronto, Canadian League; Martin Beranada spent several seasons with the Cuban Giants; Chick Albin and Joe Devine have played ball in the New England League; Charlie Crisp was a former Boys' High star; J. Stanton comes from the Flatbush A. C.; Joe Albin at one time played with Fall River, New England League; Joe Murtha has played with service teams.

Joe Martin is sponsor for the pipe shop combination. Joe Lowe is secretary and Chick Albin has been elected captain. The line-up: Gillholey, c; MacIntosh, p; Beranada, 1st base; Chick Albin, 2d base; Devine, 3d base; Crisp, s.s.; Joe Albin, c.f.; Stanton, l.f.; Mahling, r.f.; Murtha, Bittinger, utility fielders; Growly, pitcher.

THE football season ought to have been over several weeks ago at the very latest, and it would have been if it were not for the Robins and the fact that they would rather continue playing for the S. N. Y. S. F. A. cup all summer than lose it in a sportsmanlike manner.

When the cup competition was first started many months ago we played Robins in the first round, beat them and the game was protested with the result that it had to be replayed. Neutral grounds were chosen for the replay, everything prepared so that an occurrence of the same nature would not happen again, but it did.

Morse won the game by the score of 3 to 2 and then again Robins protested, stating in their protest that onlookers encroached on the playing grounds and spoiled the chances of their winning the game. The protest was made on technical grounds alone.

The fact that a team would stoop to protest a game on grounds of that nature might be overlooked once, but when the same thing is done twice in succession there can be no doubt in the minds of anyone that the Robins are sparring for time. They are holding the Morse team back from playing other and perhaps more worthy rivals and are in every way acting in a most unsportsmanlike fashion.

In the third replay of the game we met the Robins at Morse Oval on Sunday, May 12, and the game resulted in a tie which necessitated another game which was played on May 18 and resulted in a Morse victory by the score of 1 to 0. Morse led 1 to 0 at the end of the first half of the game on May 12. Robins equalized soon after the second period had begun, and then McGreevy scored the second goal for Morse. In netting the ball he fell and severely injured his right knee. He was carried off the field and taken to St. John's hospital to receive medical attention.

Minus one man the Morse team played on but was unable to prevent the Robins from scoring another goal before the final whistle blew.

Three teams have now reached the semi-finals of the Southern New York State Football Association competition. They are the Longfellows, Clan MacDuff and Newburgh. The fourth team to make the semi-finals even will be either the White Roses or Morse.

ABOUT the only item of interest to local ten pin artists this month is the three-cornered match between three of the yard bowling "sharks," Kelly, Dunn and Hohorst, which was played on Saturday evening, April 19, at the American Alleys. There had long been a dispute as to which of these three was "king" among them at the game and a three-cornered match for a stake large enough to make the argument interesting was considered to be the only logical way to settle the matter once and for all.

Billy Dunn, outside machinist, was on the heavy end of the score sheet when the pin boys put on their coats and left for home. His score totaled to 1,042. Louie Hohorst, water tender, was the runner up with a score of 1,022 while John Kelly, dock-hand, pulled up in the rear with a score of 1,007.

Yard Baseball Tournament

By William Roth

ON Monday afternoon, May 12, the Departmental Baseball League of the yard made its initial bow to the public. Despite the threatening and unbaseball-like weather about 200 fans turned out to see the fray. The contest was won by the hull department after a bitter struggle by the score of 1 to 0.

The game lacked nothing in formalities which the big leagues enjoy on opening day. Joe Lowe, of the pipe shop, one of the pioneers in the movement for the yard league, gave a short speech in which he told of the efforts on the part of the committee to make the league a possibility. Now that the league is under way it is up to the fans to show by their interest and attendance that the efforts of the committee have not been in vain.

(*Continued on page* 17)

A Valued "Contrib"



BILL ROTH, clerk in the carpenter shop, is one of those mysterious people who find time to do lots of other things beside holding down their job. He has been a DIAL "contrib" and enthusiast ever since the magazine was started and very few of our issues are without something from his pen. Just now Bill is taking care of the yard baseball tournament for THE DIAL. He was one of the pioneers in the movement to form a yard baseball league, and is one of the men who are responsible for the successful season which it is now enjoying. At the beginning of the season, Bill played with one of the department teams, but has since decided to report them only.

In accordance with all rules and regulations governing opening games there must be some one of some importance to throw the first ball, and the honor fell to Dan Shea, our illustrious bandmaster and assistant superintendent of welfare.

Having disposed of all ceremonies the two teams underwent some snappy practice and the game was called. The carpenters looked dangerous in the first inning when Willie Wolba became wild and issued a few passes, but he soon settled down and displayed some of the stuff that made him the idol of the old Shamrock Club, and pitched some fine ball.

In their half of the first inning the hull team produced a run on a couple of passes and an infield out. After the first the pitchers settled down to business and hits became scarcer than Bolsheviki in bathtubs.

Frank Lewis, alias Talcum Powder Pete, furnished the "piece de resistance" of the game when he speared a line drive with his gloved hand. It brought hearty applause from the crowd after which he doffed his cap and bowed promiscuously.

The self-same Lewis made the immortal Casey look twice as good as Ty Cobb at the bat and brought an uproar when he kneeled, as if in prayer, on an off-color decision by the umpire, forgetting momentarily some of his own work.

Tom Smith pitched a game worthy of a better result. If he was up against anyone else but Wolba he might have returned a victor. The carpenters' shortstop was right "there" all through the game. He made several pretty plays and shut off a few runs by covering up the other infielders.

Among the spectators were H. G. Hoover, Tom Smith, Sr., Frank Whitman, Joe Lowe, Joe McGuirk, and the surprise of the game came when Ensign E. S. Mills, formerly of the Navy Cost Inspection Department, stepped out to umpire the game.

The completion of the first week of play in the Yard Baseball Tournament shows four teams which have won their games and four teams which have lost their games, while the carpenter shop, which has played two games is on a fifty-fifty basis. The 1000 per cent. teams are those representing the hull department, outside machinists, pipe shop, and pipe coverers. The four teams which register zero are the burners, Navy cost, electricians, and timekeepers.

The second game of the season was played between the outside machinists and burners with the former winning by a 6 to 2 score. The effective pitching of Benson held the burners in check while the machinists hit Loop hard and at just the right times.

In the third game the reputation of the highly tooted pipe shop team suffered an awful blow when the Navy cost team piled up a total of ten runs against them. To be sure the pipe shop came out on the heavy end of the 14 to 10 score, but the pipe shop boys will have to show improvement if they expect to travel with some of the stronger teams of the league.

The pipe coverers walked over the electricians in the fourth game of the league and gathered eleven runs while the electricians collected one lone tally. In the carpenters-timekeepers battle the result was a victory for the carpenters to the tune of 11–7. The game was a close one and well played except for one bad inning when the electricians staged a blow up similar to the well-known "Black Tom." It was in the third inning and they gave away eight runs which put the game on ice for the carpenters. Smith, on the mound for the carpenters was hammered pretty hard during the last few innings, but the rally came too late. McCarthy pitched a great game, but was out of luck.

Frankie Callahan, former painter, is now up in the Maine woods resting up and doing a little training in anticipation of future hard battles.

With the Fight Fans

By Abe Yager, 2d

BASEBALL may be the leading feature on the athletic market at the present time, but even in the midst of baseball enthusiasm, our monthly meetings and boxing entertainments are not being forgotten.

"When is our next boxing show going to be held?" is one of the stock questions heard around the yard. One of the old-timers is said to have admitted to all of his friends that he stayed home with his wife for a whole week at a stretch just before one of the monthly meetings so that she would let him go when that time came around.

At the present time the boxing shows put on by the Employees' Association are about the only high class exhibitions of the manly art being staged in Brooklyn, and the shows which are put on here do not cost you one cent. The men in the yard should realize this fact. When it comes to giving its employees what they want, the Morse yard is the greatest place of its kind on this side of the Atlantic.

Frankie Fay, chipper and caulker, is going to lay off of the boxing game for the rest of the summer. Frankie has been offered the chance to meet several very good men, but thinks that a few months rest will do him a lot of good.

Jack Gannon, head timekeeper of the night shift, says that he will back his side kick Frankie Motts against anyone at his weight in the yard. Jack is no "dummy" when it comes to picking out a good fist swinger, and so we are taking his words rather seriously.

Bill Petrick, boss of the pipe coverers and an all around good fellow, was quite a boxer at one time and is still far from slow at the game. Bill keeps in condition by putting on the gloves quite frequently at one of the Jersey City gyms.

Gunboat Smith will be back into the big game soon, according to a statement which he issued recently. In answer to a question on the subject, the "Gunner" said: "It won't be long before I am back in shape again, and then I will be right after some of the big game." We all wish Gunboat the best of luck and know that he can make the best of them step around.

Young Sailor Burke, pipe coverer, Young Mack, pipe fitter, and Young Happy, boiler maker, boxed in the amateur contest of the New York A. C., held recently, and made a very good showing.

Nigger Mike of the hull department is thinking seriously of breaking into the boxing game. No, "Nig" doesn't want to box, although there was a time when he could swing a bare fist to good advantage, but he has a couple of promising padded mitt artists in mind and thinks that they would make up a very good and profitable stable.

Diamond Dust

(Scraped from around the bags)

OUR opening game with the Standards proved one thing—it's best to at least start the season with a bunch who know what an umpire is hired for.

When credit is being handed out, Joe Maloney, who is always pretty well out of sight during the course of the game, should not be forgotten. Joe is the club trainer and is doing a lot of good work for the team, even if he never does get a chance to knock a "homer" over the fence. When Bill Dahlen was the Brooklyn club manager, Joe was the trainer for his big leaguers, and when Bill came to Morse's Joe came too.

Another man who is doing a lot of good work for the ball team and doing it in a very inconspicuous way is George Keenan, cost department, official score keeper. George has a little desk all of his own down near the opposition bench and is a pretty busy man all of the time that the game is in progress. It isn't everybody who can keep a good score book, and everybody wouldn't want to bother with it either. Keenan knows baseball from A to Z, and is a true Morse enthusiast, willing to do something that will help whether there is glory in it or not.

While sitting in George's "private office" for a while we heard vague rumors from the Standard bench that Dan Griner was still playing ball. Too bad, because baseball is such a grand old game!

One look at Paddy Martin in action has proved to most of us that we won't have to worry much about the pitching end of the game this season. In the Standard game he struck out ten men and allowed but one free pass. The ten hits which the Standards did manage to gather were very well scattered.

Pete Grant knocked out a scorching triple in the fifth inning of the Standard game just at the time when it was most needed and the Morse score board had a lot more chalk on it when he got through.

Chad See, who twirled for us last season, left the company recently to join the Rochester Club, International League. Chad will be missed by many Morse fans. When going right, See was one of the most dangerous of all local semi-pro. moundsmen. Personally he was popular among his team mates and a great favorite among the boys of the paint shop where he worked.

One of the largest crowds that ever filled Morse Oval turned out to see the Standard game, and the enthusiasm displayed bodes well for a great 1919 season. Not one of the yard "live wires" was missing except—where was the band the night before, Danny?

Tom Plunkett was in evidence almost everywhere a fellow could look. Even the next day, when our "balltossers" had their pictures in the paper, Plunkett was there. Tom is a hard worker and deserves a lot of credit. As club secretary he has a big job on his hands and there is very little glory attached to it.

Directors Seek Honors

THE very latest seekers after baseball honors are the noted gentlemen of our Board of Directors. The news of a board of director's team comes to us as quite a surprise, but evidently the team has very serious intentions of breaking into yard baseball circles. It has issued a challenge to the winner of the Yard Baseball League and those in charge of the team claim that the yard championship will not be decided until that game is played.

We are proud of the spirit displayed by our Board of Directors. They "hitch their wagon to a star," but just as a suggestion—why not start out at something a little less difficult, THE DIAL team for instance.

The Board of Director's team will line up as follows: McFarlane, r. f.; Hoover, l. f.; Konop, catcher; McGuirk, s. s.; Donovan, pitcher; Bentley, c. f.; Hammer, 1st base; Kelly, 2d base; McGibney, 3d base.

We are glad to note the return to the Hull department of Michael J. Leonard who has been away on a vacation. Leonard, who is a shipfitter, has been in the Morse yard for many years. His absence has been noticed.

Baseball, as It Was

By John Powell, Dry Dock Poet

(John Powell attends a yard baseball game and this is how he reports the same)

OF all the games I ever saw was one the other day. In fact to be exact it was in the second week of May. For every inning, which was seven, you hardly knew who lost. One team was from the pipe shop, the other Navy Cost. The game it started out and found the pipe shop at the bat. The yeomen shut them out that half, a big surprise at that. The sailors then came up on deck, upon their faces a smile. The first ball pitched was clouted and knocked for near a mile. The next one also took a ride which made them yell for glee, and when the inning ended, 'twas the Navy led by three.

I won't attempt to record every inning that was played, for I wore down my pencil putting runs down that was made. 'Twas fun to watch them hit the ball, as over roofs they'd soar. They only lost, I think 'twas three, and then they called for more. The man they sent to get them was old and very lame. But he deserved the credit, for 'twas him that saved the game. The scoreman tired and weary with his pencil hand so lame, got on his knees and said a prayer—and then the darkness came.

The rooters were there good and strong, machinists by the score. The way they boosted for the Navy made the pipe shop sore. And when the first two runs were made they'd yell hurrah, hurrah! The only silent one was Lowe, he'd not a word to say. The only thing he had to do was smile a sickly smile and holler in a husky voice, "Now lads, you wait a while." But ere the game was finished there was one who didn't wait. 'Twas Joe himself who worked his way unseen up toward the gate. 'Tis true the pipe shop conquered, as Joe Lowe calls his men, but oh, the score, just look it over. 'Twas 14 runs to 10.

Paint Shop Notes

When the *Kaiserin Victoria* and the *Mobile* had been finished, 150 extra painters, who had been hired for the occasion, were released, which necessitated much labor on the part of Herman Noeher, the efficient pay roll clerk of that department. With 150 men clamoring at once for their pay slips, Joe Lake and one or two others had to open several windows to give Herman air.

One of our painters fell off a scaffold recently, and being badly shaken up, was taken to the hospital in the yard. The charming nurses there were very kind to him, as he lay pale and white, more from shock than injuries.

"Come," said one of the prettiest, "drink this and get well!"

"And rosy, too," chimed in another.

The painter braced up at once, looked from one charming face to another, and inquired, "Which one is Rosy?"

Frank Whitman wants to know why John Powell, our Dry Dock Poet, is so particular about who he roots against. At the Elizabeth-Tebo doubleheader, John contributed a lot of lively chatter while Elizabeth was in the field, but when Tebo took up the argument he suddenly became quiet. "Why not be regular, John?" Whitman asks.

We regret to note the death of Carlo Manto, rigger, who, while attempting to board one of our heavy trucks, slipped, fell beneath the wheels and was instantly killed on Monday, April 28. The accident was unavoidable and not due in any way to carelessness on the part of the truck driver.

Copper Shop Highbrows

IN the office of the copper shop there is an original oil painting of which the boys of that department are very proud, Other departmental offices have art collections. Oscar Kruger boasts of his "art gallery"; the electricians have a great collection of pictures and Captain Kirby has several "masterpieces" hung about his office, but the copper shop "oil" was painted by Mr. Jacobsen, superintendent of the copper shop and the boys there say that the other departments may have a larger collection, but that none of them can boast of an original painting by one of their own men.

The painting is of the U.S.S. *Hooker*, an old army transport, and is a very excellent piece of work, especially in the way in which the waves and sky are brought out. Mr. Jacobsen said that it took him about a year to complete the picture.

Acknowledgments

Editor of THE DIAL:

Kindly acknowledge my thanks for the floral tribute and the sympathy shown by members of the boiler department in the loss of my beloved wife.

CHARLES GILMORE, 590-92d street, Brooklyn.

May 10, 1919.

Mr. William Dunne, Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MY DEAR MR. DUNNE: Will you kindly extend my sincere thanks to the men for their very kind and generous contribution to me, and their sincere expression of sympathy. Thanking you and assuring you of my grateful appreciation, I am

Very respectfully yours,
(Mrs.) INGA OLEN.

5624 7th Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
May 22d, 1919.

Editor, THE DIAL.

DEAR SIR: I hereby wish to express my hearty thanks to all members of the rigging department and friends of my deceased husband who are working for the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., for the generous contributions after his illness and death.

Sincerely,
MRS. ANTON ANDERSEN.

League Notes

When Jim Weldon first saw the pipe shop baseball team uniforms he chirped, "Where are you going to a mask party?" Evidently Jim doesn't believe that many people will recognize the pipe shop boys in the new uniforms.

In his attempt to win the first game with the timekeepers Frank Whitman called all of his reserves into the fray.

Frank Lewis assisted the carpenters to win their second game. He stayed out of the game.

We are still wondering whether Bill Petrick is in the game for the sport of the thing or to reduce. We are in favor of the latter idea after seeing him pitch, all wrapped up in a big blue sweater.

A certain brush welder in the paint department was shy a ten-spot Saturday when he turned his pay envelope over to his better half. The shortage brought forth gentle remonstrations from friend wife, which later developed into more strenuous protestations. Our painter retorted, "Why worry about ten bucks; we'll soon be getting a pension from the War Department, won't we?"

"How come, what for?" said Mrs. Painter, quieting down a little.

"Why," said the knight of the brush, as he grabbed his hat and edged toward the door, "didn't we fight all during the war?"

How to Figure Your Back Pay

TAKE the first three figures of your automobile license and add it to the size of your shoes, then subtract from it the buttons on your last summer's suit, divide this by the size of your collar, add this to the amount of your unpaid taxes and laundry bills, and then divide this by 30 per cent. of your telephone number. Next add the total weight of your entire family, plus your income tax, divided by all the speeches on the increase of pay for shipyard employees that have been made, and this will constitute your back pay.

This valuable information has been found to be the only system there is to correctly figure out your back time. If you do not find it to be correct the first twenty-three times you have figured it out, try it thirteen times more.

Bob Kingston's Alibi

THEY tell a good story down in the old machine shop about Bob Kingston. Here's the way it goes: Bob Kingston, once upon a time when days were spring and balmy, took a day off in order to quell his rising spring fever temperature. The next day, when on his way to work, he began to think up an alibi. Darn it all, he'd have to think something up on the way. Just then he chanced to meet a fellow-machinist who told him that Henry, one of the old foremen of the shop, had just died. There! Bob had it! He would say that he had gone to see poor Henry!

So Bob entered the shop that morning with a face a mile long. "Poor Henry," he said, "It's sad as the devil, I was comin' along the street when Henry's daughter came running out and told me that her Pa was dead. He looked so natural. Gee it's tough." So the machine shop took up a collection for flowers and, well, it was certainly a sad blow. Bob got away with his alibi but the funny part of the whole thing is that the next day it was learned that Henry wasn't dead at all!

Record-breaking Job

What James Collins, chief engineer, says is a record-breaking job in his line was completed recently when one of the big boilers from the old boiler room was moved to its new location in the heavy forge shop in seven hours time. The boiler with its steam drums and tubes attached weighed about twelve tons. When in working order the power plant of the new forge shop will have in it the old boiler and another of equal capacity. Both have a capacity of 250 pounds to the square inch.

A Dirge to Whitman and "Red Hot"

By Frank Lewis

Backward, turn backward—Time in thy flight, make me a ball player for to-night.
Score—Timekeepers, 7; carpenters, 11.
Sounds like a crap game.

Gene Repole, assistant foreman of the pipe covering department, got quite a scare recently when a large sized mouse ran across his feet.

"Save me," said Gene, as he started for the open air. Investigation proved that it was only a pipe coverers cockroach.

We are glad to note that Francis Blinn, ten year old son of Albert Blinn, hull department, is now out of the hospital, where he has been for several weeks. While there he went under an operation for appendicitis which was very successful.

Don't sit down and think about what you would do if you could live your life over. Get busy and improve what is left of it.

What Efficiency Means

(*Continued from page* 3)

moved twice while the work of repairing ship was going on and the material along the dock had to be moved with her. Also there were seven other ships at the army piers at that time on which the Morse Company was doing repair work and these ships could not be neglected.

In spite of all of these difficulties, however, the Morse men at Hoboken came out on top, another large ship is now carrying our troops back from France and another page in the history of great government work done by Morse men can be added to the ever-growing volume.

Mr. Noble and his able assistant, George Holland, and the hundred or so regular Morse men who saw the job through from start to finish and so ably assisted the many "green hands" which had to be employed to do the work deserve much credit for their showing.

Sam Samuels had charge of the carpenters and joiners who did a great deal of the bunk installation work, Harry Illions was in charge of the pipe fitters, Joe Herzog, plumbers; H. B. Braaten, ship fitters; Joes Quinn, burners; Joe Ballis, riggers; Tom McNanny, laborers; George Olsen and Harry Hammer, sheet metal workers; Barney Bersen, ship riggers.

Another navy contract date was beaten and another record for fast and efficient work established when our big engine room job on the U.S.S. *Henderson* was finished in thirty-nine days instead of the forty days in which the navy allowed.

In point of magnitude the job on the *Henderson* can easily be compared with the other two big jobs on the *Mobile* and *Kaiserin* even though the work was not of the same spectacular variety. It was less spectacular in the same way that a marathon is less spectacular than a sprint. More time was given to complete the *Henderson* job, but much more time was needed, for no larger job of the same kind has ever been completed in the port of New York.

The *Henderson* is one of the regular navy transports. She is propelled by big 120-ton triple expansion engines. These engines were so heavy and powerful that the sole plates and engine foundation generally began to weaken under the strain of continual pounding. It was the job of strengthening the engine foundation that the Morse Company first undertook.

The big transport came into one of our slips on the evening of April 8. Work was started on Wednesday, April 9. According to the initial plans of the naval authorities the engine foundations were to be redriven, but after a complete examination of the work to be done it was decided that practically a whole new foundation of a newer and stronger design ought to be built.

In order to get at the foundation it was first necessary to get the engines out of the way and the only way to do this was to lift them up into the air. The work of dismantling and disconnecting was started on April 11. The raising of the engines was a difficult task, for both of them had to come inboard eighteen inches so that they would not foul the engine room castings.

Right at this point the good work of our riggers ought to be mentioned, for it was up to them to see that the engines got high enough up into the air so that the riveters and mechanics could work on the foundation beneath.

John Sjursen and about twenty riggers took care of the job. The greater part of the lifting was done by six 30-ton hydraulic jacks. A few screw jacks were used also. To prevent the engines from tipping while being lifted a number of 16-ton chain blocks were hitched onto the engine heads and served as guides. According to the riggers who are very proud of the job which they did on the *Henderson*, the lift of four feet on the port engine was accomplished in seven hours of actual hoisting. The starboard engines were lifted with equal ease. After the engines had been lifted off of the foundations they were supported in their new positions by six 14 x 14 oak timbers. Both engines were raised and secured by April 15, six days after the starting of the work.

The new foundation was made out of 40-pound plate and held by one and one-eighth inch rivets. The heel and toe of the angle bar was electrically welded so that practically one solid piece of steel was the result. All of this work was completed in two and one-half weeks. The engines were lowered back into their original positions in three days.

What proved to be the most difficult part of the whole installation had to be done after the engines were back in place. Two hundred and eighty-eight steel chucks had to be drilled and reamed into place. When this work was started only nine days remained in which to complete the job. This last job was of such great size that it did not seem possible to finish it in that time, but the machinists anxious to do their bit toward breaking another government contract date, got together and plugged as only men with a record in sight can plug, and the result was a completed job in thirty-nine days.

Beside the installation work the engines were completely overhauled. On May 17 all of the work was completed and at 11 A.M. a dock trail of the engines and the strength of the new foundation was made. Both engines were kept running at full speed until 4.10 P.M. Representatives of both the navy and the company were present and all pronounced the dock trial a complete success.

Jules Gurnaey was the superintendent in charge of the engine work on the *Henderson*. The job is another of the long string of his creditable achievements.

Hobart Blake was in charge of the other general repair work. Most of this part of the job was shell work, and a great many new plates were placed. Under ordinary circumstances the job would have been considered a large one, but in comparison with the engine room job it was quite small and escaped notice which it otherwise might have had The boys who worked on the shell of the *Henderson*, however, deserve just as much credit as those who had a part in the engine foundation job. Their quick and efficient work was in every way just as necessary for the early completion of the job as the work of the men in the engine room.

The men of the night shift are also to be complimented upon the work which they did. About 100 were at work at night and it was during the hours when most of us are asleep that a great deal of the work on the *Henderson* was completed.

"Lottie" Nallon and "Whitey" Carlson, hull department, were two of the snappers on the night shift to whom, all of the boys on the night shift say, a great deal of praise is due. Julius Friedden had charge of the chippers and caulkers during the night shift, Jake Jacobs during the day shift.

Jack Gannon, chief timekeeper of the night shift, and Frank Motto, his assistant are two other men who did good and efficient work. The sailors on board the *Henderson* were high in their praise of Morse employees and their work. They said that at no other time in which their ship had been laid up for repairs had workmen on board worked more quietly and caused less disturbance.

On Monday, May 19, several hundred soldiers marched through the yard and boarded the *Henderson*. They were volunteers bound for France to relieve those on duty there now. It was the first time that the Morse yard had been used as an embarkation point and the sight of long columns of kahki clad figures swinging down through the yard was a novel one to all of us. At just a little before noon on Tuesday, May 20, the *Henderson* slipped away from our dock sailing at exactly the time scheduled, with the "doughboys" hanging over the sides and relatives and friends waving farewell from our piers.

As the big transport sailed down the bay on her way toward France she seemed to prove again to some of us who stood at the end of the pier that when there is a big job to be done Morse can do it. With that mammouth concrete example of what Morse workmanship could do before us there was little doubt of that assertion. Even after the big ship had passed out of sight there were left behind the records of work done upon her. It is no idle boast. We are sure of what we say.

If there is a big job to be done, it can be done, if Morse does it.

Finishing the Big Job

(*Continued from page* 11)

That night, we were fed at headquarters. It was a stiff hike and we were all tired; we slept in a hay barn. December 7—It was my birthday that day. We left for Lesier, arriving at 7 P.M. Buddy and I were quartered in a real bed in a German home and slept fine. Received birthday cards from the folks at home and also wrote a few letters myself. This was a good town with plenty of wine and 'schnaps.' December 9—Arrived at Hinzerth at 9 P.M., passing through Berncastle on a stiff hiking pace, passing through mountains around the town. Slept in a hay loft. December 10—Leave early for Sohren, arriving at 5 A.M. It was a small town and we were billeted in the schoolhouse, where I had the opportunity to write several letters to the States. December 13—Arrived at evening at Trier. It was a nice town and we were again billeted in the schoolhouse. December 15—On this day we crossed a pontoon bridge built across the Moselle River by our Division's Engineers. We arrived at Lutzerath in an ambulance at 11 A.M. Buddy and I were put on guard that night at headquarters, the first day at our destination in the Army of Occupation."

Al Simendinger, hull department, received the following letter recently from a friend who is in a rather unique branch of government service. It is called the "Overseas Trading Service" and the particular duty of the men and vessels engaged in that branch is the transporting of coal from England to various parts of France. The writer never was in the Morse employ, but the letter is both instructive and interesting and it is for that reason that we use it here. The letter follows:

"Just now I am stationed on a small ship, which is hauling coal from Wales to ports in France. We are slated generally as 'the Boys of the Coal Fleet.' People back home don't seem to know just what we're doing here, but as for duty—well, we get more than our share. Most of the French ports are just the same. I am now at St. Malo and this is the most interesting I have seen yet. St. Malo is a beautiful summer resort and in the days when France was a monarchy, the royalty were accustomed to summer at this place, it is said. They have a pretty good Y. M. C. A. here, the best I have seen. The building in which it is located was formerly a palatial hotel and gambling house, and the Y. M. C. A. captain here told me that Harry K. Thaw lost $85,000 here in one night. There was a time when he owned this town for one night, but lost it all on throwing the dice. There are a great many old castles here, many of them built right out of solid rock. Even the town itself has a stone wall about it which was used in the early days as a barricade."

John A. MacLellan, formerly employed here, is still in France, but expects to be back home very soon. He is attached to Company B, 316th Infantry. Dan Shea received a letter from him recently.

Don't Miss the Outing

THE annual outing of the Employees' Association will be held on Saturday, June 21. That date is now very near at hand and every one should keep it well in mind

The outing this year will be held at Witzel's Grove, College Point. At nine o'clock in the morning the S.S. *Sirius* will leave the Morse pier. It is scheduled to arrive at the Grove at eleven o'clock when breakfast will be served. A baseball game, a tug of war, potato races and running races will be held in the afternoon. At six o'clock dinner will be served after which the *Sirius* will start on its way back to Brooklyn.

Four dollars will cover the cost of the whole day's trip. There will be none of the usual extra items for every possible source from which human enjoyment may be derived has been bought wholesale by the Employees' Association and it is an absolute certainty that your four dollars will cover everything.

In order to make it possible for everyone in the yard to go on the trip, the installment system of ticket purchase was started and this plan is now at your disposal. It would have been an easier task so far as the bookkeeping is concerned to sell the tickets outright, but the Outing Committee, despite the extra work involved, wanted to make it possible for everyone interested in the Employees' Association to attend the outing and arranged the installment plan.

Under the easy payment plan for one dollar you can buy a receipt which will go toward the purchase of a ticket. If you should leave the employ of the company before June 21 you can get your money back upon presentation of the receipts to the clerk of your department. Buy a receipt every pay day or when ever you have an extra dollar in your pocket. When you have bought four of these receipts present them to your department clerk and he will exchange them for a ticket.

After that ticket is well stowed away in your wallet, you can sit back during some idle moment and dream of a great time ahead, "bought and paid for." To aid you in those dreams we print the following menu of the Outing "eats":

Breakfast: Fried Eels, Lyonnaise Potatoes, Relishes, Cold Slaw, Potato Salad, Sirloin Steak, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner: Soup, Relishes in Season, Fish, Kennebec Salmon, Boiled Potatoes, Entre, Prime Rib of Roast Beef, Vegetables in Season, Roast Spring Chickens, Salad Lettuce, Desert, Ice Cream, Coffee—and all the beer that you can drink.

Mr. Hoover, chairman of the Outing Committee, has estimated that $2.75 worth of "eats" will go to each man who is present.

One of Our Hard Workers



SALVATORE VADALA has charge of mud scows 1, 2, 3, and 4. Before coming to the Morse yard, Vadala was a deep-sea going salt and he has many interesting tales to tell of the days he spent before the mast. According to all the rest of the tug boat fleet gang, he has no equal in the yard as a hard worker. When a chain breaks or anything at all connected with the working of a mud scow goes wrong, they call Vadala. That's all that is necessary because if he can't fix things there is no one else that can.



GEORGE KEENAN
THE BAY RIDGE MINSTREL

More About Silk Stockings

JAMES MAC FARLANE, ex-president of the Employees' Association, made what is claimed to be his final bow as a public personage in the affairs of our Employees' Association at the April dance held in Prospect Hall on Wednesday, April 30.

As a sign of appreciation for the good work he had done while president of the Association he was presented with a beautiful gold mounted elk's tooth, and in answer to the presentation speech made by H. G. Hoover, vice-president of the Association, said:

"Standing here before this large and representative audience of Morse employees to-night, words fail to adequately express the depth of the feeling I experience at the cordial reception you have rendered me. Your liberal generosity in voting me this token of your good will and appreciation upon my retiring from the presidency of this organization makes me feel that this is the proudest moment of my life. I appraise the value of this gift higher than any prize no matter what its intrinsic worth. Although I am no longer your representative yet I know that I am going to have your friendship, coöperation and support in the future, as I have always had it in the past. By pulling together we can achieve great things, but if we pull separately we are as powerless as so many trained fleas hitched to a hay wagon.

"Toward the end of my term of office, during the days of the last election campaigning, which is now known as the 'Battle of the Stockings,' some of my critics sought to place me in an erroneous position by alleging that I influenced the vote of the charming ladies of the office force by giving them silk stockings. We all know that that charge 'fell through.' Even if I had made any such bribes of the kind, it was nobody's business outside of the interested parties. Madame DuBarry in her most playful moments, permitted the most famous men of France not only to select but to adjust her stockings, and the French Mrs. Grundy did not even elevate her eyebrows. I think that if such a mute challenge from a pair of laughing eyes were hurled at any one of us, we should prove to be just as chivalrous as the gallant men of France.

"My friends, I shall conclude by thanking you for your kind attention and I wish you all peace and prosperity and the fortune that we be long-spared to work together in the best shipyard on God's Green Footstool, where, as was traditional of Napoleon's armies, every private carries a field marshal's baton in his knapsack."

"Stick till the bell rings" used to be an old prize-ring admonition; "Stick till the whistle blows" means just as much.

Insurance Explained

ANY man who has either twenty or forty cents deducted from his weekly pay envelope is very probably entitled to an insurance policy and should apply for that policy as soon as possible at the employment office.

This notice is given because there are now many men in the yard insured under the insurance plan of the Employees' Association who have not applied for their policy. Over one thousand of the new men who were employed recently were insured. It is very probable, however, that they are not fully acquainted with exactly what this insurance entitles them to.

For twenty cents a week an employee of the Morse Company who is insured receives seven dollars a week after the first seven days of sickness and in case of accident is entitled to receive seven dollars a week from the day on which the accident occurred. This benefit extends over a period of twenty-six weeks. In case of death, accidental or natural, relatives of the policyholder are entitled to receive a one hundred dollar death benefit.

If a double benefit policy is desired, forty cents a week is deducted from the pay envelope and in return an employee who has subscribed for the double benefit receives fourteen dollars a week, starting after the first seven days in the case of sickness and fourteen dollars a week starting immediately in the case of accident. This benefit lasts over a period of twenty-six weeks. In case of accidental death the relatives of the policyholder receives a two hundred dollar death benefit. In case of natural death a one hundred dollar death benefit is received.

Any man who has subscribed to the yard insurance plan ought to make certain that he has his policy and that his record is correct. Any information regarding insurance may be had from Charles Kling, the insurance clerk, whose desk is in the employment office. Mr. Kling is always at his desk between the hours of twelve and one.

What Hustling Did

HARRY HARVEY, electrician's apprentice, is one of the latest and youngest additions to the yard force. Harry started here as an office boy, but was recently transferred to the electrical department and now wears overalls like a regular guy. Through his transfer to the electrical department Harry has made one step toward the goal he marked out for himself when he came here eight months ago. He determined to learn a trade. Under the apprentice system in vogue here he was required to work as an office boy. He started in at once to prove that he was worthy of a regular job in the yard and hustle was his middle name. One of his particular pleasures now is to drop in for a chat with his old chums during the noon hour, and of course his brand new overalls always attract much attention and comment.



By Morse Photographer

Harry is a true Morse enthusiast and expects to be one of the "big men" in the Morse yard.

OVER *the* BACK YARD FENCE



Cooking recipes, household hints; anything of interest to the women-folk is wanted for this page. Help us to make this page worth while by sending us contributions for it.—*Editor.*

Home's Prayer

Build me, O my master, near the trees, my brothers, and upon the ample breast of the earth, our common mother. Save me from ugly neighbors. Love me and cherish me, and when your day's work is done I shall give back to you much more than shelter and a bed. Visit with me in the long evenings. Your presence means much to me, and I am full of little nooks you will learn to love.

Give me a loving mistress who will understand me and who will keep me neat and comfortable. Send little children to me to patter across my floor and fill me with delight. Warm me in winter with draughts of cheerfulness and hospitality, and I will withstand the northern blasts and keep your loved ones cozy. When spring unfolds garb me in a simple dress of white or pleasing colors, to please my simple vanity and make me proud of you. Bedeck me with gay flowers and graceful vines and the fruits of the garden, and I shall be to you an oasis in the desert of midsummer.

And finally, O my master, when life's twilight falls, come to me and the warmth of my fireside shall yield up the memories which will renew your youth again. Own me, my master, that when you are gone to that other home of which I am but the shadow, I still may be cherished by those you loved, and saved from the rude touch of the stranger. Amen.—*National Real Estate Journal.*

Table Etiquette

Mrs. Barene told us that she thought it wasn't right for a man to go to the dinner table in his work shirt. She evidently told Mr. Barene our thoughts on the subject, and immediately comes back this little gem from Mr. Barene who evidently thinks the same as we do about it. By the way, we would like to have the opinion of some of our other women-folks—*Editor.*

Says Pat Murphy to Tim O'Toole—
"That DIAL Editor ain't no fool,
A man, says he, has a perfect right,
To dine in his work shirt every night
Me thought a high-brow had a different rule
That DIAL editor aint no fool.—*Otis.*

A Garden Near the "Yard"

I have a little garden
And right in the center
Grows a little wonder flower.
No one planted it there
No one saw it grow,
But a long time ago
A little baby's tear
Dropped in the same place
And 'cause we taught it to smile
The tear-drop smiled too
And gave birth to a wonder flower.
It's never alone, blowing by the vine,
I'm glad it's in my garden
'Cause, God walks there all the time.

MRS. OTIS ELLIOTT BARENE.

New Hints to Housewives

When you have nothing to serve the unexpected guest, try putting a fresh center piece on the table with a vase of flowers. It helps fill the table, besides being artistic.

Rice Bread—1 cupful of uncooked rice, or 4½ cupfuls of cooked rice; 4 cupfuls of flour; ½ cupful of water in which the rice was cooked; two tablespoonfuls of sugar; two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute; one teaspoonful of salt; 1 yeast cake dissolved in 2 tablespoonfuls of warm water. Wash the rice through several waters; put it into 2 quarts of boiling water slowly; then boil it rapidly in an uncovered vessel for 25 minutes, drain, blanch with warm water, spread on a platter for 15 minutes, and put into a bowl; add the water, in which the butter substitute, sugar and salt have been dissolved; mix well; then add the dissolved yeast and the flour. Knead well. This makes a very stiff dough, but after it rises it gets quite soft. Grease pans, put in the soft dough and allow it to rise a second time. This makes a very white and soft bread and keeps moist a long time. It is best to bake it in three small loaves for from 35 to 45 minutes.

Care of Tablecloths—Tablecloths will last much longer if they are folded one week in three and the next in four. If folded exactly the same way each time the folds will wear into holes while the rest of the cloth is good.

Curried Lentils—Melt one ounce of margarine in a saucepan, and fry in it a small onion until pale brown; add 1 dessertspoonful of curry powder, 1 tablespoonful of flour, a small apple or tomato. Cook for 5 minutes, stirring all the time; then add one pint of weak stock. Cook for half an hour. Wash a quarter pint of lentils and add to the curry sauce, and cook till quite tender. Serve with plain boiled rice.

Economical Fire-lighters—Good fire-lighters can be made from bacon rind tied up in pieces of paper. These with only a few pieces of wood will start a good fire.

Of Interest to the Women

The little baby coupons that one receives on their new Victory Bonds are not nearly as cute as the coupons that are attached on the bonds of matrimony.

Plato said, "Each becomes a poet when love touches him."—Lots of the boys in the yard have been touched lately.

Pie Crust That's Cheap and Good

One cup of flour, mixed with one heaping tablespoon of "Crisco," enough cold water to make a paste. Don't be afraid to handle. Roll out thin, and let filling cool before using in pie.

MRS. OTIS ELLIOTT BARENE.

Inspiration and aspiration are closely related; and one without the other is incapable of accomplishment.

Powell's Recipes

Mock Bisque

TAKE a real live mock. Be sure it's not an imitation as imitation makes poor mockery. Kill it with kindness then carefully dissect. I have not the slightest idea where you can buy it, but next buy your bisque. Pick a ripe can of tomatoes, but be sure to remove the can before cooking. Now take three pints of milk, that is if they'll let you take them. I can't even buy that much. Put the tomatoes on to stew. Again be careful all the can is removed as the difference in the contents and the picture on the outside might discourage you. Take two pockets full of flour and mix with milk, then boil all together, throwing in a spoonful of soda (not washing soda) the soda will cause it to foam. Blow the foam off. Your husband will take pleasure in doing this for you after July. Then simmer slowly and the result will be as fine a mock bisque as I ever saw—and I've never seen any.

Mulligatawny

No, Clarice, this is not a town in Pennsylvania, this is a dish or I might say what goes in a dish. Maroon an onion in other words brown it. Repeat the same with a turnip. Take some chipped ham, brown this too; stir in a handful of flour which will also follow suit and brown too. Then cut a chicken up which will also brown and stew all together. This receipe was originated by a French chef, by name Mulligan, whom for short was called Mull. The first man that ate his dish looked in the glass and said, "*Mull* I got *tawny* on account of all the things being browned; hence the name, Mulligatawny.

Oxtail Soup

Purchase a young ox, remove the tail and cut in small pieces. Be sure and cut in the right joint. The butcher shop is the best. Now, like the proverbial sparrow, sprinkle flour on his tail and fry in any kind of grease except verdigris. When about the color of the rotogravure of the Sunday papers put in another pan, cover with water and boil till you forget about them. Add anything you like. When serving have father read a book and you will have an enjoyable meal to the end of the tail (tale).

Stewed Tripe

In purchasing the above delicacy be careful to go to a butcher's shop. I know a family, who bought two yards of Turkish towelling by mistake and boiled it in strips and in passing down their throat it tickled them all to death. Take two or three square feet of tripe, don't think it's spelled trip because you buy it by the feet. Then stew and stew some more, wear a gas mask. A little chloride of lime thrown in the water will help. Serve when done, emphasis on the done.

Handy articles to have around the house:

Alcohol—Used externally in sprains and bruises, will take the place of a liniment, after July first diluted with water will also help to alleviate an internal craving for a long lost friend.

Aromatic Spirits of Ammonia—A good thing to have around, when your wife believes you've been making soap, when your overtime has been made on the corner. This will be handy to have around on pay day.

Seidlitz powder—This will only be handy to have around for one month longer.

Boric acid—A prohibition eye opener.

Soda mint—A remedy for indigestion and camouflague for indiscretion.

To prevent steak from burning—Keep it away from the fire.

To remove stains from coat sleeves—Keep your feet off the rail and your arms off the plank.

A good furniture polish—What's the use of this recipe you can buy it at any cafe in Bay Ridge.

Powell's Patter

SOME people are like ground hogs. They stay burrowed in the mire of obscurity, but by chance when they do come into the light of publicity and the sun of journalistic criticism shines on them, they let out a squeak of ignorant protest and burrow themselves deeper down into unknown regions.

It is with deep regret and we hope remorse on his part that Hugh Pace, of the pipe shop, finds it impossible to maintain the dignified and exalted position as captain of the pipe shop giants base ball team, so we'll say:

How sweet is the sound of the word content,
How blissful the word satisfied;
But who in all truth through this life ever went,
Who at times have been not sorely tried.
Ah, yes, we are sorry, these words are but myths,
And hardly a man can you find,
When in trouble knee deep, can step down, smiling sweet,
Except one—that's Hugh Pace resigned.

James Weldon, keeper of time, is for the present time somewhat peeved and we can hardly blame him, inasmuch as the injury inflicted on both his ability and reputation is of that severe nature, as to not be easily forgotten. Just imagine, if you can, dear reader, a pay-roll department overlooking James Weldon when they organized departmental base ball teams. This same truthful James as a boy, practised ball in a stone quarry and threw codfish balls at customers in Beef Steak John's, so as a pitcher he aims high, perhaps too high. That may be the reason they overlooked him, but he is sure of the moral support of all the office girls, and he hopes to see the day when his bloomer girls will knock the everlasting daylights out of the cost department. So have a care, it will cost you dear, cost department.

I saw the strangest actions of a man the other day down on the farm. He was a large man, about the size of Jess Willard. He stood before a house about the size of himself. First he would stoop in the attitude of Annette Kellermann about to take to water, though I don't accuse this man of ever trying to do the same, but such was his position. Then he would plunge and rebound back. I rushed up to him, thinking he might be anticipating suicide but found it was only Christie trying to get in his office.

I hear there's a plot on foot of some of the departmental base ball teams to post men outside the fence when the regular Morse team plays to grab all the balls that come over and keep them for use in the departmental games. On account of its being a *base* practise it might be called legitimate in baseball.

Tocantins is the name of a ship on which they raise all their own stock. Carragher the pipe fitter said that everywhere you went on he you ran across a pig. He says the ship wa positively littered with them.

Three balls of lampwick, a pail of white lead to A gang of fitters right away, a scupper job i view.

(Headline in paper—It has been discovere that an alcoholic drink can be made fro prunes.)

Raise everything, I do not care,
Raise all I eat or sup,
But keep the prices down on prunes
To keep my spirits up.

Juteville Jottings

James Crow was arrested last night and up to date no one has heard the cause (caws).

Sandy Pebbles is working on an invention o seamless concrete; every one is proud of ou fellow townsmen except Caleb Clay, who is a bricklayer.

A tax assessment of two cents will be levied on fine cut, in order to defray the expense of nickle plating our new constable's badge, which will be a credit to the department, and a solemn warning to evil doers.

Sid Shaver, our genial tonsorial artist, has had his eye molar extracted, and his Moler University diploma framed.

The Big Scramble Saturday



AND THEN THE PAYMASTER GOT MARRIED.





We all know the reason now why Charlie Kileen always looks so "sweet 'n pretty." He admits to being able to wear his father's derby so of course he must be able to wear the rest of his father's clothes.

Never mind, "Peg." The *Henderson* is bound to return.

Have you heard the sad news? Edna Hildebrand has forsaken the Navy. No more does she cast longing glances after every "Gob." The reason is a "he," of course, and he owns a car. How fickle is the heart of a woman.

Willie Goldsmith, back pay department, has a great time hunting for his coffee cup every noon hour. The inconvenience just seems to take all the pleasure out of Willie's job.

The office force in the tabulating department are still wondering if the peculiar steps so often indulged in by one of their fair colleagues is one of those new dances or merely a case of can't help it.

Tom Plunkett has now become the William S. Hart of Hoboken. Unlike all the rest of the good Morse missionaries in that foreign land, he does not trust the inhabitants, especially those which he hires, so now he packs a "gat" like a regular bad man.

Reese and Brady, the noted lobbyists, have new headquarters now. Not so very long ago, they could always be found in deep conference, somewhere in the vicinity of Mr. Mead's desk. Recent developments show that Mr. Hallock's office is their latest rendevous. Neither of the men would give any reason for the change.

Mr. Piper, our cashier, was sick recently and for a day was confined to his bed. Then news of the new office regulations which require that Miss Jensen visit all employees on the sick list, reached his ears. He was back at his desk the next morning.

Since Emily Casey has been wearing that "sparkler" on her left hand she has taken quite an interest in sewing. Keep up the good work, Emily, every little bit added to what you've got makes a little bit more, you know.

Harry Lyons, of Room 115, wants to take his vacation during the last two weeks of June. Harry heard the song, "How are you going to wet your whistle after the first of July?" and immediately made plans for an early vacation. As a committee of arrangements we would suggest one week of Bailey corn and a week of "sleeping it off."

Mr. Kelly has been wearing a wonderful green tie lately. We all know you are proud to be Irish, but with your name and your face we don't think any other advertising is necessary.

Maude Wilson is in danger of losing her "rep" as Morse's heaviest office girl. Her rival for first honors is Frances Driesbauer (Daley), and if she keeps gaining it won't be long before she attains her goal.

From Room 113 comes another big surprise. Helen Brett, one of our "quiet ones" has also announced her engagement to the "best fellow in the world." Two or three of our office men did not seem to be overjoyed at hearing the news, but cheer up, boys; time heals even the worst of wounds.

Now that the 77th Division is home and the boys are back in "civies," Margaret Shea's life is once more one grand sweet song. Love sure is an awful thing—makes even the wise ones foolish.

Most of our office girls are now engaged and the remaining few are getting desperate. If some of the men are still at liberty after January first of next year they have all sworn to get one or die in the attempt. Their reasoning is better understood when one realizes that 1920 is leap year.

Jimmy Glynn, of Room 115, has been eating his lunch in the office at noon-time, instead of patronizing one of our local restaurants. The reason? It's cheaper; and candy, theatre tickets, frequent trips to Ridgewood, and all that sort of thing makes an awful hole in one's salary. How about it, Jim?

One of the young ladies in the back pay department says that she loves to hear the "Pipes of Pan." We have always believed that "Pan" was some "Piper."

According to some of the office jokesters, "The office soap bubble has burst."

Wark Shimmies Well

Current conversation about the office the morning after the Association dance on April 30:

"Didjo go tatha dance las' night?"

"Uh hu, dju?"

"Yep—say anja see Wark shimmy?"

"Say, couldn't he and his partna go some?"

"I'll tell the world!"

We are advised from outside sources that it would be well for Miss Travers to use both discretion and care while boarding trolley cars and other vehicles, especially when in the presence of shipyard workers from strange yards.

"Amen!"

Drama in one act.

Place: Room 115.

Time: Some time ago.

Characters, in the order in which they appear:

George Hunt: (Circumspect in tragic whisper): "Say, Reese, Is Genovese third man in this office?"

Harry Reese: (Distracted, as usual, in such emergencies): "No—why?"

Joe Goldsmith (Infallibly joining in, with his faithful airs, somewhat sarcastic): "We should like to see him third."

George Keenan (Walking away—sententiously): "You fellows ought to be given something to do."

A Voice (Unnoticed, from the rear): "Amen."

THE END

On Broadway and Off

"Everything"	Mr. Daley
"A Little Journey"	Charlie Kileen and Helen McKenna
"She's a Good Fellow"	Edna Hildebrand
"Pretty Soft"	Willie Goldsmith
"A Prince There Was"	Tom Plunkett
"Velvet Lady"	Dorothy Gatje
"Ziegfield Follies"	Peggy De Verna
"Daddies"	Hanbury and Doremus
"Listen Lester"	Miss Neimann
"Midnight Whirl"	Vivian Madison
"Come Along"	Dan Shea
"Take It from Me"	Mr. Mayston
"Tea for Three"	Mr. Sackman, Lillian Stern and Elizabeth Hofman
"Please Get Married"	George Kosovsky
"It Happens to Everybody"	Louise Hoehn
"I Love You"	Genevieve Moran
"Somebody's Sweetheart"	Mr. Piper
"Friendly Enemies"	Arthur Day and Frank Sheedy
"Royal Vagabond"	"Red Hot"
"The Unpardonable Sin"	Clancy's Baseball Team
"Come Out of the Kitchen"	Joan Sharp

An Electrician Now

By McPartland and Mendola

(Two of our office boys)

Harry Harvey was a wonderful boy,
Always happy and filled with joy.
He would come in in the morning, happy and gay,
And then he'd work faithfully all through the day.

But now he is gone and gone for good,
Tho he never left as he really should,
For Miss Hayes says that he threw her down;
That he left the office with a terrible frown.

Man's Weakness

The meeting
The love that burns
The kiss
The YES
The marriage
Da-Da-Da-
Where in ——— is supper?
'TWAS EVER THUS.

From *Stone Ship.*

One on Miss Jensen

A born humorist strolled into the hospital a few days ago and as soon as he got inside the door announced that he had been bit by a dog.

"Bit by a dog?" said Miss Jensen. "How terrible, let me see."

"Yup," said the man in overalls, "the dog got me."

"Where was the dog," said Miss Jensen. "Inside the yard or out in the street?"

"Inside, it was the 'dog' on the boom of a ship."

Miss Jensen's visions of hydrophobia had a quick and painless death.

Heard in the Employment Office

DAN:—"Why is Clancy like the Morse pile-driver?"

WILSON:—"I dunno."

DAN:—"'Cause he can hit everything except high 'C'."

Tom Conk, private garage, has the distinction of being the first of the Yard to doff the derby and don the straw. His creation appeared on May 9.



While placing pipe on the S. S. *Jefferson*, Kramer, of the copper shop, mistook a seam in the pipe for a break. In a dialect, peculiar to himself he shouted: "Oy, Oy, vait a minute, there's a crack in the pipe."

Who is the foreman who said to Frank Whitman as they stood on the end of the pier: "Oh, look at the red moon." Whitman replied: "Get out, that's the sun going down," "Oh," says he of goat fame, "I didn't know that, I'm a stranger out here."

While it was raining the week of May 5 Bill Wherry, of the machine shop elevator, said to a helper, "Pretty wet, eh, Conroy?" The latter said: "No, a heavy dew is falling." "Well," said Wherry, "if you call that dew what do they call rain in Ireland?"

The only reason we can find for calling our national dessert, Strawberry Short Cake, is that Jack Murphy and Jim Pearson, of the pipe shop, have something to do with it. At any rate it is certainly short when they finish their meal. There has been a petition submitted to Mr. Morse that Charley Davis and Henry Crist have a flivver at dinner time to take them to the restaurant so they can get a square meal before Murphy and Pearson get there.

Olson, of the copper shop, is training hard for his bout with No. 5018 Harris. He wants to box catch as catch can and no biting in the clinches.

One of the welders asked me: "How do you distinguish Charley Brightsen's machine shop from the old one?" I answered: "Call it the new." He asked: "New or nor?"

We are glad to announce that one of our fellow workmen was the proud possessor of a new Jardinier, April 27. She is doing very nicely says her papa, C. Jardinier of the plumbers.

Anyone requiring the services of painters, paper hangers or cobblers, see Big Julius. He knows where to get them more expensive than anyone else.

The burners must be slack. Smith and Wallace did not work noon hour.

On account of being promoted to another gang, Big Hurley surprised everyone by disguising himself in a new hat. We also understand he is going to learn another language.

Ribbe, from the plate shop, has a prophecy that vacations after July will be shorter than usual, as he experimented in May and says what with even the present cost of material three days is enough for any man.

They don't need a clock in the plate shop, for Holden is the official and accommodating time piece and by the way, his main work consists of *Holden on*.

Buck, the traveling crane man in the machine shop, was heard to sing "Sweet O'er and O'er." He had on a new pair of overalls acquired (said Buck) by giving his wife all of his overtime money.

Jimmy Dunn informs us that the famous Rainbow Division of the late war is not the only one as they also have one among the outside machinists, and Gatlin is the big gun of the contingent, but he will not commit a *breach* by mentioning how many *Chambers*.

Speaking of spring reminds one of *Canning*. Fruit will soon be available for that industry, but *Canning* oranges in a pair of boots is a new innovation.

J. Wixted and Dick Jones are scouting for a good baseball pitcher, one who can qualify in throwing bombs and hand grenades at the outing. The Welder's Detective Agency, having unearthed the plot, found books on dynamite and minute instructions in blasting when the bottle shack was moved. (Russian paper please copy.)

If the man who stole Charley Brightsen's flivver bicycle from the machine shop will call again Charley says he can have the pump. Soft pedal, Charley.

Mike Shilling, of the boilermakers, has just purchased a new auto, but he has had an awful lot of trouble getting the various accessories for it. The whole fault with Shilling is that his heart is so much in his work that he insists upon ordering "fusible plugs" for spark-plugs and gets "ash-guards" confused with fenders. Only those who are familiar with boiler makers' language can understand this one.

Phil Sexton was accosted on the street for a match. "I haven't any," says Phil, "but give me your cigar." As the stranger handed it to him, Phil walked up to a street lamp and lit it, then returned it to the stranger who muttered, as he walked away, "I wonder if they made those lamps just for him."

A new man sent to Charlie Holmeburg, foreman of machine shop tool room, walked up to that gentleman and said: "Are you the Humbug I'm looking for?" "My name is not Humbug," said Charlie, "and the man who told you that is the biggest humbug in the place."

Dan Waldron, the old-timer of Morse's, challenges anyone eating brick ice cream. He only eats six now. I don't know whether it's the cream alone that Dan likes but we notice the lady that sells them can certainly smile.

Eddie Gilpin and Bill Wherry, shipfitters, are the two original strong men of the yard. After finishing a hard night shift job on the *Henderson* several weeks ago, they heard of a fire on one of the Jersey beaches, ran for Bill's house, where there were two bicycles, then rode down to Fort Hamilton where a good view of the blaze could be had. Go to it, boys, you're only young once.

Arthur Farlane, formerly of the blacksmith shop, is now a snapper in the light forge shop. Your old pals among the "smithies" want to know how you like your new job, Arthur.

Charles Christensen, blacksmith shop, was all ready to embark on a great fishing trip May 5, the date of the 77th Division parade. The sad news of no holiday meant no fish on Friday in the Christensen home that week.

Paul Troy, foreman of the plumbing department, has just bought a new flivver. The first day he had it out he stalled it on the car tracks. But we all had to crawl before we walked.

Ed Seigel, plumbing department, is a coming white hope, as far as soap champs are concerned. He and Jack Crocket, of the same department, are about the two luckiest men in the yard whenever there is a "soft soap" job to fall into.

Charlie Heitler, electrical department, says, "Talking about who was the first one to discover electricity, here's one I heard and it sounds good. Noah was the first one to discover electricity for after the storm was all over and he let all of the animals off of the ark, didn't he make the ark (arc) light?"

THE DIAL is in receipt of the following communication from the electrical department: "Someone kindly ask Mr. Frank Purkis, ex-electrician snapper, what makes him so sad at times. It is rumored that he is downhearted for the loss of his old side-partner, Moses. Hey! Moses, how does it affect you without the flivver, cigars and your old pal, Frank?

Kelly of the boiler shop, now that soap has all gone by,
Will spend his overtime of yore in what he calls C. I.,
No, not Canary Islands, but a spot just down the bay,
For Kelly says the only place is run by Paddy Shea.

John Beverly, the coffee heater stood upon the brink,
When asked by Johnny Dunn his pal, if he would have a drink.
He answered, "No," but John Dunn said: "Take something, don't be mean."
"Well, then, I'll take the nickel," said the man from Aberdeen.

Otis Barene, he of rigging loft fame,
Is troubled at mind and it's all through a name.
Insisting that Harry, by which he is known,
Was not the name handed him by folks at home.
Otis I was christened by my parents' pact,
And Otis is my name and *O 'tis* for a fact.

If at first you don't succeed *Troy*, *Troy* again. We, with a common school education, have always known that Troy was in New York, but this Troy was only in New York a couple of hours Saturday, May 10. He went with his brand new flivver, taking his wife to hear the band contest. When about to return home the lights on his car went out and Troy did not know how to light them and bystanders claim the air was filled with pale blue adjectives.

Two painters from the paint department were working on one of the lower decks of the *Kaiserin Victoria*. One who, although a crackerjack house painter, was on his first ship job, made some remark in which he called one of the ship's ladders a stairway.

The other, with a few more weeks' experience, looked at him in scorn and said: "Hey, feller, if one of them sailors hear you calling that ladder a stairway they'll knock you down on the floor and throw you through one of them little windows."

The Big Day Is Almost Here!

The Annual Outing of the Employees' Association will be held on June 21

ARE you prepared to hop on board the *S. S. Sirius* when she leaves the yard at 9 A.M. on that date? Get your ticket immediately if you have not already done so. The number of tickets to be issued are limited and you will not want to miss this, the biggest event of the summer season.

THE EASY PAYMENT PLAN

can still be used to good advantage if you have not started it as yet. Your department clerk has receipts on sale. If you leave the employ of the Company you can get your money back.

YOU WILL WANT TO GO ON JUNE 21. PREPARE NOW.

Have You a Vacant House or Room to Rent?

REQUESTS for vacant dwellings, in response to a notice in the last issue of THE DIAL, are greater than the number of vacant dwellings offered.

We are attempting to aid both those who have floor space to rent and those who are seeking living accommodations by keeping both needs on file in THE DIAL office.

If you have living quarters to rent, this is your chance to help both yourself and some fellow worker. Send us a notice of what you have and we will place it on file.

If you are looking for a place to live, consult us and we may be able to help you find one.



Another section of our new dry dock is about to be launched. Vessels of 750 feet in length can soon be accommodated

We have the two largest dry docks in the Port of New York

One foot a minute is the average lifting speed of our newest dry dock, but on June 5th it lifted a freight steamer in eight minutes.





1—GULF OF MEXICO
2—OSAWATOMIE
3—PERSIAN PRINCE
4—WESTWOOD
5—WEST INDIAN
6—OLIVANT

Repairing Ships Under Ideal Conditions

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The MORSE DIAL

July 1919





Barnacles

By Sidney Lanier

My soul is sailing through the sea,
But the Past is heavy and hindereth me.
The Past hath crusted and cumbrous shells
That hold the flesh of cold sea smells
About my soul.
The huge waves wash, the high waves roll,
Each barnacle clingeth and worketh dole
And hindereth me from sailing!

Old Past, let go and drop i' the sea
Till fathomless waters cover thee!
For I am living and thou art dead;
Thou drawest back, I strive ahead
The day to find.
Thy shells unbind! Night comes behind.
I needs must hurry with the wind
And trim me best for sailing.

From "Poems of Sidney Lanier."—Charles Scribner's Sons.

MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL



Vol. 2 July, 1919 No. 7

Shipyard Romance

By C. Stewart Wark

ROMANCE is a peculiar thing. It is ever present, especially in a shipyard—yet very few of us recognize it as we go about our daily tasks. A ship to most of us is just so many plates of steel, which needs just so many new rivets in order that it may be gotten out of the way and be replaced by another ship of more steel and wood to be mended together.

Then, after the day's work is over and we are comfortably settled for the evening in our homes, perhaps we take up a book and are engrossed for hours in stories of adventurers who sailed the seas in quest of treasures on the Spanish Main or some other fanciful place.

As shipyard workers we are especially favored in being able to associate with romance in its most concentrated form during practically all times of the working day. The vessel which you to-day are working on very probably has a history just as thrilling and interesting as any vessel with which fiction deals.

Just about a year ago the *Westward Ho* came into one of our slips and was laid up at our yard for some time. Many of the men now at work in the yard can probably recall having worked on her. Since leaving the yard that ship has been the means of adventures which would rival many tales of fiction.

On January 26, 1919, the *Westward Ho* sailed from the port of New York on what has since proved to be one of the most romantic voyages of recent years. Not romantic, perhaps, according to the stories of Captain Kidd or Drake, but romantic because the *Westward Ho* was on a voyage of mercy. In her hold she carried a $2,225,000 cargo of rye and barley flour, lard, condensed milk, oil, pork, beef products and shoes consigned to starving and destitute Poland.

Perhaps not even Belgium suffered as much during the Great War as did Poland. Her lands devastated, her cities demolished and her people on the point of starvation, she stretched out her hands for help as soon as the armistice was signed and the United States, a forerunner among nations in every worthy deed, prepared to answer that call. The *Westward Ho* carried as her cargo the first concrete proof that Poland's appeal was to be answered.

The voyage across will not soon be forgotten by the ninety men, fourteen officers and Captain Charles Boettger, who made the trip. On the fourth day out they were caught in a storm which threatened to send them to the bottom. The storm raged for five days and nights and during all of that time none of the crew had either time to eat or sleep.

The *Westward Ho* entered into what had only a short time ago been enemy territory by way of the Kiel Canal. The sight of that vessel with the Stars and Stripes proudly waving at her masthead must have been something worth seeing and the effect which it must have had upon the German people who lined the shores of that narrow canal can easily be imagined, for the *Westward Ho* was the first ship to go through the canal after the cessation of hostilities.

At Danzig the vessel stopped to unload her cargo which was shipped from there into the interior of Poland by rail. While the *Westward Ho* was there everyone on board was besieged with questions as to whether or not the United States was also going to ship food to the Germans. According to all of the members of the crew, the formerly proud and haughty Huns seemed sadly in need of necessities of every variety and most of them did not seem to be a bit sorry to see the Stars and Stripes flying in their own harbor.

AN idea of how precious the cargo of the *Westward Ho* really was may be gained from the fact that on the overland journey to Poland the trains which carried all of the supplies were flanked by machine gun sections and every car was guarded by soldiers who carried fixed bayonets. No treasure caravan of the middle ages ever had a heavier guard than did this supply of food on its way to a starving people. Great crowds gathered around the supply trains at every stop which was made and gazed with hungering eyes at the lines of food-filled trains. At Warsaw, which was to be the point of distribution, still greater crowds gathered.

"God bless America," was the prevailing cry of those who gathered at the station and one of the highest nobles of Poland was heard to remark, "This is the first time that a nation has ever made a promise to Poland and kept it."

All of those who read this story will very probably recall it if the *Westward Ho* ever again is laid up in the Morse yard for repairs and if they should again happen to be among the gang working on her they would, if they were not the most sordid of materialists, do that work with just a little bit more reverence and and respect. The love of romance is a part of every one of us whether we admit that fact or not.

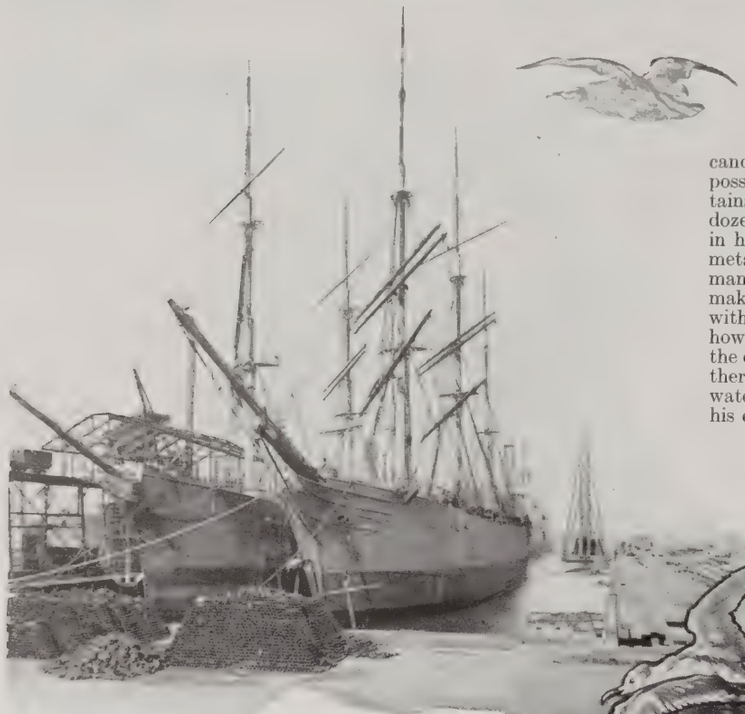
The ship which you are working on to-day may have had just as adventurous a career as the *Westward Ho*. If nothing of note has happened to it so far something will before it is consigned to the scrap heap; for ships, the children of the sea, are not destined to live uneventful lives. Remember that as you go about your daily tasks. You as shipyard workers are favored among your fellow-craftsmen.

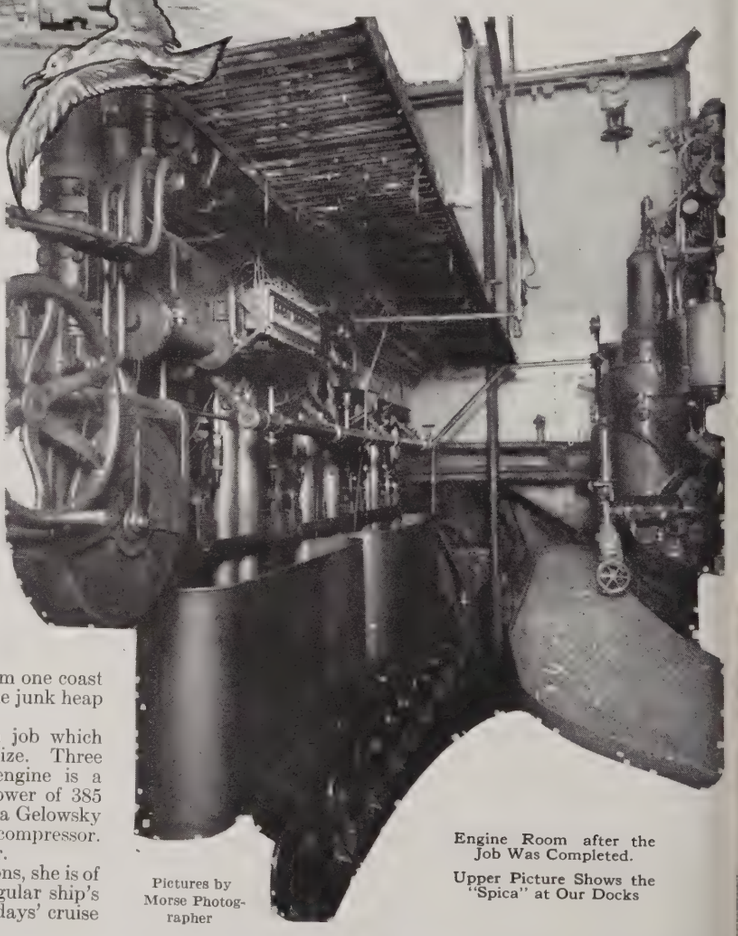
Others may work on laundry machinery, trolley car wheels, automobile machinery or any other commonplace object. You work upon ships, the source of a great deal of all the fiction that is written.

What Is Man?

A MAN weighing 150 pounds will contain approximately 3,500 cubic feet of gas—oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen—in his constitution, which at 80 cents per 1,000 cubic feet would be worth $2.80 for illuminating purposes. He also contains all the necessary fats to make a 15 pound candle, and thus, together with his 3,500 cubic feet of gases, he possesses considerable illuminating possibilities. His system contains 22 pounds and 10 ounces of carbon, or enough to make 780 dozen, or 9,360, lead pencils. There are about fifty grains of iron in his blood and the rest of the body would supply enough of this metal to make one spike large enough to hold his weight. A healthy man contains 54 ounces of phosphorus. This deadly poison would make 800,000 matches, or enough poison to kill 500 persons. This with 2 ounces of lime, make the stiff bones and brains. No difference how sour a man looks, he contains about sixty lumps of sugar of the ordinary cubical dimensions, and to make the seasoning complete there are twenty spoonfuls of salt. If a man were distilled into water he would make about thirty-eight quarts, or more than half his entire weight. He also contains a great deal of starch, chloride of potash, magnesium, sulphur and hydrochloric acid in his wonderful human system.

Break the shells of 1,000 eggs into a huge pan or basin, and you have the contents to make a man from his toe nails to the most delicate tissue of his brain. And this is the scientific answer to the question, "What is Man?"—*From Electrical Experimenter.*





Engine Room after the Job Was Completed.

Upper Picture Shows the "Spica" at Our Docks

Pictures by Morse Photographer

A Recent Installation Job

FOR the past three years maritime interests the world over have been digging up old ships which had been relegated to the scrap heap, have overhauled and set them back to work again. Some of the results of this practice have closely bordered upon the grotesque, then again some of the old ships have come back into their own and have been of service which has been really valuable.

A typical example of this rejuvenating policy being practiced by the entire world was seen recently at our yard when the Italian bark *Spica* was being made ready for deep sea service again.

The *Spica* had already rounded out forty-one hard years of service under sails before she came to our yard and would seem to the casual observer to be a perfect representation of the obsolete sailing vessel made famous in so many deep sea yarns and now a thing of the romantic past. She was built in Belfast, Ireland, in 1877 and was originally named the *Lord Cairns*. Later she was purchased by Alexandro Piaggo, of Genoa, Italy, and is now registered from that port. She was "tramped" from one coast to another for many years and was just about to be relegated to the junk heap when a new call for service came.

On the *Spica* the Morse Company completed an installation job which gave to her a powerful engine very seldom seen in ships of her size. Three Diesel engines of different types were installed. Her main engine is a Southwalk Harris, two cycle reversible type with a brake horsepower of 385 and an indicating horsepower of 625. The auxiliary engine is a Gelowsky semi-Diesel marine type. It is used to drive the auxiliary air compressor. The bilge pump is driven by a Novo Diesel engine, single cylinder.

The *Spica* is of iron construction, has a gross tonnage of 1,332 tons, she is of 1,232 net tonnage, has a mean draft of 21 feet and carries the regular ship's rigging. She was fitted out to have a fuel capacity for a fifteen days' cruise and is now able to travel at a speed of nine knots.

Up to the present time the *Spica* has had no chance to demonstrate just what she is worth in her rejuvenated condition. After leaving our yard she docked a little further up the bay to await a cargo and while there was damaged slightly during one of our early spring gales. She is now undergoing repairs which will make her ready for her first voyage under both engine power and sail.

On both the *Spica* and the *San Guiseppe*, a sailing vessel of like character, the Morse Company did installation jobs worthy of note. Sailing vessels of the *Spica* type were built with no thought of the possibilities of engine power being used as an auxiliary to sails and the hull usually has to be entirely reconstructed and reënforced in order to stand the strain which an engine produces upon it.

The result of such an engine job as was done on the *Spica*, however, is well worth the trouble which a job of that character usually causes. The whole world to-day needs ships, and if a formerly useless hull can be put back to work, something worth while has been accomplished.

Many Enjoy Outing

"MORE fun for four dollars than I ever had in all my life." That was what one of the men who attended the Employees' Association Annual Outing on June 21 said as soon as he jumped off the boat at nine o'clock that evening. The sentiment was an almost universal one for similar expressions were heard all through the day.

A last minute crowd put in appearance before the boat *Sirius* left the yard and swelled the attendance considerably. The *Sirius* steamed away from Pier No. 4 about ten o'clock. "The more the merrier" seemed to be a prevailing sentiment and the boat did not leave until it was certain that every man who wanted to go was on board.

Just prior to sailing, the band in full uniform gathered at the gate, struck up a lively tune and then followed by all who felt inclined to get in line paraded to Fourth avenue to inform our neighbors that the Morse Dry Dock crowd was out for a good time.

The trip up the bay and through the East River was ideal. Weather conditions were perfect and most of those in the party seemed to derive the acme of pleasure and comfort from it.

The boys who worked behind the refreshment bar during both the outward and homecoming trips deserve both credit and thanks. It was no easy job serving the thirsty crowd but they did their task well and with a minimum of confusion.

Joe Burns, now a true son of the sheet metal shop, but formerly of the employment office "chain gang," was a particularly energetic amateur barkeep. Perhaps the reason that he came to our notice so forcefully was that Joe never lost the opportunity to see that we were well provided for. Vincent Konop, who has handled more outings than you can shake a stick at, was the "big boss" at the bar and deserves special mention because of the splendid way in which he handled his job.

A little after eleven o'clock the *Sirius* nosed up alongside of the dock at Witzel's Grove, College Point. Everybody possessed a rather vacant feeling in the region of the beltic circle by this time and getting toward the group of houses clustered not far away from the end of the pier was only a matter of seconds. Even those who had never seen College Point before had a premonition that the restaurant must be there.

The plans of the hungry were foiled for just a moment, however, when all were decoyed into the grand stand where a panoramic picture was taken by the Witzel photographer.

"Breakfast" served just a little before noon, proved to be a real event. There were fried eels, Lyonnaise potatoes, potato salad and then to top it all off, huge pieces of juicy steak.

Refreshment of a slightly lighter quality naturally followed the first heavy meal of the day and the kegs, which were resting under almost every shady tree out in the grove, began to sputter energetically in response to many twists of the tap.

Friendly games at dividing pasteboards also began to grow in popularity. Even Oscar Kruger, the sign king, was seen taking a chance with Pete Lorenze. Oscar placed a whole nickel on one of the cards, lost and then, probably driven to it by desperation, was seen later in the day drinking another glass of beer.

It is to the credit of the outing management that professional gambling was not tolerated. Several professional gamesters who follow all outings of any size sneaked into the crowd and started games. Their operations were stopped almost immediately.

Very early in the afternoon the pipe shop-hull department ball game got under way. It resulted in a 7 to 3 win for the pipe shop, but was far from the walk-away game that the score indicates.

Both teams were handicapped by the fact that all of the regulars were not on hand and several outside players had to be inserted in the line-up.

Team work on both sides was at times sadly lacking, but this did not interfere with the enjoyment of the game by both spectators and players.

Judd, of the pipe shop, pitched a great game and had eleven strikeouts tallied up to his credit. Golding, Albin, Potter and Baranda starred with the willow. McCarthy, of the hull department team, provided the sensation of the game in the sixth inning when he clouted the pill for a circuit.

A half-mile race, the initial event of the other athletic games, started while the baseball game was in progress. Sid Leslie, garage force, starting from scratch and giving away twenty-five yards to the rest of the field, won easily in 2.05. Walter Leslie finished second in 2.15 with Reingold, copper shop, a close third.

The large number of entries for the 100-yard dash necessitated the running of that event in three heats, best two in each heat qualifying for the finals. The final was won by George Gardner, hull department, second honors going to O. T. Craig, pattern shop. Others qualified for the final heat were Chris Jensen, paint shop; Arthur Reinhardt, pipe shop; T. Westerlunde, tool room; George Seiferth, hull department.

The honor of being the "fleetest" fat man in the yard went to George Loshier. The remainder of the field consisted of Joe Lowe, Henry Dobles, George Jones, Pete Drumm, William Light, Taylor, Bill Lansing and Messrs. Tomey and Ward. Bill Lansing of the riggers and George Jones, boiler makers, two favorites were left at the post.



Upper picture, the tug of war, middle, the half-mile race in progress; lower, Loshier wins fat man's race.

Large picture: "Sirius" just before leaving the Morse pier; center, John Powell knocking one out for the pipe shop; below, Sid Leslie winning the half-mile; to the right, fat men waiting for the gun.

Pictures by Morse Photographer



A Few Group Pictures Taken at the Outing

Pictures by Morse Photographer

The standing broad jump was won by Staunton, pipe shop, with Cotter, of the copper shop, a close second.

A feature of the athletic program was the tug of war between two picked teams, one from the hull department and the other from the "Farm." The contest ended in a draw, was pulled over again in the yard and won by the hull department team.

The hull department team consisted of "Gunboat" Smith, George Jones, Bill Lansing, Pete O'Donnell, Albert Winbar. The "Farm" team was composed of Alex Norvlom, Tom Gustafson, Amil Motson, Otto Ekelund, Gunnar Mihle.



The Pipe Shop Crowd Was There Strong — Picture by Morse Photographer

Dinner at 6.30 o'clock again proved the worth of the Witzel culinary department and the foresight of the outing committee. Soup, Kennebec salmon, roast beef, roast chicken, salad, ice cream and coffee were served in an appetizing and efficient manner. If anyone left the dining-room hungry it was his own fault for there seemed to be an endless supply of everything.

According to figures compiled by the man who sat next to him, Gunboat Smith ate exactly six chicken legs, as many wings and finished up by eating all of the ice cream that the rest could not consume.

The pig race held after dinner was the final event of the day's sport. The pig, in spite of all the grooming which he had received, did not put up a particularly thrilling race and was easily captured by Todd Kerr, shipfitter. The ultimate fate of the little "grunter" is not known, but when last seen it showed very few signs of loss in weight and great possibilities for a good meal in the future.

The trip going home was even more restful and pleasant as the evening was cool. The boat landed in Brooklyn about nine o'clock.

The outing committee is to be congratulated upon the efficient way in which everything was handled. H. G. Hoover, chairman, in spite of his white trousers, which generally do not signify hard work, was everywhere in evidence. Thanks also ought to be extended to every other man who served on the committee. Tom Smith, Jr., and Tom Smith, Sr., were "live wires" of the day and it was due to their efforts that the athletic events were run off so successfully. Joe McGuirk deserves credit for his willingness to help in any capacity and whenever needed. Frank Whitman shared with others the task of maintaining order and is to be congratulated upon his success. Too much cannot be said of the hard and faithful work of Joe Lowe. Lowe, aside from selling more tickets than any other individual, attended to various details in connection with the arrangements.

It is to be noted that the pipe shop had the largest representation at the outing and on the strength of the showing we would say that the pipe shop crowd is about 100 per cent. A1 when it comes to activities of the Employees Association. There certainly are some "live wires" in that department.

William Lansing, Edward McGibney, Vincent Konop and Peter Lorenze, other members of the Committee, contributed materially to the success of the outing.

In connection with the following financial report of the outing it should be understood that no attempt was made by the Association to make the outing show a financial profit. The aim from start to finish was to meet the men in the yard half way in providing an all-around good time. In other words the Association arranged a program which cost between $5.50 and $6 for each individual, but charged only $4 a head. Without the Association an outing similar to this year's affair could not have been provided at such a reasonable cost per person.

The following detailed report is submitted by H. G. Hoover, vice-president of the Employees' Association, who had charge of the outing finances:

Receipts—Sale of tickets: Peter Lorenze, $64; William Lansing, $103; Robert Anstett, $8; William Roth, $8, Lawrence Wallace, $4, Fred Lemmere, $106; Victor Foley, $8, Fred Wood, $40; Gustave Basil, $56; Thomas McGibney, $192; Mortimer Meade, $12, Paul Troy, $68; Joe McGuirk, $201; Joe Lowe, $483; Thomas Smith, Sr., $56; H. Naeher, $80; James Weldon, $23; Carlisle Stecher, $144; James McCarthy, $8; John Lamke, $20; Joseph Quinn, $36; Vincent Konop, $144; William R. Monahan, $60; Warren Ames, $42; Wallace Bentley, $63; A. Miller, $72; Herman Kohler, $61; James Coates, $32; Daniel Shea, $12; Henry Dobles, $80; Miss Jensen, $8; William Voege, $32; Henry Lawson, $61; James MacDonald, $20 and H. G. Hoover, $63; concessions, $25; miscellaneous, $37.50; totalling, $2,464.50.

Expenditures—grove, meals and refreshments at grove, $2,172.75; charter of *Sirius*, $1,080; prizes, $135.55; band, $126; refreshments on *Sirius*, $260.34; ice, $8; glasses, $22.50; miscellaneous, $58.11; totalling, $3,863.25.

Donated by the Association, deducting $94 yet to be collected on I.O.U. slips, $1,304.75.

A Passport to Health

A NOVEL idea recently originated by the United States Shipping Board which in spite of its seemingly eccentric form has a very practical application, is the "seaman's bottle." One of these little bottles which are small enough to fit in the vest pocket, will soon be in the possession of every American sailor if the present plans of the Shipping Board are carried out.

The little bottles contain printed forms, which if properly filled out by the captain of the ship entitle the American Jackie to free treatment in any United States Marine hospital or relief station. In short, the "seaman's bottle" is a passport of good health.

Many of the former seafaring men now at work in the yard will be able to realize the worth of having credentials which entitle you to medical attention, not after days of waiting, but on the spot whenever wanted with no red tape involved. The life of the old time sailor was a hard one, and especially hard if he happened to be sick. If he was without money enough to obtain medical treatment when his ship came to port, and he usually was in that condition, he was forced to depend upon the ship's medicine chest, and there a meagre stock was usually found.

The "seaman's bottle" is just another instance of what Uncle Sam is doing to help build up a giant American Merchant Marine. The Government authorities realize that besides building good ships and having them well repaired when necessary, there must be healthy American youths to man them, and the "seaman's bottle" is one of the ways by which they are attempting to keep our young seamen healthy.

A vessel's registered tonnage, whether gross or net, is practically the same under the American rules and the British rules. When measured according to the Panama or Suez tonnage rules most vessels have larger gross and net tonnages than when measured by British or American national rules.

A true friend is a jewel that shines in the dark.



More Group Pictures of the Outing Attendants — Pictures by Morse Photographer

How a Pipe Is Bent

DID you, Mr. Pipefitter, ever wonder what happened to your templet wire after you had bent it to the proper shape and your work was done? Perhaps that is a foolish question to ask a pipe shop man, because the pipe shop is small and every one of that department must have had an opportunity to see Joe Lowe, the bender, at his work, but we are quite sure that some of the riggers or the hull department boys are just as ignorant of the way a pipe is bent as we were before Joe took us around.

It is an interesting job to watch, especially the bending of one of the big ten-inch jumbos, and the process is worth knowing something about.

Pipefitters resemble architects or surveyors in a great many ways. They lay out the work which is at hand. When it is necessary to bend a pipe around a certain projection they don't bend the pipe to the desired angle, but instead they bend the more easily handled templet wire into the necessary shape and Joe Lowe and his benders in the pipe shop do the rest.

Templet wires are really nothing more than those long quarter-inch pipes which we see all pipefitters dragging with them as they scurry around the yard. The pipefitter bends this pipe or templet wire by hand. It is light, easily handled and with the aid of a helper it is not usually very difficult to bend it in the cold steel to the shape which is desired.

After the templet is bent it is hurried off to the pipe shop where the work of the bender begins. Pipe of the right size is first secured and brought to the filling platform. The pipe has what is called a "tail end" screwed on one end of it. The tail end is nothing more than a handle, an extra piece of pipe plugged at one end and screwed on to the end of the section to be bent. The other end is hoisted up to the filling platform and filled with sand. As it is being filled the bending gang hammer the outside of the pipe until the sand in it is as well packed as it possibly can be. This part of the process is very important as the shape of the pipe depends upon the solidness of the sand. After the pipe has been filled with sand it is plugged at the other end and then laid upon the bending table.

The bending table is a large platform standing near the center of the pipe shop. It has a base of concrete surmounted by a four-inch thick plate of steel. The plate is perforated with square holes into which the pins which hold the pipe on the table are inserted. These pins hold one end of the pipe in place while the end nearest to where the bend is to be made is, in the case of a large pipe, pulled around by a winch. Smaller pipes are handled by hand. Before the pipe is heated the templet, which has been bent to the correct angle by the pipe fitter, is placed on the pipe. The templet shows just where the pipe is to be bent and chalk marks are put on it at these places. Heat of 2,900 degrees Fahrenheit from oil and air compression torches is then thrown onto the spaces between the chalk marks and as the pipe grows hot and pliable the winch draws it around to the proper shape.



Pictures by Morse Photographer

Upper: The Torches at Work. Center: At the Filling Platform. Lower: Pipe, Before and After Bending

FINISHING the BIG JOB



AN interesting feature of the return of our armies from overseas is, that of the men who left this yard to go to war, nearly 100 per cent. of them have returned to the Morse employ.

They knew that they were certain of getting their jobs back. That is one of the reasons why so many have come back, but another and more important reason must be their appreciation of the good fellowship and congenial conditions which exist in our yard.

Jack Finneran is now back in the traffic department and, judging by the smile which he possesses at all times, we are of the opinion that he is glad to be back with us. Finneran arrived in New York on April 22. His return trip was made on the *Panaman*.

There are very few men in the yard who do not remember that ship as she has been here many times. Finneran had done some work on the *Panaman* himself. That fact made the trip back especially pleasant for he was acquainted with the captain and many of the ship's officers. Bill Major came back on the same ship and he too is back at his old job.

Both men left the yard in June, 1917. They were in training camp on this side only a short time when a call for volunteers for immediate service overseas was made and Jack and Bill were among the first to answer the call. When they arrived in France it was found that the unit to which they were to be assigned had been completed so both of them were transferred to the 16th Engineers, which is one of the regular army outfits.

It was to this regiment, according to Finneran, that little Charlie Monet, whose picture appeared in the May issue of THE DIAL, belonged. Finneran says that he had seen the little mascot captain many times and that he is also acquainted with Sergeant Graves to whose home Charlie Monet went after leaving the yard.

Finneran and Major fought together during some of the greatest battles of the war. They were in the DeLys offensive and in the battle of the Meuse-Argonne. Their work consisted of building narrow gauged railroads up to the first line trenches and although neither of them came into first hand contact with the enemy, they had many thrilling experiences while at the front and can tell many hair-raising stories.

On July 18, 1918, both Major and Finneran answered a call for volunteers of experience to go into the motor transport division. Major was transferred to a motor unit, but Finneran for some unknown reason was not and the two men were separated until last January when it was time for them to start for home. Major then was sent back to his original unit and both of the boys made the trip back home together.

Finneran says that during all of the time that he was at the front he received THE DIAL regularly, that is, he received it whenever the officers didn't get it first. THE DIAL, he said, was the most popular piece of reading matter which arrived at the front and was read by practically every man in his company. Reading matter was very scarce and the only other printed material which they received, for a long time, was the *Daily Mail*, an English paper of one page which contained practically no news at all

William Griffin, brother of John Griffin, plate shop, visited the yard several weeks ago and while here entertained a few of us with some very interesting tales of life in the front line trenches. He had just returned from France where he had seen a great deal of service with the 305th Infantry.

Griffin never had been in the Morse employ but had heard of the yard from his brother John and was especially interested in seeing it after returning from France for there, in the front line trenches, he had read one of THE DIAL'S from cover to cover and it seemed, he said as if he knew everyone down here after reading it.

Griffin said that he did not remember the name of the man who had THE DIAL nor did he know whether the man who gave it to him was a Morse employee, but the magazine was passed down the line and when it come to Griffin he read it while the Boche shells whistled over his head.

Raymond J. Butler, one of the old hull department boys, is now back in the yard after an extended period of service in France. He left the yard in April, 1918, and arrived in France two months later. He was in the 29th Division, Company B, 112th Machine Gun Battalion and while in France saw very active service with the machine gunners. He was in the battle of the Argonne Forest, saw service in the Alsace sector and was in the battle of Etraye Ridge, or the battle of "Death Valley" as it was popularly known.

He returned to the United States on May 24. "I will be a happy man when I get back at my old job of holding on," said Butler. "This is the best country in the world and I wouldn't live over there in France for a million dollars. If the people of the United States suffered only one-third as much as the people of France they would know just a little about the horrors of the great war. I have never seen so much absolute devastation as there is over there. All of us ought to be glad that we live in this country away from such things."

Another interesting narration of Yankee doings in France comes to us from Samuel Weening, of Mr. Hallock's staff, who saw considerable service overseas as top-sergeant with Company I, 25th Engineers.

Weening left our yard to go into the service in September, 1917, and two months later landed in Brest, France. From there his outfit was transferred to La Rochelle, where they set to work on the occupation of building cars, which work consumed months of their time. Later he was sent to Saints with the French 6th Infantry as an interpreter. He remained at this post until June 14, when he was transferred to the front at Avainville, on the Meuse, engaged in constructing a narrow-gauge railway from there to Verdun.

It was during this time that he first came in contact with the Hun air-raids. Although they were frequent, they were not feared because of the poor aim of the German aviators and the quality of the explosives used; six shells exploding out of every eleven dropped.

When the St. Mihiel drive started, Weening and the rest of his outfit were put into the active fighting, every available man being utilized in that memorable drive. They were used generally to man the artillery or to bring up tractors.

Weening says that the preparation for the St. Mihiel drive started on June 14, with formation and construction of mines and other preliminaries. In fact, a very extensive mine had already undermined the wonderful German fortress of Mont Sec, and was fully charged with powder. The plans, according to Weening, were to blow up the fortress if the Allied forces failed to take it. This fortress, he says, was fitted up with every modern convenience and had beautiful gardens and parks in the rear.

It was during this intensive drive that Weening witnessed the famous German "moving cemetery." The Germans, aware of the fact that the French artillery maintained rigid scruples against firing at a cemetery, no matter how important the position might be, rigged up a portable cemetery and under its cover brought a complete battery of six-inch guns into play on the Allied positions. The French would not return the fire, but the American gunners gave it to them and finished the "cemetery."

On September 12, Weening was wounded, receiving a piece of shrapnel in his neck, which for a time took him out of action. His next adventure occurred on November 2, when his detachment came into a village which had been shot to pieces. They found an abandoned trench stove and, after lighting a fire in it, clustered about, talking and playing cards. In about half an hour, the whole stove burst to pieces with a terrific explosion, killing two and wounding several, including Weening, who got a piece of the stove in his arm. The Germans had hidden a hand-grenade in the stove upon evacuating the town. A like instance of these "Booby Traps," as they were called, happened the week previous, when the captain of the company lifted the lid of a box which was lying on the field. The box exploded and all that was left of him was one leg, encased in a boot and puttee.

Weening says that he endeavored to collect some souvenirs but as they were accustomed to follow the doughboys into the captured territory, they found that even the buttons from the uniforms of the slain Germans which cluttered the field, were taken in the grand rush for souvenirs.

In speaking of life as he saw it "over there" he said, "There was plenty of excitement, and plenty of work to make up for it. For two weeks of the most intensive driving, the shift was from 7 A.M. to 2 A.M. with two meals, consisting of bacon, coffee and hard tack, to sustain us."

Weening returned about the middle of May on the U. S. S. *Arizaba*, a ship which is familiar to us all.

William Nelsen, formerly employed here, is still with the United States naval forces in eastern Mediterranean waters and according to the following letter written to James M. Donovan, secretary of the Employee's Association, does not expect to be home very soon.

He writes:

"I received your letter of February 17 and was very glad to hear from you and want to thank you for remembering me over in this God-forsaken country. I hope that one of the troop ships that your company fixed up will be

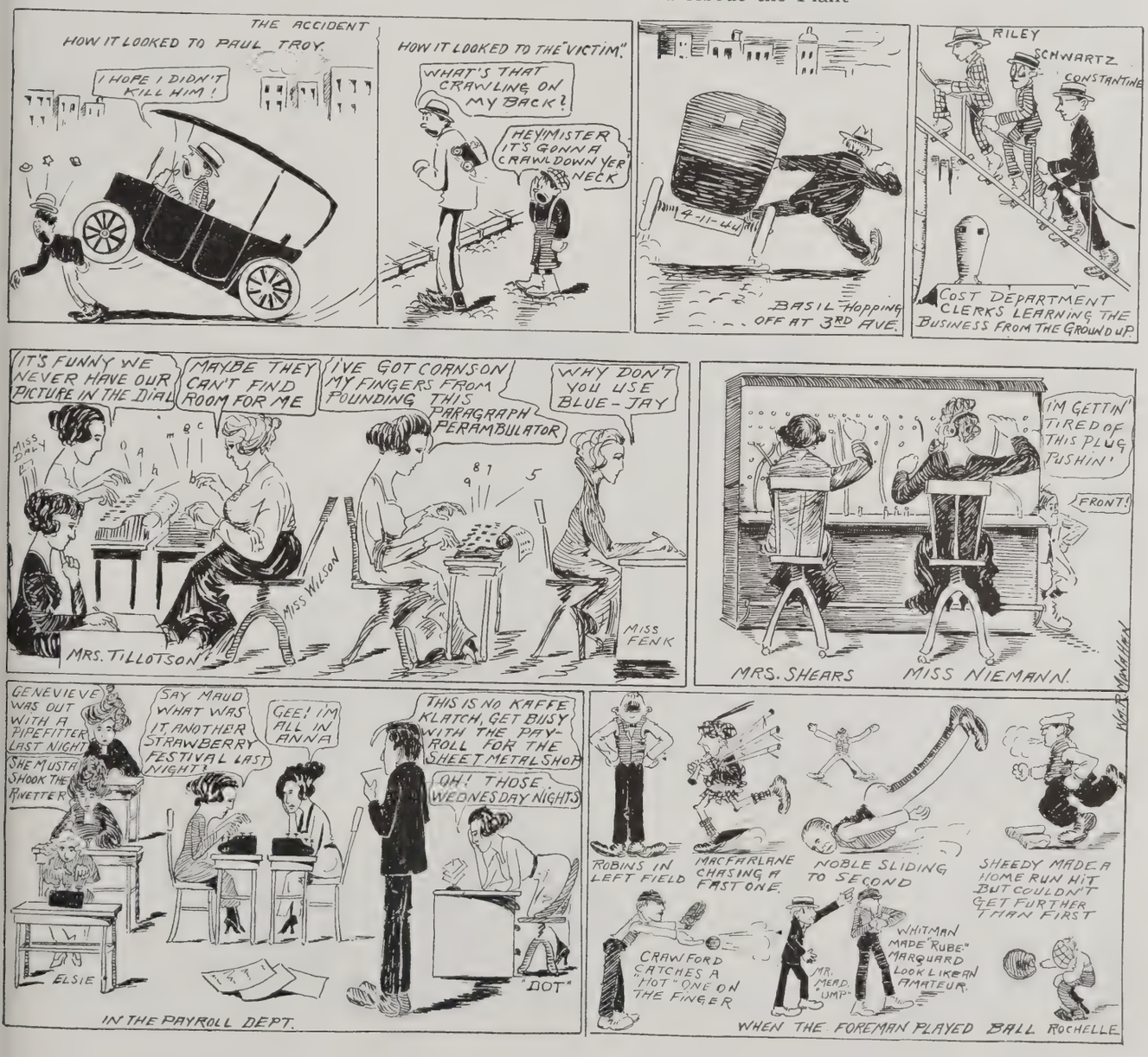
the boat that takes me back to the good old U. S. A. I would not like to go back on our boat. She rolls too much, but if it were a case of getting out of this country I would not mind as it is an awful place for a white man. Your letter found me in the best of health and happy, and it is the only way to be over here. Smile, no matter what the trouble is, and take things as they come. We are taking it that way because it will not do us any good to worry. Smile whatever happens, that's our crew. I will not leave until August, that's what they tell us. The whole crew put in for discharges, but the captain tells us that he doesn't think it will do any good so all that we can do is to trust to luck. I guess Gibby Conk is some mess sergeant, and I think that it is a good job for him. I suppose everything in the yard is changed since I left, the same as Brooklyn itself. They sure must be building Brooklyn up from the letters which I receive from home. They tell me I won't know the old place when I return. Give my regards to all of the boys and if they have a few spare moments ask them if they would kindly write me a line as I would be glad to hear from them. Mail makes a fellow feel happy over in this God-forsaken country. Since we came back here to Austria we have received five mails, and that is all, but we expect to get better service soon as they know that we are here for a while. The first mail we received was in February and it was old mail so we had some wait from November until February. The only thing that the fellows talk about here is when we are going to leave and when we are going to get our discharge. We are only waiting for the word to get back to the old U. S. A. I suppose you have read in the papers about the trouble we had at Spalato, Austria. The Italians, Jugo-Slavs and Serbians are always in trouble. They are fighting all of the time because the Jugo-Slavs and Serbians don't want the Italians here in Dalmatia.

"We are running a boat for the Red Cross Food Commission Army and Navy and we sure have been doing some running. One trip we had was to Barrie, Italy, and they were so sick when they arrived that they said they would never ride on a boat again. It sure was a rough trip. On March 31, 1918, we left the States and it was a day that will never be forgotten. March 31, 1919, will be another day that will not be forgotten for that was the worst day that we ever put in on a boat. It was some rough sea and all of our motors went dead and we had an awful time making port. We are going to put our boat up at Teoda, a big Austrian shipyard, for repairs."

Ralph Sibbio, formerly employed here, is still in France, according to the last letter received from him in which he writes:

"I received your welcome letter and was very glad to hear from you. I also received your wonderful book, THE DIAL, for which I thank you very much. I am sending you a piece of poetry called 'The Battle of Cantigny,' which I think you will like. I hope to receive THE DIAL regularly."

Things Cartoonist Monahan Observed About the Plant



Down on the Farm

LAST month "down on the Farm," the Farmers said that "there warn't much doin'," but one look at the new section, pretty nearly finished, with even the housings for the motors installed, convinced us that either a very busy month had been completed or that efficiency at the Farm had risen to such a perfected stage that building a section in three months meant nothing at all. The section, according to our earlier prediction has now been launched.

Some of the Morse tug-boats have been undergoing overhauling at the Farm. A complete overhaul was made of the *Anson M. Bangs* recently. The engines were dismantled and repairs made wherever necessary, the work being in charge of Andy Christie, the Farm's popular machinist boss. George Casey was in charge of the carpenters; one of their jobs being to lay a new deck. George Rothwell, hull department snapper, had charge of the work on the hull. The *"Solicitor"* had just been overhauled and looks like a new tug in her bright coat of red.

The *Emily*, another of the Morse fleet of launches, recently under repair at the Farm, gives fine service, after being overhauled. A set of new propellers were installed and claim is now made that she is the fastest soliciting launch in the port. The *Why Not*, which was being repaired at the same time as the *Emily*, is also back in service.

Speaking of big jobs, we thought that the *Imperator* was a big paint job, but the Farm painters have also turned out a first-class job and, according to their own statement, it was done in record time. This one happens to be on Joe Maher's motorcycle. The painters labeled the machine in glorious letters with the following, *The Flying Sardine* and Joe didn't like it a bit.

"John, the Carpenter," one of the popular fellows of the Farm yard, has been laid up with pneumonia for quite a while, but expects to be back at work in the near future.

The fellows in the machine shop have a sure way of telling when to carry an umbrella or when not to. Their barometer is "Smithy," of the machine shop. Smithy has a rambuncious or rheumatic leg which never fails to inform him when to expect rain.

It has been officially proclaimed that Ed Warden, foreman of the saw-mill, is now the "heavyweight" checker champion of the Farm. He won over "ex-champ" Mackay, carpenter boss, in one of the noon-hour games and since winning the belt is declining to play any more. Safety First!

Probably one of the best known men on the Farm is Patty Neary, planer helper, and a true son of Erin. Riding blissfully home from work, drawing vigorously on his corncob and sitting upright on his bicycle, handlebars well up in the air and the pedals under his heels he provides much amusement for the boys. Recently, they got busy on Pat's wheel and when he went to ride that night, off came the handlebars, then the seat, and so on until the wheel fell completely apart.

A startling development on the Farm is the ever increasing weight of Bill Borgeson, time clerk, who is able to fight at 105. Another is that "Timberhead" Carlson, signal on Derrick No. 2, has been unable to find those saw-dust pliers, for which he was sent after recently.



Upper Picture, Listening to the "Sally-Anns"; Middle, "Dollars for Doughnuts," Lieutenant Russell and Boss George MacLauren at the Farm.
Below: Miss Joan Sharp of the Dial office, and Miss Hoehn of the back pay department, selling doughnuts at the Farm.

Pictures by Morse Photographer

Good Work Recognized

WHEN a man's work is of such a quality that it is admired by his friends to the extent that they write to us that we too may know of it, that work must be of a caliber worthy of mention. That is the situation in which Arthur Hewitt, of the garage force, is in at the present time.

A letter from Hewitt's friends in the yard to the Editor of THE DIAL brought his identity and the character of his work to our attention. Investigation proved that what the letter stated was true in every detail.

It is not easy to gain full credit for the work which you are doing from the fellow who works beside you even if he does happen to be your friend. The boss is much more liable to notice your ability. Yet here is what Hewitt's co-workers think of him:

"He is an expert in the gasoline engine line and there is no job that he has ever done that has had to be turned back for defects. He is the most careful and efficient man that Mr. Dobbles has working for him. He holds the garage record for fast work and we will match him against anyone in this line for real work. Signed, 'His Friends.'."

A testimonial like this coming from a group of men in the yard is more of a boost for Hewitt than anything we could possibly write. We are glad to bring a man of his calibre to the attention of those who do not know him and are also proud of the fact that we have among us men who are anxious to give credit where credit is due.

"Doughnut Drive" a Success

IN conjunction with the Salvation Army drive for funds during the last part of May, a "doughnut drive" was held in the yard at noon time on Friday, May 23. Approximately $700 was collected.

Doughnuts of the same kind that were given to our boys in the trenches by the Salvation Army lassie were sold for one dollar each to all those who wished to help the Salvation Army.

"Red Hot" bought the first doughnut, we are informed. Chief Collins, boss of the Morse engine room, tried hard to gain that honor for himself, but "Red Hot" was just a little bit lighter on his feet and picked one off the stick which Miss Jensen was holding just a few seconds before Collins arrived on the scene.

At first it looked as if the rest of the men in the yard were more interested in buying ten-cent sandwiches than dollar doughnuts, but as soon as the sandwiches were gone and the band started in to play the doughnuts began to go rapidly.

Lieut. Ruth Russell, one of the Salvation Army lassies who had seen service at the front, was present at the rally and spoke briefly of the work which the Salvation Army did during the war.

"While the war was going on," said Lieut. Russell, "we were forced to neglect the work which we had been doing at home and it is to build up our facilities to do better work at home that we are now asking for funds. I served doughnuts to soldiers up at the front line trenches and have had them standing two hundred and three hundred in line waiting to be served. I have fed 2,500 men in one day. I know the American soldier and let me tell you all, he is a real man."

It is to be regretted that Mrs. Constance Harris, the other member of the Salvation Army party present, was not able to speak because the time was limited.

Mr. Hanbury, industrial director of the Morse Company, introduced the speakers.

"The Salvation Army has done greater work than any other organization in this country," said Mr. Hanbury, "its work can be likened to the work which a mother might do for her son, for the Salvation Army has been the mother to many a man."

The girls of our office force worked hard to make the Salvation Army drive here a success and the results of the campaign are most certainly a credit to everyone of them. Mrs. Waterman, Miss Jensen and Mrs. Tillotson were again in the thick of the campaign and much of the credit for the success of the drive is due to their hard work.

Joan Sharp, of THE DIAL office; Louise Hoehn, back pay department, and Rollo Stier, one of THE DIAL photographers, were the campaigners sent to the "Farm," and the result of their work showed that the "farm gang" are just as eager to help a worthy cause as the men of the main yard. They were aided in their efforts to sell doughnuts by a self-appointed committee of "farm hands," consisting of Bill Borgeson, Andy Christie and Joe Deazey. Ninety dollars were collected there.

The keen observer who wrote "Beauty is skin deep," was wise enough to stick around till the boilermakers washed up.

Band Celebrates

IN commemoration of the second anniversary of the Morse Dry Dock Band, a special concert was held at the bandstand at noon on Friday, June 13. A large majority of the yard force turned out to celebrate with the bandsmen and everyone thoroughly enjoyed the program.

The bandstand was lavishly decorated with flags and bunting and in the prominent foreground stood a large floral horseshoe of roses, tendered to Dan Shea by the members of the band. The first two selections were "The Stars and Stripes" and "The American Patrol," by the entire band. Dan Shea followed with a cornet solo, "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Joe McGuirk, president of the Employees' Association, then addressed the men and presented Dan with a floral piece in behalf of the band members. Joe Lowe, pipe shop, gave a brief outline of the history of the band, describing Dan's experience during the early days of its existance.

"Dan, as you know," he said, "has broken his way into our hearts through good fellowship and honest handshake. He is valuable not only to the company, but also to you men. Through his efforts in several instances peace and harmony have been restored to the yard. There is not one man here who is not a friend of our Danny."

"Red Hot" added pep to the affair with a fiery speech on the outing and the Band Quartette, consisting of Dan Shea and Charlie Shutter, cornets, Bill Dougherty, trombone, and Fred Stemmler, baritone, played a selection. It was followed by a jazz selection and the program was closed with "Till We Meet Again" and "Auld Lang Syne."

With the Band Boys

(*Confidential Talk About Music*)

By William Panasci

DAN suddenly stopped the band in the middle of a selection the other day and wanted to know why Willie stopped before a *bar*. "Because I had a *quarter* and it wasn't enough for the *rest*," said Willie.

The only thing which worries Greco, our property owner, whenever he plays is the *staff* of *flats* which he has at his disposal.

Hennigs was beating *two* at the *bar* the other day when Joe Sill thought there should have been *four*. Willie, who can *C sharp* said they were all getting *flat*, when Dan came in and said, "Let's use a *quarter* that will make it eight on the *bar* for all of us." Very apropos chatter in these days of draught.

Dougherty likes all the *Vamp* in all the *ballads* he plays. We think it is *natural*.

Talk about your great fishes. Dan has some which have great *scales*. But leave it to Joe Sill to *beat 'em*.

And whenever any of the boys get hungry Larry gives them a *roll*.

One of the boys told Dan he was in love with two girls, but did not know which one of them to take. One was named Rose and the other one Anna. We were all thinking which would be the best when Whitman came up and threw away the butt of a cigar which he was smoking. One of the boys picked it up and the band said *Havana*. Dan laughed so hard that he went over to the window and said "I feel a *pane*."

Griffin said, "Don't any of you boys feel hungry." Mitchel said "no," but the *cornet* and left the *trombone*.



At the top and in the center, the Bandsmen are seen as they were about to depart on their Outing. The picture on the left hand side shows Joe Sill and Steve DeRosa cutting-up.

The two pictures at the top are general views of Ramblersville. The groups at the right and bottom were taken after the ball game.

Bandsmen Enjoy Outing

WHEN the bandsmen get together at their annual outing every year there is always something doing. That tradition was started last September, when the first band outing was held at Kreischerville, S. I.

The second annual outing of the Morse Dry Dock Band was held on Monday, May 26, at Ramblersville Hotel, Howard Beach, L. I. Festivities started very early in the morning, when two large motor busses rolled up at the corner of 57th street and Fourth avenue and the sixty and some odd bandsmen and invited guests hopped aboard, all set for the ride to Howard Beach.

The Ramblersville Hotel was reached at about eleven o'clock, where after a short tour of inspection, breakfast was served. Ham and eggs, steak, fried potatoes, salad and coffee were offered and eagerly accepted by the ever-hungry bandsmen.

A short rest after breakfast preceded the baseball classic of every band outing; married men versus those not so foolish, and the tables were turned this time, the "not so foolish" contingent coming out on the heavy end of a 17 to 10 score. Dan Shea pitched for the married men and was knocked all over the lot, much to the delight of a great many of the boys. Jack Bauer, starred for the single men with a home run. Joe Katz, of the "henpecked squad," was the champion fly catcher of the day. He caught 'em standing up and lying down, and Tom Plunkett, out in center field for the single men, managed to catch a couple too, much to his own surprise and delight.

While the ball game was going on, some of the indoor sports stayed at "home" and amused themselves at various games.

General jollification after the baseball game resulted finally in a most unique spectacle, the "barefoot parade." The idea started when Joe Sill fell into a nearby portion of the ocean, duplicating the famous "brodie" of Fred Brunke last year. Joe managed to get rather damp after his dive had been completed. The rest of the boys decided that they wouldn't let Joe get anything over on them, but most of them wished to reserve their Sunday clothes, so the "barefoot parade" was instituted. Shoes and stockings came off, pants legs were rolled up and our illustrious bandsmen proceeded to go paddling.

Dinner at six o'clock was another treat in the culinary line. After dinner all sat around and enjoyed themselves according to their own inclinations, listening, in the meantime, to the tunes which "Laf" La France hammered out of the hotel piano, until dusk had fallen. Then the automobiles came and another outing of the Morse Dry Dock Band had been successfully completed.

The May Entertainment

THE few entertainment features which were staged at our May monthly meeting before it was suddenly adjourned were of a quality well worthy of a good admission price.

The feature act was that given by Enoch Franzen, one of our machinists, who entertained with a strong arm act which a great many of us have never seen duplicated on any stage. Franzen's strength is almost supernatural, but beside that he is gifted with a decided knack for acting and his stolid Scandinavian wit brought forth roars of laughter from the audience.

Not contented with winding a heavy three-quarter inch iron bar twice around his legs Franzen proceeded to tear a telephone book up into four parts, then twisted a three-eighths inch cold roll steel bar into the form of a corkscrew and to end his performance with a real thoroughbred spurt pounded a spike into a three-inch thick plank with his bare hand.

Franzen is a real strong man. There are rumors floating around the yard that he is to be transferred from the machine shop soon and given the job of lifting ships out of the water so that no more new dry docks will have to be built.

Professor Niblo, the first performer, entertained with an exhibition of talking birds. Marion and LeMar gave a comedy sketch in which "crab's ears" played a prominent part. Bill Wherry, hull department, and Fred Laux, amateur champion bicycle rider of Brooklyn, gave an exhibition of bicycle riding on rollers, which kept the boys in a stationary position no matter how fast the wheels flew around.

The exhibition was to have been a five-minute race against time, but Laux broke his chain after two minutes of riding and was forced to retire from the race. Wherry covered $3\frac{1}{10}$ miles in five minutes.

Two good three-round bouts featuring Young Happy, boiler maker, versus Sam Bolin, Erving Levine versus Joe Sullivan, outside machinist, and one round of fast boxing between Young Sailor Burke and Frankie Fay concluded the evening's entertainment.

Powell's Patter

By John Powell, Dry Dock Poet

TO appease the worried mind of one by name Frank Whitman, erstwhile head timekeeper and ball player (?) who wants to know in the worst way why I was so intent in rooting for the Morse team against Elizabeth, N. J., I will try to tell him in the worst way.

To begin with, Jersey is in the United States, which you no doubt already know or have heard and I trust (now isn't it funny I can't speak of Jersey without saying I trust) I sincerely trust I won't hurt anyone's feelings should I happen to speak disparagingly of the State. It was just by a narrow streak of luck that the early settlers of New York did not pick up Jersey to make their future home, and that is one reason why New Yorkers made Thanksgiving day a holiday. But why to-day, a man should work ten hours a day in Manhattan and then take a ferry boat (that looks like Fulton's first idea) and ride twenty to thirty minutes when its clear (and if it's foggy he's just as liable to land in Weehawken as Hoboken) and then take a street car that stops every time the motorman wants to blow his nose, I cannot understand. He gets home in time to undress, eat his supper, call his wife by her first name and then go to bed, not even time to dream, and then up again for another excursion and back to the same old place, and then they pull that old gag about good old Jersey air. Well, I guess they are right, they're out in it summer and winter so much that they get used to it. They don't even escape it in the street car, especially in the winter time. Another thing about Jersey is, you can cross the street and be in a different town. I know one man who lives on a corner and he's a citizen of three towns. One man from Jersey says to another, "Where do you live?" "Oh," says he, "I live in Union Hill." "The other one says: "Why, I'm a neighbor of yours, I live in West New York." These are a few of the reasons I rooted against Elizabeth.

An enjoyable affair took place at the house of Henry Crist on the evening of May 24, in the shape of a family reunion. Mr. Kid Crist who has not seen his brother for two years and nine months was also present. He got three months off for good behavior. Tim Murphy officiated on the accordion, and *accordingly* done well. Clancy had just finished the pathetic ballad, "I'll Be with You When the Roses Bloom Again," when Harrigan, the cop, arrested him. He'll be out when the snow falls.

Mary Kelly sang, "When You Were Sweet Sixteen." She was highly complimented for her memory. Charley Davis sang, "Let Irishmen Be Bold," in a rich, deep falsetto voice with the assistance of a false-set-o-teeth after which they all adjourned to supper.

The menu consisted of pickled pigs feet with cranberry sauce, salt herring fritters, cucumbers stewed in milk, orange marmalade, pretzels and doughnuts, of which everything was well partaken with the exception of the orange marmalade.

After the table was cleared the accordion was once more moved into the kitchen when Pat McCoy sang "God Save the King." Doctors say there is a chance of his recovery, and it is reported he will not be invited to the next aristocratic affair.

Some of the boys of the purchasing department would like to know through THE DIAL whether the following is a desirable place to spend a vacation: Palestine (not the Holy Land) Arverne, L. I.; Borough Park near Washington Cemetery or that other place where the only thing you can spend is the evening, Blue Point, L. I. Answer—Take the P. and R. (no, not the Philadelphia and Reading, but the purchasing and receiving department) and with our consent they can go to, well, use your own judgment.

Great excitement prevailed in the machine shop June 11, when a conflagration in the form of a fire was discovered by Chief Ritchie, although a timekeeper claims the honor of being the Peary of said conflag. It was no sooner seen, than strange to say someone shouted: "Fire," and then a mad rush was made by all—in the opposite direction. And as the flames were rising by this time to the enormous height of half an inch, some one with presence of mind and stout heart and one pail of water ended the scene, and one not soon to be forgotten.

I noticed after a certain ball game, a stately gentleman escorting Miss Jensen and four other ladies to an ice cream emporium. Said ladies, not content with the gallantry of one of the gentry, introduced two more Romeos who were invited to partake of refreshments consisting of charlotte russes, frozen peaches, and frappéd strawberries and because all the drinks were Ice Cold, Red Hot paid the bills in Cold Cash and all he does now is to follow them around.

Fabricated ships are those built in forty-nine days on which 29,342,860 rivets were driven by one man in one day, by fabrication.

Out of one carpenter, two outside machinists, three pipe fitters, four pipe coverers, five timekeepers, six hull, seven burners and eight electricians they ought to get one good ball player.

They claim that in the last great war a certain
marshal each day kneeled,
And prayed that victory might be gained that
day for him upon the field.
And so with Mr. Chambers too, who prayed
upon the field one day,
And said: "Oh, Lord, be good to me, I hope the
ball don't come my way."

I'd just like to know how it started, and who
passed the rumor along
And from whence came the mis-information
which I knew from the first to be wrong,
For bad news they say quickly travels, and bad
news 'twas surely for us,
And had such a thing really happened the ball
fans would sure raise a fuss.
The man I've in mind as a player, in baseball a
batter of skill,
And just what I mean is scientific in the knowledge of placing the pill.
So I'd just like to know how it started, and who
spread the rumor that's all
That meant such a loss to our team when they
said: "I hear Petey Grant won't play ball."

You've read of great achievements accomplished
every day
Of methods ancient that's been found to work
a modern way,
And patience being the stock in trade of all
inventors great,
Though failure upon failure comes their only
motto's WAIT,
But if the acme of all patience you should ever
seek,
Just watch poor Mr. Harper run the Traffic for
a week.

Sing, Brothers, Sing

(Tune of Red, White and Blue)

Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue
And the big bat that pulled Noble through,
Army and Navy piers forever,
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

Rochelle, Rochelle, I hate to tell
What should be told the Office Cat,
It's all about you striking out,
Why did you not use Noble's bat?

Chronometers; and Their Use

DO you who work on ships know what a chronometer is, or have you ever seen one? It would be foolish to try and pick out the most important part of a ship; just as foolish as it would be to say that the roof is the most important part of a house. All parts of a ship must be of the best material that money and skilled workmanship can produce, if it is to be of the highest possible grade, yet a chronometer, small as it may be, is a very essential part, and a mariner without it, or with one of faulty design as a part of his equipment would certainly have a hard time of it while at sea.

A chronometer which is the most perfect time piece made is used to aid the captain of a ship in determining the longitude and the course of the ship. The importance of a reliable chronometer is evident, for should an inaccurate one be at hand, the ship would probably be steered out of its course, perhaps to its destruction on the rocks.

A complete chronometer outfit consists of the clock or "movement," the "gimbal" or metal ring in which it is suspended, and the carrying case. The movement is a round clock about the size of the familiar alarm clock. Its position, however, is horizontal, or face up, and this position is maintained without regard to the pitching or rolling of a ship. This is managed by permitting the chronometer and the metal ring enclosing it to swing freely on pivots, as in the case of a compass. It is usually suspended by pivots at the top and bottom of the metal ring. This ring is in turn suspended by pivots at the sides of the box. Whether the ship lifts at bow, stern or rolls sideways, the chronometer is always maintained at a level position.

The chronometer was invented during the latter part of the eighteenth century, by an English clockmaker named Harrison. The earliest chronometers were smaller than the modern instrument, and had to be enlarged when steam became the usual method of propulsion, for the smaller instruments could not withstand the vibration of the engines.

To attempt to explain how a chronometer works would be foolhardy, for frankly, we do not know, and even if we did the explanation would have to be so technical in nature that only engineers and other men of like training would understand what we were trying to explain. To really understand chronometers and how they work at least several years of higher mathematics, astronomy and much practice at the juggling of logarithms would be necessary.

Memorial Inscription Chosen

THE memorial tablet in honor of those men who left the yard to go into the service of our country during the world war, which is now over, ought to soon be in its place somewhere along the rear outside wall of the main office building if the plans of the memorial committee as they stand at this writing are successfully concluded.

An inscription submitted by Harry A. Hanbury, industrial director of the Morse Company, has been accepted by the committee. The inscription reads: "In commemoration of those who left this yard to take part in the World's War; to fight in France that the world might be free from tyranny and oppression."

ACCORDING to Oscar Kruger, who is in charge of the painting and placing of all bulletin board notices, men of the yard continue to ignore the various notices which are posted almost daily on the bulletin board at the main gate.

Notices of the utmost importance to everyone are frequently posted, and it should be a personal duty to read them. Take just a minute each day to read all of the notices on the bulletin board. The result will be profitable to everyone.

Painting the Imperator

THE Hoboken gang believe in publicity. A sign chalked up on the blackboard in the Hoboken office is proof of that. The sign reads: "Forty hours in which to paint the *Imperator*. Did it in twenty-four."

Publicity is a good thing if you have the goods to back it up.

At Hoboken they have the goods.

During the attempt now being made by the Government authorities to get all of our troops back to the United States before the summer is over there has been no time to make extensive repairs on the 150 odd transports which are now in use. The minimum amount of repair work is being done upon them so that the quick transportation of troops will not be delayed.

In view of this fact, the Navy Yard was having a rather slack period during the last few days of May and when the *Imperator* steamed into the bay naval authorities decided that the repair work to be done upon her could be handled in the Navy Yard by Navy Yard employees.

One of the biggest jobs upon her, the paint job, was awarded to the Morse paint department, however.

The naval authorities, anxious to get the job done in record time asked that it be done in forty hours.

The contract was signed at noon on Monday, May 26. The contract stipulated that work should begin at seven o'clock in the morning, Tuesday, May 27.

Work was started at exactly that time.

Not a very startling fact until it is realized that between noon on the preceding day and seven that morning men had to be hired to work on the job and paint, staging, rope, brushes and all other accessories had to be prepared and made ready.

There was no time to go through the usual formula of requisitioning the necessary material from the main yard. Everything was purchased by the Hoboken office.

With all of the material at hand the next thing to do was to gather together enough men to get the job completed in the required time. There were not enough painters in the Morse employ at that time to work on the job so Tom Plunkett, who, it is said, can tell a painter in a full dress suit, was hurried to Hoboken and a branch employment office, for painters only, was established.

Figures show that Plunkett's one-man power employment system was working up to the usual standard of efficiency, for on the first day there were sixty painters at work while on the second 250 of them were scurrying around the staging.

The men worked a straight eight-hour day and there was no night shift put on the job. According to the original contract only the hull of the ship was to be painted in the forty hours specified. At the end of twenty-four hours that part of the job was completed and orders were received from the Navy Yard to go ahead and paint everything including the stacks.

The whole ship from waterline to the top of the stacks was completely painted in thirty-two hours.

Credit for the extremely fast and efficient job done on the *Imperator* belongs jointly to the painting department and the Hoboken office. As usual the Hoboken boys were on the watch, eager to take on any kind of a job that others were afraid to tackle. In addition to this fact to purchase forty barrels of paint, nine coils of rope, all of the staging, brushes and other equipment necessary was a task which would take a great deal of time under ordinary circumstances. Efficiency must be marked since the purchase was made between noon of one day and seven o'clock the next morning.

The completion of the job in record time is a big feather in the cap of the painting department, now in charge of P. F. O'Donohoe. The painters have not had such a good chance to show just how efficient their department is for a long time. The *Imperator* job proved that they are there with the ability and pep, and congratulations over the excellent record they made are in order.



Pictures by Morse Photographer

Morse Workers Painted the Big Ship in Thirty-two Hours. Foreman O'Donohoe and Some of His Valued Assistants Are to Be Seen in the Insert

Remember the Sick

IN response to a motion made by Frank Whitman, chief timekeeper, at the May meeting of the Employees' Association the sum of $25 was appropriated by the Association for the purpose of supplying reading material to be placed in the yard hospital so that men waiting for treatment may have something to read.

The idea of supplying literature for these men is a laudable one and reading matter at hand in the yard hospital will be appreciated by all who have occasion to go there for treatment.

Wouldn't we be great if we were as great as we think we are?

New Fire Alarms

THE new fire alarm system has at last been completed after much trouble with current and battery conditions, and the new electrical gongs are all ready to sound out the location of the fire, abolishing the old method of the steam blasts which were very confusing.

The system in itself consists of twenty-three connected "boxes" and eight alarm stations. To turn in an alarm it is only necessary to open the box and pull down the hook inside. Old Dame Electricity takes care of all the rest. She shouts the location of the blaze into the ears of men in eight different localities where aid may be had in the way of an extinguishing apparatus, tug boats or men. The signals under the new system are bound to be absolutely correct.

The alarm boxes, their alarm numbers and their locations are as follows:

Box 21—Pier 1; 22—Pier 2; 23—Pier 3; 24—Pier 4; 25—Power House Pier 3; 26—Power House Pier 2.

Box 31—1st Story North Building; 32—2d Story North Building; 33—3d Story North Building; 34—4th Story North Building; 35—Paymaster's Office.

Box 41—N. E. Corner Machine Shop; 42—South Side Machine Shop; 43—Copper Shop; 44—Sheet Metal Shop; 45—Main Store Room; 46—1st Story Main Building; 47—57th Street Gate.

Box 51—1st Story Carpenter Building; 52—2d Story Carpenter Building; 53—3d Story Carpenter Building; 54—Rear of Carpenter Building; 55—2d Avenue Store House.

As soon as an alarm has been turned in, the number of the box at which the alarm was turned in will be rung on a powerful electric gong in the following localities; including the various departments where the engine companies are located: 1st floor, carpenter shop; head watchman's office, 57th street; main storeroom; power house; old machine shop; new machine shop; employment bureau; pipe shop; plate shop; electrical department and Captain Kirby's office on Pier 3.

Captain Kirby will be ready with his tugboats to tow any of the ships within the danger zone out into safety should the alarm indicate a fire in the locality.

On Sundays and holidays and after 4 P.M. daily and after 12 M. on Saturdays, it will be necessary that the yard fall back on the old system. The blasts will be as follows:

Boxes 21, 22 and 26 (Piers 1 and 2), two blasts; boxes 23 and 25 (Pier 3), three blasts; boxes 24 and 42 (vicinity of Pier 4) 4 blasts; boxes 41, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47 (southern district of the yard), five blasts; boxes 31, 32, 33, 34, 35 (North Building and paymaster's office), six blasts; boxes 51, 52, 53, 54, 55 (carpenter shop, lumber yard and 2d avenue storehouse), seven blasts.

THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, and to the interests of the Company.

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor
C. Stewart Wark, Assistant Editor
Wesley T. Jones, Reporter
C. W. Bailey, Photographer

John Powell, Thomas J. Plunkett, William Roth, William R. Monahan, Abe Yager, 2nd, Mrs. Otis Elliot Barene, and Miss Margaret McCarthy, contributing editors.

The magazine is mailed without charge to all employees who keep us informed of their correct address. If you move let us know. The Dial office is on the top floor of the North Building.

All communications should be addressed to B. E Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn.

Vol. 2 JULY, 1919 No. 7

Use the Conference Board

FOR over a year there has been in existence as part of the Employees' Association a body known as the Conference Board. It is the outgrowth of an agreement made between the employees and the management of the Company, and it is intended to serve as a medium through which any disputes and questions concerning the welfare of the employees can be adjusted.

It can be readily appreciated that this Conference Board is a very important body, that its functions are of vital concern to everyone on the payroll, and that its success depends wholly and absolutely upon the fairness and thoroughness with which it serves all parties concerned. There is nothing involved or confusing about the Board and its operations. Its methods of handling disputes are simple and should by this time be well understood by all individuals who have been employed in the yard any length of time.

We are not stretching a fact when we say that the Board has fulfilled its mission in behalf of the employees of the Company in every instance and for over a year. In every case in which the Board has been called upon to act, its work has been handled with dispatch and with general satisfaction to all concerned. Not once has the Plan of Adjustment of Disputes been found wanting, all of which is a splendid tribute to the good faith and pleasant relations which exist between the employees and the management of this concern.

Because the Board has been so successful, it is to be regretted that, through an oversight or a misunderstanding, an attempt was made at one of the recent meetings of the Employees' Association to bring up issues which rightfully and in full accordance with the Plan of Agreement should have gone before the Conference Board first.

The Dial has no desire at this time to enter into a discussion of the merits or demerits of these issues. That is clearly a matter for the Conference Board to handle, and we believe that the thinking employees of the yard will agree that The Dial should not be made the medium through which grievances and disputes should be aired. Obviously, if we put into print the round of alleged grievances which are bound to arise in a big industrial organization like ours, we are only harming the entire organization and at the same time we are giving a whole lot of satisfaction to those outside who would like to see our peace and harmony disturbed.

What The Dial desires to do at this time, however, is to impress upon every employee in this yard the full value of the Conference Board and the existing Plan of Agreement.

In all large industrial organizations there will always be found grumblers and faultfinders, people who would fail to be satisfied even in heaven, where it is said everything is perfect. Also there will be found men of earnest convictions who believe that there are conditions in existence which should not be permitted. Time was when no distinction was made between the two, and the individual who deserved a hearing never got any further than the everyday grumbler.

But things have changed and to-day the industrial establishment which hopes to be successful listens to the voice of the man who seeks honestly to improve conditions for the general good of all concerned. And that is why the modern industrial concern provides a channel through which bona fide complaints can be adjusted. That is one reason why the management of the Morse Company has recognized the Employees' Association and has entered into agreement with its members to receive and treat with the Conference Board which has been created by popular ballot and is as representative of all employees as it is possible to make it.

We elect men to Congress to represent us in the various political matters which concern us. If something displeases us we don't pack our grip, hike off to Washington and demand redress from the floor of Congress. Congress could never get anywhere if it stopped to listen to every Tom, Dick and the old Harry who came along. The men we elect are the ones we complain to and it is up to them to pay attention to our complaints. This may not be the most perfect system in the world, but when we say that, we are picking a quarrel with the Constitution of the most democratic country on the face of the globe.

And so it is or should be with our own community organization. A complaint made through the medium of our Conference Board goes through recognized channels. If action upon the complaint is not forthcoming, ample provisions are made for bringing the matter to a head. The employees of this Company have a medium through which they can arrive at satisfactory settlement of all questions concerning their welfare, and, as it appears to us, they should make full use of that medium in the future as they have in the past.

* * *

A Sad Incident

THE almost immediate death of L. B. Pederson, carpenter shop, after a stroke of apoplexy with which he was stricken while making a speech during the May meeting of the Employees' Association, was a sad happening, and we wish to extend to Mr. Pederson's widow and children the sincere sympathy of the Association, the Company management and The Dial.

Mr. Pederson's death came from entirely natural causes, superinduced by over exertion. Right in the middle of his speech he wavered. Many of the audience thought that he was suffering from what is commonly termed "stage fright." He was carried from the ring, given immediate attention by our hospital staff, but died only a short while later. A motion to adjourn the meeting was made as soon as the news of his death was announced.

The gink who expects nothing is always happy—he's never disappointed.

Hard work is *bad luck's* worst enemy.

Two Little Words

By John Powell, Dry Dock Poet

THERE are two words in English worth bearing in mind, and if strictly adhered to, I vow, will, backed up with pluck, put a few of mankind exactly where J. D. is now.

Eight letters, that's all, make the two words complete, and words that the many ignore, but these little words keep a man on his feet and keep the old wolf from the door.

The road to success is a rough one, I know, the plodding is hard to begin, and you'll find that the rocks of discouragement grow if you show the least sign of giving in.

So keep up your pluck, and with smile on your face to success may be only a lap, and with these words in mind you will soon take your place as the first one in life's handicap.

In work or in war you'll succeed in the end, and you'll smile at the troubles you've stood. In love or in law you can surely depend on these two little words: *Make Good.*

Our Poets' Corner

POETRY, it appears, is a favorite form of diversion among many of the men in the yard, for, every month, of the outside contributions which we receive, verse predominates. To all those in the yard who aspire toward poethood, this column is dedicated. We are using the verses just as they are sent in, realizing that in that form the real thoughts of our yard poets may best be represented.

To Johnny McAvoy

("Over There" with the K. of C.)

By Owie Marks

He has gone away to far off France,
To entertain our "Boys of Fame,"
And we know that John will sure make a hit,
For he knows the fine points of the fighting game.

He proved in the contests he judged before,
That there wasn't a fairer man.
A man he is you can depend upon,
And he will do the best that he can.

He's on the level, you can bet your boots,
And he'll always be, I'll vow,
It takes a real man to help our boys,
That's why John is "Over There" now.

We take our hats off to men like him,
What's more, he's a Brooklyn boy;
So let's get together and wish him well,
Three cheers for John McAvoy.

A Soldier's Sadness

Where are the girls that used to smile,
And the rides I used to get,
And where is the crowd that was very proud
To pass me a cigarette?
Times that I danced with the maidens fair
And captured their hearts by storm,
But I've lost my pull with the beautiful
Since quitting the uniform.

I've sunk my shoes into Turkish rugs,
That only the rich can own,
At fine tables I've been asked to dine,
In the heart of the social zone.
In the cushions deep of a limousine,
I have rested my manly form,
But I've lost my graft with all its sorrows,
Since quitting the uniform.

I've been a king on the ballroom floor,
And an ace in the social whirl,
I could show my face, in any old place,
And never a lip would curl.
I could walk right up to a rich man's door,
And be sure of a welcome warm,
But I've changed a lot, and they know me not,
Since quitting the uniform.

Now I walk downtown and the autos pass,
And nobody says, "Get in."
And all the girls are shy when I'm passing by,
And they give me the tilted chin.
And nobody knows and nobody cares,
Whether I eat or how.
I must buy my chuck, for I'm out of luck,
I'm wearing the "civies" now.
(Contributed by one of our office employees who was formerly with the 27th Division.)

The Battle of Cantigny

May 28, 1918

We went into Picardy,
'Twas May, twenty-eight,
Went into gun pits at midnight,
Pointing the muzzles to the North.

On the morning of the twenty-eighth,
The regiment's casualties began.
While carrying up ammunition,
E Company lost a man.

On the morning of the twenty-ninth,
About four twenty-five.
Hell broke out in the hills,
That was the beginning of the drive.

For three hours we shelled them,
Without a single stop.
Our doughboys waited 'till a given hour,
Then poured out over the top.

At two we were silently eating,
Out there in the slimy mud,
When the silence was suddenly broken,
By the falling of a "dud."

For the benefit of those who do not know,
I'll try to explain a bit,
A "dud," is only a German shell,
With the Hell taken out of it.

We stood there in the open,
Dodging shells most of the day.
The bridge was previously blown up,
So we couldn't pass that way.

A patch of timber could be seen,
Away off to the right.
We pulled to it in a round about way,
And there we spent the night.

Next morning we rose bright and early,
As a position was to be made.
And by the time the watch showed seven,
All four guns had been laid.

This position, as long as I live,
I shall never, never forget.
For all the shelter that we had,
Was an old frail, camouflaged net.

We stayed in that position,
For one short day and night.
'Twas hard to keep up with the "Huns,"
So rapid was their flight.

We pulled past the first battalion,
All keen to do a deed.
And on this one occasion
E Company was in the lead.

We passed through a village of ruins,
And came down a new rock road.
Passed old German dugouts,
In search of a new abode.

We marched on to the city of Cantigny,
'Twas shortly vacated by "Huns,"
And in a nearby orchard, E Company,
Went into action with their guns.

The first Battalion was in Villes Tornell,
The foremost Company in the game.
The second Battalion was at Cantigny,
Helping them to gain fame.

It was reported that our line was broken,
The news was brought by one man.
But we gave the "Huns" the best we had,
As the hills were in our command.

The Engineers were thrown in,
To help the doughboys out.
German reserves were used on us,
But we stood our ground and won the bout.

We heard Major Carter pleading at Cantigny,
Hold the lines boys, hold the "Huns."
The artillerymen are supporting you,
And will save the day if it melts their guns.

I'll gladly march and carry a gun,
Was the ambulance driver's decision.
Just to battle along with these brave boys,
And say I belong to the fighting First Division.

They were shell-shocked, shot and tortured,
They were mangled, wounded and gassed,
But they gave their all in battle,
And repulsed the "Huns" as they massed.

Some dear comrades brave lie buried,
Fallen in defense of Old Glory.
We held the Huns, our line intact,
And now survive to tell the story.

(Sent in by Ralph Sibbio, one of our boys still in France.)

Paint Pot Philosophy

By A. Paynte Slynger

WHILE it's better late than never, it's better never late!

While there's life, there's "soap"!

The rolling stone gathers nothing at Morse's!

While opportunity may make the thief, dishonesty is only inclination's opportunity.

You'll find lots of local color in the Paint Shop!

While experience teaches, the "wise guy" generally has had little of its teachings.

While God helps those who help themselves, this doesn't apply to tools belonging to your boss or your buddy.

While you shouldn't hide your light under a bushel, it's bum dope to flash it in anybody's eyes.

The ginks who quarrel most about religion are those who know darn little about it.

The guy who thinks money can do anything is generally the guy who will do anything for money.

Most of those who live by their wits go bankrupt because they run out of stock so soon.

Necessity is the mother of invention all right, but don't forget the old man, Hard Work!

It may be true that a barking dog never bites, but it would make a dog laugh if you told him that.

Sarcasm gains no friends; a little "salve" heals many a "sore" spot.

There's many a "wise" gazabo whose brains can't fill his belly.

The whistle on a steamboat makes the most noise, but it's by no means the main squeeze.

Steal ten minutes every day, not a soul will holler; then when pay-day comes around, you've "earned" a crooked dollar.

To be intimate with a guy who's not on the level is like trying to sharpen a lead pencil with a buzz-saw.

You're as good a man as your boss is any day, provided you give him full value for the "jack" you put your mitt out for on Saturday night.

Old Lady Vice knows she looks like blazes; that's why she wears so many attractive disguises.

Time is money, but a lot of us have more of the former to spare than the latter.

Back Pay Available

THE back pay for the period from October 3 to October 30, 1918, provided for in the ruling of the Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board, should be available to those entitled to it by the time this issue of THE DIAL is off the press.

When this item was written definite assurances had been given by Mr. Hanbury, Industrial Director, that the money would be available on or before July 15, it being expected that by that time, the Government will have paid at least part of the money which the Morse Company expended in meeting the first backpay.

The Conference Board of the Employees Association at a meeting held during the first week of June requested Mr. Hanbury to give the Board what information he could regarding the back pay.

Mr. Hanbury went before the Board in person and as a result of his explanation the Conference Board named Joseph McGuirk, president of the Employees Association, A. C. Bentley and Fred Wiles, a special committee to confer with the Navy and Shipping Board officials to see when they would be able to complete their work of checking up the back pay schedule.

The accounting department of the Morse Company had practically finished its work, the checks had been drawn and it only remained for the Navy and Shipping Board to approve of the bills. Before their approval could be obtained, however, it was necessary to check over the accounts item for item and this involved much work. The Shipping Board assigned a staff of ten men to the task and the Navy twenty men, and the work progressed so satisfactorily that the Company management thereupon set a definite time for the payment of the money, promising it would be available even if the Government had not reimbursed the Company for the first back pay up to the time set.

Up to the time of this writing the Company has not received a single cent of the quarter of a million dollars paid out in the first back pay, but there is every reason to believe that it, or at least part of it, will be paid soon.

The money will be paid to the employees by check. Those entitled to it who are still employed here will receive a check by calling at the paymaster's office. Checks will be mailed to those who are not now employed here, but who have left their addresses with the paymaster. Former employees who have not left their addresses can obtain their money any time after July 15 by coming for it.

Norwegian Airplane



The accompanying picture portrays in full flight the rigging department's "Norwegian Airplane," used for tarring and painting the stays of the derricks in the yard. Standing, or rather balancing, from left to right are Fred Standworth and A. Carlsen. It is said that this is the only bunch that ever baffled timekeeper Frank Whitman. His timekeepers simply couldn't punch these "high falutin'" riggers' timecards.

Camouflage came in when woman discovered that there was more than one man in the world who liked blond hair.



Captain Thomas J. Sinclair

We Have Our Own Diver

THE above picture shows Captain Thomas J. Sinclair, the Morse diver, who is now engaged in attaching strainers to the manifolds of the New Dry Dock, Section No. 2.

Captain Sinclair is a regular employee of the Morse Company, and is rather an innovation among the shipyards. Formerly, when work requiring a diver was on hand, the company was compelled to hire the divers.

Captain Sinclair has had four and a half years' experience and has performed his hazardous work in nearly every port in the country.

His outfit as shown in the picture consists of a suit, helmet and air pump. The pump is the vital affair, for it is the lungs of the diver while he is under water. Two men are usually required to man the pump. A diver's tender is also included on the staff, who attends to the dressing and the signalling, etc. The suit is of a canvas and gutta-percha composition and the helmet is made of bronze and is very costly, the entire outfit amounting to about $850. Signalling is done by means of a series of jerks on the life line. With his present outfit, the Captain is able to descend to a depth of from 100 to 135 feet.

Gunboat Smith with Us

GUNBOAT SMITH, a sensational runner-up among the heavyweight championship aspirants only a short time ago, is now working as a riveter in the Morse yard and says that he likes getting behind a riveting gun a great deal better than his old profession of swinging the padded mitt in the squared circle. The gunner is not a "has been." Proof of that fact was given very recently when he was offered an engagement with Billy Miske. He did not accept because he is satisfied with his work here in the Morse yard and willing to exchange the glamour of the prize ring for regular employment.

Smith has fought Jack Dempsey, Jess Willard and many other of the best men in his class. In spite of the fact that he is a high-class fighter who can command a good price, the Gunner has never refused to show his skill for the benefit of those who are present at our monthly meetings. Besides being a favorite among the men with whom he works, Smith is one of the best riveters in the yard.

It is a pity that those who taught us to talk did not also teach us to hold our tongues.

Our May Meeting

THE May meeting of the Employees' Association, in spite of the fact that it was marred by the sad death of L. B. Pederson of the carpenter shop, was, in point of the interest taken in it, a most successful meeting.

When men are so interested in the business affairs of the Association that they forget entirely about the entertainment and boxing bouts, we may all again be reassured that our Association is not a camouflaged social organization, but a virile Association of thinking men bound together for the purpose of making their life and work in this yard more agreeable and the connection between employer and employee a straight man-to-man proposition.

It is to be regretted that President Joseph McGuirk was not present at the meeting until later in the evening. Because of his absence it was necessary to elect a temporary chairman. Tom Smith, Sr., carpenter shop, was chosen to fill that position and did the work so suddenly thrust upon him in a very creditable fashion.

The first speaker of the evening, after the old business was disposed of, was Frank Lewis, carpenter shop, who offered suggestions regarding the paying off of yard employees and the yard rules which have been drawn up by the Conference Board. He explained at the outset that he spoke purely from a constructive standpoint and did not want anyone to misconstrue his intentions, and then went on to propose what he regarded as improvements in the present system.

Mr. Pederson then asked permission to address the audience and spoke about the back-pay situation. It was during his talk that he became stricken with apoplexy which proved fatal. The entertainment program was then taken up but was concluded when word arrived from the yard hospital that Mr. Pederson died, when a motion to adjourn was voted.

Enjoy Excursion

A VERY pleasant Sunday sail on the *Mandalay* was enjoyed by many of the office force on Sunday, June 15. The trip was made upon the invitation of the Accounting Department and through the courtesy of the *Mandalay* management.

A very cordial relationship has always existed between the Morse Company and the owners of the *Mandalay*. The boat, which is one of the most palatial excursion vessels running out of New York, was built in our yard.

That friendship was expressed in a very definite way when our office force was invited to take the initial trip of the present season on the boat without charge. The *Mandalay* management provided free passage for Morse employees on any of the three trips the boat made on that Sunday to Atlantic Highlands.

Some people are saddest when they sing and there's a reason why.

A girl thinks a man is brave because he isn't afraid to swear.

Matty Wright's Gang

HERE we have four of Matty Wright's gang. They have just finished a hard day's work out in the stream and are waiting for the tug to take them back to the yard. "Air-line Jack," on the right, is one of the oldest employees in the yard. He has been working for the Morse Company for over nineteen years and still has all of the "pep" left that he started with.





Looking 'Em Over

PERHAPS the most striking thing about the baseball situation in our yard is the unusual interest being taken in the yard tournament and in the various departmental contests that are being played each week. Rivalry has become so keen, several "outlaw" teams have been organized and a series of "Independent League" games is under way. Morse Oval is the Mecca for scores of fans every afternoon after the four o'clock whistle blows, and some mighty good games are being staged.

A notable example of what the "Independents" can do in the way of creating a furor in the sporting life of the yard was given when the Hall-Murray combinations came to blows on June 10, an account of which will be found further along.

So far as our regulars are concerned we cannot be as optimistic as we would like. For some reason or other attendance records are way below what they should be, despite the fact that good baseball is the general rule and not the exception.

One answer may be found in the fact that there have been one or two unfortunate bookings. For instance when the Cuban X-Giants were advertised to appear against us many fans turned out in expectation of a good game. Everybody who witnessed last year's games with the Cuban Giants counted on a contest this year worth seeing, but when the visitors showed up it was discovered that an aggregation of school boys had foisted themselves on us and of course the game was a joke. They were way below our class.

The baseball committee got busy immediately and checked over the rest of the bookings in order to keep second rate teams away from Morse Oval for the rest of the season. It was decided then and there that only the best teams would be scheduled or no games would be played.

The Morse team has, up to this time of writing, met some of the best semi-pro. teams in the metropolitan district and at no time has it shown itself to be distinctly outclassed. The only time that a poor brand of baseball was shown was on Decoration Day when a return game with Downey was played on Staten Island.

The team, far away from the familiar home grounds, showed to a distinct disadvantage. One or two reversals of form are bound to crop out during a long playing season, however, and that was probably one of them. Since that time the team has shown that it is a consistent combination.

For the benefit of all of the fans who were present at the opening game of this season with the Standards we reprint from the June issue of the *United Standard*, the plant paper of the Standard Shipyard, an account of that game, written by our esteemed contemporary Jack Condon, sporting editor of that paper.

The account is self-explanatory. No more biased opinion could possibly be given. We have no "come back." An umpire, in our estimation, is "king" at a ball game. What he says, good or bad, goes with good sports. We are glad to know, however, that "Hen Connelly is somewhat of a trimmer" and that he is an "old fox." The fox has a habit of running when a regular animal comes around, and Hen sure did run that day he played us. He acted like a schoolboy instead of a full-grown butcher.

Mr. Condon's account of the game follows:

"Had it happened in other surroundings and under slightly altered circumstances it would have been termed 'highway robbery,' but being as it happened in Brooklyn, where harsh language is tabooed, we will have to catalogue it as misjudgment, and oh, such misjudgment has very seldom been witnessed!

"The Standard team journeyed to the Morse yard to trim or be trimmed and, alas, the plans of the aforesaid umpire failed, as he had it all framed up to trim us by fair or foul means. But he had reckoned wrong, as our able manager, Hen Connelly, is somewhat of a trimmer himself and the old fox just trimmed off the last inning to show Mr. Burke that he knew a few tricks of the game and was wise enough to get out from under before the trimming had turned or been turned by Mr. Burke to the favor of the Morse team.

"The game was a fairly good exhibition of how the national sport should be indulged in and presented to the fans, and at the time that Hen Connelly decided that the trimming had gone far enough the score stood at a tie, each team having scored five runs. The feature of the game was the home run by Emmerich."

The Morse team split a double header on Sunday, May 25, when it took the fast Cypress Hills Club into camp by the score of 10 to 4 and then dropped a hard fought game to Downey to the tune of 4 to 3.

The first two innings of the Cypress Hills game featured a batting bee which netted ten runs and put the game on ice for Bill Dahlen's men. Five runs were scored in the first inning and five more came our way in the second. Then the Morse willow artists took a rest for the remainder of the game. Jimmy McGarry allowed the visitors four hits, which had the good luck to grow up into four runs, tallied up to the credit of Cypress Hills. One run in the first, another in the second and two in the fourth was all that the Cypress Hills boys could gather. The Morse batting bee of the first two innings was featured by great stick work from Murphy, Grant, Troy and Tee.

The second game of the double header with the Downey Shipbuilding team was a tough game to lose. A one inning lay off in playing form by the Morsemen was responsible for the loss of the game. In the third inning Downey got away with a three run rally which gave them an advantage held throughout the remainder of the game. Morse started things by scoring one run in the first. Another tally in the fourth and one in the fifth tied the score but the Downey's squeezed through another in the eighth which won the game. Paddy Martin pitched good ball. He registered twelve strikeouts to his credit and allowed no passes.

First Game

Cypress Hills....	1	1	0	2	0	0	0	—	4
Morse.....	5	5	0	0	0	0	x	—	10

Batteries: For Morse, McGarry and Tee; For Cypress Hills, Murray, Petersen and Moebius.

Second Game

Downey...	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	— 4
Morse.....	1	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	— 3

Batteries: For Morse, Martin and Tee; For Downey, Holborow and Leahy. Umpire Gus Marshall (both games).

The Morse team traveled to Sisco Field, Staten Island on Decoration Day and played a return there with the Downey team about which very little can be said. The score was 6 to 2 in favor of the Downey outfit. Our team was absolutely outclassed and played a brand of baseball which in no way resembled the usual playing of the Morse team. It was one of those days experienced by every team sometime during the season when everything goes wrong and good ball playing seems to be impossible.

A homer by Pete Grant in the ninth inning put the Morse ball tossers on the heavy end of the score in the second game of the double header played with the Royal Giants on Sunday June 1. The first game was chalked up to the credit of the negro pastimers at 6 to 1. Because of Grant's homer the Morse team was able to win the second game to the tune of 10 to 9.

Both games were exhibitions of baseball that could not be duplicated outside of the big leagues, and the second game was perhaps the hardest fought contest staged at Morse Oval this season. Pete Grant's drive in the ninth is an event that will not soon be forgotten. It carried the ball deep into center field, and was, according to all that were present, the longest drive ever knocked out at Morse Oval.

The first game featured unbeatable slab work by Brooks, of the Royal Giants. Lloyd at short for the Giants also played a great game, getting away with thirteen difficult chances. Johnson was on the mound for Morse.

Morse took the lead early in the second game by hanging up three runs in the second inning. In the seventh Santop of the Royal Giants knocked out a homer with the bases full which gathered in four more tallies for the Giants, and made things look pretty bad for the home team until only a few moments later, in the same inning, when Dietz knocked out a three bagger which brought in two runs and tied the score. Jimmy McGarry was on the mound for Morse during the first part of the game, but was relieved by Archer in the seventh.

First Game

Royal Giants.....	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	—6
Morse.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—1

Batteries: For Morse, Johnson and Tee; for Royal Giants, Brooks and Santop.

Second Game

Royal Giants.....	0	0	0	1	1	3	0	4	0	— 9
Morse.....	0	3	0	0	0	0	4	2	1	—10

Batteries: For Morse, McGarry, Archer and Tee; for Royal Giants, Marscell, Brooks and Santop. Umpire (both games), Gus Marshall.

A high class exhibition of baseball as it should be played was given at Morse Oval on Sunday June 8, when the Morse team took O'Ryan's Roughnecks, the soldier baseball outfit, into camp by the score of 7 to 5.

A homer by Crist with two men on base in the first inning started our team on the road to victory. Three more runs brought in, in the second inning, put the game on ice for the Morse men.

Bonney who succeeded McAuliffe after the second inning, held our willow artists down pretty steadily, and they were unable to score during the remainder of the game. Outside of the first inning when the Roughnecks managed to gather in three tallies, Archer, for Morse, pitched a good and consistently tight game. He was very effective in the pinches and struck out ten men. The Roughnecks

gathered in another tally in the third inning and one more in the ninth. A feature of the game was the catch made by Bonney in left field, of a long drive from Bunny Dwyer's bat.

The score:

O'Ryan's Roughnecks	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1—5
Morse	4	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	x—7

Batteries: For Morse, Archer and Tee; for Roughnecks, McAuliffe, Bonney and Quaroli. Umpire, Gus Marshall.

The Morse team defeated the Cuban "X-Giants" on Sunday June 15, 10 to 2. Jimmy McGarry pitched a great game, and his unhittable bends were responsible in a large degree for the success of the Morse team. Pete Grant also played a top notch game, and spent a busy session at second without sustaining one error.

Bill Dahlen's bunch gathered in four runs in the first two innings before the "Cubans" ever thought of getting started. Fitch on the mound for the "Giants," then settled down until the fifth when the Morse men garnered one more. Five runs were collected in the seventh and eighth innings.

Thomas of the "Giants," played a good fielding game at second, and Higgins in left field provided one of the thrills of the game when he smothered a sizzling liner from Bauer's bat.

The score:

"Cuban X-Giants"	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0— 2
Morse	2	2	0	0	1	0	2	3	x—10

Batteries: For Morse, McGarry and Tee; for "Cuban X-Giants," Fitch, Polk and Nixon. Umpire, Gus Marshall.

Yard Baseball League

By William Roth

THE first month of baseball in the yard league is now over and things are beginning to shape up in a way that may suggest the ultimate outcome of the tournament. The Pipe Shop is now perched at the head of the league and indications do not show that there is much chance of its being displaced.

The Navy Cost team has withdrawn from the league. That team played only one game. The reason given for the withdrawal is that the Navy boys expect to be released from the service at almost any time.

The Pipe Shop, by a splendid drive, succeeded in climbing to the top and is the only team as yet undefeated.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the games of the month was played on May 29 when the Pipe Shop crossed bats with the Hull Department team. The game was preceded by a parade of the Pipe Shop boys led by their own band. Between innings the band rendered several selections that would have done credit to any aggregation of musicians. The game was won by the Pipe Shop to the tune of 4 to 1, although the victory was a very questionable one.

In the fifth inning the score stood 1 to 1. The umpire then made a decision which no doubt was in his estimation a just one, but from the bleachers it appeared off color. With three on base, one down and two and two on the batter, Fullerton, who was pitching for the Hull Department, threw a close one which sounded as though it had hit the bat before it was caught by the catcher. White, of the Carpenter Shop, who was umpiring called it a "hit batter" and sent the man to his base, forcing a run in. A hit followed which brought in two more.

The Pipe Shop has so far defeated the Navy Cost Timekeepers, Hull and Carpenters, although they had a narrow escape when they bucked up against the Carpenters.

The Hull Department is the runner up in the race. The Hull team has beaten the Carpenters, Outside Machinists and Electricians, losing only to the Pipe Shop. The Pipe Coverers are third with victories over the Burners and Electricians; losing to the Carpenters. The Burners and Electricians have been unable to secure a victory up to this time of writing. The Burners have lost two games and the Electricians four.

Attendance at the yard games has been up to the expectations of all who are interested in the league. A successful completion of the season seems assured at this time.

League Standing

	Won	Lost	Percentage
Pipe Shop	4	0	1.000
Hull Department	3	1	.750
Pipe Coverers	2	1	.666
Carpenters	3	2	.600
Timekeepers	2	2	.500
Outside Machinists	1	2	.333
Burners	0	2	.000
Electricians	0	4	.000
Navy Cost	0	1	.000

League Notes

The Pipe Shop-Burner clash on May 22 featured the pitching of McIntosh of the Pipe Shop, who pitched a no-hit game and also fanned fifteen Burners. The Pipe Shop finished up on the heavy end of a 9 to 0 score.

The score:

Burners	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Pipe Shop	0	2	2	1	3	1	x—9		

Batteries: for Pipe Shop, McIntosh and Stanton; for Burners, Loop and Meyers.

Paddy Fagan's "Outlaws" showed their worth on June 5 when they played a game against the Outside Machinists, substituting for the Hull Department team. Fagan's outfit took the Machinists into camp by the score of 8 to 3. Features of the game were the pitching of Judd and the stick work of Tom Smith and Paddy Fagan. Both men were responsible for three hits.

The score:

Outlaws	3	0	0	4	0	0	1—8		
Machinists	0	1	0	0	2	0	0—3		

Batteries: For Outlaws, Judd and Anina; for Machinists, Harn and Donovan.

The Pipe Shop team received a very decisive beating at the hands of the fast baseball outfit of the New York Receiving Ship on Saturday, June 7. The game was played on the Crescent A. C. diamond and the score was 11 to 0 in favor of the sailor nine. The score:

Pipe Shop	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0— 0
N. Y. Rec. Ship	1	2	0	5	0	0	0	3	x—11

Batteries: For Pipe Shop, McIntosh and Sherin; for N. Y. Rec. Ship, Ormsby and Dominique. Umpires, Ensign Walsh and Mr. Sullivan.



Scenes at the Hall-Murray Game

Pictures by Morse Photographer

Foremen Make Diamond History

THE blue ribbon event of the yard league baseball season was played on Tuesday, June 10, when teams representing the sporting aspirations of Messrs. Hall and Murray crossed bats, fingers, legs and everything else which might get twisted up in one of the most exciting if not one of the best played games of the season. Mr. Hall's team won, 11 to 6.

To mention all of the "star" performances of the game would take pages. Every man who came to the bat and every one who got near enough to the ball while in the field to touch it, performed in a fashion well worthy of being chronicled at considerable length.

Murray's cohorts were first at bat, and in some way or other were able to collect a couple of tallies before they were forced to take to the field. Even scorekeeper Keenan, who is noted for his ability to keep track of even the most intricate of plays, was unable to state positively just how everything did happen, but after a most harassing third degree interview said that he thought the good results obtained were due either to the ability of Billy Chambers, or to the fact that Henry Rochelle wore a baseball shirt and looked like a real ball tosser.

Frank Sheedy and Lloyd Adams Noble were the prevailing stars with the willow when the Hall outfit was at bat. Noble, armed with a bat of about his own size and vivid camouflaging, did some great stick work and knocked out liners which the opposing short stop had considerable difficulty in collecting. Sheedy, although not quite as good with the stick made up for this deficiency by his absolutely marvelous base running. The sight of his agile form, with that predominating portion which he always carries before him wabbling riotously, will never be forgotten by the fans in the left field bleachers who watched him in his many journeys from second to third. Walter Crawford also was a star performer, and hit the ball on several occasions. At one time in particular he connected to the extent of a pop fly which fell very near the pitcher's mound, and then became so excited over what he had done that he almost lost his derby hat in the shuffle.

Among the Murray battlers even more astounding exhibitions of how the game used to be played in the good old days was given. MacFarlane's foot work was one of the fine points which we understand Bill Dahlen intends

to teach the "big nine." As near as we could find out MacFarlane's system is as follows: As soon as the ball stops rolling, step on it. This stops the ball from twisting, and it becomes much more docile while being handled. Incidentally "Mac" did a lot of good work in the field, aided considerably (?) by Billy Robbins. When the ball happened to roll out in their direction Robbins would point out the location, then "Mac" would go and chase it. When the Murrays were at bat MacFarlane was the most anxious of them all. At one time after three outs had been called on his team, Mac still continued to hang around home plate.

"Come on out in the field," yelled one of his team mates.

"Not yet," said Mac. "I'm waiting for me lick."

Troy, at second, caught a couple of balls tossed in his direction, and at one time touched a man out. Bill Petrick, pipe coverers boss, was so inconsiderate as to knock out a "homer" in the second, and by the time he reached third, we judged by the look on his face that he wished he hadn't. In spite of this fact Bill was game and knocked in two more of the same variety before the game was over. Whitman pitched a great game of ball. He thought so too, for every time he sent one over he would turn to Umpire Mead and say, "Wasn't that a corker?" After such admonition Mead usually called it a strike because he was nearer Whitman than anyone else.

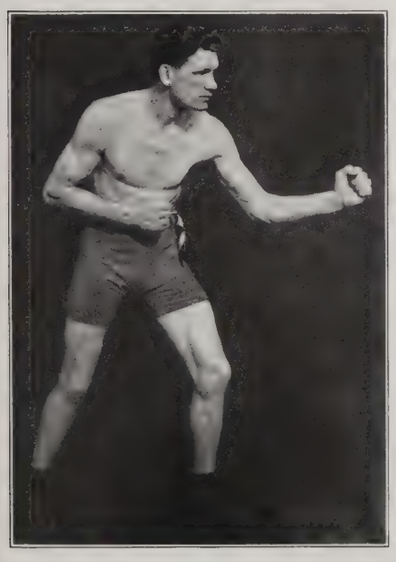
Hall's Team	*Murray's Team*
Sheedy, c. f.	Whitman, p.
Crawford, r. f.	Craig, 3d b.
Nesbit, 1st b.	Rochelle, c.
Noble, 2d b.	Chambers, s. s.
McLaurin, 3d b.	Smith, 1st b.
Donovan, c.	Kelly, r. f.
Henderson, p.	Troy, 2d b.
Brady, s. s.	MacFarlane, c. f.
Petrick, l. f.	Robbins, l. f.
	Johnson, c. f.
	Moran, l. f.
	Murray, r. f.

The score:

Murray	4	0	0	1	1	0	0	—	6
Hall	2	3	1	1	1	3	x	—	11

Umpire, Mortimer W. Mead.

Life's pleasures are not so numerous that you can afford to snub one.



Gunboat Smith, Erstwhile Pugilist, Now a Morse Riveter



Here is the "Farm" tug-of-war team. Lightweights all of them, yet it took a lot of hard pulling on the part of Billy McEwen's "rivet stretchers" before they got more than their share of the rope when the two teams clashed on Saturday, June 28. The pull was a replay of the draw which occurred on the day of the outing. A more complete report of the contest will appear in the next issue of The Dial.

With the Fight Fans

By Abe Yager 2nd

NEWS of the sudden death of L. B. Pederson at the May meeting of the Employees' Association which was announced from the ring side by Mr. Benner, superintendent of employment and welfare, abruptly ended what would have been one of the best boxing and wrestling shows ever staged on the top floor of the carpenter shop. By unanimous decision the meeting was adjourned as soon as the news of Mr. Pederson's death was announced.

The show that was arranged certainly would have been a treat. Willie Burke, our matchmaker, had on hand some of the classiest boxers in this part of town and some very good wrestlers. The big surprise of the evening was to have been a real old-time battle royal The colored men who were to participate in this event were to be led by Bob Armstrong, the popular colored boxer and trainer. Under his guidance the show would have been a "hummer" and we hope that the colored battlers will be engaged to perform at one of our future meetings.

Jean Bruce was carded to meet a wrestler from the American Machinery Company. Others on the interrupted bill were Irving Levine, Joe Dusling, Oscar Carlson.

The few bouts which did take place were "hummers." Sam Bolen, an old-time colored boxer of some note, who carries a kick in both mitts showed to fine form against our own tough little Italian gladiator, Young Happy, of the boiler makers. Bolen put over some great ones on Happy's chin, but the kid took them as they came and returned the compliments in the same fashion. The boys were to battle three two-minute rounds, but the fellow with the gong, whoever he was, must have thought that the men were running a race for the first round was one of the longest two-minute rounds we have ever witnessed. The men did not mind, however, and kept on battling until the guy with the stop watch took a tumble and pulled the gong.

These fellows who insist on grabbing watches to time bouts ought to take a tip and practice on their alarm clocks at home first. Pete Lorenze, paint shop, who takes care of the time for most of the bouts ought to be given that job regularly because there isn't much about the time-keeping game that Peter doesn't know. Tom Plunkett, who has a hand in the management of both employment and baseball, was the third man in the ring and did his part wonderfully, breaking the contestants at will.

Young Levine, of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, a very clever little featherweight took on Joe Sullivan, outside machinists, in the next three rounder. The boys battled on even terms. It was a very clever exhibition of skill. Levine showed us a bad arm in the dressing-room just before the bout, but it did not seem to bother him any. He is highly spoken of in the amateur ranks at the present time, and it very probably will not be long before he turns "pro." He is always on tap at our meetings and has shown some very clever work. Referee Pete Lorenze, kept the boys going at top speed during every minute that they were in the ring.

The bout which was to have given us the real thrill of the evening was halted in the ending of the first round. It was between the two rivals for the bantam supremacy of the yard; Young Sailor Burke, of the pipe coverers and Frankie Fay, hull department. This would have been the scrap of scraps. Willie Burke was the third man in the ring. Both Frankie and the Sailor are about the best that we have hereabouts and both boys can put more cleverness behind their blows than a good many of the top notchers. Sailor Burke has a busy campaign arranged for him and may box at Bridgeport, Conn.

Frankie Callahan, one time member of the paint shop, is up at Perkins, Me., recuperating from a very severe illness. He is now getting back into shape at the Maine resort. Callahan was one of Brooklyn's classiest lightweights when he was at his best and was matched to box Benny Leonard, the world's lightweight champion, when he was taken ill.

Frankie Fay, of the chippers and caulkers, claims that all of the boys at his weight are trying to dodge him. He was matched to box Paul Devens at New Bedford, Mass., on May 9, but little Paulie never showed up. Frankie stayed around New Bedford waiting for the match and in the meantime performed for the sailors at Newport, R. I., against K. O. Donnelly, who was put to sleep in one round of a scheduled three rounder.

Syd Kaufman, one of our riveters, was but a few years ago a star in fistic circles. Kaufman has the honor of being the first to discover Benny Valgar, one of the most promising lightweights of the present day. Valgar met Syd at one of the local gyms and asked to be allowed to learn some of Kaufman's stuff. His present success may be traced to what Syd taught him. These riveters have some great battlers among them.

George Jones, boiler makers snapper, was a real knuckle pusher at one time. This is news to us because we always thought that Georgie devoted all of his time to wrestling. At the present time he is going in for the managerial stuff and has two very good fighters from the Greenpoint section under his wing. They are Young Battling Nelson and Jack Clifford.



Enoch Franzen, Morse Strong Man, Who Performed at Our Last Monthly Meeting

Morse Team Wins State Championship



The Morse football team and some of its backers—Standing, from left to right; Charles Menzies, Robert Gore, Tom Cavanaugh, Ed McPherson, Sam Bell, Frank Whitman, George Jones, John Albin, Harry A. Hanbury, John Ross, Frank Falconer, Sam Bustard, John McCann, William McVicar; kneeling, Henry Holgate, Fred Beardsworth, William Kane, William Mackie, Chris Cartwright, Neil O'Donnell.

Soldier Bartfield, the fast Brooklyn welter who was one of the boys of the yard until recently, is still winning bouts. He defeated Young Fisher, of Syracuse, only a short time ago, nearly putting his man to sleep in the final stanza of a ten rounder.

Jimmy Green, burning department, who has been keeping himself under cover for some time has let out a dark secret. He was at one time a member of the famous Trinity Club and has held his own with many of the good battlers. He was little but could travel some at that.

Tom Burke, burner's helper, and brother of Willie Burke, our popular matchmaker, tells us that "Red Hot" was the first one to give vocal instructions to the famous announcer, Joe Humphries. Good boy, "Red Hot!"

Charlie Goldman, outside machinist, boxed for the K. of C. and the Boxers Loyalty League for returned soldiers who were members of the Holy Name Society of St. Francis De Sales Church, recently. According to one of the newspapers, Charlie showed some pointers to Pat Baker, of New York, and all the match amounted to was a three-round boxing lesson. Charlie is still there and can make a few of the youngsters in this neck of the woods sit up and take notice.

Joe McGuirk outpointed Jimmy MacFarlane in the presidential race, but Jimmy is training hard, we are told, for a comeback next year.

Tell us, Lottie Nallon, who put that "shamrock" on your "glimmer"? Was it a rivet bolt, a good pair of knuckles or just a door you bumped into? Knuckle stoppers are needed at our monthly meetings.

Felix McKenna, one of our timekeepers, is "there" with his mitts. One of the newcomers in the yard tried some rough stuff on him at the gate one morning, and Felix put up such a great argument with his two fists that the new man was taking water in about five seconds.

We Get Another Trophy

THE Morse football team completed its playing season on Sunday, June 15, by beating the Newburgh F. C. by the score of 1 to 0 and at the same time annexing the championship cup of the Southern New York State Football Association.

The game was the final of the S. N. Y. S. F. A. cup competition and was the hardest fought contest of the season. Both teams were in extra good physical condition and a killing pace was set at the very start of the game.

That pace was kept up until the final bell had rung. At half time the score stood at 0 to 0. Soon after the kick off in the second half Sam Bell, right full back, was penalized. A magnificent play on the part of our goal keeper, Jack Albin kept the Newburghs from scoring on the penalty kick.

About ten minutes before the end of the game Cartwright, after a marvelous display of footwork and speed beat the Newburgh defense scoring the winning and only goal of the game.

After the long contested game with the Robins had finally been won the Morse team played the White Rose F. C. on May 25, beating them to the tune of 5 to 1. The game was played at Morse Oval. The next game was with the Longfellows on June 8. It was the semi-final for the S. N. Y. S. F. A. cup and our boys trimmed them 3 goals to 1. This game was played at Lennox Oval.

Considering the fact that this is the first year that the Morse team has played together, the season has been a great success. The team won the War Fund Cup and worked up into the semi-finals of the national championship competition. It reached the fourth round in the American championship and won the Southern New York State Cup. The Morse team beat every shipyard team in the district and won all of the cups for which senior teams were eligible in New York State. Beside all this the team played a drawn game with O'Ryan's Roughnecks, the 27th Division football team, champions of the A. E. F. in France.

Plans are now being made for an even better team and a bigger season next year. All that is asked is the full support of the yard and with that support the football boys hope to land the national championship.

The team deserves credit for the extra good sportsmanship shown during each and every game played this season. They have been complimented by practically every opposing team, for their clean play and sportsmanship.

Diamond Dust

Paul Dietz is another one of Bill Dahlen's gang who many of us did not know before this season. Dietz is holding down the Morse short stop berth in great fashion. He has played with the Emeralds and was a member of the Standard team last year.

Pete Grant's homer in the ninth of the second game with the Royal Giants was some thriller. According to many of the old Morse fans who crowded the bleachers the result of that wallop is a record for Morse Oval. The ball dropped deep in center field.

Brooks, the colored twirler of the Royal Giants who pitched the first game of the double header with Morse, showed himself to be one of the most effective moundsmen that has been at Morse Oval this year. And he gets his ball over with an arm motion that looks as if he had rheumatism in his shoulder.

Paddy Martin has left the ranks of Morse ball tossers to join the Binghamton team. All of us were sorry to see Paddy go, not only because he pitched good ball, but because he was a good fellow and well liked by all who knew him.

Following up his "big league" policy of having as heavy a hitting outfield as it is possible to produce, Manager Dahlen signed Sylvy Coughlin to fill up the gap made by the leaving of Bunny Dwyer. Coughlin has been filling his berth in a very creditable fashion. Before coming to Morse he played with many of the best semi-pro organizations in the city and has been connected with both the Edison and the Kirkman baseball outfits.

Murphy, our diminutive right fielder, is playing a great game for Morse. One of the features of almost every game is the sight of his rather close-to-mother-nature form scuttling around the bags.

Photographing Heroes' Graves

ARRANGEMENTS are being made by the American Red Cross for the photographing of the graves of all of our soldiers who died in France. These photographs will be sent to the next of kin. Several hundred photographs have already been issued, and it is expected that very soon the production of them will be at the rate of 7,000 a month. Next of kin desiring a picture of their dead in France should make that request now, addressing it to the Bureau of Communications of the American Red Cross, Washington, D. C.



Picture taken by Red Cross Photographer

On this page is a picture of the cardboard folding frame in which the pictures are sent. These folders are three and three-quarters by five and one-half inches in size, and have the coat of arms of the United States embossed on the cover Beside a picture of the grave the folder contains the name and rank of the dead soldier, the number of the grave, and the location of the cemetery in which he is buried.

According to letters received by the Red Cross from their workers "over there," the sight of the cemeteries in which our soldiers are buried would comfort many a heartbroken American mother. They are laid out with regularity, all of the graves are in rows, and each one is marked with a cross; just two pieces of wood nailed together. At the intersection of the two pieces is a round shield made of aluminum and painted with the American flag surrounded by a laurel wreath. Beneath this is nailed the aluminum card on which is stamped the soldier's name, organization and the place of his death. Still farther below is nailed, whenever possible, one of his identification tags.

A portion of one of the letters describing the cemeteries in France follows:

"Just in the center of the plot three muskets are grounded, and swinging from their bayonets like a basket, is a soldier's helmet hanging like a fern basket. Some plants have been put in each corner of the plot. At the back is a large cross bearing a card which reads, 'In this plot of ground lie the bodies of seventy-eight American soldiers.'

"There are similar little plots of this holy ground at intervals all along the edges of the battlefields, and I believe that even after we have left France, the kind French peasants will care for them as they do for their own."

Acknowledgement

I hereby extend my sincere thanks to the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock Repair Co. for their extreme kindness and heartfelt expressions of sympathy extended to me in my hour of sorrow and bereavement.

MRS. L. B. PEDERSON.

66 Wyckoff Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.,
June 28, 1919.

To Employees, Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.,

I herewith extend my sincere thanks for the kind and generous contribution to me and my family. Assuring you all of my grateful appreciation, I remain,

Sincerely,
F. J. HERZHAUSER,
Riveter No. 20796, (Blackie).

Anyway, the golden rule comes in handy for measuring the conduct of others.

Lost and Found

THE following articles have been found in and about the yard during the past month. The owners of these articles may receive them by applying at the employment office with a full description of what they have lost. The list as enumerated by "Clancy" Dirosse, employment office, is as follows:

One Fourth Liberty Loan $50 Book, No. 804520; ladies' wallet; State registration card bearing the name of Carrie Frances Walsh, 342 52d st.; wallet, draft registration card bearing name of Verner Bergesen, 547 58th street, also seaman's identification cards bearing the same name; wallet, probably belonging to Louis Speranza; wallet, probably property of William B. Kilgaud; wallet, probably property of Hans G. Hansen; wallet, war zone pass shows name of J. H. Lansing; wallet, probably property of John Kenny; wallet, identification card bearing name of George Ashley, 75 Beechwood avenue, Mt. Vernon; pair of spectacles, optician's mark bears name of Hoffman Bros., 5615 Third avenue; memo book and papers, bearing name of Edward Jordan; memo book, containing names of several ladies, and the following listings—2 bottles beer, 2 gallons port wine; 2 bottles soda; nine bunches of keys.

Association Finances

MORTIMER W. MEAD, treasurer of the Employees Association, gave the following report of receipts and expenses for the month of May at the May meeting of the Employees' Association.

Receipts—Baseball, $1,177.70; dues and insurance, $3,177.60; outing, $10; football, $97.03; death benefits, $100; total receipts, $4,562.33.

Disbursements—Baseball, $1,663.69; general expenses, $172.78; grounds, $1,601.08; entertainment, $135.50; football, $48.19; bowling, $6; band, $4.50; death benefit, $100; petty cash to bank, $160.95; insurance, $1,614.40; total disbursements, $5,507.09.

May 1			
Bank balance,	$3,115.55	Bank,	$1,990.35
Receipts,	4,562.33	Cash,	180.44
	$7,677.88		$2,170.79
Disbursements	$5,507.09		
	$2,170.79		

Surprise for Billy Robbins

A GRANDFATHER'S clock was presented to William Robbins, superintendent of the machine shop, by the members of his department at noon on Thursday, June 5, in honor of his birthday.

The present came as a complete surprise to Mr. Robbins.

The clock was smuggled into the office while he was out just before the noon hour and he returned to find the giant timepiece surrounded by as many of his friends as the office would permit, awaiting him.

The clock is at least six feet tall and the box in which the pendulum swings is almost large enough to hold a man.

About Doughnut Holes

WILLIAM WHERRY, elevator operator in the machine shop, says that Billy Robbins' "invention," the tool which bores square holes, is attracting more and more attention and that now the United States Food Commission is after the full rights and a patent on it. Wherry says that the commission has in mind the great help which the tool might be to them in their attempt to conserve wheat. He estimates that 7,800,000 doughnuts were served to the soldiers in the front line trenches. If the tool had been used on those doughnuts, Wherry says, that 16,000,000 ounces of flour might have been saved.

Hull Boys Make Record

ON the *Hamilton* and *Jefferson*, two ships used as mine layers during the war period, which have now reverted to their former status as a part of the Old Dominion line fleet, the hull department completed a job on the cargo doors which, according to Walter Crawford, superintendent of the hull department, is a credit to the hull department and a record for work of that kind.

Other departments including the machine shop, blacksmith shop and pattern shop did some part of the work, but the greater part of the work was done in the plate shop and by the hull department boys.

In twenty-four days, twenty-eight large cargo doors were installed, fitted and tested on the two ships. In the construction of the twenty-eight doors, 8,248 pieces of plate were used. All those who are acquainted with plate shop work should realize that the job was of no mean size. The doors had first to be constructed according to the plans submitted. This work was done in the plate shop.

Other repair yards in the port which sent in bids on the job gave time limits as high as fifty-eight days. In the Morse yard the job was completed in twenty-four days. Turning out one large cargo door in a day would be a large job for any repair yard in the port. The Morse hull department completed the cargo doors for the *Hamilton* and *Jefferson* in less time than that, again proving that when fast and efficient work is necessary the Morse yard is the place to have it done.

Honor Former "Super"

PETER ROTGANS, a member of Charles Hallock's staff of outside inspectors for the past three years, has left the employ of the Morse Company to engage in another business. His new work takes him to Holland where he is now located. Mr. Rotgans left New York on June 12 on the S. S. *Rotterdam*.

As a token of the esteem at which he was held by his fellow-workers here, a farewell party in his honor was held in the inspector's office on June 9. All of the superintendents, inspectors, foremen, solicitors and office officials were present. In order that he might keep with him in a concrete form memories of his former associations in the Morse yard, Rotgans was presented with a completely equipped traveling bag.

Charles Hallock, assistant general superintendent, in the presentation speech whch he made, said:

"It is a great honor to me, Mr. Rotgans, to present this little gift to you to-day as a token of our appreciation of your friendship during the recent years. Accompanying this gift is the personal wish of everyone for a safe voyage and a prosperous future. Whenever you have occasion to make use of this little outfit, may you recollect those fond years spent with your associates of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company."

Mr. Rotgans desires to express his sincere gratefulness to all for their past friendship and assistance, and, as he himself put it, "Give 'em all my best wishes!"

Cup Committee Named

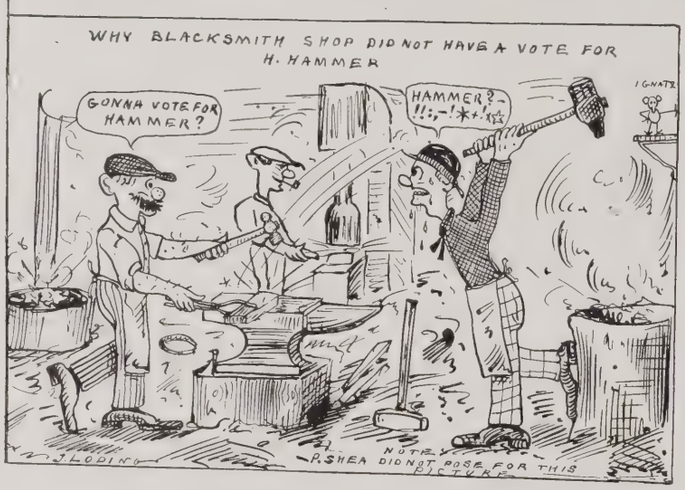
AT the May meeting of the Board of Directors held on Wednesday, May 28, a committee consisting of H. G. Hoover, Charles Kelly and Frank Whitman, was appointed to arrange for the purchase of a cup to be presented to the winning team in the yard baseball league.

The last *may* be first, as the Good Book says, but watch the bunch beating it for the pay line on a Saturday, and see how many unbelievers there are.

With Our Yard Cartoonists













OVER *the* BACK YARD FENCE



The Lunch Box and Dinner Pail

For the Shipyard Worker

(By Bertha M. Wood, Food Clinic, Boston Dispensary. Prepared at the request of the U. S. Public Health Service Division of Shipyard Sanitation).

"A MAN is what he eats." Efficiency and happiness depend largely on good health. A man is on the right road to both of these when he eats the right kind of food. It's not only *how much* he eats, but what he eats that gives health with endurance.

The hardest meal to plan for is the one eaten at noon away from home. If a lunch is carried from home it should be reheated at noon or should contain a thermos bottle with hot soup or vegetables in it; otherwise something hot and nutritious should be bought. If it is possible to get a hot meat stew or a hot dish of vegetables by all means do so. This will stimulate digestion and furnish energy for the afternoon's work.

Present conditions necessitate much thought and interest on the part of the homemaker who puts up lunches.

The lunch box should be one well adapted to carry a lunch so that it may not be crushed, and can carry both solid food and liquid. The lunch box should be packed to look appetizing when opened, and if possible, the foods should include those that furnish the body power to work and keep it warm—cereal, bread, sugar, and fats; those that repair the worn parts of the body—eggs, milk, nuts, cheese, beans, meat and fish; those foods that keep the machinery of the body working smoothly—fruit and vegetables.

If these foods and their purpose are kept in mind when packing a lunch, it will help very largely to keep the worker well and strong for the work to be performed.

The thermos bottle will not only hold a hot drink, but may also be used to hold soup or hot vegetables cut up fine.

The dinner pail means what it says, therefore, we must pack it with a dinner, not a lunch. A "one-dish meal" is the best to pack, one that has in it all the different kinds of foods, meats, fish or beans, vegetables, fats and cereals to help the body do its work and operate smoothly and to furnish heat and energy.

A lunch box nicely packed is sure to appeal to the appetite—sandwiches done up in paraffin paper, food in paper dishes, salt and pepper in paper shakers, paper spoons to make eating more comfortable, paper napkins and last, but not least, some little surprise that is not expected, which not only adds to the appetite, but makes the person's thoughts turn warmly toward the packer of the lunch, because it is known that someone puts special thought in the packing.

The following lists may be suggestive and helpful.

Dish meals: Kidney bean stew; Irish stew; Finnish stew; Swedish stew; lamb, rice and cabbage—Syrian.

Kidney Bean Stew—1½ cups dried kidney or other beans; 2 cups canned tomatoes; ½ cup broken rice; 2 teaspoonfuls flour; 1 onion; 1 teaspoonful salt. Wash beans, put in covered kettle, and soak over night in two quarts of cold water. Cook the beans slowly in the water in which they were soaked. If necessary add more water to cover, and continue the cooking until they are nearly tender, usually about two hours. Wash the rice, cut up the onion, and add with the tomatoes to the beans. Cook until rice is tender—about thirty minutes. Mix the flour with a little cold water and stir in carefully to thicken. A small piece of salt pork cut up in cubes and added to the beans at the beginning of the cooking gives a pleasant flavor to the dish. This stew will make a whole meal in itself, with bread and butter and fruit for dessert, to serve five or six people.

Irish Stew—½ pound beef; 6 potatoes; 2 onions; 3 carrots; 2 teaspoonfuls flour; ¼ teaspoonful pepper, 2 teaspoonfuls salt. Cut beef into cubes and brown in drippings. Add flour, onions, and carrots, cut into cubes. Add 1 quart of cold water, and boil one hour or more.

Finnish Stew—2 pounds veal; 1 pound fresh pork; 1 small onion; 1 teaspoonful salt; ¼ teaspoonful pepper; 1 teaspoonful flour. Cut veal and pork into cubes, add onion sliced, and brown in drippings. Add salt and pepper and 3 cups of stock or water. Cook until meat is tender. Thicken with flour stirred up in cold water.

Lamb, Cabbage and Rice—Separate cabbage leaves and put into boiling water for one or two minutes to make soft enough to roll. Do not boil. Put lamb through coarse grinder. Mix with rice, well mashed, in proportion of 3 cups lamb to 1 cup rice. Season with salt and pepper and moisten with water to make soft enough to mold. Put some of mixture on each cabbage leaf and roll lengthwise like a cigar. Put some of waste cabbage leaves in bottom of kettle and place cabbage rolls on top to hold in place. Cook slowly until done (about one hour.)

Sandwiches—Beef loaf, minced ham, minced beef, egg, fried egg and lettuce, American cheese, cream cheese, cottage cheese, peanut butter, rye bread and cheese, baked beans, ham and egg, prune, nut bread with cheese, tomato and sardine, minced liver with rice, salmon, salmon loaf, lemon butter, lemon butter with herring, sardine, fish, brown sugar cream, brown bread and cheese, vegetables, cottage cheese and pickle, cottage cheese and peanuts, sardine filling.

Sandwich Fillings

Prune Paste—May be made of six cooked prunes reduced to a paste and either lemon juice or chopped nuts added.

Lemon Butter—Cream butter or butter substitute by working into it drop by drop lemon juice and a little salt. This is very good with salt fish or smoked herring.

Salmon Loaf—Mince 1 cup of salmon with 1 cup of bread crumbs or boiled rice; add 1 cup of white sauce, salt and pepper to taste, and bake twenty minutes. Serve in sandwiches, either hot or cold.

Brown Sugar Cream—Add rich milk to brown sugar; a small amount at a time until it will spread on bread like butter.

Ham and Cheese—Put ham through a meat chopper or chop fine, add cream cheese, spread on buttered bread.

John Powell's Cooking Recipes

Lobster à la Newburg

Go to Newburg and get a couple of lobsters. Guard them carefully on the way back as they are liable to get off the boat at White Plains. Bring them to Brooklyn and give them singing lessons. When they start do, ra, me, fa, so, la, then have them sing à la and you have Lobster à la Newburg.

Stewed Lobsters

The same as above only have them sing: "Hail, hail, the gang's all here, what the hail do we care."

Caper Sauce

Cut up capers, such as pulling a chair when a friend is going to sit down. If he gets mad tell him it was only a joke and also tell him what you think of him. His reply will make good Caper Sauce.

Forcemeat

Persuade the butcher (don't use force) to sell you some meat. If he refuses then use force and cook anyway you like. This will make good Forcemeat.

Cottage Cheese

Schmier kaese, or in other words *sch-mere* case of wrecked cheese, formerly used by a former kaiser who smeared on the German nation. Buy a cottage then buy a cheese. Find a neighbor's cow at night. Next get on the right side of the cow. Feed the cow lemons the day before so she will give sour milk. Place the milk in warm water, but first have a can around the milk. When it reaches a degree of 180 (Fahr.)—whoever he is—let it stand at that temperature for an hour or more until the curd is out of the whey. But you must wait until this has *oc-curred*. Turn out on a cloth (cheese cloth) and drain for seven (get this) hours, in the meantime if you get hungry waiting, go to a delicatessen store and buy a cheese sandwich for seven cents. I'm glad I told you this.

Doughnuts

A doughnut is a hole surrounded by dough. The nearest shaped thing to a doughnut is a life-buoy. A front line doughnut is one made under fire and not on the fire. An S. A. doughnut is known as a "Saved America doughnut," in other words Salvation Doughnut. A Lass, 'tis too true.

Layer Cake

Take a few eggs, but be sure the hen that laid them has been vaccinated. Take eggs that are past the age of boiling and a risk even for frying. Make a pastry. There are three floors to this cake, in other words it's a New York tenement cake. First floor, second floor, third floor and each floor jammed. Preserve this joke.

How to Dress Chickens

Use your own judgment, if you can afford it.

Kitchen Hints

Rhubarb for Jam, Etc.—Very often when one is making jam or canning fruit one finds there is not quite enough fruit to make the quantity desired. Rhubarb makes a splendid combination with almost every fruit, and the result is delicious.

Peeling Onions.—Peel onions from root upwards and they will not make your eyes smart.

For the Sick-room.—In an invalid's room a really refreshing odor can be given to the air by pouring some eau de cologne into a shovel and setting fire to it.

The wedding tour is often the calm before the storm.

No man is a failure until he is dead, or lost his courage—and that's about the same thing.

Hints to Employees

THE employee who neglects his work need find no fault when he sees others advanced over his head.

2. Every employee is judged, not by what he could do if he wanted to, but by what he actually does do.

3. If what an employee does outside of working hours has no effect upon his efficiency inside of working hours, only then can he say that his outside occupations are his own affairs solely.

4. The man who cannot endure being disciplined when he deserves it is not in line for any important promotion.

5. It is the second-rater who quits when he gets tired of his job. The hundred-point man digs in and finds something new right in his work.

6. A man can scarcely expect a bigger position as long as he is not big enough to fill the present one.

7. If your pay is too small to suit you, consider whether you are doing anything that is likely to make you worth more.

8. You may be right in thinking you know more about the business than your foreman does, but be careful how you assert the facts.

9. If you are not sure you know how to do a job right, why not ask questions before doing it, instead of after.

10. No matter how much you are drawing, you can draw more if you can find a way to make yourself worth more.

11. When you see the way to improve the methods of the firm, put it up to the boss, instead of complaining to the other workmen about the present methods.

12. The man who never does anything till he is told is not likely to be told anything very important.

13. Whether you are the man always looking for a job, or the man for whom a job is always waiting, depends entirely upon the way you do your work.

One of Our Largest Families

BERT WALKER, machinist, is very proud of his family, and we would say that he most certainly has a right to be. The little fellow sitting on his mother's lap is Alfred W. Walker. He is only a little over one year old, but he looks and acts more like his father every day. The little girls are, from left to right, Ethel, aged 7; Gertrude, aged 11; Louise, aged 10; Dorothy, aged 5. Mr. Walker has been an employee of the Morse Company for many years. He is now employed with the outside machinists.



The Walker Family

Morse "Kiddies" Are Happy Ones

Five Reasons for Contentment



Some Morse Children

THE little lady driving the goats is Gertrude S. Printz, ten months old daughter of Simon Printz, blacksmith shop. Printz says that the young lady is capable at times of getting anybody's goat. The center picture is of little Tommy Maceda, the fifteen-months-old son of Bill Maceda, driller. Bill believes that his young son is destined to be an idol of the squared ring, because even at his present tender age he does nothing but double up his fists and fight with everybody who happens to be around. To Tommy's left is a picture of Raymond Wienke, the only child of Bill Wienke, foreman in the plate shop. Raymond is going to be some hustler if he follows in the footsteps of his dad. We don't know who was driving the machine in the other picture, but we are inclined to believe that Ernest Carlson, standing near the wheel, is every bit capable of doing it. He is the four-year-old son of "Whitey" Carlson, hull department. Standing on the running board beside him is his younger sister, Helen, aged seven, who is said to be a juvenile singer of considerable note.

Insurance Exceptions

BECAUSE of several misunderstandings during the past month concerning exceptions under which men insured through the Employees' Association plan will not be entitled to benefits, Charles H. Kling, insurance clerk, wishes to call attention to paragraph 4, of the insurance policy which specifies these exceptions. The paragraph reads:

"The insurance hereunder shall not be effective nor cover any loss whatsoever sustained while the employee is engaged in military or naval service in time of war; while engaged in balloon ascensions, aerial or submarine navigation, or on account of or in consequence of having participated in aeronautics or submarine work; while intoxicated or under the influence of intoxicants, stimulants or narcotics; while riding or driving in races; while fighting, or from injuries received in liquor saloons, gambling houses, or disreputable resorts, or as the result of the intentional act of any person, or suicide or any attempt thereat while sane or insane."

Were it not for the fools the wise guys would have to turn their hands to honest labor.

No disappointment can be quite so intolerable as disappointment in one's self.

One can't tell what is in a man and a mince pie by the looks.

Almost

Little Margery has just begun to go to the kindergarten, and is filled with a due sense of the importance of her studies there and the solemn value of the attainments that have thus been put within her reach. The other afternoon, after coming home from school, she remained in a brown study for a time, and then said: "Mamma, do I know as much now as I don't know?"—*Boston Transcript.*

The day you and I were married we kind of felt we were somebody. Now look at us.

Family of Baseball Fans

MRS. JOE BALLIS, wife of Hoboken's boss rigger, is a regular baseball "fan," and so is the youngest member of the Ballis family. We are sure of that fact because the camera tells no lies, and here we have the Ballis family, with Joe just visible in the background, taking in all of the fine points of the Elizabeth-Tebo doubleheader.



The OFFICE CAT SCRATCHES and PURRS



Real class among the "tabulating experts" is getting to be an accepted thing. Helen McKenna has been having her car, with chauffeur attached, call for her every evening, lately.

⚜

As soon as the twelve o'clock whistle blows the back pay dairymaids get busy. Nine quarts of milk are consumed within the confines of Mr. Brennen's sanctum every day in the week. With such facts at hand why is it that some people still wonder why Edna Hildebrand refuses to lose any weight.

⚜

Kathleen Morris and Aaron Schwartz of the main office were added to Mr. Brennen's staff during the recent rush to get the back pay out. Both seemed to enjoy the change and they quarreled over only one thing. Schwartz insisted that it was best to climb the stairs, while Kathleen was firm in her determination to use the elevator.

⚜

Argument as to which department makes the most noise is still prevalent on the fourth floor of the North Building where the back pay department and THE DIAL share the same hall. Whatever the outcome of the argument may be the fact remains that when the tabulating machines and the printing presses get going at the same time, the machine shop is like the Sahara desert in comparison.

⚜

William Mittleman, one of our returned soldiers, and until recently a member of the cost department, has left the employ of the Morse Company. His new position is with the A. M. Beyers Company, New York. Mittleman's many friends of the office force miss him, and wish for him the greatest possible success in his new business venture.

⚜

Everyone has been wondering what has been the cause of George Keenan's deep gloom lately—but when you stop to consider that July is now beyond its infancy, perhaps the aforementioned gloom is justified. There is some consolation, however, in thinking of what a good joke it is on the other fellows.

⚜

The typists in the cost department had better watch out. Pete Drum has emphatically discredited the supposition that a fat man is not built for speed when he rattled the keys one day in substituting for one of the girls who was absent. We repeat girls, watch out!

⚜

If the girls in the pay roll department must persist in these melodramatic auto holdups and free lifts, they should confine their activities to less frequented regions than Fourth avenue. The penal codes take care of such people, we hear, and the Misses Berg, Palmer and Bauer had better be good while they still are at large.

⚜

The home-coming of the 27th Division, we thought, would clamp the lid tight on all of Florence Fenk's worries (emphasis on the plural), but somehow one of the little gloom bugs escaped, and now her life is miserable again—she simply can't go anywhere in the summer unless Old Sol paints a wonderful layout of freckles. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of a good remover will be considered a life saver.

Margy Sullivan has been receiving bouquets at the office lately from some mysterious stranger. She may be little, but—

⚜

Not to be outdone by any of her sister workers Nellie Brett, too, has been getting large bunches of posies. One consolation that these engaged men have is that flowers are much cheaper in the summer time.

⚜

When tickets were given out for a trip on the *Mandalay* most of the girls chose the moonlight trip. We all have been wondering why.

⚜

The sewing circle of Room 115, with a few new additions, has again resumed its work. The fact that summer vacations are close at hand may be responsible for the recent rush. Some of the members expect to use those two weeks flat hunting.

⚜

Christobel Olsen is mourning because one of her admirers left recently. Not so with Al. He wears a broad grin.

⚜

Speaking of bouquets, none of them have anything on Joan Sharp, of THE DIAL office. Huge bunches of roses are the usual offerings laid on her desk most every morning. Not hothouse roses either, but the fresh, sweet kind that come from Glen Cove.

⚜

Noticed that a brand new skylight has been cut in the roof of Costello's office in the Employment Bureau. Chief Devlin says that Costello had it put there to bleach his hair.

⚜

William R. Monahan, clerk in the sheet metal shop, suggests that the following addition be made to the list of plays and what they mean to us, published in the last issue of THE DIAL. His addition is, "East is West"—Frank Sheedy. If you want to get into a lively argument just ask Sheedy why "East is West" applies to him.

⚜

The fact that four of our young ladies recently took a day off and the fact that these same four are engaged may not have any connection at all, but as a precautionary measure it may be well to watch the marriage license columns.

⚜

Harry Smith's doughboy training comes in mighty handy these days. He hikes several miles to see his girl now—case of "He Loved Her, But She Moved Away."

⚜

Mr. Brennan and his famous "guest smokes" are as inseparable as the gold-dust twins. What brand are they, did you say? "Ask Brennan—He Knows."

⚜

They tell us Dick Allen (Room 103) is eating yeast to see if he can't take on weight.

⚜

Tom Plunkett has returned from a strenuous two weeks' vacation. A few pieces of his new car are still left.

We Solemnly Swear

WE all know the Casey sisters of the main office, or think we do, but who knows just how they act when they get home? Here is a picture of them taken in their own back yard. Just what the name of the tableau should be, would be a hard thing to decide, but we are certain of this much information—the picture was taken before the first of July, and unless we miss our guess their oath started off something like this: "We solemnly swear."



The Casey Sisters

Stuck His Foot in It

Can anyone imagine a circumstance where it would be possible to get too much "soap"? Frank Whitman got more than he wanted recently. Frank was walking along one of the piers, when—pfluey, he stuck his foot into a bag of tallow, the bag broke and "Whit" began to slide, receiving as he went, more and more soap.

Was It You?

Some one started the whole day wrong—
Was it you?
Some one robbed the day of its song—
Was it you?
Early this morning some one frowned;
Some one sulked until others scowled,
And soon harsh words were passed around—
Was it you?

Some one started the day aright—
Was it you?
Some one made it happy and bright—
Was it you?
Early this morning we are told,
Some one smiled, and all through the day
This smile encouraged young and old—
Was it you?

A Future Carpenter

THOMAS EDWARD BENNETT is one of the reasons why we think that Morse office boys are different than the usual run of rather slouchy youth who fill similar capacities in other offices.



Thomas Edward Bennett

Tommy is fifteen years old, and has been an employee of the Morse Company for eight months. His turn to get out into the yard and learn a trade ought to be coming very soon, and he is anxiously awaiting that chance. He wants to be a carpenter, and it was that ambition that took him away from school to the Morse yard. He realized that at Morse's an office boy's job did not mean endless days of running errands with no future ahead, but that energy and ambition would be rewarded by a chance to learn a trade, and at the same time earning a living.



Who was it that told Oscar Kruger, sign king, that they served ice cream and cake at the yard baseball games? Oscar trusted the one who told him and came out to the game the next day. Finding no cake, and ice cream only at the regular market price he returned to his carpenter shop studio and hasn't been heard from since.

Otto Schomberg had his pants sewed in the storeroom by a Savage tailor, and his car (which no one has seen yet) greased by Chauffeur Bergreen. Wonderful improvements going on.

Now Mr. Petrick of our yard, the thirtieth of May,
The day being fine took rod and line and went to Sheepshead Bay.
With shirt of brown he left this town of sport to have his fling,
And ere the day had passed away he strung a string of Ling.

According to the gossip around the burners headquarters, it only takes one burner and eight other ball players to beat the outside machinists at playing ball.

Tom Hayes, the copper shop sportsman, has originated a new game called "Freedom of all Nations." It is rumored that the first demonstration of it as a new national pastime will be given within a very short while.

Polansky, of the copper shop, has started to smoke Camel cigarettes since he found a place where he can get them free of charge.

Jimmy Weldon spent a pleasant vacation in the Bay Ridge Mountains and claims he caught a string of trained bluefish in the Gowanus canal.

Mr. Dobles takes great pride in what he calls a first-class hair cut, but upon close inspection we found they were all cut. This, like the hair-cut, is not original.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Bornhoeft, Friday, June 6, 1919, one nine-and-a-half-pound boy. Success to all and may you have them *Bornoft.*

There have been quite a few applications for transfers in the yard to take place after July 1. Everyone wants to work in the bottle shanty.

Captain Kirby announces two new hands in the towboat office. He says the new clock keeps good time.

I noticed Bill Dahlen at the Murray-Hall game. He informed me he was there looking for talent and admitted there was some good *Timber?* among them and that some day they might *Branch* out, but as the Englishman would say: "I fawncey he was *Twigging* me."

Now Mr. Porter found a dog and said I'll take him home,
For he will be nice company for my wife when she's alone.
So with a rope he tied him up, when lo the owner came,
Now Porter has no dog at all which is a *dog gone* shame.

Pete Lorenze, sign painter, is now the proud father of a bouncing baby boy. Pete started in answering to the name of "daddy" during the first part of last month and still likes the new name and the many new jobs thrust upon him since that name became popular in his home.

Jimmy MacFarlane says the reason he dropped so many balls at the Murray-Hall game is that his assistant's name sounds like Muff-it and that the high balls were not Scotch.

Al Lewis, formerly of the outside machine shop and engineer on the *E. P. Morse*, was married recently to Miss Ethel Davis. Many of his old friends in the yard were present at a reception given to the newly married couple held recently.

Ike Harris, the glazier, is organizing a juvenile baseball club in his neighborhood. Some credit him with being a regular sport, but recent developments show that he has business motives in mind. He is teaching the youngsters to hit fouls only. This tends to break all the windows in the neighborhood. Ike fixes windows. It's easy if you figure it out right. Ike always had a warm spot in his heart for Scotland and he wants to see "Glass-go." It "panes" us to write this.

Joe Lowe, volunteer foster parent to the outing pig, had the scare of his life on the afternoon of June 17. "Joe Lowe, Jr." was peacefully sitting in his crate, tail sticking out between one of the bars. A fitter who wanted a quarter inch gauge siphon mistook the tail for one. Strenuous squeals brought Joe Lowe to the rescue and saved us from having a bob-tailed pig.

Joe Meyers, fitter, would like to explain to his fitter, H. Sivella, through the columns of THE DIAL that an order to "red lead" a flange means put the red on the threads. Joe feels that a great deal of time is lost because this fact is not understood. He also thinks that an explanation through THE DIAL would be much safer all around.

With a few exceptions the only thing that took water at the launching on June 24 was the section of the new dry dock that went down the ways.

Jim Weldon challenges all comers in a jig or a reel and says that his quartet would back anything Keith has off the boards.

The sign painting department has organized a ball team. Oscar, the sign king, will pitch and cover third and the outfield, while Big Ike Harris will catch and play first and second.

The print shop recently ordered a quantity of "n's, "o's, "j's and "e's" from the type foundry. Looks as if the riggers were going to get a write-up.

Everybody knows Charley Kelly, of the old machine shop. Been with the company close on to twenty-five years. Charley has two sons and three sons-in-law in the yard. Several of the fellows in the yard who have been lucky enough to sample Mrs. Kelly's cooking are after him to get her a job in the yard as cook.

Big Ike Harris, the glazier, who carries around 250 pounds of good nature, is sore because the only thing he doesn't have to get made to order is a handkerchief.

Little Harry, Junior, son of Harry Lyle, of the boiler shop, was saying his prayers the other night and in the meanwhile his little brother was teasing him. Finally young Harry lost patience and said, "Please, God, 'scuse me a minute till I knock the stuffin' out of brother."

"Scotty" Wallace and Kenneth Thomson, of the burners, were filling their pipes one noontime when Thomson said to "Scotty", "There's nothing so soothing as the old dhudeen, is there, Scotty?"

"Aye," said Scotty, "sometimes! When I fill it with me own terbacky, there ain't enough for a good smoke, and when I borry someone else's, I fill it so darn full the blamed thing won't draw."

Matty Mathews and Jean Bruce of the carpenter shop have been among the missing of late. Come around boys, and let us hear from you once in a while.

The old proverb says, "Better a slip of the foot than a slip of the tongue," but that "don't go" on a scaffold.

Being "thick" ain't half as bad as being not willing to learn.

Some make hay while the sun shines, and then make "soap" while the moon shines.

Outing Notes

George Minett postponed hanging awnings on his new house to go to the outing. "Shamrock gang," please note.

During one of the sociable arguments in the dining room, Al Miller got so excited that he ate, or rather whistled, four plates of soup.

Some people have been wondering why so many of the boys went inside of the boat when we passed a few of the islands on the trip.

One more 100 per cent. record for the glazier department. Ike Harris attended the outing.

Oscar Kruger was among those present at the outing, all decorated up like one of his signs.

Whitman says that his busiest day in the yard was like a vacation in comparison with the work that he did on the outing.

While passing a few of the bandsmen at the outing "Baldy Whit," chief boss of the timekeeps, was heard to remark, "If there's anyone here thinner than I am, I'd like to see him." At that one of the jocular bandsmen replied, "If there's anyone here thinner than you are, you couldn't see him."

Roy Carter says that ever since he got an efficiency slip for eating ice cream he just can't resist the stuff. He had three plates for dinner at the outing.

One of Mr. Witzel's waiters is very anxious to know who the generous "soap hound" was that put pennies in the contribution glass.



THE SAFE WAY

Let the Hospital Staff Do It

Look these two pictures over and then use your common sense. Your eyes are your two best friends. Protect them. The "toothpick, lead pencil or jackknife method" of extracting steel, dust or other foreign matter from them, too often leads to disaster. Blood poisoning and loss of sight—is it worth while to take a chance?



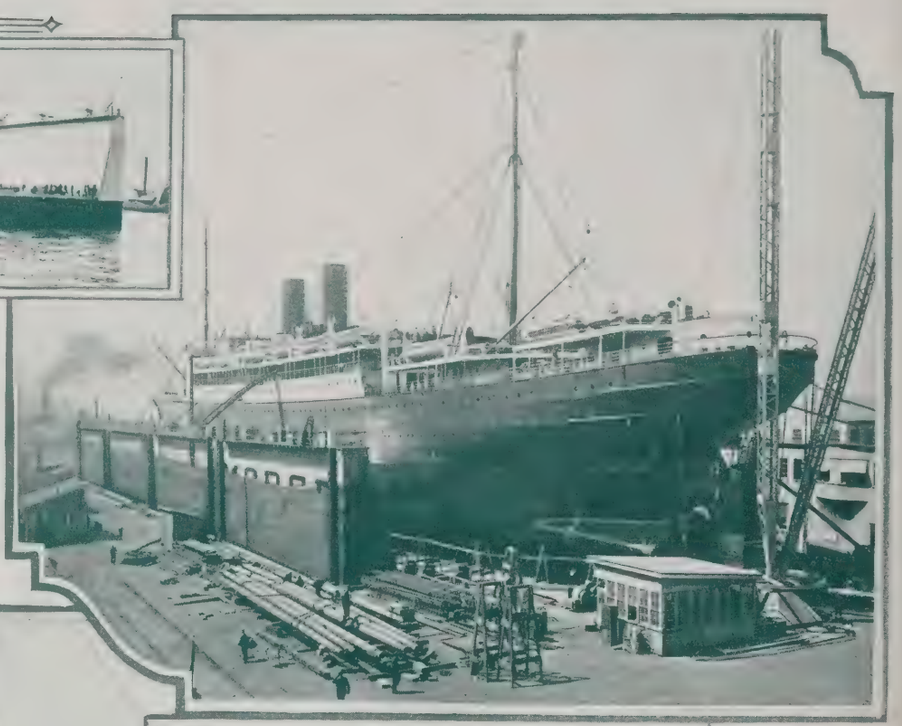
Pictures by Morse Photographer

THE DANGEROUS WAY

Use the Yard Hospital. It Is Maintained for You.



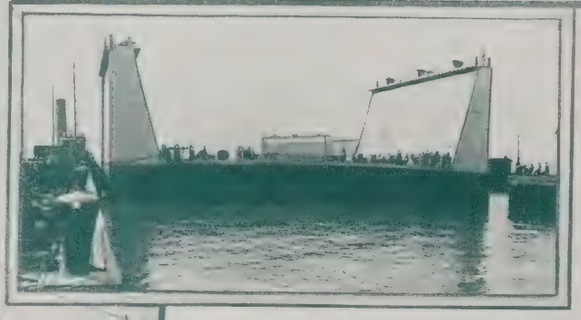
The fourth section, just after her initial dip; one million square feet of timber was used in the construction of this section.



The "Chicago" on dry dock. She is 508 feet long with a beam of 57 feet 8 inches.

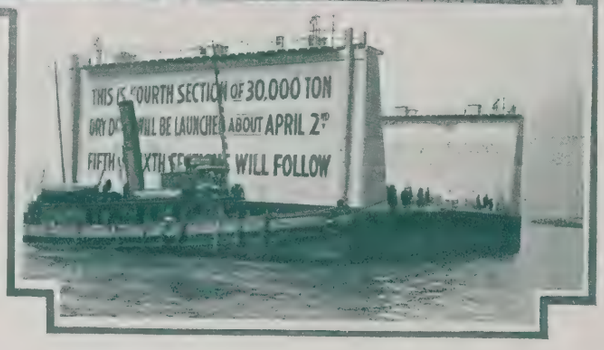


Stern view of the "Chicago" on dry dock showing her enormous bulk.



The fifth section, launched June 24, was completed in 64 working days —a record accomplishment.

Pictures by Morse Photographer



The fourth section on its way to the main yard.

A lifting record of 530 tons a minute was established by four sections of the new dry dock on June 10 when the "Chicago," 11,127 tons gross, was raised in 21 minutes.

Another section is now at work.

The sixth and last section will be completed before the summer is over.

New ship raising records will come, for we will soon have the best and largest floating dry dock in the world.

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The MORSE DIAL

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APR 25 1926



AUGUST 1919

The Thinker

By Berton Braley

Back of the beating hammer
  By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor,
  The seeker may find the Thought,
The Thought that is ever master
  Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
  And crushes it under heel.

The drudge may fret and tinker
  Or labor with lusty blows,
But back of him stands the Thinker,
  The clear-eyed man who knows;
For into each plow or sabre,
  Each piece and part and whole,
Must go the brains of labor
  Which give the work a soul!

Back of the motors humming,
  Back of the belts that sing,
Back of the hammers drumming,
  Back of the cranes that swing,
There is the eye which scans them
  Watching through stress and strain,
There is the Mind which plans them,
  Back of the brawn—the Brain!

Might of the roaring boiler
  Force of the engine's thrust,
Strength of the sweating toiler,
  Greatly in these we trust,
But back of them stands the Schemer,
  The Thinker who drives things through
Back of the Job—the Dreamer
  Who's making the Dream come true!

MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL



Vol 2 August, 1919 No. 8

The American Legion

IT has always been the policy of THE DIAL *to give prominence to any cause or any subject pertaining to the welfare of our soldiers or sailors. The American Legion is perhaps the most worthwhile movement on behalf of our now returned service men which has been inaugurated and is worthy of all the support which can possibly be given to it.*

Because of the many ex-soldiers, veterans of the world-war, which we have working with us in the yard, an article on the American Legion is especially appropriate at this time. It is our hope that this article may inspire many of our old soldiers to become members and loyal supporters of the American Legion.

The organization is a result of the wish of a great majority of men who were comrades together overseas to continue that comradeship in civil life and to make of it something not only socially pleasant but a working force for the betterment of the country for which they fought. The ideals of the Legion are those for which America entered the war. It is hoped that the organization will grow to be a powerful influence against the spread of Bolshevism, Anarchy and German propaganda.

The organization of the Legion is sub-divided into posts. With all of the ex-service men among us there ought to be a post in the Morse yard. All men who have been in the service of the United States, soldiers, sailors, marines, whether they were overseas or not, are eligible for membership. Only fifteen men are necessary to start a post.

Information, literature and applications for a charter may be obtained by applying to American Legion, New York State Headquarters, 140 Nassau street, New York City.—EDITOR.

FRIENDSHIPS made under hardship are those which men are most eager to continue.

That is the fact upon which the organization of the American Legion is based.

Millions of Americans, veterans of the World War, sticking together after they lay aside the uniform to continue national service for America—to safeguard the one hundred per cent Americanism for which they fought against Germany, to protect their country against Bolshevism and anarchy—that is the ideal toward which the American Legion is striving.

The Legion is the national organization of American veterans of the World War. All soldiers, sailors and marines who served between the declaration of war on April 6, 1917, and the signing of the armistice on November 11, 1918, provided they were not discharged for dishonorable conduct and are not conscientious objectors, are eligible. It is a non-political, non-partisan organization and recognizes no discrimination in rank, race, color, or sex. In short, the American Legion stands for just one primary thing—one hundred per cent Americanism.

Its practical activities at the present time are numerous. It is assisting service men to get jobs, helping them to straighten out their war risk insurance, their allotments, their family allowances, their Liberty Bonds, back pay, bonuses and other matters.

Women are eligible for membership in the American Legion if they have served in the army, navy or Marine Corps. Colored posts have also been organized.

As soon as the armistice was signed last November 11, millions of Americans, in both kahki and blue, were forced, not unwillingly, to realize that soon they would be relieved of the duties and trials which had beset them for somewhat over a year and that the life of a civilian was before them.

The thought of again being home among those whom they loved the best could not be anything but a pleasant one, but the idea of losing forever all connections with the comrade, who had shared in the fight and privations which made peace a possibility, was not such a pleasant one, and in the hearts of many of those men in France came the instinctive desire to organize and keep alive the spirit and comradeship of the A. E. F.

The first movement toward organization came in February of the present year when twenty field officers of the American army were brought together in Paris to furnish General Pershing with an expression of the opinions and wants, needs and desires of the non-professional element of the American army. On such a mission as that it was only natural that these army officers should fall informally into a discussion of steps to be taken toward the organization of American veterans. The conclusion of their business at Paris found this group of officers organized as a temporary committee to foster the organization of a league of American war veterans. Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, of the Twenty-sixth Infantry, was appointed temporary chairman and it was decided to call a meeting at some centrally located place in the near future.

The first meeting of this new organization was held in Paris on March 15, 16 and 17. Nearly a thousand delegates of all ranks from common doughboy to brigadier general attended the meeting. Arrangements were made for another caucus to be held at St. Louis on May 8, 9 and 10 and a committee of one hundred was chosen to arrange for a national convention to be held in America on November 11; the anniversary of the signing of the armistice.

A good idea of the spirit of the new organization was given on the first day of the St. Louis convention when nominations for the position of permanent chairman were called for.

"We want Teddy," roared the whole assemblage, practically in unison, referring to Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, and it took all of the force of words of which young Roosevelt was capable to persuade them that another man as chairman would be more advisable. Roosevelt's true spirit asserted itself at that time when he rose to refuse the nomination.

"I want the country at large to get a correct impression of this meeting here," he said. "We are gathered together for a high purpose. I want every man through the length and breadth of this land to realize that there is not a man in this caucus who

(*Continued on page* 2)



Picture by Morse Photographer

Receiving Their Back Pay

s seeking anything for himself, personally, but that he is simply working for the good of the entire situation."

His speech correctly interpreted the spirit of the meeting and the spirit of the American Legion. Henry D. Lindsley of Texas, a former colonel, was elected to the position of chairman.

The united sentiment of all to do something for others was a feature of the meeting and a surprise to all of the old time politicians and political reporters who filled the balcony. According to them it was the funniest convention ever staged because the delegates had positively nothing "lined up."

Politics were entirely avoided. The convention was merely a great gathering of men anxious to be of the greatest service to the nation at large. In spite of the fact that nothing was "framed," a lot of good constructive ideas were formulated and many vigorous resolutions were adopted. Among other things, the convention condemned, in the name of one hundred per cent Americanism, the activities of the I. W. W.'s, the anarchists, international socialists, and other so-called "Reds." Measures for the protection of the discharged soldier were formulated and it was decided to hold the November convention in Minneapolis.

That convention, it is expected, will have the greatest effect on future American affairs of any gathering since the signing of the armistice.

The American Legion to-day is a virile living thing and not the vague dream of a few men of vision. Its membership consists of the most representative class of men that could possibly be brought together; our returned warriors, the defenders of our country. It is a one hundred per cent American institution of service. It deserves the support of everyone, especially those who have served in the great war and are now back in civil life.

His Promotion Rapid

WE are pleased to note the promotion of Peter De Vroom, outside machinist, to the position of general foreman. His rise has been a rapid one, for it was only in December, 1917, when he first was employed by the Morse Comapny as an outside machinist. De Vroom is a Hollander by birth and has spent a good portion of his life at sea. For thirteen years he was chief engineer on steamships of the Holland-American line. He also had several years of shipbuilding experience before coming to the Morse Company.

A new painters' snapper is Jimmie Hoy. Jimmie is only in charge of a gang of red-leaders as yet, but as he works "with" the bunch, instead of "over" them, he sure does produce results. Watch him. Maybe those three tricks in the U. S. Army taught Jim to understand men and develop team work.

Retroactive Wages Paid

PAYMENTS for the second and last "back pay" period were made on July 14, 15, and 16, and for the most of those employees who received it, the "back pay" question is now a thing of the past.

Before forgetting about the "back pay," however, several things in connection with its payment should be recalled to mind.

Both "back pay" payments have been made. The money was to all practical purposes a bonus paid to shipyard employees by the Government for good service rendered during the war.

It should have been paid by the Government, and it will be in time, but, at this writing, every cent of "back pay" Morse employees have received has come not from the Government, but out of the treasury of the Morse Company. Over a half million dollars is involved.

The retroactive wage paid last month was for the period extending from October 3 to October 30, 1918. The payment of this money was provided for by a ruling of the Shipbuilding Labor Wage Adjustment Board.

In June Mr. Hanbury, Industrial Director of the Morse Company, spoke at a meeting of the Conference Board and stated that the "back pay" would be available in July. At that meeting a "back pay" committee was appointed to look into the situation. This committee consisted of Joseph McGuirk (driller), president of the Employees' Association; A. C. Bentley (boilermaker) and Edward Hannavin (sheet metal shop).

The committee conferred with Mr. Hanbury and the Governmental agencies which had the matter in charge, and it was due, in a large degree, to the untiring efforts of Mr. McGuirk, Mr. Bentley, Mr. Hannavin and Mr. Hanbury, that the payment was made in July. A promise was obtained from the Shipping Board that the Company vouchers covering the first "back pay" would be checked over and payment made upon them sometime before July 15. Upon the strength of this promise the Company told the Committee it would pay the second "back pay" before July 15. The Company accordingly was obliged to pay the money from its own treasury and as late as August 4 the Company had not received a single cent in return from the Government.

Payment of the "back pay" was made by check, and it was done with commendable efficiency. Checks were mailed to those who had sent an order signed by themselves to the paymaster. Any men who have not as yet obtained their money may get it by applying at the Paymaster's office in person or by letter.

Noticeable in the case of the second pay off was the ease with which it was handled as compared with the first. The entire amount was paid in three days. The men were paid in the order of their yard numbers instead of alphabetically as was the plan before. The result was that the lines were cleared up each night by 5.30. On the occasion of the first "back pay" the line lasted from 12 to 1 and from 4 until 8 P.M.

Compiling the "back pay" was a difficult task. When the Wage Adjustment Board, after consulting with the various shipbuilding and repairing interests of the country, declared valid certain wage increases which were to become effective November 7, 1918, it was a simple matter for the payroll department to adapt the payroll to the prescribed changes, but these same increases were declared retroactive from October 3 to 30. For the Company to rehandle time cards for that period, averaging 6,000 to 7,000 daily, for twenty-seven days, was a task the magnitude of which can easily be imagined.

This work was intrusted to Frank Brennan and a staff of thirty clerks with an equipment of expensive automatic machinery for tabulating work.

It was necessary for every card to be compared with the payroll proper for rate, date, and the correct number of hours. The "straight" cards were first tabulated in ship formation and then by rate formation. "Split" cards were first handled for rates and then assigned to the tabulating machines, where they were marked according to the tabulative code. After this they were assorted for ships and treated in the same manner. Machines then automatically assorted and tabulated these code markings.

After checking, recapitulation sheets were drawn up and submitted to the Shipping Board and to the Navy. This was done so that corrections might be made if necessary.

The getting out of the "back pay" has caused plenty of hard work and much effort. During the first part of July members of the "back pay" department worked far into the night sorting, checking, tabulating and figuring. Every one of the time cards had to be put through thirty different operations.

For the efficient way in which the "back pay" was paid after the clerical work had been completed credit is due to R. R. Piper, cashier, and his staff. The work of payment went on efficiently and without a hitch in spite of the fact that it was necessary to take on new and inexperienced men to handle the pay windows.

You can't expect to get into Heaven by the same methods that keep you out of jail.

The Back Pay Committee



Wallace Bentley, Joseph McGuirk and Edward Hannavin

Foot Ball Team Honored

IN honor of the Morse football team and the success which the team has had during the past season an informal banquet was held at the Elks' Club, Wednesday, July 16, 1919. Over one hundred Morse football enthusiasts were in attendance and enjoyed an evening of pleasure and enthusiasm which will long be remembered.

Although the banquet was scheduled for eight o'clock, the guests were late in arriving and it was very near nine o'clock before all were seated around the tables in the main dining hall of the Elks' Club. The football men, as the guests of honor, were seated at a large table at the rear of the room while the supporters and well wishers of the team, mostly in departmental groups, were gathered around other smaller tables scattered throughout the hall.

A very enjoyable dinner was served. It consisted of little neck clams, cream of tomato soup, fish, broiled spring chicken, salad, ice cream, cake and coffee. Refreshments a la Goal, the last item on the menu, proved to be light wine during the earlier part of the meal and beer later on.

An entertainment of worth was provided while the dinner was in progress. Will Oakland, the famous tenor, sang several songs which were very well received. Helen Brennan also entertained with songs. One of them necessitated noticeable affection at its conclusion to some particular individual in the room. The first recipient of Miss Brennan's affection was Billy McEwen, hull department, and Billy seemed to like it so well that others wanted to take a chance. The applause was voluminous and all the young bloods began to straighten out their ties, but it was to no avail for Johnson of the machine shop, older than some of the rest but, apparently, still of great attraction to the ladies, was the next victim. Johnson blushed to the very roots of his hair and that's going some for he has little left, but in spite of his flushed condition he seemed to enjoy the situation. Frank Sherman, the other entertainer on the program, sang several character songs. Chief among them was "Sarah of the Shoe Shine Shop." Down in the yard they are still singing that song.

After everyone had decided that to eat another mouthful would be a physical impossibility, Charles Menzies, the toastmaster of the evening, called for order. In a very short introductory speech he told of the great work of the football team.

"This little cup which is about to be presented to us to-night," he said, "does not look very big but working for it has almost given gray hairs to many of us who have the welfare of the football team nearest to heart." He expressed his appreciation to the Association for the support which it had given and also for the support of Mr. Morse. He then introduced Mr. Thomas Bagnall, president of the State Football Association, who was to present the cup to Joseph McGuirk, for the Association.

Mr. Bagnall, in his presentation speech said, "This cup which is about to be presented to the Morse team to-night has been the cause of many hard battles on the football field, but of all the famous clubs which have fought for and held it, I do no think any are mo e worthy of it than the Morse Club. None of them ever showed a more sportsmanlike spirit than the Morse Club has shown this year. The club met great difficulties, but overcame them. It is a championship team which has won the championship not in the committee room but on the field of play, and beside winning the championship of New York State it has won the admiration and appreciation of all metropolitan football followers. It gives me great pleasure to present this cup to the Morse team."

President McGuirk in his speech of acceptance said, "The spirit which won the championship for the Morse club this year is the same spirit which brought the past war to an early close. I am particularly proud of the football team and thankful to it for it is the first organization to bring a championship to the Morse Company during my administration. I congratulate the football players and extend to them the appreciation of every employee in the yard."

Harry A. Hanbury, industrial director of the Morse Company, spoke briefly upon the record of the team, likening its work to the work which the Morse men did for the government during the days of the war; satisfactory endeavor at both work and play.

Walter Crawford, next year's president of the football club, also spoke on the prospects of the coming football season.

Beside the cup which goes to the association, individual gold medals were awarded to each member of the championship team. The presentation of the medals was made by Mr. Bagnall.

The football men who received medals were: Albin, Ross, Bell, McPherson, Beardsworth, McCann, Bustard, McGreevey, Mackie, Kane, Harvey, Neil O'Donnell, manager, Robert Gore, secretary; Jones and McVicar, trainers; Falconer and Menzies, committeemen. Mr. Benner, superintendent of employment and welfare, also received a medal purchased by the football players and presented to him as a tribute to his support of the team during the past season.

Although not present at the banquet, Miss Jensen, of the yard hospital, was presented with a medal in recognition of the great service which she had been to the boys of the football team during the season. Miss Jensen, beside providing the football men with every medical aid which the facilities of the hospital afforded, was a loyal supporter of the team and was present at many of the games.

She wishes to thank the football men for their courtesy to her, through the columns of THE DIAL and with this thanks goes her very best wishes for a successful season to come and the promise of future support in every possible way.

Strange as it may seem, the last event of the evening was a vocal selection. It is getting to be a tradition that no gathering of Morse football men is complete unless this particular song is rendered in the particularly sympathetic way of which only Mr. Hanbury is capable. "Silver Threads Among the Gold," was the piece which he sang and the applause at its conclusion was as full of enthusiasm as that which ever greeted a grand opera singer.

Important Insurance Notice

THE importance of paragraph 4 of the insurance policy is so great that we again reprint it, in order that no misunderstanding concerning this paragraph may occur. The paragraph deals with exceptions under which men insured through the Employees' Association plan will not be entitled to benefits. It reads:

"The insurance hereunder shall not be effective nor cover any loss whatsoever sustained while the employee is engaged in military or naval service in time of war; while engaged in balloon ascensions, aerial or submarine navigation, or on account of or in consequence of having participated in aeronautics or submarine work; while intoxicated or under the influence of intoxicants, stimulants or narcotics; while riding or driving in races; while fighting or from injuries received in liquor saloons, gambling houses or disreputable resorts, or as the result of the intentional act of any person, or suicide or any attempt thereat while sane or insane."



Attendants at the Football Banquet on July 16

Picture by Cowan & Rutter

New Pipe Bending Device

THE plumbing department of the Morse yard is a department which has dwelt in bashful, back-stage oblivion during the recent past. Not that it lacked in achievement or merit, but it has been rather backward in proclaiming its prowess to the four winds. Now, under the foremanship of Paul Troy, it is rapidly forging its way to the center of the limelight.

A recent innovation of the department is an apparatus for bending lead pipe. Troy does not claim that the device will revolutionize the plumbing industry, but he says that it will save the time usually spent in heating the pipe and dressing it free from kinks and that a bending job can now be done with only half of the usual number of men and in half of the time formerly required.

The device consists primarily of two stationary spools, grooved to fit the pipe to be bent, and a "diaphragm"; a block, one section of which is grooved to correspond and true up with the grooves in the spools and shaped to a 90 degree angle. The block is also stationary but so movable on a swivel that with the aid of a pair of powerful levers the pipe may be forced around the block, the grooves, and the spools being utilized to guide the pipe to the correct bend.

During a test of the new machine, two men, a plumber and his helper, put 4 square and one 45 degree bend in a piece of 3 inch lead pipe in 18 minutes, 10 minutes being consumed in filling the pipe with sand, leaving 8 minutes for the actual bending.

The device is said to be one of the "brain children" of Mr. Troy, who after seeing several failures of a similar device, constructed on a different plan and of different materials, but similar in theory, set to work and experimented on different materials. After gathering suggestions from Mr. Jacobson, superintendent of the plumbing and coppersmiths' departments, and Mr. Murray, general plant superintendent, he collaborated with Thomas Nesbit, joiner shop foreman, and Charlie Jardenier, and perfected the device, using white pine wood, instead of iron. The device will handle pipe from 2¼ to 6 inches in diameter, but since the general call never demands pipe larger than 4 inches, the machine was constructed accordingly. The pipe does not have to be heated, and after the bends have been completed, requires no dressing for kinks.

The complete machine weighs about forty pounds, and may be conveyed on board ship if the work calls for its use there. It is simple to operate and every man in the shop is now using it steadily to do all the bending called for. It formerly required four men, two mechanics and two helpers, as much as two hours to complete the average bends.

Mr. Troy came here in the first part of February direct from the United States Navy, and has expressed his intention to "get the plumbing department on the map." Before coming here he was chief carpenter on the U. S. S. *Rjndam*, one of the Dutch ships which were used by the Government as transports during the war period. Mr. Troy had previously seen a period of service in the Navy, and when war was declared was among the first to volunteer.

He was on the *Rjndam* as warrant carpenter when that ship was being repaired by the Morse Company at the Bush docks. A fire occurred in one of the holds among some paint barrels. The fumes overcame one of the ship's company, and one of the Morse men who happened to be working there. Troy entered the hold and succeeded in rescuing both from what would probably have been certain death. For this act he was officially commended by Secretary of the Navy Daniels, and promoted to the rank of chief carpenter.



Picture by Morse Photographer

New Device Bends Pipe Quickly

Ten Commandments

(According to the Fire Marshal)

And the Fire Marshal spake all these words, saying,

I am the Fire Marshal, which taught thee how to care for the fire hazard, and brought thee up out of carelessness, into the land of safe practices.

Thou shalt not take any chances.

Thou shalt treat thy fellow workman as thou wouldst treat thyself.

Thou shalt not throw lighted cigarette butts into rubbish cans, for I, the Fire Marshal, am jealous of this plant, and wish not that thy iniquity shall be visited on thy fellow workmen or upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.

Thou shalt not tie knots in the electric light cords, but keep them straight as thyself, for thou shalt not be held guiltless if thy folly causes trouble.

Remember that thy lighted pipe, if placed in thy pocket, may easily destroy the clothes as well as scorch thy flesh.

Thou shalt not light a gasoline torch, which is an invention of the devil, and then leave thy place while the torch is left burning.

Thou shalt not fail to hang up thy greasy garments. Thy discarded garments thou shalt throw in the rubbish cans.

Thou shalt not use fire hose or fire extinguishers for thine own amusement, but for the protection of thyself and thy employer.

Thou shalt not pile material or rubbish against fire hydrants or fire hose.

Thou shalt not wait for the fireman to put out the fire which destroys and spares not, and which is no respector of thyself or of thy neighbor, but thou shalt take action at once, that thy days may be long upon the job which is now thine, and that thy pay check may not be affected.

Acknowledgment

William Cunningham, burning department, wishes to thank all of the men in the yard for their sympathy and kind wishes during the time that his wife was seriously ill in the Bushwick hospital. We are glad to note that Mrs. Cunningham has now recovered from her recent illness.

Charity may properly begin "at home," but it should not end there.

Saving the Company Money

THE first few months of the present year have seen the springing into existence of many new little departments with offices or headquarters stuck around in every available nook and corner throughout the yard.

One of these new departments which has accomplished a great deal during its short existence is the Salvage Department. It is estimated that thousands of dollars will be saved yearly through the systematic collection and sale of junk, which was formerly allowed to lay around the yard until much of it became worthless.

The salvage department was started last January. Harry Julian, the man whose business has been picking up for years, was on the job long before that time. Everybody around the yard knows him and he would not look natural without that little cart which he pushes around and which probably has saved many dollars because of its travels and its efficient guide.

To collect all the junk which accumulates, however, was a job too large for one man to handle and so the salvage department was established. A man who was thorough and had an eye for details was needed to manage it.

Phillip Van Geldern, a chauffeur on one of the dump trucks, was chosen. Van Geldern traces his rise from chauffeur to the head of a department to the fact that some time ago he won a prize offered for the neatest appearing truck. His picture was published in THE DIAL and in that way his reputation as a neat and efficient man was established.

Under Van Geldern there are twenty men beside Harry, who still makes the usual rounds with his little push cart. They are James Wallace, Fred Lempke, Fred Johnson, Patrick Frank, Joseph Cunaglio, Fred Harbeck, Tony Carnia, Joe Perez Castro, George Rupolo, Felice Lanisso, Rodney Tolson, Frank Lutire, Frank Ciupik, Dominick Binazza, Joseph Lennon, Dominick Rupinno, Frank Firantio, Mike Devitt, Frank Trobarine and Frank Murphy. Harold Madden is the chauffeur in charge of electric truck number three, which they have at their disposal.

Each department now has a bin in which to place all of the old junk which it may have. The electric truck and its salvage men visit all of these bins at least once every day and collect everything that has been put into them. Van Geldern looks into the more unusual places where junk might be found. When he finds anything which can be salvaged the matter is reported to the truck men who go around and pick it up. Huge quantities of material worth in some cases quite a little money are picked up from the docks almost every day in the year.

All of the junk collected is dumped in front of the salvage department office, situated next to the burning shop. Here it is separated and placed into piles according to the class to which it belongs. Bolts which might be rethreaded, nuts which can be retapped and rivets which have not been saved and used over again. Angle irons, old ladders; anything which can be repaired is returned to the department to which it belongs.

The rest of the material is sold to the junk man. Rags and paper are baled and sold. Old pipe covering is valuable and can be sold at a good price. Drill shavings are sold for old iron; even ashes have been sold to several people who had use for them. New ideas for the disposal of what was formerly considered worthless are being found out every day with a corresponding gain in importance of the salvage department.

Van Geldern and all of the men in his department are proud of the fact that theirs is a junk department and that their main mission in life is to collect junk and turn it to a use that no one else ever thought of. The fact that they can do that sort of thing is proven when the history of the salvage department office and storage room is brought to light. The building which is not at all ugly in appearance is built entirely of junk material. Even the bolts for the doors were picked up somewhere around the yard. To build an office such as that which the salvage department has is something worth being proud of for it is perhaps one of the neatest appearing departmental offices that the yard can boast of.

Help
These Men
Keep
the Yard
Clean







Top picture shows the Salvage Department and its truck fleet; center, where old bolts are rethreaded; lower, class of material which is now being saved.

Pictures by Morse Photographer

Farm Notes

LITTLE jobs on the new section recently moored at the "farm" pier made it necessary for Louis A. Thompson, carpenter snapper, to investigate the depth of the section. Thompson smelt something suspicious, saw bubbles coming to the surface of the water of the section bottom, and then ran. He confided to Boss McLaurin that there was a dead body in the section. William Johnson, rigger foreman, was sent to investigate and found nothing more than stagnant water and a few bubbles which are the natural result of such water. The dead man is still a great joke among the "farmers."

George Webster, the sawmill hand, still keeps up the "air pipe" scalp treatment. Together with that and the olive oil, George ought to be able to start something anyway.

Ed Riley's protege on Derrick No. 1 is quite a boxer, we hear. It is said that he was quite prominent in amateur circles, but perhaps the professionals did not appeal to him.

Joe Daly, of the main yard, and Ed Nelson, fastener, boxed a fast and snappy bare-hand bout on the day of the launching. Several good slaps were delivered.

Latest reports say that Peter J. Balling and Hugh Reilly were actually seen in the deliberate act of smoking cigarettes.

Mixed Nuts Dine

THE annual dinner of the Mixed Nuts Association was held on June 28, 1919, at Domenick's Hotel, Sheepshead Bay. To the uninitiated this news is probably of very little importance, but to all of the Mixed Nuts in the yard it brings back recollections of a very enjoyable evening and one that will be remembered for some little time to come.

The dinner consisted of crabmeat salad, soup, fish, steamed clams, cold lobster or roast chicken, vegetables, ice cream, mixed nuts and demi tasse.

Dan Shea was the toastmaster of the evening, and after the dinner was over called upon Superintendent Albert Murray, and Assistant Superintendent Charles Hallock and other noted Mixed Nuts who gave short addresses.

Fifth Section Launched

EXACTLY sixty-four days after the first timber was laid, the fifth section of our new dry dock, left the ways at the "farm" on June 24, at 4.50 P.M.—a record achievement for the Morse "farm gang." With the building of a dry dock section in that short space of time they not only broke all previous records of their own, but it is very probable that no other shipbuilding enterprise in the port ever completed a structure of the same type and size in such a surprisingly short space of time.

The launching was very successful. Without a hitch, the big mass of timber, clumsy though it seemed, slid off the well greased ways into the water of New York harbor with an easy grace, churning the great volume of water which was forced up in front of it into a surf-like foam.

Morse tugs at hand ready to receive her, soon had the section moored to the "farm" pier. Later it was towed up the bay and attached to the other sections previously constructed.

Work on the last section was begun practically as soon as the fifth had left the ways. According to a prophesy made by George MacLaurin, superintendent at the "farm," the last section will be launched on September 4. To be able to make a prophesy of such exactness is another indication of the real efficiency which prevails at the "farm."

We are convinced of that fact because we have learned from past experience that Mr. MacLaurin's prophesies amount in reality to scheduled dates.

With the launching of the last section the Morse Company will be in possession of the largest floating sectional dry dock in the world. It will accommodate vessels of 750 feet in length and of 33,000 tons gross.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Mr. MacLaurin, his worthy lieutenants, George Mackay, boss carpenter; Andrew Christie, boss machinist, William Johnson, boss rigger, Edward Warden, saw mill boss, Arthur Nyland, Billy Borgeson, as well as the entire "Farm Family."

A record number of visitors attended the launching of the fifth section and enthusiasm ran high as the big dock took its initial dip. Among the launching party were many of the Company officials, shipping board and shipping men from this and distant ports. The band was on hand to add to the life and gayety of the occasion and performed its duties well.

As soon as the section was safely in the water, the band sounded mess call and, as if by magic, refreshments were served.

Gayety predominated in the usually quiet and soberly serious "farm yard" until night fall. Many ladies attended the launching party and added to the success of the affair in ways of which they alone are capable. The band played dance selections which started many of the younger shoulders to shiver in the newest and most approved fashion, big black cigars brought contentment into the faces of some of our older and more stolid shipbuilders, while impromptu boxing matches helped to fill in the time for those who were athletically inclined.

Although the launching of the big section was of a character well worthy of mention, the thing which will be remembered about the fifth section, is the remarkably short time in which the work was done.

No one who ever saw a similar dry dock section could doubt that it is a big job to build one, but even at that the magnitude of the task is hard to fully realize. Figures show that each section of the new dry dock contains over one million feet of yellow pine attached together with 210 tons of galvanized round iron bolts. The lumber is brought to the "farm" on rafts and lighters. It is planed and sawed and then conveyed to the ways.

During these processes it is necessary to handle each piece of lumber on an average of six times, making a theoretic total of six million feet of lumber handled in the course of the construction of one section.

Ask any carpenter's helper if it wouldn't be some job to handle all of that lumber in sixty-four working days. His answer will very probably more firmly impress you with the worth of this latest "farm" record than anything which we could write about it.

We can all profit from a great deal of advice by not taking it.

AFTER THE WHISTLE HAS BLOWN

Many Diamond Victories

THE winning streak of our baseball team is the main item of interest to followers of Morse sports at the present time. Our victories have not been over mediocre baseball combinations, but over the very best semi-pro baseball teams in the metropolitan district. At this writing, the Morse team is considered by all of the experts at the game to be one of the very fastest semi-pro outfits in Brooklyn.

In connection with the great work of our team on the diamond, too much credit cannot be given to Jimmy McGarry for his excellent pitching. McGarry is pitching the best baseball of his career, and establishing for himself a reputation in semi-professional baseball circles.

McGarry pitched one of the best games of his career on Sunday, June 22, when, to a great extent through his efforts on the mound, Morse was able to shut out the Tebo Yacht Basin club by the score of 6 to 0. He allowed only five hits and struck out eight men.

At no time did the visitors seem to be dangerous except in the first inning, when with only one out, Knoble, the Tebo short stop, knocked out a three bagger. McGarry immediately tightened up however, and struck out the next two batters.

The big scoring by the Morse stick artists came in the third inning, when they drove in four tallies before having to take to the field. Bauer singled and then stole second, Dietz singled scoring Bauer, Dietz stole second and third, Grant singled scoring Dietz. Crist then knocked out a "homer" which brought in two more tallies for Morse.

Features of the game were the wonderful stop of Collin's long drive made by Bauer in the third inning, and another stop of one of Collin's sizzlers made by Dietz in the fifth.

The score:

Tebo.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Morse.....	0	0	4	0	0	1	1	0	x	—6

Batteries—for Morse; McGarry and Tee. For Tebo; Powers and Dietzel. Umpire Gus Marshall.

The Morse team took a flying trip to West Point on Wednesday, June 25, and played a game there with the Army team, winning by the score of 2 to 0.

Again much of the glory is due to the high class mound work of McGarry, who blanked the West Pointers, yielding but four safeties.

After the game was over, the Morse team and all of the fans who made the trip, were entertained at the Academy and spent a very enjoyable day inspecting the buildings and watching the cadets at drill. The trip was made up the Hudson by boat.

Morse.....	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	—2
West Point..	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Batteries—For Morse; McGarry and Tee. For West Point; Kelly and Erickson.

Two more victories were tallied up to the Morse credit on Sunday June 29, when the Morsemen traveled to Glendale in the morning, trimmed the Farmers by the score of 6 to 1 and then met the fast Westinghouse nine at Morse Oval in the afternoon, winning by 2 to 1.

Westinghouse received its lone tally in the first inning with a single by Speary, the Westinghouse first baseman, a walk handed to Spier another single by Geacom, scoring Speary.

Morse evened things up with its turn at bat and from the first inning until the tenth, nothing decorated either end of the scoreboard except "goose eggs."

In the tenth, McGarry singled, took second on a sacrifice from Buckley and then scored on a single by Bauer.

McGarry pitched good ball, striking out ten and allowing only five hits.

Westinghouse.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Morse.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—2

Batteries—For Morse; McGarry and Tee. For Westinghouse; Kahn and Sacks. Umpire Gus Marshall.

A perfectly placed bunt by Joe Tee in the ninth inning won the Bethlehem Ship—Morse game for our boys on Sunday, June 6, giving them the best of a 4 to 3 score. The game was played at Morse Oval and from start to finish was a baseball treat which will not soon be forgotten.

Bethlehem looked very dangerous in the first inning when that team brought in one run with no apparent difficulty. Both teams scored twice in the second, and then settled down to a nip and tuck battle which featured almost perfect baseball on the part of both outfits. McGarry pitched class ball, holding the visitors to one hit in seven innings and striking out eight men. Lang of the Bethlehems pulled the feature play of the day when he caught a sizzler from Bauer's bat with his bare hands.

In the ninth inning, Crist knocked out a fly which got away from the Bethlehemite who attempted to get under it. He stole second on the next play, and then went to third while the Bethlehem boys took a little time off to look for their second baseman who was too far away from his bag to notice the ball which the catcher threw in that direction. Murphy followed up the advantage with a double, scoring Crist. A sacrifice by "Mundy" brought Murphy to third, allowing him to score the winning run when Tee bunted.

Bethlehem...	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—3
Morse.....	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	—4

Batteries—For Morse; McGarry and Tee. For Bethlehem; Applegate and Davis. Umpire Gus Marshall.



Picture by Morse Photographer

The Pipe Shop Baseball Team; from left to right, Joe Lowe, Sec., Beatty, c., Abrams, 3b., Gilhully, rf., Manning, p., Baranda, 1b., Lloria, lf., Potter, cf., Albin, 2b. McIntosh, p., McCormack, ss. Martin, Mgr.

The Morse team took another reef on the "semi-pro" championship of this city on Sunday July 13, when it took the fast Newburgh shipyard team into camp with the score of 5 to 4.

The score stood at a tie until the ninth inning. Bauer, first at bat for the last try to put Morse at the top of the score sheet, singled, Dietz, next in line, knocked out another single, Grant popped a sacrifice. Hen Crist then came to bat and placed a nice single right through short which sent Bauer home with the winning run.

The big scoring inning for Morse came in the fourth when our boys chalked up four runs to their credit. Dietz, Grant, Murphy, and Tee were responsible for one run each.

Jimmy McGarry, although handicapped by a sore finger, pitched his usual high grade game of ball. Bauer featured with the willow.

Newburgh	0	0	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	— 4
Morse	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	1	— 5

Batteries—For Morse, McGarry and Tee; for Newburgh, Bornhoeft and Garcia. Umpire, Gus Marshall.

Due to inclement weather conditions, the return game with the Royal Giants which was to have been played on Sunday, July 20, had to be postponed.

Hull Team Wins Tug-of-War

THE tug-of-war draw which was staged on the day of the outing when the "farm" and the hull department were unable to conclude their argument over the ropes and cleats, was repulled on Saturday, June 28, at 12.30 P.M. in the plate shop. It resulted in a victory for the hull team which gathered in two inches of the "farm's" share of the rope before the time was up.

The pull was one of the best examples of the sport that could possibly be witnessed. The teams were not evenly matched according to weight but what the "farmers" lacked in weight they made up in skill and brawn. The hull team got the jump at the signal and collected two inches of the rope before the "farmers" were able to get started. This advantage was held throughout the three minute pull and resulted in the winning of the match.

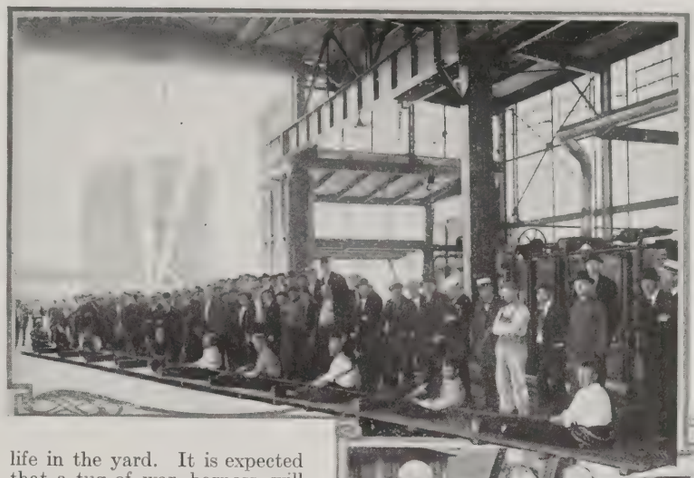
To the "farm" team much credit should be given. It was a plucky combination. The members spent part of their Saturday afternoon off to come down and pull, they acted like true sportsmen throughout the proceedings, allowing the hull department the privilege of substituting other men than those who pulled on the day of the outing, and were perfectly agreeable to a change in the time limit from five to three minutes. Argument could have arisen over any of these little matters but the "farm" team came down to the main yard to pull and not to talk.

This "flare" for the "farm" is intended in no way to detract from the reputation of the hull department team. The hull boys pulled a clean sporting game and did it well. To the winners belong the spoils and to-day the bronze cup offered to the winning team rests in the hull department office.

Probably no greater interest has been taken in any other yard athletic event during the past year than that which was taken in the hull department—"farm" pull. The "farmers" started in to practice just as soon as the outing pull had been declared a draw and coaches who knew the game were down at the "farm" showing the boys just how to get the best hitch on the rope.

Enthusiasm was at a high pitch around the hull department office too and Billy McEwen's huskies practised at the ropes most every day.

The result of the enthusiasm displayed over the contest is that arrangements are now under way for the perpetuation of the sport and the making of it one of the features of sporting life in the yard. It is expected that a tug of war harness will be purchased in the near future and that arrangements will be made for an interdepartment tug of war contest.





The Hull-Farm tug-of-war match. Upper picture: two teams ready for the signal. Lower picture: Hull team and the cup which it won with Billy McEwen, who engineered the contest for the Hull department in the center next to Captain Geo. Jones who is holding the cup. To the right are Gunboat Smith and Patrick Shea and to the left are Charles Coyle and R. Agridino.

Pictures by Morse Photographer

On the day of the pull the hull department team lined up as follows: Charles Coyle, George Jones (Capt.), R. Agridino, "Gunboat" Smith, Paddy Shea and Billy McEwen, manager. The "farm" team consisted of Arthur Nylund, A. Mihle, O. Ecklund, E. Mattson, Tom Gustavson, Erick Nordblom.

On a last hour invitation from Tietjen and Lang to compete against the Tietjen and Lang tug of war team at their outing held at Columbia Park, Union Hill, N. J. on Saturday, July 19, a hurriedly constructed team from our yard journeyed over to New Jersey on that date and, considering the fact that the team was nothing but a pick-up combination, pulled a very creditable game, being beaten by the Tietjen and Lang bunch by only two inches.

The men who pulled against Tietjen and Lang were Charles Coyle, holder on; Mike Shilling, boiler maker snapper; "Babe" Olmstead, pipe fitter; Gunboat Smith, riveter. The "Gunner" was chosen to captain the team, Pete Larsen, rigger was coach. Mr. Van Pelt of Tietjen and Lang refereed the match while the two timekeepers were Bell for Tietjen and Lang and McGuirk for Morse. The only other Morse employee who made the trip was Tom Cavanaugh, hull department.

Every man from Morse's who was present at the outing is high in praise of the way they were treated by the Tietjen and Lang crowd. Everything was done by them to make the day a pleasant one for their contemporary shipyard visitors and all of the Morse boys enjoyed a very pleasant day's outing.

Yard Baseball League

By William Roth

A REVIEW of the situation in the yard baseball league this month shows the undefeated pipe shop team still in possession of first place. It has met and defeated almost every team in the yard and has met innumerable outside baseball organizations. The pipe shop team has displayed better all around team work than any other combination in the league. The reason for this is that the pipe shop outfit has several good pitchers to take care of the slab work.

The prospect of any other team in the yard league displacing the pipe shop team does not seem to be very bright at this time although the brilliant spurt of the timekeepers must not be overlooked. From down near the bottom the timekeeper's team has climbed to a place only two games behind the leaders. The return of Judd from the big team has greatly strengthened them. In all of the games in which he has pitched no one has seemed to be able to touch him. In order to win the pennant, however, the timekeepers will have to go some for they are two full games behind the pipe shop and will only play that team once more before the season is over.

No other bidders for baseball honors are in sight unless the pipe coverers are to be considered as such, but Bill Petrick's team has been inactive for so long that no one knows just what the pipe coverers are good for, at the present time.

The really startling event in yard baseball during the past month was the winning of a game by the electricians from the carpenters. The exact cause has not as yet been ascertained, but they say that figures don't lie so we will have to take the scorekeeper's word for it.

One thing which is causing trouble in the yard league at the present time is the scarcity of players for the games. The committee would like to suggest that ball players try to be on hand for every game possible even if they do not happen to be working on that particular day as the game is much more interesting when the regular team takes the field.

Yard League Standing

1—Pipe Shop	1000	7	0
2—Timekeepers	750	6	2
3—Carpenters	556	5	4
4—Outside Machinists	500	4	4
5—Pipe Coverers	500	2	2
6—Hull Department	500	4	4
7—Electricians	143	1	6
8—Burners	000	0	6

Should Have a Track Team

AN attempt is still being made to organize a track team. As a nucleus for such a team we have Sid Leslie of the garage force, probably the best man at the mile in Brooklyn to-day, and a man who can give the best of them at the half and other distances a good run for their money.

Sid became a member of our garage force only a few months ago, immediately after he returned to the United States from France where he saw extensive service as a member of the 59th Artillery, the old 13th Regiment of Brooklyn.

While in France he competed in several of the athletic meets held there and was undefeated, establishing because of that fact the reputation of being the champion mile runner of the A. E. F. in France.

Before going to the front Leslie had established a reputation for himself which is well remembered by all of the field sport followers in Brooklyn. His athletic career started in 1910, when he was second to cross the tape in the Interborough five mile race. He then ran under the colors of the Rival A. C. His reputation and achievements continued from that point on, until in 1914 he won two national cross country championship races, and because of this performance was picked for the American Olympic team. The outbreak of war prevented the Olympic games from being held.

In 1914, 1915 and 1916, Leslie, running for the old 13th Regiment, was winner of all one mile military races and was the military champion at the distance. His record for the mile is 4.22. In a military competition in 1916, Sid ran the half mile only a few minutes after completing the mile run, and came in second to Homer Baker, who did the distance in 1.56.

His brother Walter, also employed here, has had considerable running experience, competing mostly for the Long Island Athletic Club.

Johnny McAvoy, popular referee and matchmaker, who is well known to every Morse boxing enthusiast has recently returned from overseas where he served as an athletic secretary for the Knights of Columbus. Johnny was always ready to help make our monthly meetings a success and never failed to see that a boxer gave all that was in him.

With the Pipe Shop Nine

THE pipe shop baseball team still stands out from the other departmental teams of the yard as the "live wire" outfit and has made a record for itself during the past month of which all of the boys in the pipe shop can well feel proud.

The team has been playing "semi-pro" organizations of the first water during the past month and is able to show a good majority of wins as the result of its labors.

The latest feat of the pipe shop crowd is the establishing of regular Saturday afternoon games at Morse Oval, featuring the pipe shop team. The visitors at Morse Oval are high class teams and the games played are well worth watching. To date, the attendance at these games has not been all that could be desired and more general yard backing should be given. The pipe shop crowd have the courage and initiative to do something new and big, something which no other department has ever attempted. Their effort is worthy of support and the brand of baseball which their team is playing will appeal to even the most critical baseball fan.

The team trounced the team of the U. S. S. *Alaskan* on Thursday, June 19, by the score of 16 to 2. The game was played at Morse Oval.

The sailor nine, much tooted as the champion baseball outfit of France, didn't stand a chance against the pipe shop ball tossers.

McIntosch, the star pipe shop twirler, relieved Manning on the mound after the first inning and pitched a no-hit game. A feature of the game was a homer with the bases full by McCormack, pipe shop short stop, in the fifth inning.

Beatty and Albin also did very creditable work with the willow. Beatty knocked out two three-base hits and Albin got four hits out of four times at bat.

Batteries—For the pipe shop, Manning, McIntosch and Beatty. For "Alaskan," Sultan and Hall. Umpire, Hen Crist. Scorekeeper, Golding.

The pipe shop team took another game on June 25, trimming the outside machinist combination, 16 to 2. The pipe shop started out like a million dollar combination and put the game on ice in the first inning by garnering four runs. A wild spurt of speed by the machinists gave them the only two runs which they were able to tally throughout the game. McIntosch, for the pipe shop, pitched fine ball.

Pipe Shop..... 4 1 0 5 6 0 0—16
Outside Machinists..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 2— 2

Batteries—For Pipe Shop, McIntosch and Beatty. Outside Machinists, Hahan and Seiler.

The pipe shop team, playing its first Saturday afternoon game at Morse Oval with outside teams, shut out the E. W. Bliss outfit on Saturday, June 28 by the score of 4 to 0. McIntosch twirled a beautiful game and MacAuliffe knocked out a three base hit which was a feature of the contest. In the second game of the afternoon the Bliss team defeated a team representing Schrader's & Son by the score of 2 to 1.

Bliss Co..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0— 0
Pipe shop..... 0 0 1 2 0 0 0 1 x— 4

Batteries—For pipe shop, McIntosch and Beatty. For Bliss, Hesse and Langhorst.

With the Fight Fans

By Abe Yager, 2d

FRANKIE FAY, hull department, traveled to New Bedford, Mass., on June 23 and obtained a well deserved decision over Chick Hayes in a twelve-round bout held in that city. According to the New Bedford *Evening Standard*, "The Brooklyn boxer (Fay) was the more aggressive of the two and it was largely his willingness to force matters at all times that weighed considerably in his favor in arriving at a decision."

Gunboat Smith, Morse riveter, must have fattened his bank roll considerably on the big fight. Smith was always an enthusiastic Dempsey rooter and picked him as the winner months before the fight was pulled off. In an article written by him which appeared in the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* the Gunner said that Big Jack would win by a knockout and it is only natural he is proud of his ability to pick 'em at the present time. Smith fought both men and had a pretty good idea of just about how they would line up. Those that took his advice to any financail extent are probably still feeling happy.



A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE OUTING AT

Because of the outing we were "done" out of a good set of bouts last month. The regular monthly meeting did not take place because its date and that of the outing were so near together. We ought to have a strong meeting next month.

Here is a good story, not exactly of the prize ring, but there is quite a bit of fight in it at that. "Zip," one of Bill Petrick's well-trained pipe coverers, was sent for some lunches by a Navy yeoman answering to the name of Davis. He gave the well known "Zip" eight bits and told him to get four sandwiches, price, forty cents. "Zip" purchased four good cigars with the remainder of the money. He got the sandwiches all right but there was no change. There was an argument. 'Nuff said. "Zip" is now in training and this story will probably be continued in our next issue.

George Jones had his picture taken, in fighting pose, on the day of the outing and we were among those present when the picture was taken. George intends to get back into the wrestling game in the fall and we wish him lots of luck, but for the love of Mike, Georgie, get rid of some of that corporation before you start. We hate to draw your attention to this but it seems necessary.

Jean Bruce, once a member of our carpenter shop, is now in business for himself. Bruce is also taking a rest from the mat game during the warm weather, and will map out a busy campaign for himself this coming winter.

Jim Kearney, well known to all the members of the Morse family when he worked in the burning department and as a boilermaker's helper, sends his best wishes to all from Camp Shelby, Mississippi, where he is now stationed as a member of Company F. 29th Infantry. Jim is doing quite a lot of boxing at the Camp and may develop into a good fighter some day.

Gunboat Smith is all smiles. Is it because you picked a winner, "Gooner?"

Heard near the band stand recently: "Ain't it a wonder they don't hold boxing bouts on the band stand at noon time."

Good idea, but who is going to box?

Oscar Clears Mystery

WHO painted the "Copper Shop" oil? That famous child of the brain and paint pot is still receiving claims of parentage.

Several months ago an item in THE DIAL gave Mr. Jacobsen, of the copper shop, credit for painting the beautiful picture which hangs in the copper shop.

The item came to the attention of Oscar Kruger, Morse sign king, who now comes forth with the assertion that quite a few drops of paint from his own cans was spilled on that painting.

The "masterpiece" was painted, according to Oscar, by a professional whose name was Jacobsen.

It arrived at the yard in such a torn and dilapidated condition that the ship, which is the main part of the picture, looked like the "Wreck of the Hesperus."

Oscar says that he mixed his paints, wet his brushes and then proceeded to make a presentable painting of it which, when completed, was presented to the copper shop.

New Kirby Mystery

A CAMERA sent up to the photographic department for repair by Captain Kirby brings to light new and previously unheard of romances in connection with the captain's former life.

He was, according to his own statement, a photographer of some note at one time. The camera itself is quite an historic affair, for, again quoting from the captain's own words, it was given to him by no less a personage than the president of the Eastman Company.

With the camera in working condition we expect to have many new and interesting pictures to exploit in the columns of THE DIAL, for Captain Kirby has promised to make contributions. His first picture will be one of Captain O'Sullivan, the picture to be taken when Captain O'Sullivan isn't looking.

"Evidence like that," says Captain Kirby, "will absolutely prove that he is not the handsomest man of the transportation fleet."

It is easy to convince the loser that it is wrong to gamble.

Plan New Ship Line

ACCORDING to plans being formulated by Chairman Hurley of the Shipping Board, a new steamship line will soon be formed which will have some of the fastest vessels afloat plying between New York, and all of the big ports on the east coat of South America.

This item of news is of especial interest to us because the ships which have been decided upon as being the nucleus of this new fleet and connecting link between South America and the United States are the *Mount Vernon*, the *Agamemnon* and the *Von Steuben*. All three of these ships have had extensive repair work done upon them at the Morse yard.

Big ships like the *Imperator*, according to the Shipping Board experts, could not be accommodated in many of the South American ports, but all of the three boats which they have in mind are of such draft and tonnage that they could easily be used in this service. They also have a speed which compares very favorably with that of many ocean liners, and could make the trip to South American ports in much less time than it is being done at present.

Calls the "Dial" Clever

Navy Yard
Naval Aircraft Factory
PHILADELPHIA, PA., June 30, 1919.

To the Editor MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: Through the kindness of one of the employees of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., I received a copy of the MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL, and I must state that of all the magazines I have read that are published for the welfare of employees, I consider THE DIAL the most clever. As I am an employee of the Naval Aircraft Factory, League Island Navy Yard, Philadelphia; also a member of the executive committee, Women's Branch Naval Aircraft Association, I have forwarded THE DIAL to our president, asking his opinion on a magazine of this kind for the Naval Aircraft factory employees. I sincerely hope it meets with his approval.

Mr. Barnes, I am pleased to offer my congratulations to you as editor of THE DIAL.

Yours very truly, MRS. MARIE L. NONES.



HE GRAND STAND AT WITZEL'S GROVE

THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, and to the interests of the Company.

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor
C. Stewart Wark, Assistant Editor
Wesley T. Jones, Reporter
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John Powell, Thomas J. Plunkett, William Roth, William R. Monahan, Abe Yager, 2nd, Thomas J. Furlong and Miss Margaret McCarthy, contributing editors.

The magazine is mailed without charge to all employees who keep us informed of their correct address. If you move let us know The Dial office is on the top floor of the North Building.

All communications should be addressed to B. E Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn.

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The Real Policeman

THE bluecoat you meet on the street with his uniform, club and badge, is only an agent for the real policeman.

He is an officer of the law—man's law. But the real policeman is Honesty, an officer of nature's law.

Honesty is the world's watchman. Honesty's precinct is the Universe. Honesty patrols and alone safeguards every city, town, village, community and hamlet.

Honesty's police station is every man's soul. Therein is locked the worst of him guarded by the best of him. Honesty's court is man's conscience.

Conscience tries us for our misdeeds. Conscience sits in judgment on our every act. Conscience convicts and punishes when we transgress.

Shame is sheriff at the court of Honesty. Conscience sends Shame to those who, in a moment of weakness, yield honor. Remorse is Shame's deputy, and accompanies Shame when the dishonor is serious but still correctable.

Honesty in the mass depends upon honesty in the man. The extent of your individual honesty determines the amount of general honesty in the world.

How honest you are decides how honest will be the next man. He sets his standard of honesty by yours. So it is every man's sacred duty to let no unfairness creep into his life-policy.

Anything that is natural is right; whatever is unnatural is wrong.

Honesty is natural. It is easy to be square. It's simple to do unto another as you'd have him do by you.

Some men, though, get it into their heads that crookedness is just as easy as honesty and more profitable. They do not understand.

Life, like cards, must be played according to the rules. Honesty is an underlined rule of life.

Dishonesty, crookedness in life, is like holding five aces in your hand. It not only brands you as a cheat, to be dealt with as such, but it is likewise a signal for everyone, until now playing fair, to dive for the pot!

Your breach of faith encourages others to break the bonds of brotherhood among men. Widespread harm and unhappiness follows.

Let honesty always guard conduct. It brings joy to anyone if he resists when opportunity to be dishonest without chance of discovery tempts luringly. Fulfill that trust which is thrust upon you by others' honesty!

Man must be no less honest with himself than his fellows. Only selfishness induces us to dishonesty at any time.

During the war, manufacturer and worker labored side by shoulder. Each shared bountifully of the unusual profit in war markets. While this was so of millions, other millions fought, bled and died for nothing, if we measure in dollars their pay for it. They gave up the splendid chances of war-swelled incomes, and gave up their lives as well.

Now war markets are closed. War wares are not needed. We must re-adjust.

New markets for peace-time products will open, but war profits are past. While side by shoulder, capital and labor learned that each had much of good before unnoticed. They found honesty with each other brought trust between them.

As they bore the war-burdens equally and shared the war-benefits fairly, they now must face the peace problems in like manner.

If the market won't bring its former figures, the situation must be met sanely. It means regulation all down the line. Better regulation than ruin!

Honesty with self has become a greater factor in the worker's future than in all the years gone.

Cost of production greatly affects the selling price. Wages greatly affect cost of production. In period of peace, the selling price must be less than in war time. Which means that the cost of production as well as wages must be regulated.

What happens? When men, honest with themselves, recognize the need and wisdom of such adjustment, the result is a simple change from extreme prices and extreme wages to natural prices and natural wages—and what is natural is right!

We are loath to give up a thing which has become part of our daily life. But when it is no longer honest to demand that thing, we can do no nobler deed than meet the change squarely.

Ahead is great prosperity. The world wants what we have. But business will be done on the old reasonable basis. The increase in prosperity above before-the-war conditions will be due to increase in scale of business.

The increase in natural business will balance the loss of unnatural war profits.

It will solve for many years the problem of employment, and the natural adjustment of living cost will meet the regulation from war wages more than half way.

* * *

Get Out and Root

HOW many times have you seen the Morse team in action this season? If you have not been out on Morse Oval rooting for Bill Dahlen's ball tossers on at least a few of the Sundays during the present season, now is the time to begin.

The Morse team is recognized as a combination which very nearly approaches big league standards. It is a team that is feared by our opponents and it has made a record so far of which every one should be proud.

The crowds which are present at Morse Oval every Sunday show that it isn't necessary to ask most Morse men to attend the baseball games, but there are many Morse employees who are absent. They are the same ones who are absent at our monthly meetings, whose faces are never seen at the annual outing or the annual ball. They are the men who although they work among us, get only the minimum of the enjoyment and companionship which the Morse yard affords.

Brothers, come out and join in the fun. You will meet all of the worth-while men of your department at the baseball game every Sunday.

Beside seeing a first-class exhibition of America's greatest game, Morse baseball affords just another chance of acquaintance with your fellow-workers, another chance to build up and share that "family spirit," which means so much.

* * *

The difference between a brave man and a fool is that a fool doesn't know what to be afraid of and when to do it.

* * *

It's funny to see how the unpleasant work sticks hard to the one who tries to dodge it

Plain Shipyard Talk

By George J. Miller, Inspector

NOT many years ago the workman in shipyards started to work at 7 A.M. and quit at 6 P.M. Wages were small, shops poorly designed, sanitation, ventilation and illumination were still in their infancy. Yet, with these and many more shortcomings, men of caliber were developed in the practical and technical fields of engineering and ship construction, whose achievements will endure until mankind is no more.

In those days the apprentice received fifty cents per day the first year, seventy-five cents per day the second year, one dollar per day the third year, one dollar twenty-five to one dollar fifty cents the fourth year, and after that a lad was called an improver and his wages were left to the discretion of the foreman who increased them according to the persistency of the applicant.

Fifteen to sixteen dollars was the standard wages for mechanics. Eighteen to twenty dollars was paid to star performers, foremen of some draught, received twenty-five to thirty-dollars and the general manager, who was generally an all-round practical man, received fifty to one hundred dollars per week and in some shops he rated a horse and buggy.

There were no bonuses; time and one-half was paid for overtime and on Saturday the boss knocked off one hour so you could buy a suit of clothes in God's daylight or perchance do a little marketing. Notwithstanding such meritorious men as Isherwood, Melville, Babcock, Ericson, Porter, Sweet, Wheeler, Wilcox and many others were produced.

When a job was too large for the existing tools, ways and means were devised to overcome the difficulty. The head and tail stocks of the lathe were blocked up to get more swing; when the planer was too small, hammer and chisel and Mr. Armstrong did the trick. The click of the ratchet was everyday music, ship fitters could chip, caulk, rivet and do a bit of flange turning; a hand riveter would cut the eye out of an eagle and if you kept their whistle wet they would nickelplate the rivet heads. Shipwrights or carpenters could handle an adz with mechanical precision. Joiners; they were the Beau Brummels of old time shipyards. Their work was in keeping with the title (for you must remember an old time yacht was a work of art both in the shipfitting and engineering end).

All these tasks were performed with the crude tools and methods incidental to the period. When a job was heavy, all hands turned to and gave a lift or a pull. Riggers were scarce and laborers scarcer (helpers are of modern vintage). After the day's work was completed, the boys would wash up in a dirty wooden pail with cold water and brown soap. After turning out the gas light one rode or hitched home on a horse car. After a well earned supper, you enjoyed a few games of checker and then retired for a much needed sleep. You were up with the chickens; in winter you would crack the ice off the basin, take your morning ablution, and after a hasty breakfast again board the horse car.

The crisp morning air was polluted by the imperfect combustion of kerosene lamps but one's digestion was improved due to the flats on the wheels and the springs that were outsprung.

Those were the days when men grew whiskers; truck drivers wore gloves and efficiency experts were unknown. With these few remarks we pass the mechanics and shipyards of yesterday with a reverential bow and welcome with joy and happiness the present-day outfit of a modern shipyard.

At present the shops are large and commodious, heating, ventilation and illumination almost perfect. Drudgery is reduced to a minimum, all due to the harmonious co-operation and the realization of the fact that business is business only when it is mutually reciprocated.

To-day the young man in mechanics receives twenty-five, thirty-two, forty-five and fifty cents per hour for the first, second, third and fourth years of this apprenticeship.

Should he be made of the right material he attends night school during the apprenticeship period, studying technical engineering, mathematics and drafting. Besides having a tidy sum to buy bonds, or by carefully financing his earnings he may attain an M. E. degree, reflecting credit on himself, honor to his employers and become a valuable asset to the community.

Now as to mechanics, they have libraries, welfare committees and educational uplifts that are almost as free as the air in this wonderful land of golden opportunities, where modern civilization demands perpetual activity. In no field is this more apparent than in an up-to-date repair shop where we have a constant change of scenes with no two jobs alike and everything in a hurry.

The machine shop bores square holes with triangular, flat faced drills, having a hurdy-gurdy rotative movement.

The hull department must do what can't be done—yet they do it. Our pattern makers create castings a la rapid transit.

The blacksmith produces in one heat a finished forging; the boiler shop gets a hole and builds a boiler around same, then we have the pipeists working in iron, lead, copper or sheet metal; carpentering in all its branches; drafting, estimating, bookkeeping, commercialism, journalism, etc., everyone a trade or profession by itself.

We must not forget the innumerable specialists such as burners, drillers, welders, bolters-up, etc., that have sprung up during the recent years of specialization. No more one, two or three thickness of paper allowances for clearance or shrinkage fits; to-day it is micrometic niceties with monkey wrench adjustments. Then too, we have standardization, with competent research work which is doing so much to revolutionize shipbuilding.

Formerly, the man who burnt the most coal per horse power and made the most noise with the exhaust was the best engineer. To-day the fellow who evaporates the most water per pound of coal gets the big envelope, yet if the old time mechanics had the modern tools of to-day, they would have trimmed us by fifty per cent. in output. Strange, but it's a fact nevertheless, because shipbuilding is not really properly balanced. Technical efficiency has outgrown practical proficiency—with the result that we do not accomplish a balanced success. What is the use of designing refinement when the building and operating talent is slack? We ask why, because the apprenticeship system is fast disappearing, both in shop and drawing office.

The path of least resistance is a poor path to follow. If you want educational success you must have determination to shine at the head of your calling, be an all-round mechanic. Don't forget that that means more these days than being on the office payroll, especially when the pass word is do-ra-me-fa-sol-la-ti-do. We must realize that in the near future we are going to meet severe competition in the shipbuilding industries; that it is up to us to build, operate and maintain an American Merchant Marine so that future posterity will have ample opportunities to travel about this hump-back world and prove for themselves by observations and comparisons that the United States is the best country in the world, where ambitions are fostered and ability rewarded.

We should not take things easy like a pickpocket. Cabaret shows with dim lights, short-haired girls with shorter skirts are only for old foggies and profligates but the live up-to-date young man must grasp opportunity this very minute. By so doing he will never become the pest we frequently meet who bemoans his luck and tells you what might have been if he had run the show.

America wants workers, not disturbers who always criticize but never remedy. Disturbers are like driftwood, they never serve their time, don't know discipline, lack principle, practice deception and finally become derelicts and a burden to their commonwealth.

Band Plays Well

THE Morse Band again demonstrated that it is always ready to serve in a worthy cause and usually the first on the job, on Saturday afternoon July 12 when it played the initial concert of the Saturday afternoon series at Prospect Park. Several thousand people attended the concert and the crowd was so greatly beyond the expectations of the park authorities that sufficient seating facilities were not available and it was necessary to bring more benches from other sections of the park in order that the crowd might be accommodated.

The band played exceptionally well, so well in fact that in one case five encores were called for. Park Commissioner John M. Harmon personally congratulated Dan Shea upon the success of the afternoon's performance and said that if the concerts each week were of the same high merit the success of the Saturday afternoon concert season would be assured.

The series of concerts being held in Prospect Park this season are unique in the respect that all of the music will be supplied by volunteer organizations. Previously the Board of Estimate has always appropriated a certain amount of money for the renumeration of bands which rendered their services at the Saturday afternoon concerts. This appropriation was not made this year. Park Commissioner Harmon, however, believed that the people of Brooklyn wanted the Saturday afternoon concerts and issued a call for volunteer bands to entertain. The Morse Band was the first to answer that call and also gave the initial concert of the season. The program was as follows Part One Stars and Stripes, Sousa; Traviata, Verdi; Kentucky Dream, Stern; Orpheus, Offenbach; Tally-Ho, Bernstein. Part Two—Director's March, Daniels; Wedding of the Winds, Hall; American Patrol, Meacham; Poet and Peasant, Suppe; Till We Meet Again, Remick.

Discuss Athletic Shows

AT the regular June meeting of the Board of Directors held on Wednesday, June 26, a committee consisting of W. C. Bentley, Harry Hammer and President Joseph McGuirk, was chosen to investigate the advisability of forming an athletic association.

If this association is formed it will be an organization within the Employees' Association, its function being the arranging of boxing and athletic shows to be staged at Morse Oval during the summer months.

A motion to paint the athletic field fence was made by President McGuirk and passed. General discussion was held on the subject of football plans for next year, and the football team banquet held on July 16. A request from Joe Lowe, representing the pipe shop, to allow the pipe shop team the use of Morse Oval on Saturday afternoons was discussed, and it was decided to give the team two trial dates on Saturday June 28 and July 5.

Two gold-plated fountain pens, both minus the cap, have been lost in the yard. The pens are of the self-filling type. A reward will be paid upon their return to THE DIAL office.

Our Land Fleet

By Wesley T. Jones

OUR dry land transportation fleet probably does not represent such an outlay of money as does the tug boat fleet but no one can doubt but that if it were not for the trucks, from the five-ton dumpers to the little flivvers, which run about the yard there would be quite some raving on the part of the various departments of the plant which find the trucks and flivvers useful and in many cases indispensable.

The "gasoline department" is divided into three divisions. Henry Dobles, foreman of the garage, is in charge of the trucks and private cars as far as personnel, maintenance and repairs are concerned. The traffic management is shared by two other departments, one of which is the traffic department, under Harry Harper, and his assistant, William L. Porter. The other division is the private garage.

It was just about a year ago that Mr. Harper was placed in charge of the traffic department. He immediately started a system whereby telephone stations were established along the route which the trucks usually run, thus affording a means by which the traffic department can be constantly in touch with the trucks.

In this way, the main office is able to keep in closer touch with all of the trucks while they are out on the road and a much more efficient service is the result.

For a short time after the establishment of this system some confusion resulted. The chauffeurs did not exactly understand what was required of them and could not see why they were expected to telephone so often.

Developments since that time, however, have proven that the new system was really the making of the traffic department. During the war when all of the work was done under high speed a vast amount of material had to be hauled from quite distant parts. Carting material to and from ships was also a difficult situation and frequent truck trips had to be made to such distant points as Long Island City. Many times the trucks would be delayed and when it was absolutely necessary to get a truck in a very short space of time the new system of telephoning to stations proved to be very helpful.

Mr. Harper is now in constant touch with his trucks at all times. Even during the evenings he keeps in touch with them through his home telephone. W. L. Porter is his assistant and has a man's sized job on his hands following up the trucks which do not report at the right time. It is his duty to make personal investigation as soon as a truck fails to report. He is a skilled mechanic and chauffeur and because of his experience can help the chauffeurs out if they get into mechanical difficulties.

The traffic department directs the movements of the commercial vehicles. The "rolling stock" consists of six commercial Fords; five two-ton, six three-ton, one four-ton, and two five-ton Packards; three two-ton and one five-ton Pierce Arrow; two one and one-half-ton Macks; and the "cabooses," as the three little electrics which handle pretty nearly everything in the yard, are called. The personnel of the Traffic Department is also supervised by Mr. Harper. Victor Foley, pay clerk, has charge of almost all of that work.

Mr. Harper and his staff do not however manage the passenger service. Frank Maher and Roger Moran, of the main office, and Thomas Conk, head chauffeur, direct that part of the system and accommodate passenger calls with anything from a flivver to a "through pullman" twin-six Packard. They have in their division seven Packard twin-sixes, a Buick, a Stevens, a Cadillac, a Saxon, a Chevrolet, two Dodges, the hospital ambulance, and six Ford touring cars.

The equipping and maintenance of all the trucks and cars is in charge of Henry Dobles and his assistant, Dan Blake. There are twenty-two men working in the garage, including an expert mechanical staff as well as a staff of painters who have made a reputation for themselves.

Mr. Morse has complimented them on the splendid body jobs which they have turned out.

Not the least of Mr. Doble's worries is the care of the little electric trucks seen running about the yard. Special care must be taken of them because they cost something like $2800, and are equipped with very costly batteries.

The average electric truck which you see scooting around the platforms of any large railroad terminal is equipped with regular lead batteries. This is because the truck is run over smooth concrete and is not subject to the severe racking which our little trucks receive in running about the yard. A battery of special construction has to be used. It is called the Edison Nickel-steel battery and costs $1,300.

The truck fleet some time ago was entered in an efficiency operating contest, but owing to a slack spell, the contest was not carried through. This however, did not prevent the men from taking personal pride in the operation of their trucks.

Dan Blake, the garage snapper, says that Paul Sheehan's Truck No. 20, the storeroom truck, is "clean enough to eat off." Paul's truck is the recognized "champ" among the yard truck "dudes."

The truck department also boasts of several personal celebreties which are worthy of mention. "Felix," the wild and woolly white rat, is the recognized lightweight "champ" bologna eater of the yard, so says Bill Banks, who has been compelled to diet on half his usual lunch since the garage took the rat to board.

One of the yard's greatest diplomats—the traffic department office, says, is Jim Dougherty, driver of truck No. 24, known as Champ Clark II. He is a man of few words.

Then there is the garage artist, Edward Steiner, No. 26693, who won the first prize in the Red Cross parade on July 4 last for having the best decorated truck in line. Truck No. 26

MORSE THEATRE

After a long run in Hoboken, the great milo-dramatic success

TRAFFIC

By John Powell, Dry Dock Poet

CAST

President Flivver	Grand Moguls of the Traffic Trust	*Mr. Harper*
Caddy Cadillac		*Mr. Dobles*
Peter Pickup	A Beau Brummell	*Paul Sheehan*
Hoboken Harry	At One Time	*A. Connolly*
Martin Stores	Give Me a Pass	*A. Christofersen*
Hick Hickory	A Nut	*W. Filbert*
Silent Sam	Of Few Words	*J. Dougherty*
Officer No. 26	Pool Ball Spotter	*W. Major*
Garibaldi Gionniti	An Irish Cop	*S. Zangara*
Barton Bush	A Disguised Gentleman	*R. Walsh*
Robby Runabout	When Not Asleep	*Master Dolan*
Wilson—That's All	An Old Crow	*J. Harper, Jr.*
Kid Kidder	A Riddle	*J. Gurjon*
The Vampire		*Miss Foley*
Mother Porter		*By Herself*
Luke McGuirk	Denizens of the Dumps	*J. Lee*
Mike the Bite		*C. Anderson*
Lefty Leary		*F. Lampke*
Heavy Hannigan		*F. Harbeck*

SYNOPSIS

The first scene is that of an office. All is dark outside. A rumbling noise is heard as if of thunder, but the sky is clear. Upon investigation it's only an "office boy." Red Hot singing. President Flivver is seated at a "pine mahogany" desk. The Vampire close by, is seemingly intent upon the paper she is writing on, but an occasional side glance at a two-dollar bill that the President has lain aside goes to show she has evil designs on the same. The said two dollars is all in the world that will helpHoboken Harry to reach his home. Mother Porter then enters with the dire news that the Pipe Shop is holding up Barton Bush. Just then a young helper asks President Flivver to send a truck to Weehawken with two foot of pipe. President Flivver cruelly strikes him down with a pen wiper. Officer No. 26 rushes in just in time to hear Silent Sam not saying a word. Grand Transformation with Robby Runabout falling asleep and the "Denizens of the Dumps" singing, "When You Can't Afford a Ford, Walk, You Sucker Walk."

VAUDEVILLE BETWEEN ACT

RED HOT in his latest ballad—"Following Josie Around."

Paul Sheehan—Juggling a paper weight, an umbrella and truck No. 20 at the same time.

Zero Zangara—the Master Magician who will put two pounds of flour in a hat and pull out twelve yards of macaroni.

SCENE TWO

In front of Caddy Cadillac's Home for Disabled Dumpers. Mr. Cadillac is pale, having just gone through an operation of having his hair cut. He is worried. A poor Ford that has only been used for six years is ailing and panting its last. It has carbunckles on the carburator. President Flivver has just called up to see if the same flivver can take two propellers to Yonkers. Caddy hears tears over the 'phone It's Mother Porter who has lost her little dog, owing to the rightful owner finding him.

GRAND FINALE

The front of the Home for Disabled Dumpers caves in with all the cast singng "Driven from Home."

was his pet on that memorable occasion.

Looking over the statistics on trucks which are posted in Mr. Doble's office we find that most of them are models of 1917 or later. Practically all of the cars which are the property of the Morse Company to-day are of the latest model obtainable. Mr. Morse believes that an efficient dry land transportation fleet is just as essential in its own way as an efficient tug boat fleet or an efficient dry dock. That is why Morse cars are of the newest and latest designs that money can buy.

Our "gasoline department" has grown just as all of the other departments in the yard have grown during the recent years of expansion. There are now sixty-eight men employed by the Morse Company who attend to the management of Morse cars. Twenty-two of them are members of the garage force.

Pete Bresnan, of the garage force, does not pretend to be an inventor. He says he is merely a mechanic, but the fact remains that he recently originated a very worthy device which is designed to make the Morse transportation fleet a safer and more efficient organization.

The device which is now being tried out on several of the Morse trucks, is worthy of mention. As far as it is known, this device is entirely original with Bresnan and has never been used before.

It consists of three signals dropped from the rear of the truck. These signals are of different colors so that they may be distinguished easily and bear on them in large letters the wording, "Left," "Right," and "Stop." When the truck is going straight ahead the signals are drawn up close to the body of the car and cannot be seen, but as soon as it is necessary to either stop or turn to the right or left the correct signal is dropped. The bright color with which it is painted cannot fail to attract the attention of a driver approaching from the rear, the large letters immediately show the intentions of the driver in the truck and the signal can be given long enough in advance so that there can be no possible mistake.

The signals are manipulated easily by means of ropes connected by pulleys to straps near the wind shield just above the driver's seat. When a signal is necessary the driver reaches forward with one hand and releases the proper strap. He cannot make a mistake because the strap releasing the "Right" signal is on the right, "Stop" is in the center, and "Left" is on the left. The fact that the straps are directly in line with his normal line of vision makes it almost impossible for him to lose sight of the fact that the signal is down and there is no danger of his leaving it there when the signal is no longer required.

If this device proves to be satisfactory, and there is every reason to believe that it will be, all of the Morse trucks will be equipped with it and Morse chauffeurs will no longer be compelled to squirm into all sorts of incongruous positions in order to give the ordinary arm signal off the side of the car, which signal, not taking into account its inconvenience, stands a good chance of not being seen when the truck is heavily loaded.

Trophy Cabinet Installed

A large cabinet, encasing the various trophies which have been captured by Morse sportsmen, has recently been placed in the main office lobby where it has attracted the admiration of everyone. The cabinet is the gift of Mr. Morse and is constructed of mahogany and beveled plate glass. It measures approximately 6 by 6 feet and is about 18 inches deep. The three shelves hold six cups, the large New York State football championship cup occupying the most prominent position. Another football cup from the American Football Association, two baseball cups, a bowling cup and the tug-of-war cup complete the six.

A New Contributor

WE are glad to announce the addition to the contributing staff of THE DIAL of Thomas J. Furlong, paint shop. Mr. Furlong is the originator of "Paint Pot Philosophy," a column of rather original humor which has been appearing in THE DIAL recently. Regular contributions from his pen along the same line ought to brighten the pages of our magazine considerably.

Mr. Furlong is an old employee of the Morse Company and first worked in the yard over twelve years ago. He left the employ of the Company at several intervals since that time but has always been in close touch with the men in the yard and with Morse affairs.

Peter Johnson, one of our joiners, and his family, have left New York for a six months sojourn in Sweden. Rommesfelt, Angelholm, is the name of the little town where he will stay. Mr. Johnson intends to come back to the Morse Company on his return to this country.

Another Painting Record

ONCE upon a time, all that a painter in a shipyard had to do was to punch his time card. At least that was the popular idea among the remainder of his fellow workers.

If such a circumstance ever was a fact all is changed now. Morse painters do actual work for their pay, and they work hard. Recent facts and figures prove this.

An account of the big job which our painting department finished in record time on the U. S. S. *Imperator* was given in the June issue of THE DIAL. A still faster painting record was made during the past month, when the baseball Oval fence was painted, inside and outside, by twelve painters and Foreman Frank O'Donohoe in eight hours.

The fence contained 20,000 square feet of surface to be painted. To complete this job in eight hours means that the men had to paint at the rate of two hundred square feet an hour, or 3⅓ square feet a minute per man.

This is a record for fast painting which, in the opinion of Mr. O'Donohoe, has never been duplicated in the yard, and he also believes that the painting department of no other shipyard could have done the same job with a like number of men in the same time.

Oscar Kruger, Morse sign king, working in conjunction with the other painters, also completed a job on the fence, of which he is very proud. He did three hundred feet of lettering in three hours.

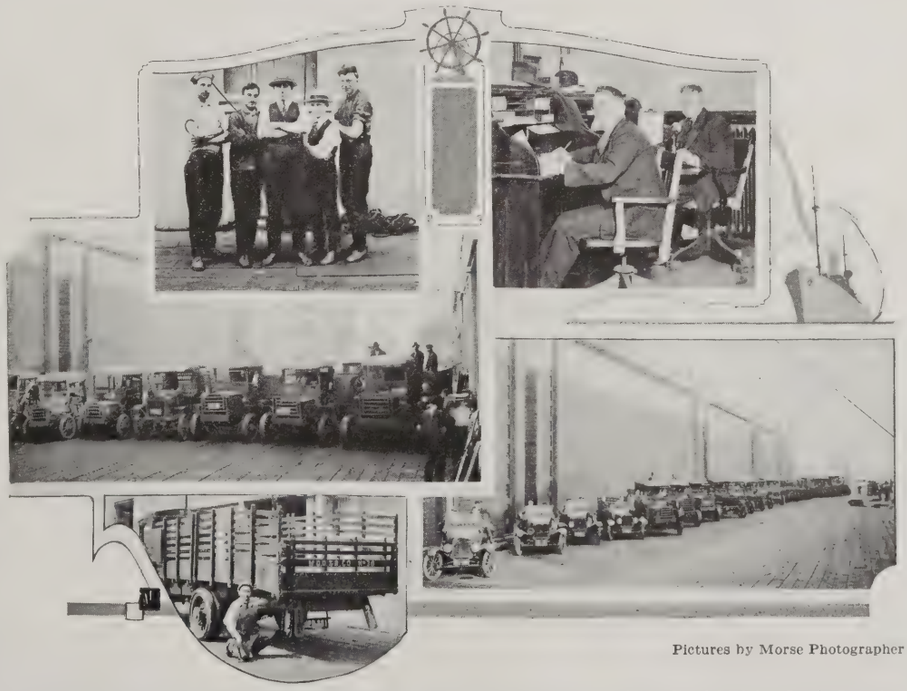
Paint Shop Notes

"Wild Bill" Dahlen, although now in the office end of the yard, can handle a paint brush with the best of them. A paint gang consisting of Bill, Johnnie Kilkenny, Walter McKirchner and Tom Furlong worked together all last summer "marking out" transports for camouflaging. Bill did his bit but it was two months before the gang knew he was the famous Bill. Such is fame! Bill is not much on blowing his own horn, but get him started on that little ball team of his. Oh, boy!

Bobby Hansen, who is at home either in a boatswain's chair or on a float, is one of these quiet unassuming guys with a continuous smile on his face. But Bobby packs a kick in either mitt, having been at one time a bright light among amateur boxers.

Note the difference in appearance in the "Mitchell" since her arrival in the yard. George Dunbar and his gang did the painting end of it and according to Frank O'Donohoe and Jack Williams, made a darn good job of it.

Have you ever seen a painter on different jobs in the yard, whom everyone from Whitman down seems to know and have a "howdedo" for? That's Walter Johnson—not the famous Walter, but just as good a man.



Pictures by Morse Photographer

The upper left hand picture shows the garage staff, reading from left to right: Daniel Blake, Louis Lunnis, 1st class mechanics; Henry Dobles, garage superintendent; John Higgins, office assistant; Arthur Hewitt, 1st class mechanic. Upper right; John Harper, traffic manager, and his assistant, Harry Porter. Lower left; a new safety signal system and it's inventor, Peter Bresnan. The two center pictures give general views of the Morse truck fleet.

OVER *the* BACK YARD FENCE



EDITED BY JOAN C. SHARP

Safety in the Home

AT the Morse yard, where practically all of the husbands, brothers and sweethearts of the women who read this page work from day to day, every possible precaution is taken against accident and disease. "Safety First," of recent years has become a very vital subject and in all large industrial organizations, men, particularly those who work with their hands, are realizing to a greater extent the necessity of protecting themselves against possible accident.

Your husbands and brothers who work in the Morse yard are well protected against all forms of accident. In the yard there is an up-to-date hospital where they may go and be treated if an accident does occur. This hospital is the most completely equipped institution of its kind in the port. Sanitation in the yard, too, is well looked after.

What about the homes to which they return after the day's work is done? Are the same precautions against accident and disease prevalent there? They ought to be and it is up to the women folks at home to see to it that they are.

At the Morse yard, the salvage department has as one of its functions the cleaning up of old rubbish so that sanitary conditions will prevail. There ought to be just such a department in every home with the housekeeper as the head and sole representative of that department. Children are more susceptible to disease and suffer more from unsanitary conditions than grown up men. They ought to receive the very best of attention along those lines.

There are many other little precautions for the home which the "Safety First Commttee" of that home ought to keep well in mind at all times.

Matches are one of the most dangerous things in the home, principally because they hold a great attraction for children. They are not only dangerous for the fire they cause but small children put them in their mouths and are poisoned by the sulphur.

Children should not be allowed to play around sewing machines for they are liable to get their fingers broken by the wheels or their hands badly injured by the needle.

If there is a small hole in the carpet see that it is attended to. Many people have been seriously hurt just by being tripped.

If you live in the upper part of a house it is a bad plan to keep flower boxes outside the window unless they are securely fastened.

From time to time look at the hinges on the window shutters to make sure that they are not rusted through.

Do not keep the medicine cabinet within reach of small children.

If you will just stop and think for a moment you will find many more ways in which to insure safety in the home.

To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.

Household Hints

To Renovate a White Cloth Dress.—Heat a pound of wheaten flour; mix with it four ounces of coarse salt. Then with a piece of coarse flannel rub this into the dress. All soil and mud stains will disappear as if by magic. If there are any grease or tea stains, sponge with liquid ammonia. Press with a cool iron.

Keeping Bread Fresh.—In hot weather bread becomes stale very quickly. A good way to keep the bread moist is to place in the bread-pan a round piece of thin board pierced with holes, and with three small legs glued or nailed on so as to raise the bread two inches from the bottom of the pan. Place water in the pan to the depth of an inch. Stand the loaves on the board and cover the pan with a lid. In this way the air will keep the bread moist and fresh. The pan should be wiped out every day and fresh water put in.

To Prevent Stained Fingers.—When preparing fruit for jam-making or canning, it is often difficult to keep the fingers from becoming stained. An effective preventative, however, is to melt a little paraffin and, when cool enough, dip the fingers into it to the depth of the nails. It will at once form a coating which protects the nails from fruit juice.

Bright Looking-glasses. — Looking-glasses washed over with a little water and ammonia and afterwards finished with a cloth dipped in methylated spirits will look twice as bright.

Jerusalem Cheese Pie.—Boil some Jerusalem artichokes until tender. Strain off the stock and color it with milk. Then add a bit of margarine or dripping. Bring to the boil, lift it off the fire, and pour into it some corn flour thickening mixed with cold water. Stir well, pour back into the saucepan and stir till thick. Then add a teacupful of grated cheese. Cook for a few minutes but do not let the sauce boil. Now put the artichokes into a pie dish and sprinkle with pepper and salt. Pour the sauce over, grate a little cheese on top, and put in the oven to bake brown. This pie also does as a substitute for meat one day a week.

Chamois Leather Gloves.—When washing chamois leather gloves use warm soapy water; then rinse in a fresh lot of soapy water. Add a few drops of olive oil and this will keep your gloves soft. Hang them out to dry with the soap left in them.

To Iron Napkins—When the napkins are dry do not sprinkle them, but dip and wring out every third napkin in clear, warm water. Place each wet napkin between two dry ones, fold and roll the three napkins tightly together. In twenty minutes they will be ready to iron, all equally damp from hem to center. Next, fold each napkin right side out, with hems together and iron double till dry. In this way the corners are easily kept square and a good gloss is secured. Of course, when there is embroidery, it must be pressed from the wrong side first.

"It's a corking good idea to bottle up your wrath and set it away overnight to cool."

Some Dial Children

THIS picture was taken at a picnic held recently where several members of THE DIAL staff and their families were "among those present." All three of the young bathers are "DIAL children." They are, from left to right: Joseph Cornell, aged four, grandson of Rollo Stier, photographic department; John Wesley Bailey, aged six, son of Charles W. Bailey, THE DIAL photographer, and William Fenwick, aged nine, brother-in-law of Chester Carkhuff, printing department. The three little fellows are one of the many reasons why THE DIAL crowd are such a happy lot.



Your Little Wife

Who plans to make your future bright?
Your Little Wife.
Who cooks to tempt your appetite?
Your Little Wife.
Who tells her women friends that you
Are one grand husband through and through?
Who's the best girl you ever knew?
Your Little Wife.
Who pats your cheeks when you get home?
Your Little Wife.
Who smooths the thin hair on your dome?
Your Little Wife.
Who looks at you, her brown eyes clear,
And, snuggling to you, extra near,
Says, "This is pay-day, ain't it dear?"
Your Little Wife.

—*Exchange.*

Woman and Electricity

When a woman is sulky and will not speak —exciter.
If she gets too excited—controller.
If she talks too long—interrupter.
If her way of thinking is not yours—converter.
If she is willing to come half way—meter.
If she will come all the way—receiver.
If she wants to go further—conductor.
If she would still go further—dispatcher.
If you think she is unfaithful—detector.
If she is unfaithful—lever.
If she proves your fears were wrong—compensator.
If she goes up in the air—condenser.
If she wants chocolates—feeder.

—*Exchange.*

Ice Cream Recipe

2 quarts milk, 3 eggs, 1 pound of sugar, 6 teaspoonsfuls of Bermuda arrowroot. Smooth arrowroot in a little cold milk, beat eggs and sugar together, bring milk to boil, then stir in arrowroot, remove from fire, add eggs and sugar, cool, flavor and freeze.

MRS. OTIS E. BARENE.

There's so much that's good in the worst of us,
And so much that's bad in the best of us,
That it hardly behooves any of us,
To talk about the rest of us.

—*Stevenson.*

"Cussing"

Some folks stand around and cuss
They like to be profane
But we know lots of real wise guys
Who think it is insane.



William R. Monahan, our cartoonist, has returned from his vacation looking like a Coney Island life saver. Sheedy, the sheet metal boss, says that he got all that tan sunning himself up on some roof. When your own boss says a thing like that what can a poor fellow do?

⚜

Not that it is any of our business, but who is this "Teddy" anyway? Chorus from the back pay office:—"Ask Vivian Madison."

⚜

Monroe Goldman, the man who buries old time cards, comes of a most technically inspired family. His father, recent developments have shown, was the inventor of an adding machine which can be carried in a vest pocket. Most of us are able to count our loose change mentally but, Monroe, it is claimed, always has his adding machine with him. The next time you see him change a dollar bill listen for the click-click-click as he puts his hand in his pocket.

⚜

Did you ever see the back pay "tea table"? Willie Goldsmith, who pushes it, says that it is used to convey time cards.

⚜

Nominations are now in order for the positions of Beau Brummel of our office force. The employment office boys have entered Wilson and feel certain of ultimate victory.

⚜

Ralph Larsen, Employment office boy, took full charge of handing out the tool checks while John Costello was away on his vacation. Ralph is getting to be a "regular guy" all around. We saw him on Third avenue, not so very long ago, with no less than three ladies clustered around him; one on each arm and one tagging behind.

⚜

From most reliable sources comes the statement that visits to "Bohemia" are now being indulged in by our office girls. Our correspondent says that he is almost certain it was "Miss Daley" whom he saw carving her initials on some of the choice woodwork at Polly's.

⚜

William Mittleman, formerly of the cost department and now with the A. M. Byers Company, wishes to be remembered to all of the office force, according to a recent communication received at THE DIAL office. Mr. Mittleman says he wants it known that he will always remember the friendships he made here, and feels grateful for the cooperation shown him when he was one of the Morse family.

⚜

Edward J. Dominick is the record department "shimmie" hound. Time cards of course occupy most of Ed's mind during the day, but oft his fancy lightly turns to other things and when he does his shoulders always wiggle.

⚜

Knockout Ragen is the record department's 'wur-ruld fame-aws" boxing promoter. Step up, ladies and gentlemen, and view him. The one and only boxing-hound in the North building.

Mr. Harris of Room 115 has been wearing a very happy but foolish smile these last few days. Of course there's a female in the case and 'tis rumored they are engaged. Well, all we can say is good luck, Jersey.

⚜

Marion Hayes and Mary Travers are back at their respective desks after spending their vacation together at Lake George. Both reacted to vacationing in a different way. One has freckles; the other a coat of tan. Which is which? You guess.

⚜

George Keenan spends most of his time after five o'clock down at the beach. He says he loves the water but we think the girl's abbreviated bathing costumes may be the attraction, eh George?

⚜

"Nothing seems the same since the sailors went away" is the wail of Miss Palmer of Room 109. Never mind, Leola, there are other pebbles on the beach and one so used to adorning the sands should easily find a substitute.

⚜

Since Elizabeth Hofmann of the Back Pay Department spends her week-ends on her brother's boat the girls have been entertained with wild tales of the sea. That's not a fish story either, though it may sound like one.

⚜

We always knew that Kathleen Morris was a great favorite, but when a fellow has to show the whole world he loves her by sending post cards with rows of kisses on it, that's going some. And Kathleen looks on calmly as if it were an everyday occurrence.

⚜

It isn't so bad having a sweetheart detained in France when he has a twin brother here to take his place. How about it, Margaret McCarthy?

⚜

John McConnell, Monroe Goldman's assistant in the record department, has quite a little record himself. He was made assistant in charge after three weeks service in the department. He plays shortstop for the timekeepers baseball team and acts as pinch-hitter in the payroll department whenever needed, at the pay windows or otherwise. There is one thing that's puzzling, though, why does John avoid the girls which abound in the back-pay and the payroll departments?

⚜

Reprinted from the Redbank, N. J., *Record:* "Mr. C. Elmer Anderson (Record department) of New York City, is one of the recent visitors to this town. Mr. Anderson came two weeks earlier than was expected, for business reasons, he says."

⚜

Oh, here's to the hobble
That style has decreed;
I only arise to inqui-er
How much would be left us
To guess at—indeed,
If car steps were six inches high-er.

Napco News.

Conk's Vacation

WHEN Tom Conk reappeared after his two weeks' vacation recently it was only natural that all of the boys around the garage and office should be interested in what he had been doing.

"D'ja have a good time, Tom?" asked the admiring throng, practically in unison, when he put in appearance on the first morning after his vacation was over.

"Sure," said Conk with not very much spirit.

"Where'd ja go?"

"Well," Tommy grinned kind of sheepishly and then continued, "On Monday I went to Coney Island, on Tuesday to Rockaway, Wednesday it was Sheepshead Bay, Thursday, broke!"

Office Girl Philosophy

Mrs. Tillotson was giving a little motherly advice to one of the young ladies of the office force, who was very backward in making friends.

"Why don't you be more friendly with the boys, they're all respectable young men?" inquired Mrs. T.

"Oh," replied the miss, "I won't get engaged until I'm twenty."

"But you may not have the chance when you're twenty."

"Well," was the retort, "I'll stay twenty until I do!"

What an Office Should Be

An office is a funny thing: Each morning certain men
And certain girls and certain boys come into it again
And hang their coats on certain pegs, their hats on certain hooks,
And sit them down at certain desks in front of certain books.
They all have certain work to do in just a certain time,
Concerning certain dollars for a certain fixed per diem;
And then at just a certain hour, in sunshine or in rain,
They close their desks and hurry out to catch a certain train.
An office is a tragic thing when that is all there is,
When each one has his certain work and certain way of his.
And wallows in a certain rut and never seems to see
That there are certain other ones in life as well as he.
For we would find a certain fun in certain other ways,
If we would give a word of cheer on certain busy days—
When problems vex, when certain things require a helping hand,
Would give a certain sympathy that mortals understand.
An office is a pleasant place—at least a certain kind
That has a certain brotherhood where day by day you find
Some neighbor with a new idea he's glad to pass along,
A certain sort of friendliness, a certain sort of song.
There is a certain duty that we owe to other men
To help them when they need a lift, to steady them again.
An office can become in time, to man and girl and boy,
A certain kind of fellowship, and work a certain joy.

—*Douglas Malloch, from the Texas News.*



Do you 'member when the Morse "Transportation system" consisted of several horses and wagons and nary a car? Well, Tom Conk was one of the chief "transporters" at that time too. Used to drive down to the Thirty-ninth street ferry with his old gray mare on "high," although she at times developed "tire" trouble. Tommie packed the same old smile then as he does now, but sweet patootie, he's sure put on beef since then.

John Loop burns plates, etc., with Jimmie MacFarland's gang on week days and burns up Long Island roads on Sundays with that new car of his.

Watching Oscar, the Sign King, in action, makes one believe his interpretation of M. D. D. R. C. is "More Done Daily Right Cheerfully." Good dope at that, Os.

Charley Harvey, of the pipe shop, has the rats trained to such a fine point that when the noon hour whistle blows, they come and eat lunch with him.

The yard seemed to be very quiet around the middle of July. Frank Whitman was away on his vacation.

We hear that Tom Nesbit wants to buy a car. Remember, Tom, the price of court plaster and liniment has gone up. For confirmation of this statement see James MacFarlane.

Hugh Pace's brother Harry paid the yard a visit recently and was entertained by the pipe shop crowd. He had just returned from an extended period of service in France where he was severely wounded several times and decorated for bravery.

Speaking about memories of the recent back pay. Ingram of the timekeepers, has one consolation. He had his receipt made out.

Back pay, back pay, I'm sad to say,
Two men stood in that awful crowd,
But all they got was one word NOT,
Material men are NOT allowed.

Tom McCarthy, outside machinist pay-roll clerk, spent his vacation at Lees, N. Y., where according to all reports he had a very good time and never dreamed about the pay-roll once.

John Reddy comes back to us from his vacation with the news that he came very near spending his period of rest on the Thousand Islands. Johnny has four islands to his credit anyhow. They are Coney, Manhattan, Blackwell's and Ward's.

Wanted.—Nine good baseball players. Must not be over sixty-three years old. Must bring own bats and other equipment. No objection to cripples. Apply to Joe Lowe, manager, Pipe Shop baseball team.

A bill came to Charlie Davis of the pipe shop the other day for one potato peeler, price $66.75. Now we know why Charlie moved to Flatbush and we take it for granted that he is going one better than his competitors by peeling the potatoes for his customers.

Joe Martin has a new car. He is practising on the witching waves down at Coney Island before trying to run the thing.

Billie Burke, carpenter shop, blames everything on 2.75 beer. The other day he got hit with a plank but forgot all about it when his stomach began to hurt and blamed it on old 2.75.

A bartender down at Coney Island who at one time worked in the yard heard about the back pay and immediately his hopes began to rise. He knocked off work, hired a car to get him to the yard, walked up to the window and was rewarded with sixty-seven cents.

It's a strange thing that a pipe-fitter can't get on a trolley car with ten feet of one-inch pipe, but this same traction company will allow Jimmy MacFarlane to ride all over one of their cars with his flivver.

It took Barney Mooney a whole week of constant practice before he could say "Ulysses." With that knotty problem solved, however, he has become an authority on ships' names and how they should be pronounced.

Proof of the regard with which the boys hold Mooney's pronunciation of peculiar words was given recently when the *Achilles* came alongside one of the docks. John Fiyo was working on her and wanted to know how to say the name. He went to Barney for the information.

Both John Kenwell and Jimmy Toman of the outside machinists, now possess "baseball mustaches" of which they are very proud. "Baseball mustaches," of course, are those which have nine on each side.

Woods of the band and Andy Aarons left the launching of the new dry dock section on June 24, together. On the way home Woods proposed that they stop and have a drink. They did, and then as Woods put his hand in his pocket to pay the bill, he discovered that after the bill was paid he would have seven cents left.

"What," said Andy, when the discovery was made known, "I was depending on you for carfare."

Woods made Aarons take his money because he lived farther away and then proceeded to hike it for home. He arrived, dead tired, dug down in his other pants pocket for his cigarettes and discovered that he had six dollars which Danny Shea had given him the day before. He had walked three miles.

The outside machinists were very much outside on the evening of June 24. They were not only outside but their side was out with only three men up. The first baseman could have played much better if he had had a *Good Stein.*

The "airmen" have recently been equipped with red number strips which fit into the yard badges. Louis Baer is backward in showing his, for fear of being pronounced of Bolshevik tendencies. Whether he associates hot "air" with Bolshevik principles or not, we couldn't say.

While Jimmy MacFarlane was away on his speaking tour during the last part of June, the rest of us at home were kept in touch with his activities through a series of post cards which at first glance looked rather bad for him. The first card to Mr. Murray ,which had on its reverse side a picture of the Club Jolliet, Manchester, N. H., was inscribed only with "kindest regards." The next, addressed to Mr. Hall, was a picture of the County Court House and one it "Mac" had written, "On my way home." Mr. Benner received the last card which had a picture of the Manchester Police Station. MacFarlane's message on this spoke of a splendid meeting and of the fact that he was being held back another day.

We were just about to start a collection for bail money, so that he wouldn't have to be held back any longer, when "Mac" appeared with explanations which cleared away our apprehensions.

According to Jim Hughes, shipfitters' snapper, there are two kinds of time around the yard; New York time and Shipping Board time. Recently, while working on the *Osage,* he overheard a conversation between the captain of that boat and a Shipping Board man.

"What time do we leave?" said the captain.

"Ten o'clock," said the Shipping Board man.

"Aw, that means five o'clock, captain," said Jim; "he's figuring according to Shipping Board time and there's five hours difference."

Miss Agness McDonnell, the popular operator at "AM" office, has decided to wield coffee pots and rolling pins for a change. The "AM" office force is making a collection of old shoes and new rice to heave at said maiden, when at 8 P.M. Wednesday, June 25, she walks to the altar with Mr. William Filbert, of Brooklyn. All her Brooklyn friends wish her luck and congratulations—*From the Western Union Telegram.*

We hope that Agnes will wield the coffee pots and rolling pins in the right direction. We wish William Filbert, one of our chauffeurs, the best of luck in this, his newest and most important venture.

The roaring of the bending torch, the caulkers' air machine,
The buzzing of a hundred drills, the siren's mighty scream,
The noise that's made by riveters each time their hammers swing,
Is but a feeble noise compared, when Jimmy Weldon sings.

Ernest Freiberg and Joe Daughney took their initial bath of the season recently when Nick Riley, engineer on Derrick No. 1 at the Farm, happened to let them down gently into the slip while they were riding on the derrick chains.

Ole Hansen, engineer on Derrick No. 3 at the Farm, is following the footsteps of his namesake in Seattle by giving regular patriotic speeches to the men during noon-hour.

Time and tide wait for no man, but Charley Hallock is generally ahead of both of them.

A purple silk scarf, found in the vicinity of the yard is now being held in the employment office. It may be claimed at that office.



Nails on the walks and piers are like snakes in the grass.

Pictures by Morse Photographer

When you see a snake you instinctively try to kill it. Feel the same way about the unclinched nail. Get it out of the way!

An upstanding nail in the way of an automobile means a tire loss; a lowering of Morse efficiency.

A nail in your pathway means more. It means blood poisoning, possible death; a lowering of your personal efficiency to zero.

HELP BOTH THE COMPANY AND YOURSELF.
GET THAT RUSTY NAIL OUT OF THE WAY!



The S. S. Gloria before, during and after the repair job was completed.



The S. S. Gloria was repaired on the largest floating dry dock in the world.



The best facilities are necessary for a successful operation, whether it be on man or ship.

Expert surgeons in the case of man, expert workmen in the case of ships, are another all-important factor.

Pictures by Morse Photographer

We have both of these factors; expert operators, one hundred per cent facilities.

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The MORSE DIAL

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JAN 27 1920

September 1919



Ships did it

OPPORTUNITY

By

John James Ingalls

MASTER of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields, I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!

If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,

Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more!

[In the light of the advantages open to men in the ranks of labor, the foregoing sonnet is recommended to the attention of every "radical" in the United States.]

MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL



Vol. 2 September, 1919 No. 9

The Quevilly's Story

By C. Stewart Wark

IT was on an early June day that the bark *Quevilly* nosed her way up the bay and slipped very quietly alongside one of the Morse piers, where she was made fast. Some of us noticed her entrance but most of us didn't, for the coming and going of ships to a shipyard worker is an everyday occurrence which is not liable to attract attention.

A comparatively small number of Morse workmen were employed on the *Quevilly*, for the job was not a large one. Perhaps these employees in their travels about the ship learned something of the adventures of this old barkentine, but very probably they did not because the French crew aboard spoke practically no English.

On July 22, she was towed away from her berth at the yard, set safely into the channel of the bay, and, under her own power, she proceeded down the bay toward the "Hook," bound for the deep breadth of the Atlantic, where she rightly belongs, again performing the task for which she was built over twenty-two years ago.

The very probable thought of those who stood at the foot of our pier and watched her disappear in the distance was, "Another ship gone." John Hallock, our dry dock master, probably said to himself, "We let her down nice and easy, now let's hurry up and get the *Phoenix* up into her place on dry dock in quick time."

The *Quevilly* has gone, but the deeds of good ships just like the deeds of good men remain behind them, and to perpetuate the history of the *Quevilly* is the mission which we are about to undertake and have at hand.

Just a few days before the big bark sailed away two elements, "curiosity" and "industry," waged a pitched battle in the region of our desk. The huge spars and masts of the ship on dry dock could be seen from the office window, and they carried with them all of the romance which is natural to a "deep sea salt" who has never been so far out in the ocean that he couldn't see Coney Island. On the other hand there was a pile of DIAL proofs that ought to be read, but curiosity won, and pad and pencil in hand, we braved the perils of the July St. Swithin's period and, in a truly landlubber fashion, scrambled up on deck.

"Where's the captain?" we asked the first salty looking individual who happened along.

The wrinkled and begrizzled countenance of our victim assumed an expression which we had learned to interpret, due to previous reportorial experience, as meaning, "Nothin' doing, get out."

"Le Journal?" he questioned, "Captain out."

"No, Morse Company," we said, flashing a button, and then wandered aft.

"Who wants the captain?" boomed a heavy voice before we had gone much farther.

Explanations of who it was followed.

"Newspaper?" queried the man with the booming voice as soon as pad and pencil came in view.

Assurance of the fact that our days on the lying and misquoting press lay far in the past brought entrance into the Captain's cabin and even the offer of a cigarette.

Captain Jean Rault, who guides the *Quevilly* on her journeys across the Atlantic, is a true to type modern skipper. He speaks English fluently and efficiency and neatness are virtues which will always be remembered when thinking of him and of his ship.

A vague rumor current around the yard that the *Quevilly* had been the cause of some sort of an exciting adventure for her captain and crew brought forth a question to that effect and we pulled out our note book awaiting a reply.

"Adventures?" said the captain, "No, we just carry oil between here and Rouen."

"Ever wrecked?"

"Oh, couple of times, but not much."

Then came a brilliant thought.

"Ever see a submarine?"

"Sure not for newspaper?"

Reassurances followed and then we sat back and listened while Captain Rault told his story.

The *Quevilly* is an oil carrier and for twenty-two years she has been carrying that product between the port of New York

REQUESTS for regular copies of THE DIAL *from former employees and others who have no connection with our concern, have been so numerous that we have decided to put the magazine on a subscription basis for the benefit of those who think enough of it to pay for it.* THE DIAL *will be mailed without charge to every person on the payroll of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., who furnishes us with his or her correct address. Former employees or others who have no business connections with the Company, can receive the magazine regularly by paying* $1.50 *for a year's subscription, or* 15 *cents a copy in advance. All subscriptions must be addressed to Editor,* MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL, *Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., Brooklyn. In no case will we extend a free subscription unless the concern or individual making request for same has business dealings or connections with this Company. We will gladly exchange without cost with publications of other industrial organizations.*—THE EDITOR.

and Rouen, France, during the past nine years under the command of Captain Rault. War broke out in 1914 and many ships were forced to suspend operations, but the *Quevilly* continued on her voyages across the Atlantic, aiding France by supplying her with a very necessary product for the continuance of military operations.

Those were perilous days, for the *Quevilly*, although a fast ship for her type, could not possibly outrun a submarine and in her hold she carried combustible material. One torpedo, no matter where it hit, would have been enough to blow her and her crew into a million small pieces and she carried a cargo which the German U-boat commanders were very anxious to destroy.

Those scurries across the Atlantic were made without lights and a gun crew was on duty beside the big gun aft at all times. Rumors of submarines near at hand kept the crew on the alert and victims of the "wolves of the sea" were seen many times, but nothing happened until November, 1917.

She was sailing in the Bay of Biscay, twenty-five miles off the coast when, without warning, a submarine popped up only a few hundred yards off her side.

According to the Captain and other members of the crew, no one who has not witnessed the sudden visit of a submarine can realize the terror which it is bound to inspire in the hearts of even the bravest of men. When the periscope is sighted while the U-boat is still submerged, there is some time to prepare for the marauder's appearance, but unless the periscope is first sighted the U-boat appears suddenly, silently—a dim gray ghost seeming to come from nowhere, bound on a mission of destruction and death. No one being attacked by a submarine could bring himself to believe that such a silent, seemingly supernatural serpent of the sea could possibly have been built in a shipyard by ordinary mortals.

B-z-z-r-r-zip!

The German commander did not wait for a surrender nor ask for one. Perhaps he knew too well what the Frenchman's answer would be.

The course of the torpedo could easily be seen as it sizzled through the water. An order from Captain Rault and the wheelman bent over the steering wheel. The bark was not easy to turn at such short notice, but she swerved just enough so that the torpedo passed under the bow. Then the big gun aft boomed and a shell dropped very near to the side of the U-boat. Three more shots were fired, the last falling almost on top of the submarine which was nearly submerged. It is not known whether the *Quevilly* gunner scored a hit or not, but the submarine never returned. Patrol boats and airplanes soon appeared and scoured the vicinity for the remainder of the day but if not at the bottom of the bay, the commander of the submarine at least had had enough for no trace of his craft could be found.

After that experience the owners of the *Quevilly* decided that it would be best to put her out of service for the time being and she was transferred to the United States. Our government sent her to Punta Delgada in the Azores, where she acted as a supply ship for Naval Base 13 until April of this year, when she was turned back to her original owners.

Repairs completed in the Morse yard have again prepared her for a return to her former occupation of more closely connecting the trade relations of France and the United States.

The *Quevilly* is 310 feet long and of steel construction. When sailing conditions are not favorable she is propelled by Diesel engines of 600 H. P. The combination of engine and sails make of her one of the fastest vessels of her type afloat and she has made the trip across the Atlantic in thirteen days. Thirteen knots an hour is her average speed.



Two pictures of the Quevilly while at the Morse yard.

Pictures by Morse Photographer

Beside the Captain and his family the *Quevilly* carries a crew of thirty-six men. A more picturesque and hardy lot of deep sea salts could not be found on any ship which sails the Atlantic. Captain Rault is proud of his crew and proud of the accomplishments of his ship.

There is only one other item aboard that boat of which he is still more proud and that is his wife, who has always traveled with him, sharing in all of the hardships and dangers which he has been through. Their quarters on the ship, although not sumptuous, more nearly resemble home than the quarters of most seagoing captains. Everywhere in the Captain's quarters, whether it be in cabin or mess hall, can be seen signs of the feminine touch of Madame Rault.

Just as we were about to leave a couple of pigs were noticed wandering around near one of the hatchways.

"What do you do with the live stock, Captain?" we asked.

He hesitated for a moment and then said, "Promise you won't write a funny story about the boat if I tell you?"

We promised.

"Well, we eat them at sea."

To have fresh meat at sea seemed to us to be a very worthy motive. Perhaps there is a joke in it. We might have found out if we tried, but we promised.

A Warning

By Francis H. Sisson

LABOR must be on guard against a grave danger, from which no one but labor itself can save it. I mean the peril of being misled by false friends, by impractical and unsound thinkers, who seek to exert an influence that is unwarranted by their experience, or rather lack of experience, and to lead labor into the morass of untried, impractical and unsafe experiments, which cannot solve labor's problems and serve only to erect greater barriers between employees and employers as well as to injure the interests of society generally. Labor should be deaf to the parlor exponent of dangerous Socialistic theories, and avoid as a pestilence the agitator who comes in the guise of its own kind, but who would wreck the very house that labor is building to protect itself from the elements of industrial strife. In the long run those employers will fare best who are disposed to take labor by the hand rather than by the throat. Likewise those laborers will gain most and permanently who deserve to be taken by the hand. —*From Leslie's.*

Soldiers, don't drop your insurance policies if you can beg, borrow, or earn the wherewithal to maintain premium payments.

Well, prohibition has not smashed the Republic to smithereens, has it? It improves on acquaintance.

Life is a good deal like a see-saw, and it pays to be decent to the fellow who is down, for he may be up to-morrow.—*Forbes' Magazine.*

Did you ever notice that the fellow who is always in a hurry is usually late?

ARTICLES WORTH READING

Mark VIII : 18

IF my early training serves me right, there is a passage in the Document which says something about a paradoxical party who had eyes, yet he saw not; ears had he, yet he heard not. At this point my memory fails me. Perhaps this same unfortunate party was mutilated in several and sundry other ways; but for our purposes the above amputations will be sufficient, for I am about to deliver myself of a sermon entitled—

The American Manufacturer
The Man Who Has Eyes and Ears and a Tongue,
Yet Is Blind and as Deaf as He's Dumb.
(No Collection)

We have often risen in our meager might and demanded that you American manufacturers *say* something—something which will set you right in the eyes of your employees and in the eyes of the world at large. We have grown tired of hearing nothing but the incendiary, damn-everything and everybody, ignorant and destructive prattle of the various Bolshevistic, Socialistic and the other fanatical creeds.

And we have grown tired of straining our ears for a sound—just a weensy-tweensy 'ittle bit of a sound—from the corner frequented by *you*, Mr. Manufacturer.

What's the matter with you? Are you in fact as guilty as they say? Have you no defense? Do you in truth set the wages high or low as last night's winnings at the green baize table may determine? Are you a pig-eared profiteer as they so often picture you? Are high prices and "hel" your fault? That's what they *tell* me. Are you the heartless, money-grabbing gourmand, the harpy on humanity that they picture you?

At eight street meetings last week, I heard you described as a crook and a baby-snatcher who erected the prevailing high cost of loving and living as a convenient means of fattening your already corpulent purse. I heard you described as a modern Simon Legree, lashing the workers to and from their labors, a task-master waxing fat on the sweat of the ill-nourished brow.

I was impressed by these street meetings—impressed against my will. Apparently you're a regular devil in your own home town. But, being a fair-minded man, I would like to hear your side of the tale before condemning you as beyond all redemption. And yet, when I seek to eradicate my evil impression of you, I meet with nothing but—silence.

Nobody—not even yourselves—arises to dispute the teachings and arguments of the opposition. And because no one disputes these perverted teachings, they are gaining ground with the rapidity and neat of a prairie fire.

Eyes have you, yet you see not the gatnering storm of public sentiment.

Ears have you, yet you hear not the subterranean rumblings of the oppressed.

A tongue have you, yet you are as silent as the Sphinx.

So perhaps you will pardon me if I put a few words of defence into your mouth?

They of the opposition gain great prestige and front page space in our penny dreadfuls by defaming American business and business men.

Did it ever occur to you that no place in the world is business done in a cleaner or more straightforward way then in the old U. S. A.? Of course, business, like all great bodies of men, has within itself a certain quota of crooks. But so have churches, cathedrals and synagogues. Even the rose has thorns, yet florists get a shocking price for the flowers.

Have you ever pointed out that the business pace in America is swift and to the swift alone?

The percentage of disasters is terrific in this country. Only the high efficient survive, and because only the high efficient survive, American business is the most efficient vocation in the world. Yet in spite of this undeniable fact, even American business men themselves are often heard to say that the standard of living in this country ought to be higher—just as if they and their fellows had nothing to do with its present height. Statistics show that the quantity of goods consumed per capita is four times greater than fifty years ago—that the scale of living is constantly rising. Of *course* it ought to be higher—but don't let us forget that our *present* high standard of living is the result of the superior efficiency of American business.

And who, may I ask, has pulled business to it's present efficiency? None other, Percy, than the much-maligned American business man. Ask any skilled investor. *He'll* tell you. When he invests his pelf in a new company, he doesn't ask who is going to fire the furnaces. He doesn't ask what machines they are going to use to make the product. His only question is, "*Who is the management?*"

Skilled investors buy *men—management*, they invest millions in a single man—a single management. The one or two men at the top are the measure of success or failure of every Company in this nation. The rest of us hired-help do our little bit all right, all right, but our deeds and our misdeeds are of little moment in the aggregate success of the business. But a single deed or misdeed of the men in the mahogany offices may measure the success or failure of the whole blamed shebang—ourselves included. Let *them* make a serious bull and our pay checks stop with an abruptness that is astonishing and disconcerting. I know, 'cause I had it happen once, and ever since I am just as interested in the ability of my boss as I am in my salary, because the continuance of the one is likely to be measured by the ability of the other.

The Bolshevists claim that they can do better. Russia took them at their word. Russia thought that *management* brains were a millstone, a barnacle on the side of the ship of business, and Russia got gypped. She paid the price of her folly in millions of starving Russians. Even Dockwolloper-Uver-Allesi Lenine seems to have learned a thing or two, for he very recently said, "Bolshevism to last must show in production an efficiency superior to capitalism and that efficiency is possible only when a boss is instantly obeyed. Perhaps it will be necessary to give a boss the right to inflict the death penalty on the recalcitrant worker as a court martial does on a mutinous soldier." Even Lenine's fool's paradise is beginning to discern the necessity of *management* and the necessity of obedience to management.

But, thanks to American management, the American employee to-day enjoys the highest and best scale of living of any employee anywhere. Of a certainty, we employees have done our little share, but always remember, my friends, that one little slip by Mr. Management would have negatived the work of thousands of us underlings.

In this day and age, modesty is no longer a virtue. To turn the other cheek to the defamer may be good Christianity and so may be hiding your light under a bushel measure, but there is a place even in Christianity for a little righteous wrath. One of the few just criticisms of modern American management is that it apparently lacks a tongue to defend itself. It apparently lacks the ability to recognize its assailants and their power.

Men, I tell you from the fullness of my ignorance, that it is time you came out and justified management and pointed to the fruit of your tree as the best evidence of its worth.

We'll grant without argument that we don't know *anything* about Economics. In our young life, Economics means no more than erysipelas or any other dread disease. Therefore, you will understand that we do not regard the following as "Economics" but as just a plain, "horse sense" view of the question concerning the *hours of labor*.

"How long shall we work?"

That query has been (and still is) a source of prolonged cussin' and discussion. We begin cussin' it with almost our first breath, and never stop until the Doc says, "my job's through, 'phone the florist." The chances are that we continue discussing it heatedly for some period after our exit from this world, for I am told that the life hereafter is an endless day, which means that we will have horrible hours unless the matter is speedily settled.

Fifty years ago we thought twelve hours work was a regular day. *Everybody*, in those days, worked twelve hours, and everybody was happy, and the birds managed to sing merrily in the morning—until someone got the Eleven-Hour Bug, and then gradually eleven hours

THERE is so much good stuff appearing in the various magazines and general publications which come to our desk regularly, we have decided to publish from time to time parts of the more interesting articles. It is our hope to furnish the readers of THE DIAL *a worth-while digest of some of the articles in which we believe you to be particularly interested. Of course, limited space will not permit us to reprint as much as we would like, but we shall try to make this new department of value to you by putting into it only such articles as have a vital, pertinent interest for you. It should be understood that we are in no way responsible for the arguments or information advanced by the different writers whose work we will use, or that we always agree with their views and conclusions. Our main desire is to furnish you with the latest information on all current topics and in this way stimulate your thought on the important subjects of the day. The article with which we open this department was taken from a small magazine called "Drill Chips," which is published by the Cleveland Twist Drill Co., of Cleveland, O., a little publication which is gotten out by a real thinker and a clever writer. If you are interested in Bolshevistic claims, in the question of shorter working hours, and in the matter of production as a solution of some of our social ills, read this article and those that follow.*—THE EDITOR.

became the Established workday. Ten hours followed and then the millennium arrived in—the shape of Saturday afternoons "off."

But still the cry is for even shorter working days and, believe me, Eddy, I'm for 'em—I'm for one-hour days and twelve-hour pays. So's everybody else. That being the case, why the delay? What's putting the pause in the parade? Who's holding up the procession? If everybody's for less work, why don't we get it? I'll bet the Boss is holding out on us—eh?

No, Eddy, the Boss *isn't* holding out on us—he'd just as lief work less—just the same as the rest of us. He'd just as lief give us more money—and for less work, too, IF—and you get that IF—IF *everyone* in your industry would do exactly the same thing. But if your Boss *alone* decreased the hours of work, what do you think would happen—what do you think would happen to him and to you? I'l tell you——

Let's suppose that you and your boss are making some machine or other that sells for $10. Of this $10 the chances are you get about $3 for your labor on it. Three dollars goes for material; $3.50 goes to blazes for insurance, power, light, heat and the thing generally known as "overhead"—and the balance (fifty cents in this case) goes to the Big Chief to split up with a flock of stockholders as "profit."

So far everything is lovely. Everybody is making money and the sheriff is looking the other way. But then the Boss gets a wild idea—he decides to reduce the hours of work. You, of course, think that's a regular idea, and you accept the reduced hours with glee and gladness. Then things begin to happen that neither of you thought of before——

Because you work fewer hours, you naturally make fewer machines per day. As a result the labor cost per machine jumps to—we'll say $3.50—instead of $3.00 as it was before. (The chances are it would jump more than that, but to be conservative, we'll say that this reduction in working hours jumps the labor cost per piece only fifty cents.) That jump of fifty cents wipes out, or nearly wipes out, the profit. Bills begin to hang fire. Creditors begin to holler and yell—and pretty soon the county sheriff runs down the alley, hangs out a red flag and a bunch of folks get "stuck" and a bunch more lose their jobs.

"But," say you, "why in blazes didn't the Boss have sense enough to *raise the price of his machine?* That would have fixed it up all right."

Yes it would—not! Darn it, Eddy, he *couldn't* raise the price of his machine a cent—other machines just like it were selling at $10 and he couldn't get *more* than ten for his any sooner than you could get a first-hand price for a second-hand flivver. The price which almost everything sells at is set by competition and competitive costs. The boss can't any more increase the price of his product than he can lift himself by his suspenders—unless, of course, he wants to hang himself.

The only way we can save the Boss's hide and our own jobs, if he puts in the shorter working day, is to PRODUCE MORE—produce as much in our *short* day as we did in our *long* day. If we do that, the labor cost per piece produced will not increase, and, therefore, the machine can sell at its *old* price, and everything will go merrily along just the same as when we had the longer hours.

In short, the answer to the Hour Question is "Reduce 'em by all means, IF we can *produce* as much in our eight or six or four hour day as we did in our ten or twelve or fourteen-hour days." The Hour Question is not a question of *hours* at all—it's a question of *Production.*

"But," you rightly ask, "why not reduce the hours in an *entire industry* at once. That would enable 'em to all increase the price of their respective products without injury to anyone." Fine idea, Eddy, except——

Except for foreign competition! Foreign competition is the nigger in the woodpile.

The minute our cost of manufacturing any item in this country gets above a certain rather low limit, foreign competition steps in and undercuts the price of the American Manufacturer, with the net result that these American manufacturers go fluey-fluey. If you want examples of this I can hand 'em out by the dozen.

And so it goes. Raise wages or reduce hours and the cost of production *rises.* Once or twice this may do no harm but the third time may make the company or the industry take the count for keeps. You can't beat the game—*except by increasing production,* for by *in*creasing production, we *de*crease the labor cost per piece and can take our reward in one of three ways without injuring the industry upon which we depend for our living—our reward may be either increased wages, shorter hours, or lowered prices with resultant decreased cost of living—which is really equivalent to an *in*crease in wages.

And all of these are the result of—*Production.* So you see the whole question simmers down to one—not of *hours* as it would seem—but to one of *Production per hour.* In *Production* (and not in the clock) is the answer to "How Many Hours Shall We Work?"—From *Drill Chips.*

How Soon Will the Cost of Living Go Down?

By Mark Sullivan

I HAVE just gone the rounds, first in Washington and then in Wall street asking a large number of persons in each community the same question: How soon will the cost of living start downward? I got a large number and variety of answers. The bulk of them tend in the same direction.

But out of a great many hours of discussion of economic laws, and theories about money, credit, and commodities, I did not get from any person, nor from the sum of all of them, greater wisdom than came from an elderly relative of mine whose preoccupation with hard work has saved his mind from being too much confused by books.

I saw him during the winter of 1917-18 at a family gathering on the farm where I was brought up. At that time, wherever folks came together, the talk was about the probable date of the ending of the war. On that subject my elderly relative delivered himself of a positive announcement that "the war will end now, in about four or five months."

I demanded the data upon which he based his conclusion. Whereupon the Pennsylvania farmer delivered himself thus: "I remember," he said, "the fall of 1864. I was a boy on the farm. The farm had a mortgage of $1,000 on it, and the interest was 8 per cent.—eighty dollars a year. We owed it to the man who owned the adjoining farm, and on the first of January, 1865, just four months before the Civil War ended, we paid the interest with one fat pig. I helped my father drive the pig over. The pig weighed four hundred pounds, and the price was twenty cents a pound.

"Now," he concluded, "I've watched the price of pork ever since. I've raised pigs every summer and I've sold pigs every winter, and from that day to this the price of pork has never again gone up to twenty cents a pound until right now, and I figure that wars always come to an end four months or so after you begin to get twenty cents a pound for your pigs."

He missed it by a few months, as we all know now. Also, there were several defects in his logic, and some in his statistics. Nevertheless his observation, as every economist knows, was a shrewd approximation to fundamental principles. At the beginning of a war, prices start upwards; they keep on going upward so long as the war lasts; some time near the end of the war prices reach their peak. Then prices start downward; they keep on going downward for a long time; for considerable periods the descent is slow and gradual; for shorter periods they go down precipitately, and people say there is a panic; every once in a while they rise a little. That is the sum total of all the science and all the books.

What people want to know now, of course, is just how soon after this war the present price of living will start downward. And people are loudly insistent about wanting to know. Inevitably and indubitably the prices of goods ultimately will turn downward. A great many persons are saying that prices are not going to turn downward. Some even say they will go upward. And the probability is some prices, especially in the field of manufactured goods, will go upward for a considerable time to come. But people who say the general level of prices is not going to turn downward are for the most part arguing from self-interest. It is one of the commonest of human fallacies to fail to distinguish between hopes and facts, to argue from hope rather than from experience.

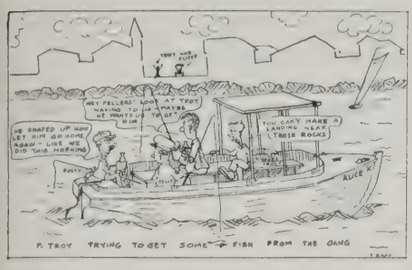
Prices of food may be expected to go down before prices of manufactured goods. It is in manufactured goods, and not in food, that the world has the greatest deficit. It was the making of manufactured goods that the war interrupted, not the raising of food. Except in the areas actually fought over, and otherwise directly affected, the raising of food was not curtailed, but, on the contrary, was stimulated in every way that governments could devise or patriotic appeals bring out. The farmers of the world were told that food would win the war, and, in spite of handicaps, they raised more food than they ever raised before.

America in 1918 raised a quarter more cereal and a third more meat than the pre-war average. America in 1918 raised more potatoes, more butter, more cheese, and made twice as much condensed milk as in 1914. America to-day has more cattle, more dairy cows, and more pigs than ever before. There's a lot of food in the world, and just as soon as the channels of distribution are cleared and begin to flow freely it's going to catch up with the demand; and the moment there is a surplus prices will drop.

During the war, when there was a dearth of shipping, great stores of food piled up in Australia, New Zealand, Argentina, South Africa, and elsewhere. As soon as all the soldiers are demobilized and the shipping is released, these stores will go on the market at constantly falling prices.

With manufactured goods the case is different. While food raising was urged and stimulated during the war, manufacturing of ordinary commodities was discouraged and even formally forbidden. As many factories as could be used were diverted to munitions and other war supplies; all others were put under pressure to stop or slow down. There is a real void of manufactured goods in the world, and it will take a considerable time to fill it up.

What is happening in the world just now, what is causing the high activity of manufacturing, is the filling up of the war-time void. We are manufacturing for normal demand, plus war-time void. Sooner or later some one industry or another will suddenly become aware that in its line the void has been filled. The consumption will shrink to normal demand. At that point that particular industry will slow down. It will release some of its labor. That release will be the turning of the tide in the cost of living. The released labor will seek employment in some other line. That act of labor seeking work instead of work seek-



ing labor will be the first reversal of what has gone on since the war began. When the released labor asks for employment in another industry that industry in turn will be at the point where the war-time void has been filled and demand has sunk to normal. Then industry will be shrinking a little.

The released labor, seeking employment, will begin to offer to work at lower wages. Lower wages for labor will make lower selling prices for goods possible, and the spiral which for so long has gone upward will start downward. The long and fruitless squirrel-in-a-cage process of higher wages pursuing higher costs of living, but never catching up, will be over. The changed condition at first will be so slight as to be imperceptible to all but the most shrewd. And even after it gets under way the process will be very slow, very gradual. For ten years after the Civil War the average yearly fall in the price of commodities was less than 6 per cent. It may be twenty years before prices in the United States get back to the level of 1913.

The cost of living will turn downward just at the time when the Government stops borrowing money. Many think the government has stopped already because they don't hear of any more Liberty Loan drives. But the government is still borrowing heavily from the banks and will continue to borrow for a year or more. The fight is more than eight months over, but the borrowing is still going on. The statement is not made in criticism, but merely to record a fact. The government is still spending about a billion dollars a month, which is more than twice its income from taxes. An official of the Federal Reserve Board the other day uttered a pregnant sentence: "Financially, the war is by no means over."—*From Collier's Weekly.*

Insurance Notice

FOR the benefit of those who have not been in the yard long enough to become acquainted with the Employees' Association insurance, the following facts about it are again printed:

There are two policies, a single benefit and a double benefit. The rates for a single benefit policy are 25 cents the first week and 20 cents each succeeding week. In case of accident, the holder receives $7 each week, payable for fifty-two weeks. In case of sickness the same amount is payable twenty-six weeks after the first seven days of illness. A $100 benefit will be paid in case of death by sickness or accident. By paying a double premium a double benefit is derived, except in the case of death by sickness, when the benefit remains $100.

Charles A. Kling, of the Employment Office, has charge of the insurance and all matters relative to it should be taken up with him.

Tom Cavanaugh is one of the busiest men in the yard and he doesn't want to be bothered when he's busy either. Here are a few of the epigrams which he has chalked on paper and posted in conspicuous places about the Hull department office: "Use Your Self Commencers," "Rail Birds Must Not Roost Here," "Don't Clog the Channel. Drift Along."

Subscription List Opened

Brooklyn, June 10, 1919.

Editor of THE DIAL,

DEAR SIR: I have resigned from the yard but expect, if possible, to come back after the baseball season is over and am writing to ask if there could be some way arranged whereby I could still receive THE DIAL. May I be allowed to make a suggestion that may perhaps meet with your approval?

Could you start a subscription list open only to former employees? as I know many of them would appreciate our popular paper.

I do not want to let the commercial issue in any way enter into my suggestion, but I would like to keep in touch with many friends at the Morse Company and THE DIAL is the only way I can.

Trusting that my suggestion may meet with your approval and wishing you the greatest success, I am,

Very truly,

FRANK LEWIS,
661 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In response to the above letter and numerous other requests of a similar nature we have decided to open a subscription list to former employees and others not connected with the Morse Company who wish to receive THE DIAL regularly. Practically every week we receive letters asking us to mail THE DIAL regularly to individuals who have no connection with the Company and offering to pay for the privilege of receiving the magazine. To send THE DIAL to everyone who writes in for it would involve an expense which does not seem warranted, inasmuch as the magazine is produced at considerable cost solely for the employees of the Company and for such advertising purposes as can be made of it to the advantage of the employees and the Company alike.

There is no particular desire to obtain a large subscription list; in fact, we choose to discourage the proposition as it would commercialize a publication which seeks primarily to be of value and interest to the employees of this Company, but there can be no harm in mailing the magazine regularly to whoever desires to pay for its cost and the mailing charge. We have, therefore, decided to charge $1.50 for a year's subscription, and 15 cents for single copies, these prices to include postage.

We are pleased to note the return to the yard of Joe O'Neil who is again back at his former position of foreman of the electric welding department. Joe has been away from the yard for only a very short time but his absence has been noted and his return is welcomed by his old friends here, of which he has a great number.

Warren W. Ames is credited with being the fastest pedestrian in the rigging department. His latest record is from Eighty-seventh street and Fourth avenue to the yard in ten minutes. Proof? The time cards, of course.

Do not worry if you fail to get into society. The oyster is often present at a social function when he would doubtless prefer to be at home in his bed.





A Man's Prayer

"AN On-Looker" sends us a note in which is enclosed a clipping from a newspaper and says: "Enclosed you will find clipping from this week's *Weekly*. It may reach the conscience of some, so please see that every man receives his DIAL next month."

The clipping was "A Man's Prayer," which we published in the February, 1919, issue of THE DIAL on page 4. Homer McKee, the author, is a newspaper writer. As "A Man's Prayer" has been widely copied and because it contains strong thought, we are glad to use it again as requested by our correspondent, "An On-Looker."

Teach me that sixty minutes make an hour, sixteen ounces make one pound, and 100 cents make one dollar. Help me so to live that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience, without a gun under my pillow and unhaunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain. Grant that I may earn my meal ticket on the square and that in earning it I may do unto others as I would have them do unto me. Deafen me to the jingle of tainted money and to the rustle of unholy skirts. Blind me to the faults of other people, but reveal to me my own. Guide me so that each night when I look across the dinner table at my wife, who has been a blessing to me, I will have nothing to conceal. Keep me young enough to laugh with little children and sympathetic enough to be considerate with old age. And when comes the day of darkened shades and the smell of flowers, the tread of soft footsteps and the crunching of wheels in the yard—make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple—"Here lies a man."

Imagine, friend, that you worked on the farm. Imagine again that it was one of those days when the thermometer breaks an altitude record or two and nothing would go better than—well, you know how they used to serve them on Third avenue! Then imagine that you are Charles R. Richardson, carpenter snapper at the Farm, strolling into the rigging loft and finding there the nicest, cutest, coolest little quarter keg that ever was, complete from revenue stamps to bunghole, the little drops rolling off her staves, smelling of reminiscent days. Imagine purchasing a good piece of ice, fixing the tap, calling your friends and then, after you had quaffed one sip, saying, "H—— Water!" Richardson actually had that experience. Of course, the deal was framed up on him by some of his good friends.

Sergeant George W. Lee, formerly of the copper shop, is now back in the yard after an extended period of service overseas. Lee left the yard in November, 1917, and was sent overseas almost immediately. He was attached to the Quartermaster Corps. He returned to the United States on June 11 and was down to the Morse yard looking for his old job the next day.

Captain Sinclair, the Morse submarine diver, it is rumored, has been handed an efficiency slip. According to the story, Whitman went down to the bottom of the slip the other day and found Captain Sinclair sitting on the bottom of the bay smoking a cigar.

Meet One of Our Friends

Contributed by Chris Borger, Burner

IF you are one of the uninitiated, and are a little puzzled at the expression which you often hear around a yard like our's that a certain man is a "burner," take a walk down Pier No. 2 about ten minutes before seven, any morning, and you will see "Mr. Burner" coming out of his shop, the end building of the row of similar structures along that pier.

You will recognize him by his usually frayed and tattered overalls, burned from many a tussle with a tough "bottom job." Over either shoulder you will see a length of iron-arncord hose, a couple of gauges, and a queer looking instrument with two rubber hoses attached to it, which he will tell you, if you ask him, is an oxy-hydrogen cutting torch.

This is the "burner" you heard of, and he is one of the men who make life easy for all his co-workers. Probably there will be some doubt, by a few, that this last is so, but should anyone be skeptical of the statement, a two-minute talk would convince him it is true. Yes, this is the "burner," and he has grown to be one of the most important factors in the line of repairing ships.

A few short years ago the burner was practically an unknown in the ship repair line, and at first there was a great deal of trouble in introducing him to the position of prominence he now holds as a ship yard mechanic; not only was it difficult to convince the yard owners, but the men of other trades, notably the chipper and caulkers and drillers, were prejudiced against the new method of cutting steel and iron.

It was hard to find men willing to operate the machines, because they heard they were dangerous to handle on account of the gases used in the process, several accidents having incurred loss of lives. These accidents were due to explosions caused by the containers of the gas catching fire. Then too it was said that the burner's torch was hard to operate without being burned by the hot molten iron which flew in all directions. This last has been one reason that has kept many a man from becoming a burner, for one or two of the little globes of hot iron in one's shoe or down one's back is not very encouraging.

However, slowly but surely, the burning process gained a foothold. Men were picked from among the boiler-makers, chippers and caulkers and riveters, who would "try the darned thing" and it was not long before burning came in to stay.

The foremen of the various departments soon found how much quicker and easier it was to burn holes in bulkheads, take out rivets and cut plates than by the old method of chipping, drilling or shearing. When the pipe-fitter, for instance, found it necessary to run a line through a deck or bulkhead, rather than get a driller or chipper to do the work, he called for a burner and the job was done in a jiffy. Then it was discovered that rivets could be burned out quicker and in such a way that they were easier to "back out" than a drilled rivet, and after this was recognized the burner came into his own.

This development took some time, of course, but to-day, all departments of a shipyard that have anything to do with the fabrication or repairing of a ship are calling for burners. There is one case, where a painter asked a burner to do a job for him. He wanted to scrape the paint off a door, and not having a gasoline torch handy, he knew the right man to go to to have his work made easier for him. The burner simply used his torch as the painter would have used a gasoline torch and in no time the paint was blistering all over that door and almost fell off when the painter applied his scraper. That shows to what advantage a burner can be used on any job.

Nowadays, no ship yard would be without the burner, and the burners think, and rightly too, that they were a big factor in turning out ships for Uncle Sam, when "ships, ships and more ships" was the cry. If this statement seems a little broad, take a look around any one of the "ninety day" ships and see for yourself how much work has been finished by the burner. For with the numerous collisions which occur at sea, many cracked or dented plates have been taken off, faired, or a new one put in, and how could a job be done in such short time if it had not been for the burner's skill and speed in taking out the rivets of the damaged plates? Not only did the burners remove the plates, but, where necessary, they were the ones to heat up the bent frames and beams so they could be faired up in place, instead of recovering them, or sending them to the furnace to be faired.

So in jobs of this kind the burners have proved indispensable and they feel proud that they were of such signal aid to their country in the days of trial just passed. Now that the war is over they will prove to be just as indispensable to their respective employers through saving time, which is money.

A burner's job often proves to be one that should excite no envy from anyone. Sometimes it is quite easy and working conditions are very favorable for him (on a stand-by job, for instance where he need work only when called upon by the mechanic doing the work). But how about the numerous times he must work, and work steadily, on the bottoms of ships up on dry docks taking out rivets to remove bad plates? That's the time he has to hustle. Perhaps the tanks on which he is working are partly filled with water and every time he burns a rivet, the old H^2O starts dripping down on him. That's when life is p l e a s a n t — n o t. Cramped up in a strained p o s i t i o n, his head t w i s t e d around so he can see his work above him, his arms outstretched all the time and the water dripping down his spinal column—that's the life. But with his feet soaking wet, and his back wet too, he plugs along, taking out rivet after rivet apparently not minding the disadvantages under which he is working.

A n d t h e n, t h e sparks. They get into his shoes, burning his toes; they go down his back, up his sleeves, and often fly inside his ears and eyes. And, when they hit one's ears, that's real torture. One can hear the fat frizzling!

But those plates must come off and he goes ahead with his work making the best of his hardships.

That's the way the burner feels. And it is the right spirit too. Come rain, hail or snow, you will always find the burner on the job, except when the other fellow knocks off because of inclement weather, when of course he must follow suit.

The burner is an all right fellow and he can always help the man who wants to build or repair ships easily and quickly.



The Morse Burning Department. Insert shows Jimmy MacFarlane, center, burner foreman, and a part of his executive staff.

Pictures by Morse Photographer

Robert S. Burns, formerly employed here, paid a visit to the yard recently. He had not seen the yard in several years and was greatly impressed with the many improvements which have been made since that time. Burns will be remembered by many of the older Morse employees. He is now superintendent of the Canadian Vickers Shipyard, Montreal Canada.

Since the war ended Italy has imported great quantities of Swiss cheese, which is compressed, the pulp being eaten and the holes being put into macaroni.

Our Sheet Metal Workers

"WHO won the war?"

Some day when you feel like getting a new idea about that time-honored question, go over to the sheet metal shop (if you value your life don't call it the tin shop) and ask the question within the sacred confines of the office.

If everything goes true to form and our predictions, Frank Sheedy, the sheet metal boss, will at the sound of those magic words, slowly raise his head and reply, very modestly:

"The sheet metal workers, of course."

After recovering from the initial shock, you will very probably become aware of the fact that Sheedy is still talking, following out in some degree this line of thought:

"There is absolutely no doubt in my mind that the sheet metal shop did win the war. Why? Because it is the work of the department to supply crows' nests on all ships whenever needed. You know that Germany might have won the war if the submarines had not been foiled. Well, the crow's nest always housed the lookout. It was through the lookout that the submarines were avoided, troops were safely landed in France, and as soon as our doughboys got started the Germans began to run. It's all so simple."

If you have the time and the inclination you will wait, and, after rolling another cigarette and tossing the burnt match under Monahan's chair ("Mony" is the department clerk) Sheedy will continue. At the end of his speech you will have imbibed the following additional information:

"Beside winning the war the sheet metal workers are a boon to mankind. Without them civilization could not be. The reason for this is that sheet metal workers install all ventilating systems in ships, supplying fresh air to the men below. A man can't live without fresh air. Anyone knows that. There is hardly a ship which comes into the yard which doesn't have some work on board for the sheet metal workers to tackle, whether an entire new ventiating system or just to solder a lamp, a new oiler covering or a screen to keep the flies out of the galley, a drip pan for the lower portions the ship, or a lookout box for the mast head; it's all sheet metal work."

The strange part of it all is that, although Mr. Sheedy may be just slightly prejudiced and prone to the use of flowery language, he is quite right about the importance of the sheet metal department, and can rightfully be proud of the rapid strides toward greater efficiency which that department has made recently under his management.



Pictures of the sheet metal shop, upper picture showing one of the new automobile bodies in foreground. Insert is of Frank Sheedy, foreman, and his staff.

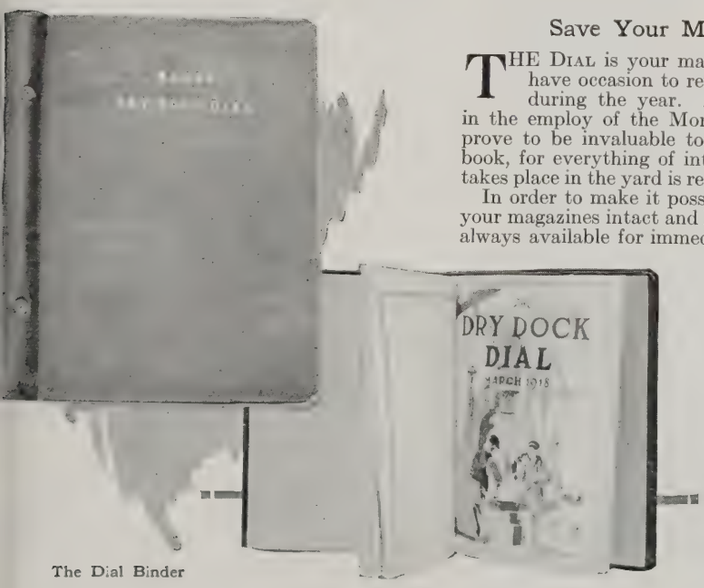
Pictures by Morse Photographer

The sheet metal department occupies the second and third floor of the South building, and is fully equipped with all modern machinery which goes to make up an efficient department of its kind. There are power shears, power brake and power rollers, in fact the company, having all the required facilities, is seriously considering the manufacture of automobile bodies, turning them out in 1,000 lots. A tentative model has already been set up as an experiment. This is rather an extensive proposition, but Mr. Sheedy says that his department is capable of seeing it through.

He mentioned the instance of the *Kaiserin Augusta Victoria* and the *Mobile* jobs, when over 520 men were employed. They were alloted 14 days to complete both jobs, but finished them in 9, installing over 35 tons of sheet metal.

A good sheet metal worker is a highly skilled tradesman. Mr. Sheedy says he must have skill and knowledge beyond that of an ordinary mechanic. A knowledge of mathematics is essential in order that he may be able to compute the various deviations and surfaces. He must be able to figure triangulation in order to design the cowls, must be able to measure velocity and capacity so that the vents may take all the many turns and twists without losing an ounce of the precious fresh air which goes to the engine room.

Mr. Sheedy, who has now been with the Morse organization for a little over a year, has had twenty years' experience in the sheet metal trade, seven of which were spent in sheet metal drafting. He was previously employed as a superintendent with Charles Hartman & Co., of New York. He is assisted by Alexander Murray, his floor snapper, Paul Gingras, and three snappers, Harry Hammer, George Olsen, and John Tramposch. William R. Monahan, THE DIAL cartoonist, handles the office details in the sheet metal department. Monahan is one of the most popular men of the department.



The Dial Binder

Save Your Magazines

THE DIAL is your magazine and you will have occasion to refer to it many times during the year. As long as you are in the employ of the Morse Company it will prove to be invaluable to you as a reference book, for everything of interest or note which takes place in the yard is recorded in THE DIAL.

In order to make it possible for you to keep your magazines intact and have them in a form always available for immediate use, binders, of the type pictured in the accompanying photograph, were purchased. A few of these binders are still available and may be purchased at THE DIAL office. The price is $1.25. No profit is made on the sale of these binders. The price asked covers only the cost to us.

If you are interested in our affairs you need one.

Because He's My Friend

He may be six kinds of a liar,
  He may be ten kinds of a fool;
He may be a blooming high-flier
  Without any reason or rule.
There may be a shadow above him
  Of ruin and woes that impend;
I may not respect, but I love him—
  I love him because he's my friend.

I know he has faults by the billion,
  But his faults are a portion of him;
I know that his record's vermillion,
  He's far from a sweet seraphim—
But he's always been square with "yours truly,"
  Ever ready to give or to lend,
And tho' he is wild and unruly,
  I love him because he's my friend.

I knock him, I know, but I do it
  The same to his face, as away;
And if other folks knock—well, they rue it
  And wish they'd had nothing to say.
I never make diagrams of him,
  No maps of his soul have I penned;
I don't analyze—I just love him,
  Because—well, because he's my friend.

—*Exchange.*

Our Coppersmiths

THE copper shop of a shipyard organization may be said to have more real art connected with its work than any other department. There is that difference in the copper shop and the other shops which characterizes a custom made suit from the "ready-made" kind; that touch of personal interest.

When a "work order" comes through, a mechanic is assigned to it, and does not leave it until it is finished. That is, he goes on board the ship, makes templets of the work, lays out and cuts the metal, shapes it, brazes it, finishes it, and installs it on the ship in its proper position. It is certain that a man engaged in this sort of work is able to take a more personal interest in each job than is the man who just solders all day, or cuts or hammers.

The Morse copper shop is situated in the south building, occupying half of the first floor, and is in charge of Albert W. Jacobson, who has superintended the department over five years, formerly conducting a business of his own on Staten Island, where he lives.

The department handles all the copper work and also maintains tinning devices for tinning galley equipment and doing other jobs of that sort. It employs on an average of about forty mechanics and forty helpers and is very proud of its organization.

Most of the work done by the coppersmith is on steam line pipes and coils, but his work is quite varied in nature and many other tasks fall to his lot. Because of copper's ability to expand to pressure it is used in all main steam and exhaust lines and it is always specified to be used in coils for heating or cooling water.

Where a pipe of considerable diameter is called for it is necessary to construct it from sheet metal and it is here that the true art of the coppersmith is brought into play. A recent job was a fourteen-inch steam pipe for the *Alfred Mitchell*.

The shop possesses all the modern equipment necessary for efficiency, including a gas furace for tinning with a capacity of two hundred pounds. There is also a remarkable outlay of hand cranes and chain blocks which enable pipes and work of any size to be handled with ease.

The copper shop boys are proud of their ability to handle emergency calls which are often thrust upon them, for instance, in case of a bursted steam line. They also pride themselves on an art gallery in their neat office which includes the historic "coppershop oil." Mr. Jacobson is assisted by Gustave Furst, quarterman, and Daniel Basil, noted Morse pianist, is in charge of his office.

Swat the Rat

THE United States Department of Agriculture says: "The rat is the worst mammal pest in the United States. The losses from its depredations amount to $200,000,000 yearly. The destruction is equivalent to the gross earning of 200,000 men. It is an active agent in disseminating infectious diseases. It breeds six to ten times a year, producing an average of ten at a litter. Females breed when only three or four months old.

"A pair of rats breeding uninterruptedly and without deaths would, at the end of three years (18 generations) be increased to 359,709,482 individuals.

"It destroys by pollution ten times as much as it actually eats. It causes disastrous conflagrations. It damages foundations, floors, doors and furnishings of buildings."



Left—14-inch copper steam pipe for the "Alfred Mitchell."

Below—Interior of the copper shop, showing the heating apparatus at the left.

Pictures by Morse Photographer

Another Record Job

WHEN the *F. P. Jones*, a Shipping Board boat, on her way to Boston with a cargo of coal, went on the rocks off Vineyard Sound in a thick fog, her bottom was considerably damaged, but her crew of twenty-eight didn't resort to anything melodramatic. They didn't launch their lifeboats "mid crashing seas and howling winds." They waited for the tide to rise.

In forty minutes, Chief Engineer Albert P. Geer reversed his engines and the *F. P. Jones* proceeded on her way to Boston. Due to the crash, her bottom plates had been distorted and buckled so that she was virtually making way on the tank-tops. The propeller was minus one blade and had lost a foot off another. Her rudder was bent to port about two feet. In spite of these difficulties she made her port and returned to New York to be repaired at the Morse yard.

A big job was completed upon her by the Morse Company and the ship was repaired in seventeen days instead of the twenty-two days allowed in the contract.

Seventy plates were removed from her bottom, mostly from the port side and either faired or renewed. The broken stern frame shoe was removed and a new one, forged in our own heavy forge shop, was made, scarphed into place, and electrically welded. It was thought that the stern tube and tail shaft would have to be drawn to facilitate work but the men accomplished the job without doing so. Floors, frames, brackets and angles were also faired or replaced. Mr. Bayles, of Mr. Hallock's staff, was in charge of the work.

The *F. P. Jones* is a "lake type" ship and is six years old. About a year ago the Morse Company was awarded the job of converting her so that she would be fit for coastwise service. She has now been purchased by the Great Lakes Transportation Company and will probably resume her lake service.

Walter Crawford, superintendent of the hull department, and his assistant, Billy McEwen, were in personal touch with the work during the entire time she was in dry dock, and through their snappers, Alexander Litman and John Nellen, were able to turn out the job in the record time that they did. The burning department also had quite an extensive job in burning out all the damaged plates. Robert Stewart had charge of the burning gang. Every man who worked on the boat deserves special credit for the excellent spirit of co-operation shown in their task. Pictures of the *F. P. Jones* appear on the back cover of this issue.

He Got It for Nothing

OSCAR CARLSON, our husky carpenter shop wrestler, came up to THE DIAL office the other day sporting a brand new gold watch chain. How he got that chain is a story worth telling.

Oscar was looking for a watch chain, but didn't want a very expensive one. He dropped into an uptown jewelry shop and the man in charge immediately tried to show him "something better for just a little more money."

"Aw, I could break that with my hands," said Oscar.

"Break it and I'll give it to you," said the jeweler.

Oscar took the chain in his hands, one husky tug and it was broken.

"Now I'll take the chain I wanted first," he said. "It cost five dollars less than this one so you're making five dollars on me, but I don't mind."

He walked out of the store and up the street while the jeweler struggled for his breath.

The wisdom of a wise man begins to look like the hole in a doughnut when a small boy begins to ask him questions.

Our New Acetylene Plant

SILENCE—that is the factor that makes the acetylene generating and compressing plant, located at the rear of the heavy forge shop, radically different from any other department in the yard.

There, with no commotion except the mysterious, automatic and irregular rising and falling of controls, the undulations of the big "gasometer" and "spooky" vaporings of gases and bubbles, 13,000 cubic feet of acetylene gas are generated each week and forced under high pressure into cylinders used by the acetylene welding department.

During the rush for war materials which occurred in the winter and summer of 1918, the Morse Company, which at that time was purchasing the acetylene from an outside concern, found it continually uncertain as to whether or not the required amount of acetylene could be had from day to day, and at times it was necessary to send trucks as far as Bayonne, N. J., to get the gas.

In this way, although prices were soaring, it was more of a matter of supply than price that caused the Morse Company to install its own generating and compressing plant. Since then it has proven a great economical device and has never failed to provide a sufficient amount of gas for the welders.

The apparatus was installed by the Davis-Bouronville Company, well known manufacturers and distributers of oxy-acetylene equipment. There are two generators, each having a carbide capacity of three hundred pounds at a single charge. These generators work on the same theory as the little bicycle lamps do, but instead of the water trickling over the carbide, the carbide is fed from a revolving spindle into water. The "feeding" is delicately and automatically controlled by a gravity machine. The water and the carbide unite in a reaction and the product is the gas known as acetylene. The residue is a grayish, putty-like substance with which Mr. Reynolds, superintendent of the construction department, makes an excellent kalsomining pigment, combining it with water and salt. The new machine shop has been coated with this.

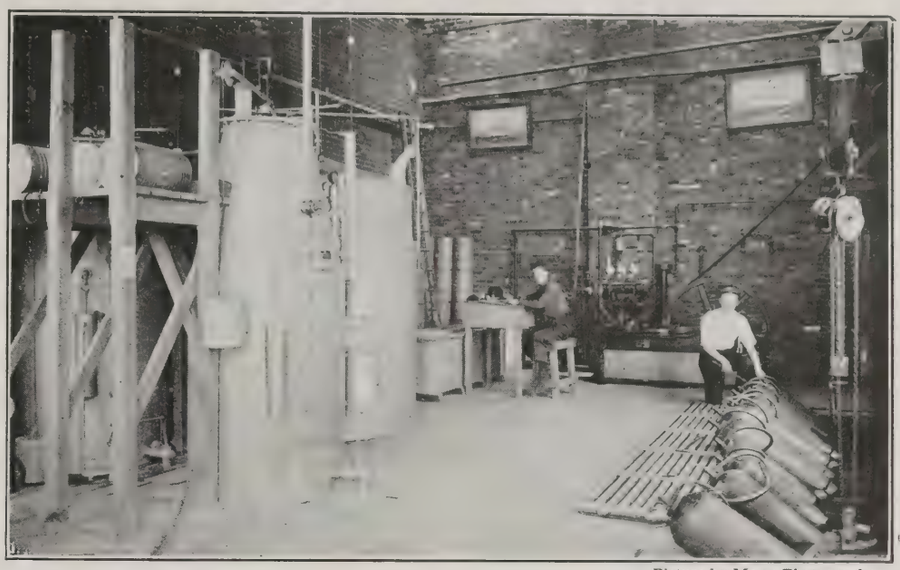
From the generators, the gas passes into the "gasometer," a sort of reservoir with a water seal, built on the same plan as the familiar big gas tanks. In preparing the gas for the bottles it is passed successively through purifier and drier chambers and thence to a high-powered electric triple-action compressor which forces the gas through the charging line, where 12 cylinders are charged up to 250 pounds pressure.

The cylinder contents are measured by weight and are brought up to their standard by means of a by-product of alcohol, called acetone. This product when applied to a person's skin produces an icy sensation.

While the charging is under way, an extensive water cooling system is utilized through the compressor jackets and on the charging line. In the accompanying picture the apparatus shown is, left to right, the generators, the gasometer, the purifier, and drier chambers, the compressor and the charging line.

Very noticeable is the particular attention paid to safeguard against any possible explosion. The roof is fitted with a grade and two ventilators especially adapted for ridding the upper part of the room of any gases which may have collected there. The motor-switches are of special design to prevent sparking and the carbide is stored in a tight brick chamber nearby.

The plant is practically the latest type of an acetylene generating and compressing plant in the country and is in charge of Jack Ackerman, who previously served fourteen months with the U. S. Air Service as a sergeant instructor in this line. Ackerman is well versed on the subject, and under his supervision the plant has proven to be a great success as well as a money saver. Albert Edwards is his able assistant.



Picture by Morse Photographer

The new acetylene generating and compressing plant in the rear of the heavy forge shop. Jack Ackerman, foreman, seated at his desk; Albert Edwards, his assistant, at the cylinders

Eddie Shea Returns

EDDIE SHEA, brother of Dan Shea, bandmaster, arrived home after an extended period of service in France on Sunday, August 3. He made the return trip on the U. S. S. *Minnesotan* and landed in Philadelphia.

It did not take him long after he was mustered out to make his way to the Morse yard and he is now back as a member of the yard working force.

Eddie was a timekeeper before he left the yard to go into the service in May, 1918. He always had been an enthusiast in Morse affairs and even while in France he kept in close touch with what was going on in the yard and was one of our most faithful correspondents.

After three months in a Georgia training camp, after being signed up, he sailed for France as a member of Ambulance Company 21, Fourth Division.

He saw active service right from the outset and was in two major offensives, the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne battles, as a first-aid man. His work brought him very close to the fighting front and he has many interesting and thrilling tales to tell of his experiences.

At one time he and his companion were just about to lift a wounded man onto a stretcher when the man at the other end of the stretcher wavered, then fell, hit by a piece of shrapnel from a shell which had exploded only a few yards distant. Shea then had the unpleasant task of getting both men to the nearest first-aid station.

After the armistice was signed, Ambulance Company 21, which was a part of the Fourth Division, a regular army outfit, made up a part of the army of occupation and Shea traveled through a great deal of Germany before coming home.

He says that while in France he did not see any other Morse men. Frankie Crossen, Pat Crossen's son, was up at the front the same time that Eddie was there and the two boys used to correspond with each other, but they did not meet overseas. Shea was in Germany from December 3 to July 13 of this year.

Dishonesty has passed the limit when a man cheats at solitaire.

Sweating on the Job

WORKING on super-heated pipes in super heat is the tale of an almost superhuman accomplishment of the Pipe shop on the U. S. S. *Merica*, an army transport which was recently lying at Pier 4 of the Army Base. The job was not an unusual one; simply some work on the super-heater and boiler feed lines. The gang on the job under snapper James Pearson was getting along with the work in fine style and prospects looked bright for an easy finish of the work on the contract date, Friday morning, July 18.

Then some one down in the Navy Yard got busy, a few wires buzzed merrily and suddenly news came into the Pipe shop office to the effect that the *Merica* would cast off Thursday morning, July 17, and that the last wrench would have to be cleared off the ship within a day and a half.

Even with that shortening of the time limit the job could have been done with comparative ease, but when the boys went back to their work they found that steam was already up in two of the boilers and that working almost on top of the remaining two had a turkish bath beaten seven ways.

"Well," said Pearson, "shall we try it?"

Murphy, foreman of the Pipe shop, answered by rolling up his sleeves.

Frank Woods and Charlie Shutter were the first to venture down into the sizzling place. The rest of the gang followed in short order. They went in with all their clothes on. They came out with most of them off.

Tales of the heat in that place just over the boilers on the *Merica*, are being swapped among the Pipe shop men at almost every noon hour to this day. According to one of the boys every time a tool had to be used that had been idle for a while, it was necessary to hold it in cold water so that it would not blister the hands.

The men worked until they could work no longer. About one-half an hour at a time was all that any of them could stand. The twelve o'clock whistle blew, but they kept on working. The four o'clock whistle announced that the day was over, but it sounded on deaf ears. Twelve o'clock that night found the Pipe shop gang still sweating but at one o'clock the job was finished.

The *Merica* sailed on time.

You can't get footnotes out of a shoehorn.

Old Hy Costovlivin' Hit

ONE of the most successful and worthy enterprises ever undertaken by the Employees' Association was the establishment of a co-operative store during the past few weeks for the sale of such food as the Association has been able to buy from the surplus army supply.

The enterprise has been a successful one because it has not only enabled Morse employees to effect a considerable saving in their living expenses, but it has also demonstrated that the Employees' Association can be made an instrument through which a great deal of practical service can be accomplished in behalf of the employees.

Despite the fact that our Association is now in its third year, it is fair to assume that its possibilities are just beginning to be appreciated. The idea of buying army food and selling it to the employees at cost, originated with a few of the men in the plant whose attention had been attracted to the low prices for which the food was advertised in the daily press.

To attempt to give credit for the idea to any one individual is not necessary, as it might be done at the risk of slighting other individuals who had the same thought. The point which we wish to make, however, is that the proposal was not long in coming to a head once it was made.

The Conference Board members; and there are some mighty alert fellows on that board, saw the wisdom of the move immediately and they promptly took up the question with Mr. Hanbury, Industrial Director, first asking for his opinion of the feasibility of the plan and then asking what cooperation the Company would give in carrying it out.

Mr. Morse was consulted and promptly offered any assistance, financial or otherwise, which was necessary. "If the management of the Company can help in any way to cut down the rising costs of living, you can count on my hearty support," said Mr. Morse. "I think the idea of buying a large quantity of this army food and selling it over at cost is one of the finest things the Employees' Association has ever undertaken."

With the assurance that the Company would support the enterprise, the Conference Board members held a general meeting, chose a committee and started the work. Miss Margaret Shea, George Keenan, William Smith, President Joseph McGuirk and Vice-president H. G. Hoover were named on that committee.

From the very outset, the chief obstacle with which this committee had to contend was getting its order to the proper authorities for the food. This required persistent effort and a great deal of patience, because, as you all know, army red tape and too much politics are apt to slow up anything, and our committee had to deal with the army and with city politicians before it could make any headway.

The food, however, was eventually obtained after considerable negotiations. The original order amounted to $17,000. It is not necessary to recall the successful manner in which the food was distributed among the employees. How the opportunity to purchase this food at cost price was appreciated was indicated by the great number of people who took advantage of the sale. In our next issue we will devote more space to the food selling campaign and will use pictures to show how the food was handled.

Your heart is a very busy organ. While you breathe once it beats four times. At each beat it sends four pounds of blood through your arteries and veins. The weight of the circulating blood is twenty-nine pounds. When you run, your legs and other parts of your body need more blood, so your heart must pump faster.

Large scandals often grow from small talk.



North Star Wrecked

PARTICULAR interest centers in the recent wreck of the S. S. *North Star* on Green Island, seven miles off Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, because of the fact that Mrs. E. P. Morse and her sister, Mrs. Kennard of Massachusetts, were passengers on the boat just three days before the disaster. Mrs. Morse and her sister were vacationing in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, their former home. Returning by way of Boston they sailed on the *North Star* on Tuesday, August 5. The steamer became a total wreck by striking Green Island on the morning of Friday, August 8, on its return from Yarmouth.

The *North Star* was one of the famous boats running between Boston and Nova Scotia and the disaster will be keenly regretted by all who have had the pleasure in the past of traveling on her. We, of the Morse family, are to be congratulated that Mrs. Morse and her sister escaped the disaster.

John Powell, our dry dock poet, certainly had a great time on his vacation. He packed his rubber boots, rubber coat, rubber hat and fish line into one grip, his duds into another and went off. A few days later Harry Thornton, one of the boys in the yard, spied him at Waterwitch, N. J., fishing with a string. While he was looking at Powell, a chug from behind attracted his attention and there in a motor boat was Dan Shea.

We mourn the loss of Johnny Coffey (machinist's helper), one of Brooklyn's popular boxers who made a name for himself boxing in and around Philadelphia during the Horton Law days. John, who passed on suddenly a few weeks ago, was just as popular among his co-workers as he was in the ring, and was one of the fastest feathers who ever hit the Quaker City from this burg.

George Jones, boiler maker, who is going to try a come back at the mat game this winter, is working off a great deal of weight. His trousers are a little too big now around the waist, or maybe they weren't made to fit him.

Cold cash has burned many a man's finger.

New Committees Named

NEW committees which have been recently appointed by the Board of Directors, are as follows:

Finance Committee—Thomas Hayes, copper shop; Robert Aitchison, burners; and Harry Jefferson, electricians.

Welfare Committee — Dave McDonald, plumbing department; Otto Rochelle, inside machinists; and William King, outside machinists.

Relief Committee—John Golding, pipe shop; Thomas Smith, Sr., carpenter shop; William Lansing, rigging department; and William Schramm, sheet metal shop.

Five Small Fires

THE new electric fire alarm system had a good opportunity to prove its worth during the past month when five small fires broke out in the yard, all of which were quickly extinguished.

The first fire occurred August 6, on Pier 1 on the S. S. *Rubicon*. The blaze started in a pile of rubbish. All the yard fire companies arrived in short order and the chemical engines prevented any damage. Six days later burners working overtime on the U. S. S. *Floridian* at Pier 3 scorched the paint on a wooden partition. It being after four o'clock, three blasts were blown on the whistle as well as turning in the alarm. A few pails of water put out the flames.

A small fire occurred on the tug *Anson M. Bangs*, on August 21, when burners' sparks ignited oil in the bilge. The burners extinguished the fire with sand. On August 20, there were two small fires in piles of rubbish which were quickly put out by nearby workmen.

An Old Grouch Says—

Speaking of the yard restrictions against smoking during working hours, why not prohibit the office girls from dolling up five or ten minutes out of every hour. It's just as common to see a girl stop her paragraph perambulator and produce a powder puff et al. as it is to see a fellow dig for his cigarettes. Equal rights, but equal restrictions, say we.

We regret to announce the sad and sudden death of "Felix," the garage white rat, a resident of the garage tool room for several months. "Felix" committed suicide on August 15, by drowning in his own drinking water. He was discovered by William Banks who was about to feed him his morning meal.

The garage force say that "Felix's" act was caused by a broken heart, since he had eaten nothing since Henry Dobles left the garage.

The following was written on the back of a material slip and sent in to THE DIAL office: "I've heard of funny doings, but the joke of the season is on John Powell. After John's wife came home following a period of illness, John had to go away on a vacation by himself to recuperate. He returned quite early, though."

One of the veterans of the yard is Paddy Crossen of the boiler shop, who always has a smile for everybody and also has the respect of everyone in the yard from the big chief down to the youngest kid. Over twenty-five years with Morse's and still going strong. Mr. Crossen has a son, Frank, who has been in France for the last eighteen months and is expected home shortly. Frank is also employed in the yard. More power to you, Paddy.

According to newspaper reports of the Police Field Day games held last month, the Morse Dry Dock Band was one of the feature musical attractions of the day. The Morse band was on hand at any rate and we are sure that none of the other bands outplayed it. The band was assigned to the field near the athletic games.

Captain George Mason, skipper of the Morse launch, *Say When*, is one of our many returned soldiers. Captain Mason is a brother to Captain Wilfred Mason, and saw several months service in France, overseeing U. S. launch and lighter traffic in French ports.

Alex Moffat, of the burning shop, is starting a ukelele band and most of the burners are getting into trim for a ukelele session.

My Wife's Gone to the Country

By John Powell, Dry Dock Poet

THE man that adopted the above title and wrote a lot of hilarious words set to a rollicking melody in order to express his joyful emotion because his wife would be absent from his bed and board, had the wrong slant to my way of thinking. Evidently they lived in a furnished room, and his family consisted only of the aforementioned wife who was probably as glad to get away from him as he pretends to be. And probably the only companion she had while he was on the corner discussing the demerits of Two-Seventy-Five was a sad-eyed poodle by name Clarice. Or, perhaps his wife might have been a golf fiend or a bridge whist devotee and was so seldom home that her husband only recognized her when she wanted to be staked after a losing session.

At any rate, to the man who has a house to live in, and four or five children ranging up to the age of twelve, and a regular wife who takes pride in making the house pleasant for the provider, and would sooner see her home in order and meals on time, than to see "Handsome Harry Throw Geraldine Down Dead Man's Gulch," in the serial "Deserted by the Paramount Home Wrecking Co." on the screen —to this man with his wife away say for two weeks or more it is a story of pitiful penance.

Will Carleton, the poet, once said: "To make a man appreciate heaven, cast him in hell a spell," and so it is with the man who tries to work eight hours a day at manual labor, and then goes home to find half a day's domestic work laying for him, with a million flies having a banquet over the dishes. And to make it more pleasant a kindly neighbor knocks at his door and informs him that the only child left home fell in the river and is recuperating in her house. In the name of a Broadway tango lizard can this man sit down at that moment with his wife up in Sullivan County and sing, "My Wife's Gone to the Country, Hurrah"?

Such a man's knowledge in the science of housekeeping is limited we will assume when he attempts to wash greasy dinner dishes in cold water, until inspiration prompts him to heat some. "Ah!" says he, "While the water is heating I'll cook the steak, peel the potatoes, and then wash the dishes, and by the time the dishes are washed, the steak and the potatoes will be done and the table will be set. Then I can call the child, have supper, then wash the dishes again, sweep the floor, set the table over for breakfast, make the bed, get the paper, read the head-lines, turn the cat out, set the alarm clock, turn the light out, and go to bed."

But "well laid plans like mice and men, etc. (We won't quote this further.) All things go wrong. In the first place he's so intent on taking half the potato with the peeling that he does not notice the water boiling over which puts the gas out, and wonders why the water hasn't boiled long before, then he smells the gas and lights the stove again, puts his steak on, and starts to wash his dishes whereupon he burns his hands, says something like I've heard in church, and gives further attention to the steak which hasn't a streak of fat in it, and he doesn't know it needs any. While he is in the dining room, he remarks to himself that someone must be fumigating down stairs, forgetting that he hadn't bought ice that morning, with the result that the pale blue mass that was once a healthy and ruddy steak contracted a state of decomposure which necessitates his throwing it out of the window. In doing so he breaks a pane of glass in a neighbor's house, and his supper consists of boiled potatoes as the butcher had closed his shop. After this repast he starts to sweep the floor, breaks the chandelier, makes up his mind he does not want to read the news, and that the dishes can go till morning, the cat can stay in, and so he goes to bed.

Now in the name of the man who made the world safe for Democracy, and the woman who knows how to make home what it should be, how can such a man get on his knees before going to bed and sing, "My Wife's Gone to the Country, Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The B. R. T. Is Very Dear to Me

Words by L. Garrison *Music by John Hylan*

Sung With Great Success By
Publico Crewso

Oh, how well do I remember my old homestead 'way up state,
When I used to walk for miles to school, and still was never late,
With a playmate for companion, and my books within my hand
I'd a dream some day of living, in a city large and grand.
So, after many years, I left that place in tears, and landed safe in Brooklyn by the sea.
And though now a business man, still to work I've never ran,
For the B. R. T is very dear to me.



Chorus

But, oh my cruel fate, quite often to be late,
But only for two hours and sometimes three
Still it is a treat, stepping on each other's feet,
Oh! the B. R. T. is very dear to me.

II Verse

When the B. R. T. was striking, there was little use to balk,
You had only just one answer, that was walk, you sucker, walk.
Now it's seven cents for a transfer, where one time you paid but five,
But you ought to thank the railroad for the fact that you're alive.
On the surface or the "L" you can very plainly tell,
The public rides on both with greatest glee.
They run with slackened speed, to give you time the ads to read,
Yes, the B. R. T. is very dear to me.

Chorus

On each car they hang a strap, in case you might fall in a lap;
You roll around just like a ship at sea.
When you think the bell will ring, just grab the longest hair and cling,
Oh! the B. R. T. is very dear to me.



III Verse

When wintry blasts are blowing, and to work you have to ride,
You're waiting for your car in hopes of getting warm inside,
But how your hopes they vanish, as your eyes this vision greets,
You find the people standing, so they won't freeze to their seats.
Last winter I was late just six days out of eight, which isn't bad for them, you will agree,
But when you take the cost, and consider what I've lost,
Then the B. R. T. is very dear to me.

Chorus

If in ears you talk or shout, the words will freeze right in your mouth,
So take a sack and talk in it, you see;
Then place it near a flame, and you'll hear the bag exclaim—
Oh! the B. R. T. is very dear to me.

(This song is published by the Amalgamated Music Co. All rights reserved.)

Acknowledgments

Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., Pipe Shop.

GENTLEMEN: I wish to send my sincere thanks to the members of the pipe shop for their generous contribution in my behalf, which was greatly appreciated.

Respectfully,
PETER FOX AND FAMILY, 452 W. 40th street, New York City.

Fred Coysh, snapper in boilermaking department, wishes to express his sincere thanks to the members of that department who so generously came to his assistance during his recent enforced absence, due to a sprained kneecap. The members of the department took up a collection for his benefit, which was very greatly appreciated by both Mr. Coysh and members of his family.

Morse Trucks to the Rescue

DURING the Brooklyn street car tie-up, the first week in August, Morse trucks were of considerable aid to a majority of the employees in their efforts to get to work in the morning. There were six truck routes starting from as many localities in the city and it was possible for practically every employee of the Company to get to work on time and with a minimum of expense and discomfort.

For their courtesy and efficiency in handling this rather unique transportation system both thanks and credit should be given to Mr. Harper and his staff by everyone who made use of the Morse trucks during the strike. It was no easy addition to their regular round of duties that the Morse transportation men had on their hands, but they went through with their additional tasks thoroughly and without a murmur.

Hewitt Is Promoted

WE are pleased to announce the promotion of Arthur Hewitt, formerly garage mechanic, to superintendency of the garages, succeeding Henry Dobles, who has resigned.

Mr. Hewitt, according to all indications, certainly is a hustler in every way. He started in the business in 1906, when the Packard concern first made pleasure cars, and has been in the line ever since. He gained extensive experience while foreman of a large repair shop in New York where he came in contact with nearly every make of car. He has also been in business for himself. He came to the Morse Company a little over a year ago, during which time he has won his way into the hearts of every one of his co-workers in the shop.

Our Ship Yard Men

By John Powell, Dry Dock Poet

The boom of guns are silent, the din of war has passed,
And men who played the hero's part are home again at last.
Their names are crowned with glory, for deeds of valor done,
And through their efforts peace prevails, for victory they have won.
But just a passing word for those, the silent heroes home,
Who worked both night and day, that they might sail across the foam.
So here's to all, no matter where, and who they toiled for then,
They took them there, they brought them back,
God bless the shipyard men.

If there is such a thing as untold agony it is the secret a woman is compelled to keep.

The only way to get a hen out of a garden is to go slow, but shoo'er.

THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, and to the interests of the Company.

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor
C. Stewart Wark, Assistant Editor
Wesley T. Jones, Reporter
C. W. Bailey, Photographer

John Powell, Thomas J. Plunkett, Mrs. Wallace Livermore, William Roth, William R. Monahan, Abe Yager, 2nd, Thomas J. Furlong and Miss Margaret McCarthy, contributing editors.

Subscription $1.50 a year, except to the employees of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., to whom copies are mailed free of charge. Employees desiring The Dial should see that their correct address is on file in the Dial Office.

All communications should be addressed to B. E. Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn.

Vol. 2 SEPTEMBER, 1919 No. 9

The Cheerful Liar

THERE are as many varieties of the Liar Tribe as Solomon had wives.

But the one that enters into our present discussion is that harmless and useful specimen—known as the Cheerful Liar.

His scientific classification is "Toreador," which is a Latin word meaning Bull Tosser.

He is there like a duck all around the clock with the glad grin and the cheer-up chatter. In the Booster's League he tops the list and he never fails to lace her out in a desperate pinch, when the game seems gone and the crowd is leaving.

Here's the way that the Cheerful Liar gets in his work.

You happen to be all in physically. In fact, you're so low that you hear slow music and smell lilies coming your way on high. You start for the Doctor's whom you decide to see for a spell before calling in the Undertaker.

On your way you chance to meet the Cheerful Liar, breezing along and leading his bull on a silken cord.

He grabs your fishy flipper in his magnetic mitt and starts pumping you full of pep. He tells you that you're looking perfectly damn splendid and younger than you did ten years ago, and then proceeds to slip you an earful of short stories not passed by the Board of Censors.

You know that he is lying like a hyena; but somehow or other he puts the work on you and, under the spell of his pleasant prattle, your spine stiffens, your arteries soften, you take a deep breath and are surprised to find that little old heart of yours hitting again on all cylinders.

By george, you've got to hand it to that guy. He's a sure cure for the mental rip for he bulls you from blue thought into blood-red action—every time!

Long live the Cheerful Liar! He helps to make life worth living. May his bull prosper and his herd increase.

* * *

Become an American

TO-DAY there are many great movements afoot to root out from among us the element which is attempting to disrupt our Government. This element is predominantly foreign born and for the most part comprises men who have lived among us such a short time that they do not realize the worth of our standards and traditions.

Several months ago these men, commonly known as "Reds," whether they be Anarchists, Bolshevists or I. W. W.'s started what they fondly hoped would be a serious country-wide agitation. They did succeed in sending bombs to about twenty-five prominent citizens and by that act they also succeeded in arousing the millions of other American citizens who did not receive bombs and don't want to be bothered by the fear of waiting for them.

The defenders of right and peace are becoming more closely organized and more powerful day by day. The American Legion, about which an article appeared in the last issue of The Dial, is one of the latest and most powerful of these organizations.

Immigration laws, held up during the war, are now being considered again and it is very probable that foreign born disturbers will be deported.

Citizenship is the only tangible proof that an alien is in sympathy with our mode of government and that he stands for law and order and true Americanism.

If you are foreign-born but have adopted *America* as your mother country, you owe it to yourself and to us to become a citizen, if you are not a citizen now, and only in this way can you become the equal of the American who works beside you.

* * *

Let's Keep Clean

THE first duty of the salvage department is to clean up the yard and it's second duty is to keep it that way. Wonders have been accomplished by this little department since it was started at the beginning of the present year, and the Morse yard possesses an aspect of neatness quite foreign to the appearance of the majority of shipyards.

To aid in the work of keeping the Morse yard clean and free from often times dangerous and unhealthy debris, a call is now being made for help from every man in the yard.

If you do your share of this work it will be done with the minimum of effort, yet it will be of maximum aid to the salvage department.

No matter where you are in the yard, refuse barrels are to be found at your very elbow. When you use them for any refuse which you may have, whether it be a banana peel or an old nail, you are not only helping the salvage department in its work but you are helping yourself.

By disposing of your luncheon garbage in the right way you are keeping filth from the yard and insuring your own health. By disposing of more bulky materials you are saving yourself from possible accident, a trip and fall in a shipyard is liable to prove fatal.

Beside guarding yourself by the use of the refuse barrels you are aiding the general efficiency of the concern for which you work and you are making of the place where you spend the greater part of every day a more decent and likable place in which to be.

* * *

Hope—Handle With Care

HOPE is the tonic of the Wise Man and the food of the Fool.

The Wise Man relies on Hope merely as a stimulant, but puts his main faith in Work as a builder-up to grow strong and rich upon.

The Fool accepts Hope as nourishment and feeds upon it, day after day, in a paradise of dreams.

Hope, like a drug, should be taken in small doses to speed up our efforts.

Too much is apt to produce an inaction which can only result in a rude and remorseful wakening, when Mr. Wolf howls outside the door.

* * *

The Quitter

SOME wise guy once made the remark that; "the Lord hates a quitter."

I don't believe it, for I can't associate "hate" in the same breath with the Lord."

Besides, I believe that Heaven is too busy handing out rewards to the "stickers" to pay much attention to the fellows who quit!

* * *

"Misery loves company," but cannot bear competition. You can't find the man who doesn't think that his boil is the sorest boil on the market.

* * *

Some people are like a million-dollar check on a ruined bank; they look big, they promise great things, but you cannot cash them.

He Longs for the Yard

THE cartoon on this page is the work of Ford S. Hemphill, a former Morse chipper, who is now situated in Kansas City, Mo.

A very interesting letter from Mr. Hemphill accompanied the cartoon, a portion of which follows:

"I am an ex-employee of the plant and what is now considered an old timer. That is back to the days of the S. S. *Brockton* and the S. S. *Beverly*. I have given up the game because of injuries sustained a year ago in Savannah, Ga., but I have managed to follow the work and progress of the yard up to date. Although I am not employed there now I still feel that I belong there."

Letters like this mean a whole lot to all of us. If the Morse yard wasn't a fine place to work in there would not be so many letters of this kind. Mr. Hemphill evidently had a true love for the yard and the men who work here. We are sorry that he is no longer with us and appreciate both the letter and the cartoon which he sent.

Morse employees are indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Murray Canary for the entertainment they furnished during the band concert on August 11. Mrs. Canary, who has a splendid singing voice, rendered several selections which were greatly appreciated. Mr. Canary, whose ability with the violin we all know of, played a couple of pieces.

Calls the "Dial" a Leader

NEW YORK, August 15, 1919.

Editor MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL, *South Brooklyn, N. Y.*

DEAR SIR: Permit me to congratulate you upon the carefully selected and edited text, the typography and the art work to be noted in the issues of THE DIAL which are reaching us. You have succeeded in establishing and building up, through your discerning work, a house and industrial welfare journal that is read by even laymen with the greatest interest, and folk who know nothing of the workings of a great shipyard and marine repair plant are impelled to make admiring comment. The personnel of your Company now has an asset that it would be difficult to replace as to its effectiveness in knitting together their common interest and hopes. THE DIAL is a predominant leader among the really worth-while house journals of the United States.

Yours faithfully,
THE COMPRESSED AIR MAGAZINE,
(Signed) Francis Judson Teitsort,
Managing Editor.

Noticed that Dan Shea, Thomas Plunkett and "Billie" Burke were reappointed on the Entertainment committee again, with the addition of two new men of the yard. That sure is some committee. It has been active with Dan Shea as its chairman ever since the Association started, and Plunkett and Burke have been on it almost as long.

Sheedy in a Deluge

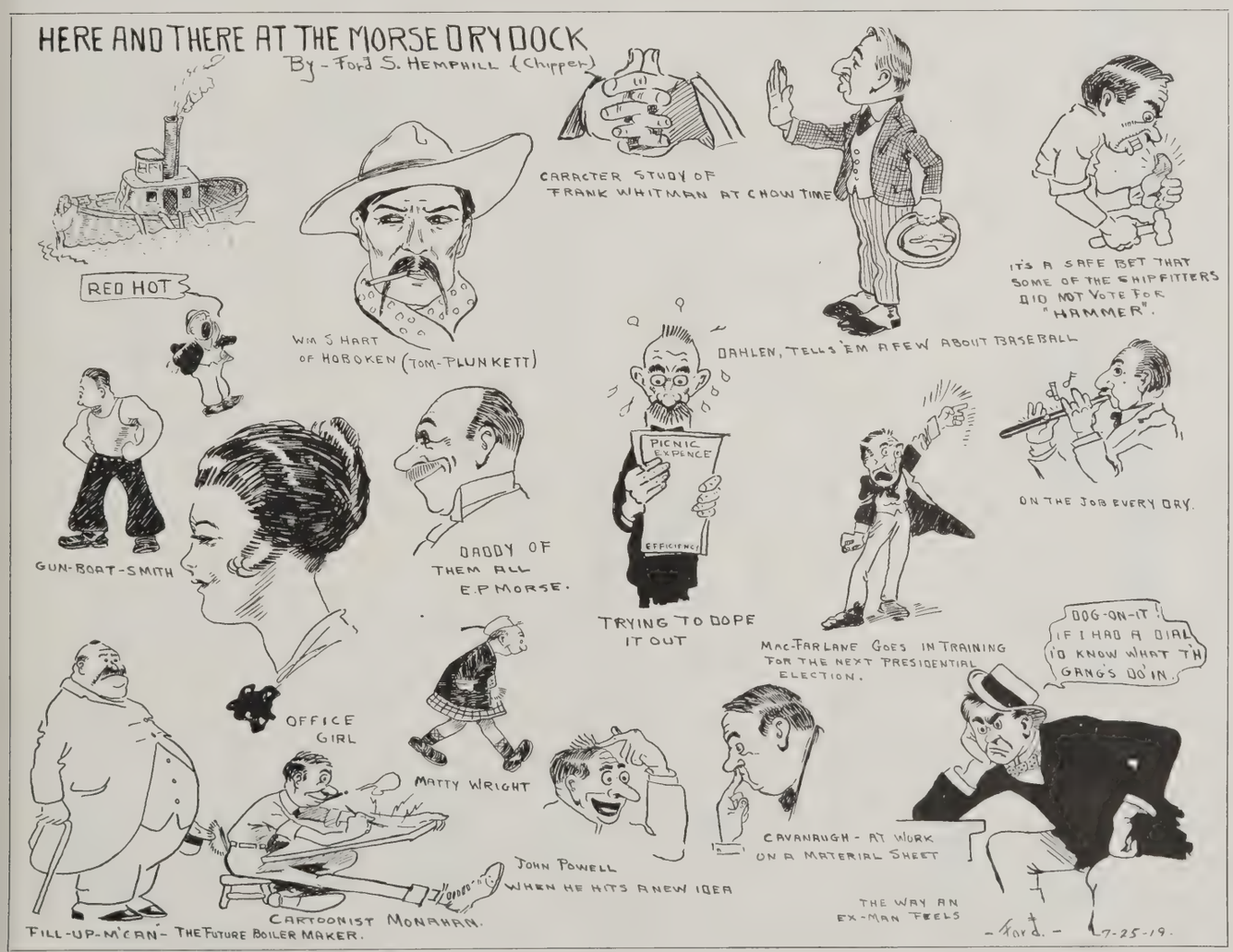
FRANK SHEEDY, sheet metal boss, has returned from his vacation, spent partly in Saratoga County, New York, and partly under a tree en route. He was the victim of circumstances over which he had no more control than he has over his motorcycle when he comes down Fifty-sixth street in the mornings. Sheedy started out for Niagara Falls.

You have heard the story of Mahomet, who instead of going to the mountain, called the mountain to him. Remember that the mountain refused to heed the summons? Well, Sheedy had this chap Mahomet beat seven different ways. He didn't even have to call Niagara Falls to meet him, the good old waterfall, being a regular fellow, came to greet Frank half way.

When Sheedy arrived in the vicinity of "No Place in Particular," the deluge was there to greet him; in fact, it simply overwhelmed him, compelling Frank to roll his motor-bike under a tree, where he remained for quite a few hours until "Old Sol" called time.

Sheedy then climbed on to his "Hardly Able" and kept his foot on the accelerator until he reached a clime where he had an opportunity to dry out. He stopped out in the town of Elinora, Saratoga County, for a few weeks.

You must work for others, therefore work with others, and eventually you may expect others will work for you. You must learn to take orders in order to be able to give orders



SUMMER SPORTS By Wm. R. Monahan





We Win Twelve Straight

THE Morse baseball team broke its winning streak on Sunday, August 10, when it lost a hard fought game to Robins, the second of the Robins-Morse series, but the fact that the team had won twelve straight games up to that time is proof enough that we have a fast team representing us on the baseball diamond this season.

There is still quite a bit of the season left and Bill Dahlen's ball tossers promise to provide many thrills and many new chapters to local baseball history before the snow begins to fly and the soccer players start in to dribble the pigskin up and down Morse Oval.

Let's make the end of this season just as successful as the beginning or the middle of it was. Don't lose interest in the ball team when the season grows late. Stick with the team. Their success is yours.

With two down and the bases full in the seventh inning, Ross, pinch hitter for Morse, walloped out a liner which cleared the bags and put the first game of the Morse-Robins series on ice for us. The score was 12 to 6. The game was played on Todd Field, Saturday, July 26, before a large assemblage of rooters from both yards and amid enthusiasm and strenuous rooting which had not been duplicated at any of the earlier Morse games during the present season.

That seventh inning was a thriller which will not soon be forgotten. Morse men knocked in six runs before the inning was over and put a black eye on the hopes of the Robins outfit, which was leading at 5 to 2 up to that time and considered the game already won.

In the first inning both teams managed to work in one tally each. Bauer scored for Morse on a sacrifice by Pete Grant. The Robins bunch looked good in the second and seemed to be hitting McGarry's slants with comparative ease, but no scoring resulted. In the third both teams again managed to garner one chalkmark each for their own side of the scoreboard.

Two in the fifth and one in the sixth put Robins on the heavy end of the score, and then came the fatal seventh when the conclusion of the Morse batting bee found gloom spread all over the faces of the Todd Field element. Two more runs both in the eighth and ninth innings more than equalized the one run which Robins managed to squeeze through in the eighth.

The Robins threatened to duplicate the Morse performance in their half of the seventh inning. The bags were filled with little difficulty and McGarry, apparently tiring from his previous efforts, was forced to give over his place on the mound to Johnson who quickly smeared up what gave every indication of being a good rally.

Again, on the following day, Sunday, July 27, the Morse team showed itself to be the fastest going "semi-pro" outfit in Brooklyn by defeating the Maujer team in a close game, 2 to 1. This game was played at Morse Oval.

Neither team was able to show an advantage on the score sheet until the fifth inning when the Maujer bunch corraled one run. Berkley's hit brought him to home plate when Mundhenk pegged the ball to third and there was no one there to grab it, the ball going wild.

In the ninth inning for Morse both Grant and Crist started things off with a single. McGarry then went in to pinch hit for Mundhenk. He bunted, sending Crist to third. Tee singled, scoring Crist. On a double play Hickey threw to Schultz to get Tee going to second and McGarry stole home with the winning run.

Johnson pitched a great game of ball for Morse, allowing only six hits and striking out ten men. Both teams showed wonderful ability in the fielding end of the game.

The "real test" for the Morse team, according to several of the local newspapers, occurred on Sunday, August 3, when our team played the Royal Giants at Morse Oval. If it was the "real test" we are glad of it for our team won from the negro ball tossers by the score of 3 to 2, before one of the largest and most enthusiastic crowds that ever packed Morse Oval.

The Royals started the scoring by gathering in two runs in the third inning. Morse was not able to make up for this difference on the score sheet until the seventh inning when Crist singled, Emerich singled and stole second. On Mundhenk's fielder's choice, Crist was caught at the plate. Tee singled, scoring Emerich, McGarry singled, scoring Mundhenk. In the eighth Pete Grant brought in the last and winning run for Morse.

The "unlucky thirteenth" broke the Morse winning streak on Sunday, August 10, and our ball team went down to defeat before Robins by the score of 10 to 6, losing the second of the Morse-Robins series.

The game which was played at Morse Oval was a tip-top exhibition of high class baseball and was witnessed by one of the largest gatherings of fans this season.

Maloney, formerly of Bushwick, started on the mound for Robins but was replaced by Sheehan in the fourth inning. McGarry pitched for Morse until the last inning, when he was replaced by Johnson.

The game was a slugfest from start to finish, both teams hitting the pill freely. Joe Lake, ex-Yankee, ran away with the batting honors of the day by connecting for five hits, one homer, a two bagger, and three singles in six times at bat.

Robins started the scoring by getting two runs in the first inning and then followed up with another in the third. Morse did not score until the fourth when Emerich and Mundhenk each brought in a run. Robins also collected two in their half of the fourth and added one more in the fifth. The feature of the game came in the sixth inning when Pete Grant walloped out a homer deep into left center field.

The Morse baseball team played a victorious game with the Robins team at Southampton, L. I., on Saturday, August 16, with a score of 12-2, bringing the standing of the series to Morse 2, Robins 1.

The game was played as a benefit for the Southampton Hospital, for which a fashionable fête was held, the Morse-Robins game, together with the boxing bouts from the Boxers' Loyalty League, climaxing the drive.

Mr. Morse, whose summer estate is situated nearby, witnessed the game, Mrs. Morse throwing the first play ball. McGarry pitched during the game and allowed but five hits while he struck out eight men.

Morse sent Maloney, the Robins pitcher, to the bench after the third inning, Sheehan taking his place on the mound. Buckley, of our team, made a sensational play from centre field in the third inning, with a beautiful throw to Tee, preventing Wilkening, Robins left fielder, from scoring.

The Hospital Auxiliary of the Presbyterian Church was hostess to the ball players at both luncheon and dinner, serving an excellent table. The townspeople were very cordial and enthusiastic over their visitors. H. G. Hoover, Thomas Nesbit, Joseph McGuirk, Thomas Plunkett and Mr. Hanbury accompanied the team on the trip.

We Join National League

PLANS for the 1919-20 football season are now practically completed and the prospects for an even more successful and extensive football season are assured.

The Morse team is entered this year in the National League. That fact alone means that the team is considered to be one of the representative football teams of the country. The National Football League means just as much to the followers of that sport as the National League in baseball means to the baseball fan. The team is also entered in the competition for the National, American and New York State cups.

At the July meeting of the Employees' Association, Charles Menzies (welding department) spoke of the football plans. He said that he could not announce just exactly who would be on the team, because that had not been fully decided upon, but that some of the men who would play under the Morse colors during the coming season would be men of international reputation and men who many of the other clubs would be glad to get.

He made a plea for hearty support of the football team and asked that all of the men in the yard come out and back the team because it needed that support in order to have a successful season.

The appointments of officers for the football club were also ratified at the meeting. They will be Walter Crawford, president; Neil O'Donnell, manager; Charles Menzies, secretary; Robert Gore, financial secretary.

The new football season will be started the latter part of this month, according to the plans of the football committee at this writing. The team with which the opening game will be played and the playing schedule for the season has not been decided upon as yet, but Morse football fans can be assured of high class attractions.

It is an accepted fact that we are going to have a great football team this fall. The only other thing necessary for a successful season is backing by the men in the yard. The team was not supported as well as it might have been last year. One reason for this was that the game was in its infancy in the yard and many of the men knew little or nothing about it.

We now have a football reputation to uphold. "Morse" is becoming as noted a name in connection with the gridiron game as the name of "Bethlehem" or any other great soccer club. The players need your support from the grandstand. The committee needs your support financially. It is up to you to show that you appreciate what the team did for the name of the yard last season and to show them that you are with them to the end during the season to come.

The Yard League

By Bill Roth

THE Yard League, has been having a hard time to keep up its playing schedule but like all good things, you can't keep it down. While everybody was in mourning over it and we were busy writing a sorrowful obituary, the miracle happened. Old "Doc" Lowe arrived on the scene with his new-life and the league is once more on its feet.

For a while it looked pretty bad. Jupe Pluvius put the first crimp in the schedule when he soaked us with all that rain and when old Sol finally came around and dried things up it was found that a few departments like the pipe coverers and the electricians didn't have enough men to play a game of solitaire.

One thing came after another until the old league looked about done for. Then Joe Lowe, who is a regular "Al Monroe Elias" when it comes to baseball statistics, hopped up with a list of playoff games that looked bigger than the original schedule.

The first game that was played after the resurrection, took place between the pipe coverers and the outside machinists, and resulted in an 8–1 victory for the former team, which bears out the prediction that the pipe coverers' team is really the only team beside the timekeepers with any chance of beating the pipe shop for the pennant.

The timekeepers in second place and are very are now anxious to take a crack at the leader.

Manager Whitman says that if just one other team will hand the pipe shop a trimming it will be O. K. to put "timekeepers" on the pennant.

The pipe shop bunch think differently, however, and claim that they don't see how the timekeepers can beat them, let alone any of the other teams.

The hull department and the carpenter shop teams expect to put stronger teams in the field in hopes of finishing up near the top. Both managers claim that they lost some of their best men during the month of July.

The outside machinists too claim that if they can get a few breaks they will get out of the second division. A few of their good men have returned to the yard, which ought to help them along.

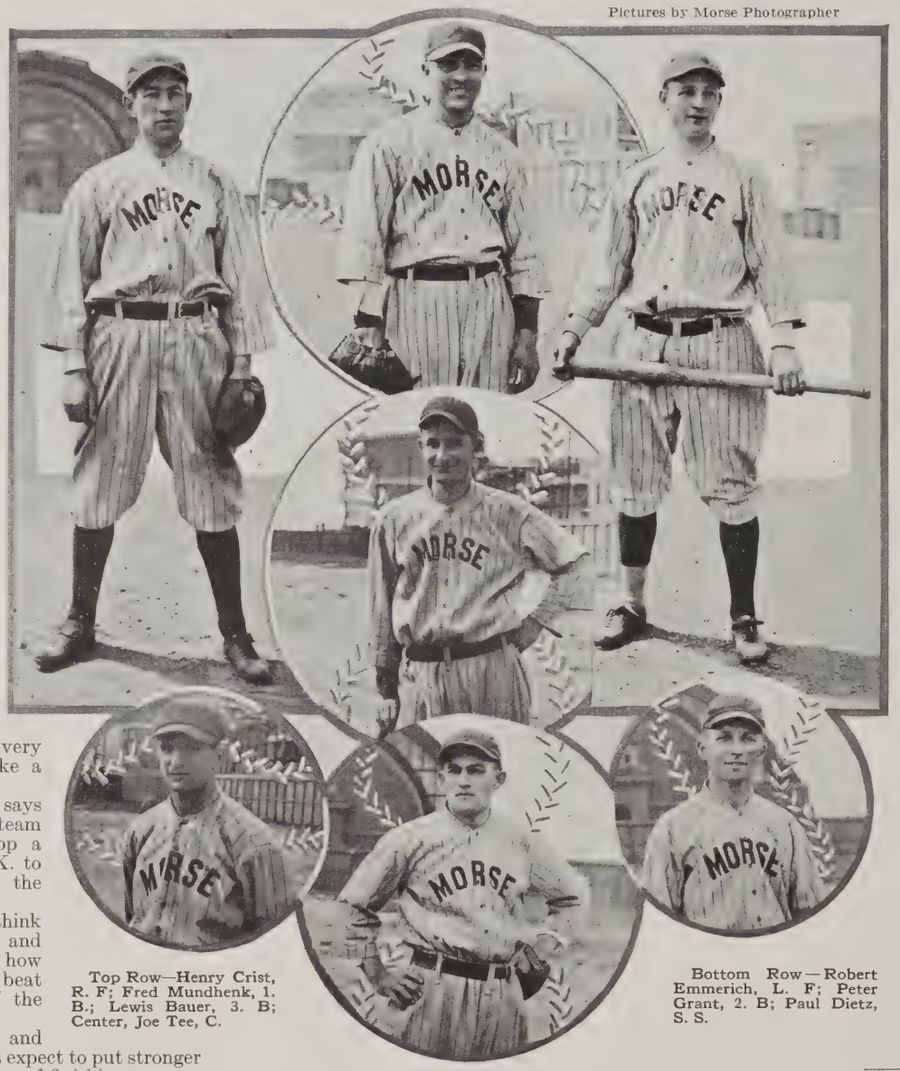
The electricians have only one game to their credit but Manager Knipe says he hopes to add a few more before the completion of the schedule.

The burners haven't won any as yet but they are having as much fun out of it as the leaders. There is much speculation among them as to whether or not they will win any at all and who will be the victim.

Providing we enjoy favorable weather the league ought to have a whirlwind finish. The prize to be donated by the Employees' Association will be a handsome one and well worth striving for. The standing of the clubs, August 19, was as follows:

Team	Won	Lost	Per cent.
Pipe Shop	7	0	1000
Timekeepers	6	2	750
Pipe Coverers	3	2	600
Carpenter Shop	5	4	556
Hull Department	4	4	500
Outside Machinists	4	5	444
Electricians	1	6	143
Burners	0	6	000

Pictures by Morse Photographer



Top Row—Henry Crist, R. F; Fred Mundhenk, 1. B.; Lewis Bauer, 3. B; Center, Joe Tee, C.

Bottom Row—Robert Emmerich, L. F; Peter Grant, 2. B; Paul Dietz, S. S.

Yard League Notes

When the pipe coverers win a game, they certainly want the world to know it. If you don't believe it, look at the banner they hang out from their headquarters. Wonder if they'll hang one out when they lose?

Joe Lowe certainly is there with the baseball dope. The only mistake he ever made was those uniforms.

The outside machinists are a lot of Christian Scientists when it comes to baseball. They think they have a ball team.

The world will forgive a man almost anything but failure.

Pipe Shop Team a Fast One

THE Pipe Shop baseball team has certainly shown some speed this season. It has picked its players from its department alone, none of which play on the "big" nine, and has maintained a percentage of 855, winning eighteen out of twenty-one games played. Not only does the Pipe Shop team remain undefeated in the yard league but it has lost but to three teams of the Inter-City League, of which it was a member. The Elm Club, the Hudson Guild and the N. Y. Receiving Ship were victorious over the Pipe Shop boys once but the latter two teams lost in their second games with the Pipe Shop. Following are the Pipe Shops victories:

Yard League: Naval Cost, 14—3; Burners, 9—0; Timekeepers, 9—1; Hull Department, 4—1; Electricians, 9—1; Carpenters and Joiners, 5—3; Machinists, 16—2; Hull Department (outing game), 5—2; Mixed Departments, 20—0.

Inter-City League Games—Sheridan B. B. C., 9—3; Hudson Guild, 4—0; Hudson Guild, 9—5; E. W. Bliss Co., 4—1; U. S. S. *Alaskan*, 16—2; K. of C., 3—1; Receiving Ship N. Y., 3—2; West Side A. C., 5—4.

The team at present consists of Joseph Martin, manager; John Golding, secretary; Chick Albin (captain), 2 b.; Connolly, 1 b.; Kearny, c.; Beatty, c.; McCormick, s.s.; Abrams, 3 b.; MacIntosh, p.; Doaut, p.; Bush, p.; Gillhully, r.f.; Murtha, c.f.; Richert, l.f.; Dobber, p.; Baranda, l.b.; S. Hepburn, umpire.

Sam Bustard, burner and member of the soccer team, is a great admirer of Jimmy Wilde, the English flyweight. He saves all the clippings of the world's bouts and talks "Wilde" continually.

Tug of War Team Started

ENTHUSIASM for a tug of war team prevailed at the July meeting of the Employees' Association and indications point to the adoption of the "rope and cleat" game as one of the major sports in the Morse yard.

Bill Lansing (rigging department) one of the men who has been working very hard in connection with recent tug of war activities, spoke in favor of the sport. According to him, tug of war harness is to be purchased and a series of inter-department games are to be established.

From these department games will be picked a team to represent the yard in outside competition and it is expected that Morse will have a team of championship calibre.

With the Fight Fans

By Abe Yager 2d

THE first boxing bout on the bill at the July monthly meeting brought into action two colored battlers, Kid Campbell and Kid Mitchell. Both boys were aggressive if not exactly clever and provided many thrills in their three rounds of boxing. Pete Lorenze, of the painting department, refereed the bout.

The Battle Royal was, of course, chuck full of comedy and thrillers. Six negroes started the battle but only a few seconds were necessary to change it into a five man affair. The smallest of the bunch felt the breeze of a wallop as it sizzled by him and thought it was time to quit. He did, rolling up in a ball on the floor of the ring until, to facilitate the progress of the rest, it was necessary to kick him out.

Better fights of the same variety have undoubtedly been staged, and the bunch that Bob Armstrong brought down could be improved upon, but the fight was a novelty and, judging by the applause, it was well received by most of the members of the Association.

Frankie Fay (hull department) and Sam Bolin, old-time colored battler, were the next on the program and put up a sizzling three-round exhibition. Frankie has been doing quite a bit of fighting lately and seemed to be in tip-top condition. He bored into old Sam aggressively, matching his youth against the other's skill and ring generalship. Frankie showed lots of form and could, undoubtedly, have taken the count of the older man in a few more rounds, but Bolin deserves a lot of credit. He has been performing in the ring for so long that many of us can't remember when he started. If Fay lasts as long as Sam, he can well be proud of his accomplishments. In the third round a little jolt from Fay's mit combined with a slip in his footwork brought Bolin to the floor, but he was up and at it again in a minute.

The last event of the evening brought together Jean Bruce, the shipyard wrestling champion, and Enoch Franzen, our strong man machinist, in a wrestling match, catch as catch can, twenty minute time limit. It took Bruce eighteen minutes of the hardest wrestling of his career to put the machine shop strong man on his back. After the match was over he confided to some of the boys that Franzen was about the strongest man he had ever tackled.

Bruce's skill was, however, more than a match for the other's strength. Franzen, too, was without any preliminary training. Considering these facts, he put up a very sturdy fight and deserves credit for it.

Plans to organize a boxing club, which were discussed at the June meeting of the Board of Directors, continue under way, with "Willie" Burke, of the carpenter shop, pushing every advantage. If this club is formed, it will operate with the Employees' Association in staging real-action membership bouts at the Morse Oval and in the Association Hall.

"Willie" is working hard to obtain a charter for the club to hold bouts, both open air and indoors, using the Assembly Room when the Oval is not practical.

To organize such a club these days requires unlimited energy and grit, and our own "Willie" Burke, who has been connected with the boxing game for ten years in the Atlantic, Garden A. C., Clermont, Pelican and Sunset clubs, and in promoting shows for our monthly meetings, is well qualified for the task.

Burke says that at all of the meetings which have been held by the Association during the past years, it was apparent that the members wanted real action, and he thought it best to try to start membership bouts such as have been run by up-state promoters. Several movements like this have been attempted in these parts before, but have been in vain.

The one thing that "Willie" depends upon most for success is the Employees' Association membership, which is sufficiently large to finance an undertaking of this kind. Burke says that he has been assured encouragement from several influential men and that everything looks bright.

Those interested in the new club are quite optimistic in believing that, if the charter is obtained, the bouts which will be staged will put the organization in the lead of quite a few of the other promoters of the game. Morse Oval, being admirably suited for the purpose, would put the club on a large basis and, as it is intended that only star bouts will be scheduled, Brooklyn will once more be on the pugilistic map if the plans go through.

Go to it, "Willie," old boy, and convince all hands that Brooklyn will again be the pioneer boxing burg, backed by one of the strongest organizations of its kind in the country, the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.

"Yas, sah, that war shure thom wrathlin' match," said one of the darkies who performed at our last monthly meeting. The principals in the match mentioned were Enoch Franzen, of the machine shop, and Jean Bruce, joiner shop. The match ended in a draw after 20 minutes of excitement.

That notice at the Fifty-seventh street gate which offers a $100 reward for the recovery of Gunboat Smith's auto, stolen recently from Fifty-seventh street and Fourth avenue, has attracted no little attention, and the wise ones say that if the Gunner ever sees the culprit, there'll be hash on most of the local restaurant menus the next day.

Frankie Callahan, formerly of the paint shop, who is now in Perkins, Me., running boxing shows and getting into condition for an extensive campaign next winter, sends his regards to his friends in the yard, according to a letter recently received by the writer.

Bob Armstrong, the big colored heavyweight who is quite a figurehead at some of our meetings, has handled some of the country's best battlers. He has conditioned several gladiators, such as Jim Jeffries, Bob Fitzimmons, and is now handling Mike O'Dowd, middleweight champion.

James MacFarlane, chief of the burners, is always glad to act as third man in the ring at our meetings. Mac is a great admirer of the give and take game.

Henry Rumuzzi, better known as "Cook," one of the burners, is managing "Bobby" Buttons, a fast East Side bantam, and may have his boy perform for us at one of our meetings.

Walter Nelson, of South Brooklyn, one of Brooklyn's fastest feather-weights, who has just arrived in the yard as a ship fitter's helper after serving eighteen months on the *U. S. S. Powhattan*, has started training for a busy boxing campaign. Nelson is being managed by our esteemed matchmaker, "Willie" Burke.

George Jones, the boiler maker wrestler, is rapidly getting back into condition and expects to start an extensive period of mat work this fall. Jones has been following the mat game for many years and has quite a few decisions over very strong opponents to his credit.

Among these might be mentioned Leo Pardillo, of New York; John Carillo, of Staten Island; Joe Turner, Seattle, Wash.; Fitz Mole, San Francisco; Tom Sharkey, New York; Jim Galvin, Bath Beach; Young Monday, Brooklyn; Billy Hart, Baltimore. By beating Joe Turner in 1914, Jones came into the possession of the Seattle Belt, which he still holds.

Joe McGuirk, esteemed president of our Employees' Association, wants to know where Syd Kaufman (riveter) got his great boxing "rep" from. Joe and Syd were both members of the White House Democratic Club of Flatbush and, although Joe admits that Syd was quite a battler, he claims that he was all but a champion.

Gunboat Smith (riveter) picks Jack Dempsey to beat both Carpentier and Becket, the English champion, provided, of course, that the men ever get together. The "Gunner" says that Big Jack is the hardest hitting and the most aggressive heavyweight that ever stepped into the American ring.

Phil Bloom and Eddie Wallace, who were pals together when they were working here in the yard, are going into a business partnership. The two boys have purchased a pool parlor in Brownsville. We all wish them luck in their new enterprise.

Charlie Goldman, of the machinists, chucked his hat into the ring again lately and took on Smiling Ritchie, of Benny Miller's stable, at one of the local clubs. Charlie didn't deal with Ritchie just exactly as he would have in the good old days but managed to show the youngster a few tricks of the trade at that.

Frankie Fay, who was one of Matty Wright's chippers, and who is well liked by the boys who knew him, is going to make his home at New Bedford, Mass., where he has made quite a reputation for himself by beating some of the star battlers of the town. Fay thinks that being a knuckle-pusher is much easier than handling a chipping gun.

We sure did miss Dan Shea at our monthly meeting in July. Dan was away on a vacation.

Young Sailor Burke, the pipe covering boxer, will start training for a real contest with Frankie Fay, which most likely will take place at New Bedford, Mass.

That paint on the *Walter Luckenbach* put a K. O. over on some of the burners.

Fred Pilakoff, the Russian lion, one-time member of our carpenter shop, was asked if he would wrestle at one of our meetings. His answer was, "Yes, get me Bruce or Franzen, and I'm yours for action."

Oscar Carlson, of the carpenter shop, is making quite a name for himself since he joined the Pro's of the mat game.

Joe Quinn, of the burners, rode on the Pullmans of the New York Central from his home in the Bronz while the I. R. T. was tied up. Pretty soft, Joe?

Incidentally, the only way to keep this column full of "pep" is to have the co-operation of our yard boxers and others interested in the sport. Come around and tell us all the news so that we can all know what our fistic stars are doing.

Pipe Shop Team Wins

The Morse Pipe Shop baseball team turned the tables on the Bay Ridge Receiving Ship team on Saturday, July 28, by the score of 3 to 2, scoring the winning run in the eleventh inning. The winning of the game meant a lot to the Pipe Shop boys, for in a previous game the sailors had beaten them by the score of 11 to 2. MacIntosh's pitching and Karney's catching were features of the game. Abrams knocked out the three bagger in the eleventh inning that won the game.

Wants Personal Sketches

THE following letter made our heart chortle when we read it, not because it carried what might be rightfully considered a compliment but because it offered an invaluable suggestion and indicated to us that THE DIAL surely must be worth the expense and efforts put into it.

Our correspondent suggests that short biographical sketches of Morse leaders might be interesting. We have frequently thought that the men in the yard would be interested in sketches of the kind but we have refrained from working the idea for fear that some would feel that we were paying too much attention to the bosses. THE DIAL being devoted mainly to the employees, we have endeavored to impart more information about the fellows in the yard than about those who are at the head of the different departments.

However, since our correspondent suggests that there is an interest and a curiosity in the success of the leaders in our organization, we will undertake to give each month, beginning with an early issue, a biographical sketch of the men "higher up" in the best ship repair plant in the world. Here is the letter which has prompted this promise:

Brooklyn, N. Y., August 15,

Editor, MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL:

The reputation of THE DIAL for news, humor and breeziness has been established ever since its inception to the great delight of its numerous readers, who are truly appreciative of its efforts to supply them in their leisure moments with an intellectual feast and a moral elevation as must be produced by your gifted editorials, and the interesting articles as written for THE DIAL by your several contributors.

I have long in mind a suggestion which I believe would generate ever greater interest (if that were possible) in THE DIAL by its constituents than any subject that has so far appeared in its columns.

A short biographical sketch of the Morse leaders, commencing of course with Mr. Edward P. Morse, would create a lively sympathy and curiosity by the men in the yard, for is it not a fact that in every walk of life people like to know all about their leaders, viz: when and where born, if married or single, their previous activities in industrial pursuits and above all, by what secret they reached the pinnacle of their present success.

What a treat would such a sketch of the picturesque "Jimmy" MacFarlane prove to be, whose daring is inherited from men who knew no fear, men who were with "Bonnie Prince Charlie" in his last defeat. Where those that lost that dreadful day, stood few and faint, but fearless still, or in that glorious hour, charged for Scotland and Victory with Bruce of Bannockburn. When the lineal descendant of such brave men charges now no power can stop him, not even Cromwell's "Ironsides" at Naseby or the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy, were they still in the flesh.

Hoping that my suggestion may meet with your favorable consideration, I am,

Yours sincerely,

AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.

Doremus Promoted

WE are pleased to announce that James M. Doremus is now in charge of the Disbursement Department, succeeding William P. Dooner, who has left the employ of the Morse Company. Mr. Doremus has been a part of the Morse organization for seventeen months and has become one of the popular men of the office force. His nomination for representative of the office on the Conference Board at the last office election was proof of this fact. He has always taken a keen and active part in the Employees' Association.

The Village Time-keeper

(With apologies to Longfellow)

By Thomas J. Furlong

At the head of the only gang-plank,
The head time-keeper stands;
Whitman, a mighty man is he
When on the job he lands,
And the movement of his eagle eyes,
Gives the O. O. to all hands.

There'll be no beating it off the boat,
You can't get by that man;
You can't get off ahead of time,
Or else you'll get the "can."
So stick it out till the whistle blows
And fear not any man.

Paint Pot Philosophy No. 1

By A. Paynte Slinger

A new broom sweeps clean, but a whole lot depends on the guy handling the broom.

Every dog has his day; especially the soap hound; he generally has several.

"He was a good guy when he had it," may be giving a poor gink credit, but not the kind his widow could cash in on at the butcher's.

The gazabo who's always "waiting for his ship to come in," generally hasn't laid her keel yet.

No, Bill, you can't put a square rivet in a round hole, but the Buddy who knows his biz can round off the rivet in an emergency.

The poet who wrote, "Ring out, wild bells," must have got his inspiration listening to the time clocks at the gate.

The gink who "lays down" on his Buddy is a first cousin to Old Man Bolsheviki himself.

Time flies. That's why all hands watch for THE DIAL. It's up to the minute.

"Music hath charms to sooth the savage beast," is good dope. We know some ginks who ought to listen more to Danny Shea and his bunch of harmony dispensers. On the level now they do drive away many a grouch, don't they?

Some bos change Abe Lincoln's famous phrase to read, "With mallets for all and charity for none."

Any painter will tell you it's not the long fall that kills—it's the sudden stop.

Being ten or twenty years at a trade doesn't make you a mechanic, you gotta know how to *look*, *listen*, *go* and *do*.

Don't swallow that stuff about opportunity knocking only once—the trouble is that some guys think its a bill collector and won't open the door.

You can respect a guy even if "Pull" did get him his job as long as "Push" keeps him in it.

To change a popular phrase a bit, "Work so each day that you can look any efficiency man or timekeeper in the face.

Some ginks won't save anything for a rainy day, coz they dope it out they can't go anywhere on a rainy day.

"Up and at 'em" used to put starch in our doughboys at the zero hour. Those of 'em who've come back to the yard still use it at 7 A.M. How about it, Kid, do you?

Our July Meeting

A MODERATE sized but very enthusiastic crowd attended the July meeting of the Employees' Association, held on Wednesday, July 30, in the Association Room, top floor of the carpenter shop.

After the regular business of the Association had been concluded, a high-class entertainment, consisting of vocal selections, vaudeville, boxing and wrestling, was offered. In the absence of Dan Shea, away on his vacation, Tom Plunkett took charge of the program and performed his duties in a very creditable fashion. Willie Burke, of the carpenter shop, was also on the job.

The first number on the program was Frank Hennessy, a Brooklyn singer well known to the frequenters of Brooklyn cabarets. He sang several selections which were very well received. Brown and Pierce, "Potash and Perlmutter" comedians, entertained with songs and Hebrew dialect comedy. Charles Schmaltz (rigging department) was one of the sensations of the evening. Schmaltz possesses a fine tenor voice of wide range and sang several songs which drew many encores. Schmaltz, who is a recent addition to the rigging department, has just been released from service in the United States Navy. Little John Schroeder, son of George Schroeder (pipe shop) sang in his usual pleasing manner. Young Schroeder has performed at many of our recent meetings and has a great following among the men in the yard.

The remainder of the program consisted of a boxing and wrestling bill, an account of which will be found on the sporting page. The feature of the bill was an old time Battle Royal between six negro pugilists from Bob Armstrong's fighting stable. Bob was on hand to referee the match and received a great ovation from the boys. Armstrong had just returned from Toledo, where he was engaged in conditioning Jack Dempsey for his fight with Willard.

Considering the hot weather, the July meeting was in every way a success. A large delegation from the burning department was present in a body. Some wag in the audience termed that portion of the hall which tney occupied the "burner's balconades," and the name stuck throughout the remainder of the evening.

James MacFarlane, former Association president, was present in the party, in spite of the fact that he was supposed to be vacationing at the time. Jimmy was host to a small but select automobile party at the conclusion of the meeting and many places, including one block party, were visited before the evening was over. Abe Yager, another whose familiar face had been missing around the yard of late, was also present. He was of considerable aid to Billy Burke in his attempt to collect the contestants for the battle royal and generally helped to make the meeting a successful one. Abe is some fight fan and an all-around good fellow.

Wins Daddi's Motorboat

GIAVANNI PARILLO (joiner) is now the owner of the model motor boat built by Fred Daddi, joiner shop foreman. A raffle was held recently and Parilla was the lucky man. He bought five dollars worth of tickets in his eagerness to be the lucky winner.

The boat model is well worth possessing. It is the exact replica of a motor boat which Daddi built several years ago. It is made of white holly and mahogany and is complete in every detail, even to the motor, which, it is said, will propel the boat at the rate of four miles an hour.

"Tempus" does "fugit," when a guy is working hard. Over your head? Ask John Powell.

From Admiral to Ship Rigger

FROM ship rigger to the position of Rear Admiral in the Russian Navy, that is the change which, in one day, came into the life of an employee of the New York Shipbuilding Company at the Camden, N. J., yard, recently. It is as strange a story of the peculiar shifts which the wheel of fortune will take as was ever written.

Baron Othon de Richter, until recently carried on the pay roll of the New York Shipbuilding Company as a ship rigger, rate seventy-four cents an hour, has succeeded in joining the forces of Admiral Kolchak and is now in active service against the Red forces in Russia.

When the Lenine-Trotsky combination came into control of Russia, de Richter, a supporter of the opposition forces, found himself stranded in the United States, an Admiral without a fleet, a man without a country and also without a job. He had been sent to the United States on a diplomatic mission by the former government and while here the change in power had taken place.

There was nothing for him to do but look for a job. Through former friends he got a job, bought a pair of overalls and went to work.

The de Richters held high rank and possessed great wealth in Russia under the Romanoffs. In keeping with the traditions of such noble families, whose sons gave service to the army or navy, Othon de Richter, at the age of seventeen, entered the Naval Academy at Petrograd.

After his graduation he served with the Baltic fleet and in 1899, on orders from the Russian Admiralty, came to the United States as ordnance officer in connection with the construction of the Battleship *Retvizan* and the cruiser *Variag* for the Russian government in the Cramp yards at Philadelphia.

During the Russo-Japanese war de Richter was in command of the squadron which defended the approaches to Petrograd and Kronstadt. In the Great War he served through the Russian campaign in the Baltic. During 1915, he commanded a battleship unit and went down with his flagship in the great fight with the Germans at Riga Bay.

He was rescued unhurt and continued his service with the Russian Navy. In 1916 he took command of a squadron of four cruisers, ten destroyers and a flotilla of gunboats. With this fleet he established a patrol of the Gulf of Finland, the waters off Sweden and the Aland Islands and extending even to the shore waters of Tornea, almost within the Arctic Circle.

In the summer of 1917 Prince Vloff sent de Richter to the United States on a special mission, and while he was still engaged upon the work that brought him to this country, the Reds, under the leadership of Lenine and Trotzky seized the reins of government at Petrograd, and de Richter found himself a man without a country. The revolution of the Reds had stripped him.

De Richter and his wife made their home at 4521 Walnut street, Philadelphia, and early every morning, dressed in his workman's clothes and distinguished only by his erect carriage, his square shoulders and white hair, he caught the crowded ferry to Camden to go to his work and earn his thirty-five dollars a week. His fellow workmen knew him only as a rigger of exceptional skill speaking a broad experience at sea, and who carried his forty-nine years as lightly as though they were only half as many.

Occasionally de Richter and his wife would make a trip to Washington to meet Prince Vloff and Boris Bakhmetieff, who maintained the structure of the Russian embassy, and through them received such news as they were able to obtain of affairs at home, and finally his call to join the forces of Kolchak came.

Can Use a Gun

NICHOLAS AZZARELLO, before he started chipping and caulking in the vicinity of New York, was a hunter of considerable note. The picture is of him during his palmy days as a sportsman and old Dan Boone, himself, had nothing on Nick at that time. The two dogs, Blackie and Leo, are still with him and are his most cherished possessions.



Back from France

JOSEPH ARBIO is back on the job with the drillers after a year's service overoverseas.

He entered the army on March 28, 1917, and, although in rather ill-health, was allotted to Class A-1 and sent to Camp Upton, where he was assigned to Company E, 301st Engineers. He sailed for England in July and finally arrived in Havre. For the first few months his company was occupied in road construction until September 11 when, after an all-night march, he and his outfit arrived at the front.

There Arbio and his companions worked amid the shells and shrapnel, building roads so that advancing troops might have firm traction to aid them on their march. On September 14, during the night, a shell landed in their midst, killing two and wounding twelve, one of whom was Arbio. He received a piece of shrapnel in his left thigh and spent three months in the hospital.

Arbio's outfit took part in the St. Mihiel offensive, and between the Meuse and the Moselle operations. Just as orders had come for the company to move forward to do considerable bridge building work, the armistice was signed and his outfit was then marched into Germany, terminating their hike at Cologne and Coblenz. Arbio was situated near Eddy Shea but did not have an opportunity to see him.

Red Hot Tries the Movies

THIS picture is not that of Wm. S. Hart in the emotional drama, "The Trail of Garlic Gulch." If you think so you are off the scent. This is Carlisle Stecher, who got a three days' leave of absence to try out with the aforementioned W. S. Hart in the beautiful photoplay, "Mabel, Why Did You Send Me Along?" We are sorry to state his first attempt was a complete failure, owing to a crucial moment in the drama when Carlisle was about to pay sixty-five cents to the waiter.

W. S. told him to hold the pose and *register* but as soon as he heard register he spoiled the picture by looking for a time clock. He now has the assurance of Mr. Hart that with ten hours' rehearsal every day for twenty years he'll be able to say, "My Lord, the carriage awaits."

You will notice the beautiful wreath that Mr. Hart sent him, denoting the friendship existing between the two and in the meantime also denoting that Mr. Carlisle Stecher, alias "Red Hot," is for time immemorial as far as the photodrama is concerned, a dead one. Requiescat in *pace* and this has nothing to do with Hughie Pace in the pipe shop.

Men who have seen better days as a rule looked at them too often through the bottoms of whiskey glasses.

Copy Our Association

SOME time ago a committee of employees of the McAlwain Shoe Company, Manchester, N. H., paid a visit to the Morse Yard to get first hand information about our Employees' Association. What impressed these visitors most was the wonderful co-operative spirit shown by Morse workmen. They also considered our Association the best organization of its kind which they had come across in the course of their numerous visits to other industrial plants.

So impressed were they, in fact, that they requested James MacFarlane, ex-president of the Association, to visit their plants at Manchester and talk to the employees, numbering approximately 8,000.

MacFarlane's trip was made last June. When the McAlwain employees came into their big assembly hall on the night of the meeting, MacFarlane arranged to have a DIAL in nearly every seat. He carried several hundred copies of THE DIAL and as many numbers of THE DIAL Election Special all the way up to Manchester so that those people might have a chance to see our magazine.

In his speech he told them what the Employees' Association had done for the workmen here. The main part of the meeting was given over to the answering of questions. The meeting was such a great success that the McAlwain people persuaded MacFarlane to extend his visit and speak at the annex factory.

Since MacFarlane's visit, both plants have started organizations on the same plan as our own, all of which speaks well for our own Association.

In Dutch with Wifie

C. W. Bailey (photographer) means well, we are sure, but at times he is very forgetful. The other day he came home empty handed. Not an unusual occurrence under ordinary circumstances, but this happened to be a particular date.

"You might at least have bought fifty cents' worth of flowers," said his wife later in the evening.

"Why?" said Bailey, innocently.

"Well, it's our wedding anniversary, that's all."



Otherwise known as "Red Hot"



Powell's "Patter"

By John Powell, Dry Dock Poet

Reminiscent Ravings

(With apologies to Noah, Noah Webster, Joe Miller, Dan Rice and Chauncey Depew.)

BEING the rumbling ramblings of a resident of Matteawan there is no particular plot or moral connected with this beautiful tale, but when you have perused it thoroughly and saturated your system with its deep object lesson, you will, in time, also become a resident of the aforementioned place. This story differs from others inasmuch as it starts at the end and works gradually to the opening chapters, so you'll know how it ends before you know how it began.

In other words it's like soap in the home of a Bolsheviki, quite a novelty. But now to end (you notice I don't say now to begin. I'm like a famous heavyweight, I'm going back). They lived happy forever after. Imagine living forever. Though they claim married men live longer than single men, they don't. It only seems longer.

But still if you are on one side of the river and your boat is on the other side you can think it over, for it's a well known fact that benzine won't take stains out of character, and if a man's arrested it should not interfere with his courtship. Last week I went to Coney Island and took in all the amusements without paying a cent. I went to Luna and owed the man for all the fun I had. That's the reason they call me Lunatic. The only difference between me and Henry Ford is—I won't admit it, and speaking of the woman in Kansas with eighteen children, I knew a school teacher in Maine with fifty-six. Still a man that can stay in Hoboken for two years and take care of the work on government ships—I say that man's Noble, but I'd rather be right than President of Mexico and a man in business with no legs who hires a girl with one hand has no reason to kick at his short hand writer, for it has lately been ascertained that Berlin is not in Germany but in dutch.



This is a little far fetched, having come across the ocean, but a man who races from here to Weehauken on a wager, gets a run for his money.

Yes, the war is over; all over Russia, and advertising your services for blood transfusion in the papers keeps your blood in good circulation, but for real sport read the *War Cry* and with all Kaiser Bill's faults, they ought to give him a trial. But still there are kind hearted people in Brooklyn. After walking three miles during the car men's strike, a man stopped his auto and asked me if I was tired walking. I said, "Yes." "Well," says he, "run a little." It's also well known that an eel can wiggle out of your friendship into your menu, of course there's men knew this before I did. Also a man wanting a piece of machinery repaired doesn't have to go to *Kingston*, no matter how *Rich-he-is*. But for a good plumbing job one ought to go to *Troy*, in order to keep *Pace* with the pipe shop. But again, if you go upstairs in the machine shop to see John and fail then see *Johns-on*, and whatever Mr. Morse buys is put down in the *Daly* papers. They ought to *Lynch* a man who spells daly like this. A waiter on a ship unsteady on his legs in a rough sea is not the cause of broken plate jobs coming in the yard and to hear the outside machinists on a wheel job, singing their national hymn, "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," does not mean they are continually making *soap*.

Now take the women of to-day, injuring their health wearing tight corsets. While of course it's none of my business as some men get so sulky they become buggy, this thought was suggested by *Sicle*. But going back to women, which most of us do, style has made them more dilatory and slower. They don't seem to have the same bustle they used to have. And as Aristotle says, a dry dock can sink where a ship will float. If you can't get this it gets my goat. Now hoping you will benefit by this beautiful story, I will begin. I told you I'd start at the end and finish at the beginning. Anything you don't understand enclose two unused stamps, never mind your address as I will call on you personally and explain it. I wrote this stuff while playing small theatres on the Kerosene Circuit and when the Editor reads it I'll have another chance to see *Barnes-storming*.

The Watch that Went Three Days

Now Jimmy Weldon, pay roll clerk, who keeps
the books in line
Has also got to have a watch, and one that
keeps good time.
And one he has that's on the dot, and never
runs astray,
He only has to wind the thing, at least three
times a day.
Each morning at his ear it's placed, to find out
if it goes
And sure as fate he'll set it, every time Morse
whistle blows.
But still it is a treasure, and to hear the way he
brags,
And tells just how he won it, saving up tobacco
tags.
But sad alas some culprit mean picked up his
watch one day.
Without a sign, he took his time, and passed
the time away.
The man who took the watch we never did pretend to know.
For it was done so quick, the watch was all we
found was slow.
And it was systematic, for just like the robber
bands
In half an hour we found the watch, in course
of changing hands.
Though Jimmy Weldon
hollered loud, he
hollered all in vain
And gave up hope of
seeing his watch, or
its dear face again.
Though time and time
again that watch
was ever prone to
stop,
It never moved a cog,
for three long days
it lay in hock.
When they asked five
dollars on it, it provoked a lot of mirth



When the man said here's two-fifty, for that's
all the thing is worth.
Now Jimmy on his bended knees, said do not
publish this.
But still it was a story that I really couldn't
miss.
The most peculiar part of this, worth thinking
o'er awhile
The face does not go in the watch, but the
watch goes in THE DIAL.
But all is over now as Jim says, "I'm a lucky
bloke,"
He keeps his watch locked up all day, all
through this little joke.

One noon hour in the plate shop thinking that the time was ripe, I thought 'twould interest you for to hear about McGibney's life. But just as I approached him and started my interview, lo, the time for work arrived; the darn old whistle blew. Then reamers by the dozen and drillers by the score, with riveters, ten gangs of them, and maybe many more. To make the matter worse it seemed I stood on trembling ground, but found 'twas only Petley who was walking all around. And so they started in to work 'mid such an awful din, I'll try to tell you what I heard as Mac he started in: "I was born in—bang bang-bang-buz-buz-bu-r-r b-u-r-rb-iz- b-i-z seventy-two, and when I came—crack-crack-crack b-o-m b-o-m b-o-m 'twas on Fifth avenue. And so—crack-bang-ziz-b-oo-mn-z b-z b-z b-o-n-g as sure as your alive, bang bang bang bang biz biz biz biz biz booboob two—seventy-five." I gave it up, I couldn't hear, but Mac I want to thank. Don't think by what I write that his whole life has been a blank.

Now out of the pipe coverers' window there flew, a banner announcing a score eight to two. The machinist's it was, whom they done up so quick. And the past record proves it's their little *Pet-rick*.

Charles Kelley's been promoted, so his health we'll have to sup, for Robbins thought so well of him he moved him further up.

I must admit that Whitman's bunch is there for keeping time, but they are very far from there as a baseball nine. They've met defeat so many times, their whole ambition's gone. The P. C.'s shout, their banner's out, the score was two to one!

Now Kelley, of the bending block, wants every
man to know
He's never read of famous men, not even Cicero;
He don't care for his teachings, or the time that
they occurred.
He said he'd know as much if Cissy never said a
word.
To mention Aristotle or some ancient Celtic
bard,
He'd take them for the names of ships, and put
them on his card.
He says the line of language that J. Caesar used
to use
Has nothing now in common with the present
price of booze.
For they, just like the language, are things
that's past and dead,
But the only thing that worries John, is *what
the air man said*.

The barber now has raised his price. That's anything but funny. Not satisfied to part your hair, he parts you from your money. Without a doubt his trade's the best, and will be when we're dead, for every time we're down and out, still he can look ahead.

They are boosting a man for the next president of the Association that I am not in favor of. What we need in that position are men of integrity, men who are moral and law abiding, and how about a man named Lawless.

New Fire Alarm System in Use

THE new electric fire-alarm system which has been in the course of installation for sometime past, was put into operation on August 4. After that date, in the event of a fire, the alarm, when properly turned in, should be sounded on gongs at the headquarters of all the yard fire companies, eliminating the use of the steam whistle.

In connection with the inauguration of the new system the following rules were issued to the various departments by the Fire Prevention committee:

1—Upon discovering a fire, turn in alarm at the nearest box to the location of fire.

2—Open box and pull down lever ONCE ONLY, then let go.

3—Wait at alarm box to direct responding companies to location of fire.

4—Remember that a fire may prove serious if instructions are not properly carried out.

Our fire boxes, which are prominently placed and are designated by prominent signs, must not be confused with the watchmen's boxes.

On Saturday, August 2, as a test for the new system, an alarm was turned in from the fourth floor of the North building. In two and a half minutes, according to Chief Devlin's watch, the boys from the Pipe shop and the Machine shop companies were on the scene, the Carpenter shop and the Plate shop companies close on their heels.

Since then tests with the apparatus have shown that the new system is one of many advantages over the old one. Only recently, a drill where the alarm had been turned in at the first floor of the North building, found the Machine shop company at the scene in fifty seconds. All danger of errors in signals and the confusion consequent to a general alarm is eliminated under the new system, the signals being mechanically correct, and automatically repeated four times, sounding only where the various companies are located so that only the yard firemen are notified.

The Fire Prevention committees of the Employees' Association deserve unstinted praise for the successful work it has done. The old committee which inaugurated the first yard fire department comprised Henry Pauli, George Drew, both of the Machine shop, and Alfred Daddi, of the Carpenter shop; and the new committee consists of Fire Chief James Devlin, Joseph Lowe, George Jones and Louis Leiser.

Several young ladies have been seen recently playing ball outside THE DIAL office. There seems to be talent enough among them to start a "ladies' team" by next summer. Bill Dahlen, take notice.

Contrary to army instructions, the rule in civil life is "Aim *above* the 'Bull.'"



She Won a Prize

SAM FREEDINAN, riveter, always said that his ten and one-half months old baby Blanche was a prize-winner and just recently his contention was proven when the little girl won first prize in one of the local baby shows. This picture was taken on one of her frequent trips to the sea shore. She is a great lover of all water sports and gives promise of being a swimmer of the "champ" class before she is very much older if she keeps on progressing.



Standing Committees Appointed

THE appointment of standing committees was the feature of the Board of Directors' meeting on July 30. Dan Shea, William Burke and Thomas Plunkett were reappointed as members of the Entertainment committee. Charles Goldman and John Whalen were also appointed to serve on that committee.

The Accident Prevention committee is headed by Fred Ford and consists of Harry Nosworthy, Charles Christie, John Sweeney and A. Miller.

J. Bellitore is chairman of the Sanitation committee; it's members are Thomas Hayden, William Hunter, Richard Boyle and Edward Hannavin.

Fire Chief James Devlin was appointed chairman of the Fire Prevention committee. Others on this committee are Joseph Lowe, George Jones and Louis Leiser.

It was also decided at this meeting that the Association insure members of the football team against injury by accident on the field, and that a first-aid kit be always on hand at all athletic games. Appropriations were also made for the purchase of new football jerseys for the team.

Joseph McGuirk, president of the Association, and William Lansing (rigging department) were appointed as a committee to purchase tug-of-war belts. Since the meeting belts have been purchased and practice is well under way.

A Versatile Pipe Fitter

THIS picture plainly shows a quartet of perfect harmony and one of "melody," too, but that was born in them. The two children belong to Walter Mellody, pipe fitter, who, not discouraged by shaping up, took advantage of dull times. He asked permission to take a load of old lumber home and it was granted. When there was no work to do at pipe fitting, he went home and worked at the building of this little bungalow, built for the pleasure of his little children, not to mention the "pup" with them.

Statistics compiled recently by the United States Shipping Board show that 118 vessels, total tonnage 578,583 dead weight, were delivered by American shipyards to the Shipping Board, during the month of June, 1919. These figures show an increase of 106 per cent. over the figures of deliveries made in June, 1918.

What grows larger the more it is contracted? Debt.

A moment of courtesy will take a man as far as a whole afternoon of apology.

We Help the K. of C.

IN connection with the Knights of Columbus drive for funds with which to establish community club houses and conduct other phases of their social welfare work, held during the last part of July, a rally was held in the Morse yard at noon time, Tuesday, July 29.

The party of Knights of Columbus workers was led by George Jacobson, secretary of the Brooklyn District. Several speeches were made from the band stand. Mr. Jacobson, gave a review of the plans of the Knights of Columbus and of the work for which they were seeking funds.

"You all know of the great work of the Salvation Army," said Mr. Jacobson, "how they are raising the fallen, taking care of the men and women of the street. We are going to aid them in their work by making it possible that less and less men will reach the stage where it is necessary for the Salvation Army to help them. We are going to get the boys when they are young, teach them to play in the right way, provide places where they may meet under the right conditions, keep them off of the streets and in that way keep them from being cocaine fiends, drunkards and dissolute men when they grow up."

Several ladies of the K. of C. party passed around contributions boxes while the speeches were in progress.

At the Morse-Maujer baseball game on the preceding Sunday, July 27, a Knights of Columbus rally was also held which, considering the small crowd in attendance, had very favorable results. Forty-three dollars was collected at the game.

Our band too, did its bit to aid the K. of C. in its very worthy effort as the following letter would indicate.

Knights of Columbus Social Service,
618 56th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.,
July 24, 1919.

Mr. Dan Shea, Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co. Band, foot of 56th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR MR. SHEA: The committee of this District of the Knights of Columbus Social Service Drive for $500,000. within the parish lines of Our Lady of Perpetual Help Church wish to extend our thanks for the splendid service rendered by the Morse Dry Dock Band on Monday, July 21, at the Redemptorist Auditorium, Sixth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The music furnished made this rally a big success, and we have the pleasure of saying that this was one of the very best attended meetings, and most fruitful from a financial standpoint.

Again thanking you for your kindness at the Welcome Home Celebration, and also this last rally, I remain,

Fraternally yours, for a half a million,

(Signed) GEORGE L. C. JACOBSON,
District Chairman.

Two Little Flowers

THIS is a photo of two flowers, one is a rose and the other is little Catherine Golding, daughter of John Golding (pipe shop snapper), who has been detached to the Prince Line on Morse work. He is a Pipe Shop enthusiast and a hard worker. Miss Golding was born on October 21, 1918.



OVER *the* BACK YARD FENCE



EDITED BY MISS JOAN C. SHARP

Women Should Back Association

THAT the Employees' Association can be made an important factor in the interest of the women folk of Morse employees, is indicated by the success which attended the recent venture to reduce the cost of living by buying surplus army food and selling it to the employees at cost. Not a woman in the home who is daily confronted with the problem of making both ends meet but what was interested in that worthy enterprise.

I wonder however, if the women who were enabled through the good work of the Employees' Association to buy quantities of the army food at a big saving, appreciate just how that organization can be made of importance to their own welfare. Every woman should take a vital interest in the organizations with which her husband, her brother, or her son is affiliated, and she should do everything she could to encourage the more worthy organizations.

Here is our organization—three years in existence and except for an occasional entertainment where the ladies were invited, nothing previously had been done to promote a general interest among the women. Now that the Association has demonstrated that it can be of use to those in the home, as well as the men themselves, let us hope that the women will rally to the support of the organization in other ways.

Talk to your husband or your brother about the organization. Ask him about it. If you find that he is not interested in it, find out why and do what you can to arouse his enthusiasm in the Association which can be made a very important factor in his welfare as well as yours. Tell him to attend the meetings and take part in what is going on. Suggest new undertakings in which the Association might interest itself. See if you cannot, in some way, link your home problems up to the Association. The organization is absolutely for the employees; it's of their making and it is under their management and for that reason, if for no other reason, you wives and mothers, sisters and sweethearts, have a right to be interested in it.

Secret of Happiness

THE secret of happiness lies in getting the good out of everything. Make use of whatsoever you find about you. In everything there is something for you. No circumstance or combination of circumstances is without possibilities for your benefit. The ugliest thing in creation has its aspects of beauty if you but look. What passes for unmitigated misfortune more often than not turns out to be good luck. Deprivations make for plenty, labor for ease. Last and most emphatically, to him who has proper patience, an unprejudiced eye and an open mind, all things seem more beautiful than ugly, less cruel than kind.—*Forbes Magazine.*

A woman can't understand why her husband has to work so hard to make both ends meet when he is so much smarter than other men.

Wants Evening Menus

MRS. ELLA K. LIVERMORE, wife of Wallace Livermore of the caulking department, offers an excellent suggestion which should be a help to the women who read this page. Mrs. Livermore who has been contributing to the columns of THE DIAL from the very first and who has always taken an interest in the publication, proposes that it would be very helpful if the wives would suggest a menu for the evening meal and have them printed in THE DIAL.

In her communication she says: "Most of our men are away for the midday meal and it is the evening meal with which we have to give more thought. Sometimes we women folk are in a quandary just what to make for a change. I know it would help me a great deal if the wives would suggest a menu which they have found to their liking. I will start with one of mine."

THE DIAL will be very glad to print menus if the women folks will only send them to us. If they do not care to have their names used we will be glad to use just the initials. Any suggestions which the women who read this page can give us to make the page more interesting, will be greatly appreciated.

A Fall Dinner

By Ella K. Livermore

Lamb Stew.—3 lbs. lamb; 2 doz. small yellow onions; 2 doz. small carrots; 1 qt. string beans all cooked whole; 12 large potatoes peeled and quartered; salt and pepper to taste. Thicken gravy with flour.

Hot Corn Bread.—2 heaping cups of flour, 1 heaping cup corn meal, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder. Cream 1 heaping tablespoon of lard with 1 heaping teaspoon butter and 1 level cup sugar; add 1 well beaten egg. Blend all ingredients together; add milk enough to make a regular cake batter. Bake in well greased bread tins, in hot oven until brown; test with tooth-pick. Serve hot with butter.

Rhubarb Pie.—Peel and cut rhubarb in small pieces a few hours before making pie. Drain water off and cover with sugar, adding a pinch of baking soda; let stand until ready to make pie.

Pie Crust.—For 1 large pie. 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon baking soda, 1 heaping tablespoon lard. Mix well, add water to make a stiff dough. Flour board and roll out bottom crust, not too thin. Cover pie pan and fill. Add a little flour to thicken juice. Roll out top crust very thin, butter and fold over; flour and roll out again. This makes a flaky top crust. Score with fork; bake to a light brown.

Stand for Something

Do not surrender your individuality, your identity. Stand for something. The carbon copy is seldom sent out of the office. Better be a tenpenny nail in the plant where you work than try to be a steel girder that won't fit.

Powell's Recipes

Roasted Ducks

TAKE two Coney Island fresh wild ducks and roast as long as your vocabulary holds out, and if needs be, baste often and hard. When you find they are done if they need assaulting again do it and serve them with their own gravy, and they will be like tame ducks.

Boston Corn Cake

Boston Corn Cake first requires a heaping cup of flour,
And one of milk, first making sure the latter is not sour,
One-half a cup of corn meal, and a beaten egg's a cinch,
One teaspoon full of soda, and of salt, why just a pinch.
One-half a cup of sugar, cream of tartar spoonsful two,
Baked slowly in an oven, and you've corn cake for a few.
But still with prices as they are, it's foolish time to kill,
In making all this fuss when you can buy it cheaper still.

Baked Pike

Get a large pike, about the size of the one you missed on your last vacation. Scale. This does not mean weigh it, but remove the coat of mail from the outside. Take out the gills and clean (not the gills but the fish), then stuff with the gratings of five-day old bread and one handful of minced sweet parsley, butter, lemon peel, oatmeal, mace, nutmeg and anything else you have no use for. Then add one package of force and make the poor fish an acrobat by placing its tail in its mouth and secure with a safety pin. Dip it in eggs and cover with butter and bake slowly in an oven. Turn and when you turn the pike you are on the right road to making an economical dish for any poor family. The man who eats this is not necessarily a piker.

To Keep Eggs

Go to a coal yard and buy ten pounds of slack lime. This is lime that's not busy, and two pounds of cream of tartar, two pounds of salt and four quarts of water. I might mention that the last three items are not bought in a coal yard. Then buy as many fresh eggs at seventy cents a dozen as you can get in a stone jar and pour this mixture over the same, then seal, and providing the hen that laid them was vaccinated and had a proper birth certificate, the eggs will be just as good as when you limed and tartared them, and will also be about thirty cents cheaper bought direct from the hen, and if you don't cook them at all they will keep longer eggsactly.

Wives Work, Too

Talk about work records; how's this one: Baked three loaves of bread, one cake and two pies; darned seven pairs of socks; scrubbed down the cellar stairs; wrote an article on Modern and Greek Philosophy; and translated Byron's 'Maid of Athens' from original Greek, all in one day."

Mrs. Otis Elliott Barene, in discussing the remarkable work records of the men in the yard stated that if the truth was only known women in the home frequently accomplish wonderful work records, and that some publicity should be given to them as well as to their husbands.

In taking Mrs. Barene at her word, we immediately asked for an itemized statement of what constituted a work record in her home, and promptly we received a note containing the above account of the things Mrs. Barene did. "Besides, I hope to keep an eye on hubby; he is positively dangerous, he is joining the Masons and the Odd Fellows this week," she added to the note.



Jimmy Donovan disappointed the office force the other noon hour when he vowed that his blackface makeup was not intended to assist Dan Shea in the noon-time entertainment but was merely the result of a morning's work in the boiler room of the *Omsk*.

⚜

W. Neil Briceland, an old-time Morse draftsman who served during the war as an officer aboard the U. S. S. *Western Chief*, is now back with us as a member of Mr. Hallock's staff.

⚜

George Miller is very seriously considering an offer from the Swiss Navy to build a certain number of battleships, the boys in the Inspector's office say.

⚜

Arthur Boyce always sees to it that he pronounces the name of a ship right now, ever since he was kidded so much about calling the *Tocantins* the "Two-tin-cans."

⚜

Thomas Bonner, the debonaire inspector, is collecting an extensive collection of hunting irons, according to those in Mr. Hallock's office. The question is, what is he going to do with them all?

⚜

Samuel Weening is some shimmyist. Twice-weekly noon-time matinees are performed, and many of the superintendents and inspectors can vouch that there certainly is some class to Sam's foot work.

⚜

Night work certainly does cut into Vivian Madison's "dates" something awful. "Teddy" has been walking up and down the avenue all alone, filled right up to the neck with gloom. That's all you can fill up with nowadays, eh, Teddy?

⚜

Edna Hildebrand returned from her vacation with a beautiful coat of tan. Basking in the sunshine on the shores of Gowanus made a wonderful improvement in Edna.

⚜

William Reinhardt, our genial paymaster, looks very happy since he took that plunge into the matrimonial sea. It's all right, boys, if you are a good swimmer

⚜

Since we have had that tug-o-war in the yard the girls in the office are all excited. They want to have one also. Put your money on the side that has Miss Niemann and Miss Wilson.

⚜

Schell, in the paymaster's office, was once a theatrical man; and he's still there with the stage stuff. Producing Managers' Association, please notice.

⚜

Marion Hayes needn't be so stuck up when she's out taking her beauty walk on Fifth avenue. Remember we are all members of the same lodge. Please return the "high" sign. When you see anyone giving an imitation of a boat going on dry dock you will know he or she is one of us.



Its awful the way the rents are going up in Flatbush. It's enough to make one turn Bolshevist. If anyone knows a solution of the problem, please notify Carl Sackman and Bulger of the Tabulating Department.

⚜

"Cliff" Riley and Joe Goldsmith are going to start a shipyard of their own. Riley will furnish the yard and Goldsmith the water.

⚜

Peggy De Verna vacationed over the Labor Day week-end at Long Beach and while there quite startled the rest of the bathers with a kewpie bathing suit of most original design.

⚜

The Print Shop on the top floor of the North Building possesses one of the most original human specimens at Morse's—"the man whose hair grows forward." Hartwell, chief printer, says that it gets that way because he has a habit of sleeping on his head. Sounds funny, but Phil is an honest man.

⚜

George Keenan is used to giving orders while in the office, but recently he has been taking orders from all of us, even the office boys. George is head storekeeper at the Army Food store and taking orders (for groceries) is now his business. Incidentally, he is to be congratulated for the great work which he is doing.



⚜

Emily Mahon will be an expert swimmer one of these days. She now ventures into water knee deep, providing that there is a good strong rope near at hand. Never mind, Emily—slow but sure and you're bound to win.

⚜

William Goldsmith, formerly of the tabulating and record departments, is now taking a turn at being a carpenter's helper. William is quite enthusiastic over his new job. He affects the proper shade of overalls, carries his rule and hammer just at the right angle and in fact, already knows how to strike at a nail without hitting his thumb.

⚜

One of our scouts noticed as many as five girls draped around the person of Peter A. Drum, of the cost department, one noon time. Who said nobody loves a fat man?

⚜

Heard Through the Back Pay Office Transom: FEMININE VOICE—He put his arms around me five times last night. 'NOTHER FEMININE VOICE—Some arm, kid, some arm!

⚜

PEGGY, *just returned from vacationing*—What are you doing these days? VIVIAN, *who had her vacation in June*—Same old thing. PEGGY—I thought he left town.

⚜

Miss Van Nostrand, of the hospital staff, wears a signet ring on her engagement finger. "No, it isn't his," she said quickly when someone noticed her left hand, from which we deduce that there is a "he," even if "it" isn't "his."

The Narrow Skirt

You've a very narrow skirt, Little Girl,
Are you sure it doesn't hurt, Little Girl?
That's a mincing little stride
Where the street is wild and wide;
Are you sure there's room inside, Little Girl?

What would happen if you slipped, Little Girl?
Aren't you fearful it may rip, Little Girl?
You had better take a sack,
So if anything should crack
You could wear it coming home, Little Girl.

Does your mother know your out, Little Girl?
We're afraid to go about, Little Girl.
Should we meet you in the sun
With your skirt so thinly spun,
Gee! we all might have to run, Little Girl.

Let the bottom out a bit, Little Girl,
It is much too tight a fit, Little Girl
As the matter sadly stands,
You'll be walking on your hands,
And in that event, "My Lands!" Little Girl.

Why not dress with common sense, Little Girl?
You could never climb a fence, Little Girl,
Should you meet a burglar bold,
In your tracks you'd freeze stone cold
Cause your skirts so tightly hold, Little Girl.

Missed a Mystery

Little beams of sunshine,
Little hugs and kisses,
Make a little maiden
Change her name to Mrs.
—*Yale Record.*

But if he is churlish,
And has never kissed her,
He'll never realize how
He's forever Mr.
—*Daily Advocate, Newark, Ohio.*

Little beams of moonlight,
Without a single kiss,
Can you blame a maiden,
For remaining Miss?
—*David Ferris Kirby.*

But if quite contrary—
If she won't be nice!
How'n hell's a fella,
Goin' to break the ice?

She Didn't Want Him!

A young lady of militant appearance went into the employment office recently and inquired for Tom Plunkett.

John Seneca, the young amanuensis there, informed her, "Mr. Plunkett is engaged now, Madam!"

"Well," replied the young lady, "I don't want to marry him, I'm after my husband's 'back pay'!"

Famous Sayings

"I may have lost my youth and beauty, but I still retain my girlish laughter."—Marion Hayes.

"How much for the car?"—Frank Brewer.

"Get some of those cakes with the bugs."—Frances Daley.

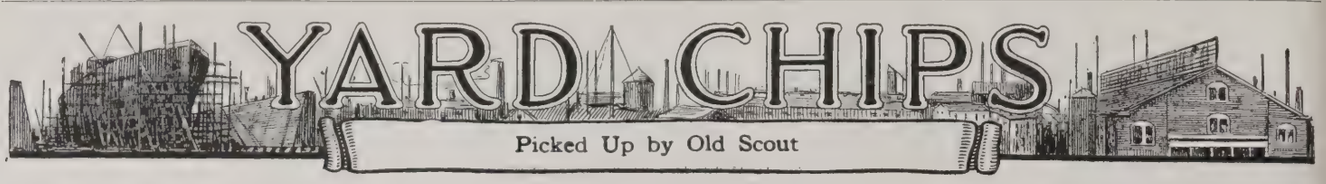
"Are you in my way?"—Frank Maher.

"That's quite all right."—Billy Chambers.

"Sure, I knew that steamer when she was nothing but a little naphtha launch."—Captain Kirby.

Office Hobbies

Chocolate Almonds.....Marion Hayes
Vacations.....Frank Brewer
Rush Bills.....Mr. Allen
Eats.....Miss Travers
Flivvers.....Mr. Mead
Work.....The office boys???



Sailing, sailing over the bounding main, though Traynor took poor Schwartz's bike, he got it back again. Sailing, sailing, the reason is, I fear, he wanted the hub, to use on his tub, to fix the steering gear.

Scotty Mengis says MacFarlane runs his car at such a pace that you cannot call him chauffeur, but instead he is an ace. For a man that climbs a tree, then climbs a pole a little later does not class with driving car, for he is but an aviator.

Ulysses and Achilles, well it's pretty hard to write 'em. For instance you can't mention job, because they go by item. In other words the vent lines on Achilles is so numbered there is no word in English that will rhyme just with one hundred.

Bob Walsh's baby boy was born July the thirty-first. He says he'd like a cradle, but he needs a carriage worse, so at the christening lets chip in, I know he'll bless the giver, and if we get enough of dough, we'll buy him Dolan's flivver.

Arthur Ratzell's back from Parkville, and we're glad to see his face as we listen in amazement at the wonders of that place. He traveled quite extensive, so he says since he's away, though the striking B. R. T. men kept him from Far Rockaway.

Joe Sandifier, I've news for you, now that vacation's o'er, what someone said about you, and for heaven's sake don't get sore. You told me you were going to fish, and catch the perch and pike, but you took your chances hacking, with the B. R. T. on strike.

You talk about your chambermaids, that come from near and far, but you ought to see Paul Sheehan in the morning clean his car. He looks it over carefully and sees no dirt can pass, that's all he does is look, but Scotty cleans up all the brass.

Gibby Conk has bought a ring, so I hear the chauffeurs tell, soon we'll hear somebody sing, Mr. Sexton, ring the bell.

Otto Schomburg's gone away, but I know he'll soon be back, for the trip's too long each day, fourteen miles to old Nyack.

Fred Wiles, the plumbing snapper, has been dormant as a log, and the only way we'll hear from him is to raffle off a dog.

The summer season's waning and Billy Dunn is glad, as he admits himself he wants to bowl again so bad. We sympathize with him so much, in fact, we shed a tear, in hopes that he won't bowl as bad for us this coming year.

Chief Devlin, Chief Devlin, you're cruel the least to say. You ought to feed the pipe shop horses just a little *hay*. For when they miss a fire or two, the best they get is jaw; they haven't got a *grain* of sense, and you don't care a *straw*.

Mr. Johnson, pattern maker, just before vacation time, asked a man about a place where all the scenery would be fine. "Well," said the man, "Niagara Falls is nature's garden, you can bet." "Why," Johnson said, "I didn't know for sure that place was running yet."

A workman said: "I cannot finish this rush job which I've began." The boss then said: "If you can't do it I will show you that I can." And so he did right then and there within an hour right on the dot, and said: "I told you that I can and canned the man right on the spot. But ere he went the man thus spoke: "I know I got what I deserved, though I am canned I still have health, I know that I am well preserved."

Zingara of the chauffeur's staff, we hear has got a boat. But where he ever got the name just now has got our goat. Though names are scarce, we will admit to think of in a minute, but when it's called: *She Winked at Me*,—Zingara, it's the limit.

Now Leo of the tool room has a Studebaker car, which when compared with any Ford is better yes by far, but some man passed a slight remark that he misunderstood, but all he spoke was: "I am broke, I wish I could af-ford as good."

Johnson wants to know a question, since the new extension's made in the gallery, old machine shop, it is one grand big parade. If he walks all day the distance, tell him stranger if he rates so he'll make the distance easy, just a pair of roller skates.

The garden of the plate shop is at present in full bloom, while Cavanaugh's the opposite, and just now is full of gloom. He planted seeds in early spring, expecting, so I hear, to see the century plants bring forth their blossoms in a year.

A neighbor of Bill Robbins had a tree in his front yard, which suffered greatly when the wind in Bay Ridge blew so hard. But Bill, the good Samaritan, said as a neighbor true, "I'll spend my whole vacation and straighten things for you." The tree was bent right to the ground, but Bill to work was game. Vacation days are OVER and the tree is just the same.

If you want Captain Kirby's goat, 'phone him please to *hold* his boat. Should he answer time has passed, tell him then to make it *fast*.

I hear a gallery fireman that is Morse's volunteer, was visiting a fire house not many blocks from here. I thought he went to study so he'd have the thing down pat, but all he wanted was to get an old discarded hat.

I sent Billy Major a letter and expected an answer to get, but I met him this morning and asked him why he hadn't replied yet. He admitted that he had received it, but still hadn't read my dope, for the reason that he said he couldn't open the envelope.

Now Franzen may be stronger than the ordinary youth, but I can't say he's over strong for what we call the truth. For when a man can black his eye just putting on his shoes, before I ever told it I would change my brand of booze.

A man was telling me to-day, that's working in the stream, on a ship they call *Carbillie*, how he saw a funny scene, as up a Jacob's ladder crawling like a mountain goat, was Honeyman the snapper, trying hard to make the boat.

Thomas Mara's been a father for two months right up to date, in reporting which I must admit, I am a trifle late. Now, I failed to just announce her to the world, sweet Marguerite, for it was the third of June that she arrived to grace our street.

Paul Troy, the great inventor, has patented a thing, just like a toy, that when a boy I used to pull with string. It's called a bending target, but why I do not know, for further information apply to Smokey Joe.

DeMarco, the machinist, says if you will take the pains and hunt his history up you'll find there's Irish in his veins. This broad assertion made machinist Sweeny hardly merry, and so for consolation he consulted Billy Wherry. But Wherry simply said, "I think this statement's pretty raw. But still the man DeMarco knows the Irish tenant law."

I'm forever blowing bubbles, what a pretty song, machinists out on wheel jobs sing it all day long. They've changed the words but slightly, for instance here's the dope: "I'll blow bubbles Saturday nightly, for I am making *soap*."

Joe Lowe said: "I must take a week, and give myself a treat, for I've been working at the torch all summer in the heat." But how he picked the place to go, is a mystery to me. Imagine in the month of August, Spartanburg, S. C. It's what they call from frying pan, right into fire at that, but Joe he loves the heat so much, he wears a fireman's hat.

Now every man has hopes of heaven, wants to see that place, and I suppose there's some that will meet Peter face to face. But there's a man I'm glad to say, I've seen him here of late, who has Pete's job at Morse's yard, that's Russell at the gate.

Now, Davis, we can't sympathize with you in your sad case, you had no business trying to ride the street car on your face. I heard that's how you got it, although I wasn't there. Don't be a beat, ride on your feet, and always pay your fare.

Crist plays right in every game, and plays right field at that; but where he's right is when he's right, and that's right at the bat.

Barney Mooney, of the pipe shop, wants it known with deep regret, whistle time lacks but five minutes, and his flange is not in yet.

You may talk of Annette Kellermann and others called divine, and those who go below the depths to get our pearls so fine. But at the Highlands, Danny Shea dived in the seething foam; he dived so deep, it makes him weak; he couldn't get back home.

John Murphy and Jim Pearson seem to dread a fearful fate, and I never knew just what it was, till here of recent date. I used to worry so myself, until I found the reason, so keep it quiet, I'll let you know—Short Cake is out of season.

Now should we have a fire I'm sure, the flames would soon get at us, with Charley Randolph asking: "Will we take the apparatus."



Be careful of the other fellow as well as yourself

Pictures by Morse Photographer

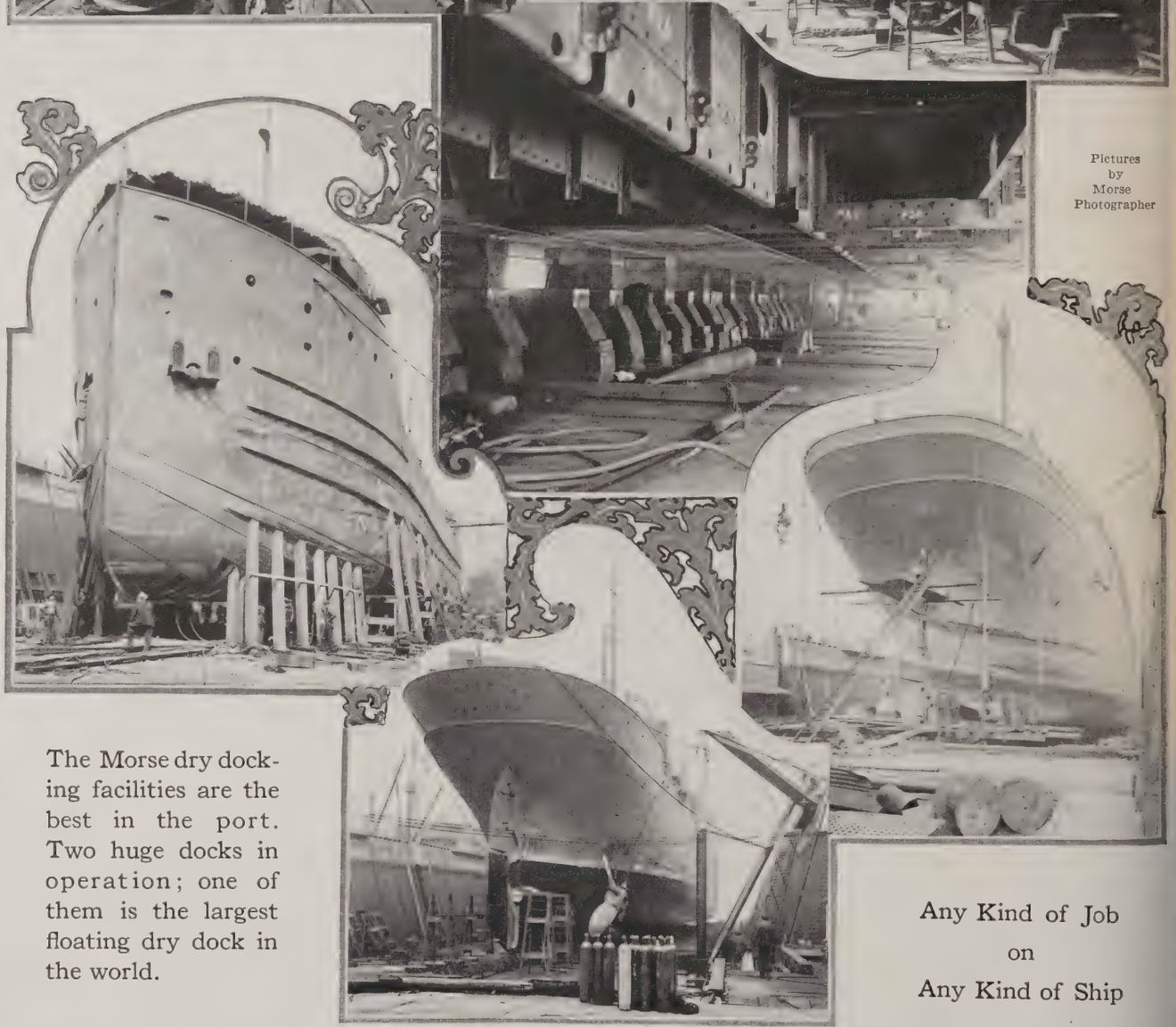
The man whose burned face and hands you see in this picture was in no way responsible for the accident. He was working near a leaky gas bottle. A burner passed with a lighted torch. An explosion followed.

Carelessness is doubly criminal when the life of a fellow-workman is endangered.



If
It's a
Repair
Job
We
Can
Do It





Pictures
by
Morse
Photographer

The Morse dry docking facilities are the best in the port. Two huge docks in operation; one of them is the largest floating dry dock in the world.

Any Kind of Job
on
Any Kind of Ship

PRINTED BY WILLIAM GREEN, A CORPORATION, NEW YORK

The MORSE DIAL



October 1919

HOPPER

Statement by Mr. Morse

WHEN some of the shipyard employees of the New York district laid down their tools in an attempt to force the issue of a shorter week, they violated an agreement which had been made at the behest of the Government. Every man who left the employment of this Company automatically discharged himself by refusing to respect the rules which embodied that agreement.

Unscrupulous labor leaders have brought about the unhealthy condition in which American labor finds itself today. So long as workingmen heed these paid trouble-makers, the safety, contentment and happiness of the home is imperilled.

It is a fact that a majority of the comparatively few men who left this Company have no sympathy for the movement they became a party to but allowed themselves to be intimidated. Many of these men have large families and need employment.

This whole situation is fraught with even more serious aspects than appear on the surface. Up to a few weeks ago this port was full of ships to be reconditioned. A great deal of that work has already gone elsewhere because the dry docking and repair companies here have been afraid to tender bids for it. The port of New York therefore suffers a financial and business loss and the shipyard workers of the district have forced a hardship on themselves and on everyone concerned.

Even if those who left their work return on the forty-eight hour basis there is not enough work in the port to enable the Companies to take back half of the number of men that went out.

Who is responsible for this condition? Heads of organizations who know nothing about shipyard conditions and who are ignorantly leading the workers into want and misery. There is no excuse within reason for the shipyard workers here to be dissatisfied. They are paid the highest wages of any similar class in the world and they work shorter hours.

The whole trouble is the result of a program planned by a few agitators who are doing the thinking for a small percentage of the workers.

All business must be based on confidence. No one can do his work or run his business just as he pleases. This Company, to get business, must have the confidence of the shipowner. The shipowner sends his vessel here with the understanding that it will be repaired within a certain time and that the work will be well done.

The Company to fulfill its contract with the shipowner must have confidence in the men who work for it. Without that the Company could never accept a contract on a time basis, nor could it guarantee first-class work.

This Company has done everything it could to secure the confidence of its employees. That it has succeeded is evidenced by the great number of men who have remained at work and would not permit themselves to be hoodwinked by agitators.

To the thinking men in our employ we do not have to point out that every pledge, every promise the management of this concern has made has been fulfilled. The Company management will continue to keep faith with those who keep faith with the Company, and it will protect them to its last dollar if needs be. It will likewise continue its endeavor to make this yard the most congenial, contented repair plant in the country.

To the loyal employees the Company extends its sincere thanks. Let us all work together to rid ourselves of the loafers who would disrupt our organization.

E R Morse

MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL



Vol. 2 October, 1919 No. 10

How Needless It All Is

By Bert Edward Barnes

EVEN at the expense of appearing egotistical I am going to recount a personal experience which, it seems to me, is pertinent to the present labor situation.

When I was sixteen years old I left school and went to work in a machine shop. For several long months I stood day in and day out beside a lathe, polishing metal knobs with emery cloth. The work was not hard, but it was monotonous, and there were times when I despaired of ever getting away from it.

However, I had entered the shop as an apprentice and found contentment in the thought that more agreeable work would come in time. And finally it did. I was eventually given a set of tools and put to the task of cutting metal into certain shapes. This proved very interesting; and though the work was simple I felt at once that I was beginning to learn the trade. The foreman found me adept at the new task, took interest in me, and seemed inclined to push me ahead.

Those were glorious days that followed! How delightful it was to be able to control that wonderful machine and to master the sharp tools which bit their way into that tough metal.

The ten hours which constituted the working day seemed altogether too short. Long before it was necessary I was out of bed in the morning and on my way to that industrial bee hive. To me it was like a great playhouse. I hated to leave at night so interested was I.

Ruskin, the great writer, has said that for one to be happy in his work, first he must love it, and secondly, he must have a sense of success in it.

Well, I both loved my work and had a sense of success in it; and though the years have been kind to me in many ways, and have brought greater things into my life, I doubt if I have ever found more happiness in anything than I found in the days I spent beside that machine.

So intent was I on my work I heeded little of what was going on about me. The big, powerful mechanic who operated the machine next to mine, must have found me a queer youngster, for I don't believe he ever as much as spoke to me until one day after the noon hour whistle had blown.

"Say, kid, are yer goin' out with us?" he asked in a brusque but friendly manner.

"Out where?" was my innocent response.

"Why, don't you know that there's goin' to be a strike here; that the union has ordered every man to quit?" and then as we walked over to a bench to eat our lunches he confided in me the plans that had been made to compel the Company to recognize the labor organization.

"There's only a few sneaks here what ain't members already," he explained, "and theys got to join if they want to work with us guys," and for twenty minutes he expounded to me the virtues of unionism as he saw them.

He told me that after they had succeeded in making everyone a member of the union, it would be no trouble to force the company to give more pay and to shorten the working hours.

He began with that argument about how the boss was getting everything and how the men who made that possible were getting only enough to pay their rent and to buy food and clothing, and he cited many imaginary hardships.



"But can't I join without leaving?" I asked, alarmed over the prospect of losing the chance to learn the trade I had set my heart on learning.

"Nope, yer got to go out with us so as to make the other guys join, but yer needn't be afraid because we won't be out but a few days," was his persuasive answer, "and besides," he continued, "yer take a big chance if yer don't go out because the fellows will punch yer head off."

That night I went home with a troubled mind, and long into the sleeping hours I worried over the situation. Why couldn't the trouble be prevented if they all got together and talked things over with the company, in a sensible way?

The next morning at eleven o'clock when some of the men stopped their machines pulled off their overalls, bundled them under their arms and walked silently out of the plant, I was still undecided as to what I should do.

Then a familiar voice spoke in my ear, "You better come along, lad, if yer don't want any trouble."

Of course I went. In my confusion I even left behind me the most precious thing I owned—a pair of calipers which I had bought out of my meager savings the previous Saturday.

My companion and I quickly found our way to the street and into the sulky group of men who had gone ahead of us.

Heartsore, I stood on the outer edge of the crowd as some one who seemed to be the leader announced that every one should report to union headquarters that afternoon.

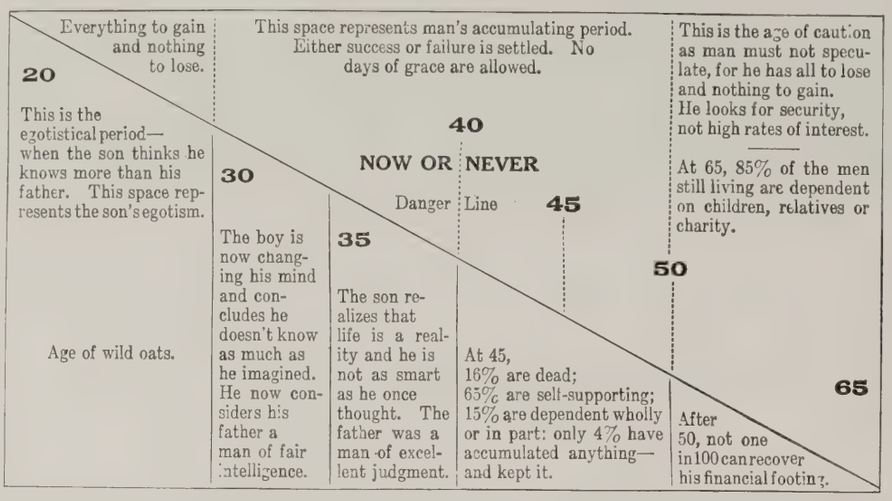
"That's up in the Press Building top floor," said my companion as he advised me to be sure and go there to be recorded in order to receive my weekly allowance.

I ate no lunch that day; I found no pleasure in my enforced idleness. In the afternoon I went to the Press Building. Not knowing the hour the meeting was called for I arrived late. Timidly I knocked at the door. The door opened a few inches and I was asked what I wanted.

"Is this the union meeting?" I inquired.

"Yes, but we don't want any kids around," came the answer and the door closed on me.

The Element of Age in Business



PASTE THE ABOVE BOX IN YOUR CHECK BOOK

Astounded at this I wended my way down stairs and into the main street of the city. What would I do? I simply must get another job, and with that thought in my mind I set out to find something. For two weeks I hunted. Times were hard and jobs were scarce.

Of course the misery of those days has long since passed. Apparently the fates had decreed that I was not to be a mechanic. A few years later I was just as enthusiastically trying to learn the intricacies of a typewriter in a newspaper office. In the intervening years I have spent most of my time as a newspaper reporter and editor.

Since it seems to be one of the functions of the daily press to portray the misery and misfortunes of other people I have seen something of the seamy side of life.

I have gone into the homes that have been wrecked by explosions; I have seen women and children weeping piteously as flames consumed their belongings. I have seen disease sweep away whole families and floods destroy whole towns; I have stood beside burned and charred victims of railway accidents; and I have witnessed the deadly results of race riots and mob passions. *And I have seen hundreds of cases brought about of untold misery through the machinations of unscrupulous labor agitators.*

Don't misunderstand me. I do not mean to imply that all labor leaders are unscrupulous; that all of them are men who would willingly bring misery and harship into the homes of workingmen. There are good, broad-minded labor leaders just as there are good, broad-minded men in every walk of life.

But in my humble judgment, there is as much misery brought about by unwarranted strikes and labor disputes as is brought about through any other source. And how needless and futile it all seems.

The other day I noticed hung across Fifty-sixth street two huge banners announcing a block party "for the benefit of several needy families in our neighborhood."

And as I trudged up over the hill, past the homes of restless, anxious men, I thought of how often I had seen similar evidences in other places and on other occasions, of the misery and hardship that have been imposed upon families whose only wish and hope in life was to live in peace and contentment. Truly how needless it all is.

Opportunity for Apprentices

TO stimulate interest in yard work among apprentices and junior helpers and to give to the more ambitious ones among them a chance to advance in the shipbuilding trade, a competitive examination will be held on October 25 by the results of which two boys, one from the hull department and one from the machinery department, will be selected to enter the Morse drafting room. They will spend the remainder of their apprenticeship there learning to be draftsmen.

The excellent opportunity offered to the two successful boys in this competition should not escape the attention of any of the younger shipbuilders in the yard, nor should the possibility of this examination escape the attention of any parent who has a son working here. To learn drafting is essential in learning shipbuilding in its every phase and the way is open for the successful two in this examination to not only learn how to be a first-class machinist or riveter, but to get all of the ground work necessary for an up-to-date all around craftsman.

The examination will be held under the direction of James A. Kelley, head of the Morse drafting department. It will consist of questions based on the practical work which the contestant is doing and questions which it will take only a common school education to answer.

Neatness of the paper and legibility of writing will figure in the final marking. The examination is open to all who have served two years of apprenticeship in the Morse yard. In the case of the Hull department where there are no apprentices at the present time, helpers under eighteen years of age who have been in the yard two years are entitled to compete. If the interest in this examination warrants and the results are successful similar examinations for positions in the drafting room will be held annually.

What should prove to be an additional incentive for apprentices to strive for a place in the drafting room is a recent announcement by Mr. Morse to the effect that the two successful candidates in the examination will, beside being allowed to enter the drafting room, have a chance to go to school free of charge. The two men selected will be given free scholarships in Pratt Institute where courses in Marine Engineering and Naval Architecture are offered. A scholarship in Marine Engineering will naturally be offered to the man chosen from the machinery department while the course in Naval Architecture will go to the successful Hull dept. candidate. Both scholarships were donated by Mr. Morse.

The examination to be held on October 25, is the first step being taken by Mr. Kelley in co-operation with THE DIAL in an educational program which will offer to everyone interested the opportunity to learn the shipbuilding trade. Plans for the program are now being formulated and an announcement of it will be made in a forthcoming issue of THE DIAL.

Mr. Kelley is recognized among shipbuilders as being a naval architect of note and is well qualified to undertake such a program. He is a quite recent addition to the executive personnel of the Morse yard, but even in the short time which he has been among us he has earned for himself a place in the hearts of all those who have come in contact with him. He is a member of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

Mr. Kelley is greatly interested in Morse men and their affairs and very few of our gatherings have been held recently at which he has not been present.

He has made the statement that in no yard in which he has ever worked has he met a more enterprising and skilled personnel.

IN the Divine Government of the world, Life is but a bubble that rises on the surface of the River of Time. Some lives are larger and brighter, but all must soon break and again mingle with the mighty current that rolls majestically out.

And so John Hallock, superintendent of dry docks, has *gone out*. Death came suddenly on Saturday, September 13, the day of his fifty-ninth birthday. Heart disease caused his end. Not a friend who heard of the sad news but what was astounded and greatly shocked. Mr. Hallock had been in his usual health and good spirit up to the very last. In departing for his home he seemed in a jovial mood and passed the time of the day with several of his associates as he went along in his usual quiet manner.

Mr. Hallock was born in Farmingdale, L. I., but when he was of an early age his family moved to Brooklyn, and as a boy he spent a great deal of his time along the waterfront. The great, mighty ships always held a fascination for him; and when he became old enough to work, it was only natural that he should enter employment which brought him in contact with them.

At the time of his death Mr. Hallock was in point of service the oldest dry-dock-master in the port of New York, if not in the country. It is doubtful if anyone, even in the world, had had more experience in dry-docking vessels. For thirty-five years he had been associated with Mr. Morse. When Mr. Morse founded this Company Mr. Hallock was one of his most trusted employees, and all down throught the years there was that warm feeling between the two which could only have come from an intimate friendship.

Mr. Hallock was a member of the Day Star Lodge, F. & A. M., and the Bay View Lodge, I. O. O. F. He is survived by his wife and two sons, Albert and Charles Hallock, the latter being assistant superintendent of the Company and successor to his father as superintendent of the dry docks.

Funeral services were conducted at the family home, 461 Fifty-fourth street, Tuesday night, September 16th, Rev. Dr. DuBois of the Grace Methodist Church, officiating. Masonic rites followed the regular service, and burial was on the following day at Greenwood Cemetery. The services on Tuesday night were attended by large delegations from the various departments in the plant and by many friends and acquaintances in the shipping trade. Practically every department in the Morse Company was also represented in a large delegation which served as an escort to the cemetery on the day of the burial.

The floral tributes were so numerous two rooms were required to hold them, and to attempt to describe the beautiful and gorgeous creations seems impossible. One of the most unique pieces was a large ship made of flowers and bearing in gold letters on the bow the word "Faithful," a tribute from the hull department.

Because of Mr. Morse's great regard for Mr. Hallock we have asked Mr. Morse to furnish THE DIAL with an article telling of their early days together. The article follows.

THE DOCKMASTER

Respectfully dedicated to the memory of John Hallock

By Thomas J. Furlong

The Dockmaster's gone!
He left as he came—clean, straight of keel a MAN from stem to stern.
His monument he built himself, that those who come may learn,
A monument of devotion, of love and duty too, an example to be followed, but reached by very few.

The Dockmaster's gone!
The docks he loved are here—worthy of their dead Chief.
And as they raise and lower, each task that they perform, should inspire us with devotion that's of Love and Duty born.

The Dockmaster's gone!
No task too great—no task too small—a worker staunch and true
An inspiration to you and me to always "UP AND DO."
And as we pass the docks he loved, we'll cherish the fond thought,
A grand and noble craft has sailed for the last port!

Mr. Morse's Tribute to the Late John Hallock

THE death of Mr. Hallock has taken from this Company one of its oldest and most valued employees, and it has taken from me a true and beloved friend. Never have I seen in anyone else a finer example of devotion and loyalty. Night and day, year in and year out, in the bitterest of weather, in ice and sleet and cold such as only the waterfront can produce, John Hallock labored for the good of this concern. During the entire thirty-five years we had been toegther he never damaged a ship through carelessness of his own. I belive this to be a world record in dry-docking.

I started business in 1884 at the foot of Twenty-sixth street, Brooklyn, and it was there that I first met John. He was running the old Twenty-sixth street dock, now owned by the Shewan Company. During the time that my business was located at Twenty-sixth street we occasionally hired that dock when we had use for it. The dock was small and at times we had ships too large for it; but John, with undaunted courage, always tried to lift the vessels no matter what the handicaps were.

I remember many instances in which we worked together all night trying to get a ship docked, only to give up the task in the end because the dock was too small. On one of these occasions we were trying to lift the *Princess Anne*, which had come into port with her bow smashed. John worked about three days and nights trying to lift her and eventually two sections of the dock collapsed and we had to turn the ship over to another yard which had a larger dock.

At another time, during the Spanish war, the Government gave me an order to fit the hospital ship *Relief* for duty in the Philippines. The work required dry-docking, as we had to fit a new propeller to the boat. The harbor was full of ice at the time, and when the ship was hauled in dock it was necessary to get some of the ice out of the dock before the vessel was raised. This task used up the entire afternoon and it was nearly dark when the pumps were started. The ship was too heavy for the dock and the additional weight of the ice made matters worse. In fact the ice was jammed in so hard it was almost impossible to work the lines to pull in the bilge blocks.



Picture by Morse Photographer

THE LATE JOHN HALLOCK

On account of the superstructure the ship was topheavy; and to add to that difficulty about 200 army officers and their wives went on board, and being interested in the docking operations, crowded to the rail. John was swearing softly, trying to get the bilge blocks in place while the ship was lifting. Just before the deck of the dock came out of water the dock commenced to roil. Apparently the people on board did not realize that there was any danger. John hurried over to me and whispered that he would not be able to get the dock high enough out of water to hold the ship all night and that he was afraid to lower the dock on account of the dock rolling so violently.

About that time the floor of the dock came leved with the water and one of the dock hands discovered that on account of the heavy ice only one bilge block was under the ship on the starboard side. This of course meant that there was great danger of the ship falling. I never saw John unnerved or lacking in courage and judgment in times of emergency. Calmly he surveyed the situation at a glance, and immmediately ordered his dock hands under the ship to shove a couple of the bilge blocks into place.

Every man of them refused to go. John used some profane language, threw down his megaphone and went under the vessel alone. He was always a nimble man and in no time he had the blocks in place. His courage and quickness prevented what might have been a serious disaster. As the dock would not hold the boat it was necessary to float the ship again. John stuck to the task

Continued on Page 13

Worrying the Profiteers

"COFFEE?" said Joe McGuirk, "No'm we haven't any coffee, but here is some of the best rice on the market at only six and three-quarters cents a pound."

Joe spoke with such an air of professional assurance that for the moment we could not conceive of him as Joe McGuirk, President of our Employees' Association. He looked and acted so much more like one of those white aproned gentlemen who have made green front stores famous.

Of course, the conversation was heard in our army food store up on Second avenue, during one of its most businesslike moments.

News of the sale of groceries by the Morse Employees' Association was the most talked-over bit of gossip in practically all of South Brooklyn during the last week in August and, in company with a few kindred spirits, the writer decided to pay the Morse store a visit.

It just happened that Joe McGuirk was the first of the volunteer clerks to express his knowledge of the grocery business as we entered.

Others were doing about the same thing in the same manner, accompanying their verbal outbursts with dexterous and efficient movements towards the shelves which lined three sides of the rooms and upon which rested canned goods, neatly wrapped packages of rice, slabs of bacon and other articles of food.

At one end of the counter stood Eddie Hannavin, who under ordinary circumstances hands out tools in the sheet metal shop. Hannavin had his sleeves rolled up during our visit and his buxom appearance combined with a slightly sweating brow brought to our mind reminiscent pictures of Patty Burke upon Third avenue.

Appearances, however, are deceiving, as Hannavin sure did make a fine grocery clerk. According to George Keenan, "boss" of the shop, he was the best and most accurate man with the weighing scales in the whole store.

Our visit was made just after four o'clock when patronage was at its height. The volunteer clerking force was working at high speed, customers bustled back and forth with huge crates of groceries on their shoulders; the juvenile trucking fleet along Second avenue was going at full speed and everything which might have caused confusion was present, but the confusion was lacking.

The men behind the counter were very busy and none of them had time to sit down and tell how they were managing to accomplish so much with so little preparation.

Not being able to ask questions, we strolled over into one corner and watched. We observed many things.

In the first place we got a new "famous saying" for Joe McGuirk. "Sure I'll fix you up," said Joe on at least a half dozen occasions while we were present. This statement would always come after some friend had approached Joe with his grocery order and Joe, having many friends, was literally besieged about all the time.

Someone once said that a fellow could never be president of the Association without being a politician, and it sure did look to us right then as if that chap knew what he was saying.

We were in the midst of our soliloquy in admiration of Joe's political tactics when a crowd of joiners, led by Fred Daddie himself, took the store by storm. Bill Smith of the office force, who was in charge of the disposal of bacon, drew a long breath and prepared to do a rushing half hour's business, but luck was not with him.



Pictures by Morse Photographer

SCENES DURING THE SALE OF ARMY FOOD

"Beans," whispered Fred Daddie to Vic Foley who was guarding one portion of the counter. "Beans," said Tom Smith, Sr., who was right behind him. "Beans," Young Tom repeated, and so it went down the line until Vic's eyes nearly popped and Pete Bresnan, who, it is rumored, comes from Boston, grinned like a newly married drug clerk.

Popularity of different articles on sale fluctuated in a more rapid fashion than do Wall street stocks when the "bear" is loose.

Five o'clock found the office girls adorning a great deal of the floor space and the way those esteemed young ladies got away with the fancy crackers was a caution.

At just about the time that a longing for dinner was getting the best of our curiosity another incident attracted our attention.

There was a lull in the business transactions, mostly due to the fact that Joe Dirosse, otherwise known as "Clancy," of the Employment office, was trying to figure up just how much someone owed the cash register. Two elderly ladies were standing near the counter.

"Do you know," said one to other, "I have been attempting to get some of this army food at the schools ever since we read about it in the papers, but this is the first time that I have had a chance to get anywhere near it."

"When our boys get together down at the yard, they do things up right, don't they?" said the other.

In the manner of all fond mothers they continued their conversation.

"My son," said the first lady, "told me that the men's association at the yard bought all of this food and that Mr. Morse paid for it, so that the families of all of the men could profit by the army food sale. I never realized that this club of theirs ever did anythig like that. I always thought that they had nothing but prize fights. It sure is a fine organization." And the two, with market baskets in hand, walked out of the door and up Fifty-sixth street.

Our army food sale was probably the biggest thing ever undertaken by the Employees' Association and with its close on September 17 there came to an end one of the most worthy enterprises ever undertaken by the organization.

The food that was sold was part of the surplus supply dealt out by the army quartermaster's office for distribution at cost in an effort to lower the high prices of eatables.

The idea of obtaining army food for Morse employees originated among members of the Conference Board, and at a special meeting a committee was chosen to take care of the details of both procuring and distributing the food.

The committee consisted of Margaret Shea, George Keenan, William Smith, Joseph McGuirk, Association President; and H. G. Hoover, Association Vice-president. A great deal of credit is due the members of that committee for the able manner in which they handled their task, and while speaking in praise of army food workers the volunteer clerking force should not be forgotten.

These men were recruited from practically every department in the yard and office. They worked overtime, frequently to late hours in the night without remuneration, and to their untiring efforts should be attributed the success which attended the sale.

Joseph McGuirk, Joseph Lowe, James Donovan, Victor Foley, William Smith, Peter Bresnan, Edward Hannavin, Carlysle Stecher, Joseph Dirosse, William McGuire, Edward Gardner, William Smalix, Dan F. Shea and George Keenan, were particularly active in the enterprise, and too much cannot be said in praise of the conscientious manner in which they worked.

Besides the clerking force, night watchmen Barrett and O'Connor deserve special mention. These two men, in addition to their regular duties through the night, spent every available minute packing up beans and rice in five-pound bags. Their work saved the clerking force a great deal of trouble and greatly added to the efficiency of the store.

Credit is also due to William H. Reinhardt and John McConnell, who were cashiers for the store. They handled the financial end of the sale in a most efficient manner. They spent many hours in overtime work.



LESLIE'S FLIVVER

Jimmy Leslie, one of our garage mechanics, now possesses a diminutive, very diminutive in fact, self-propelled vehicle. It is not a "flivver" but worse, truly resembling the proverbial "Four old spools and an old tin can." He brought it down to the yard one day and in order to protect the poor thing, a sign was placed on it, reading, "Do Not Feed or Annoy." Arthur Hewitt, the garage boss, who knows more about autos than Napoleon knew about war, says that it's all right, only it's liable to get into a person's hair.

The Thomasville *Times* says, "Whenever you see an editor who pleases everybody there will be a glass plate over his face and he will not be standing up."

New weatherproof fire boxes have been installed throughout the yard in place of the old ones. It was thought that dampness would rust the spring of the old ones, thereby threatening the working order of the box.

Big Conversion Job

ON the *Walter A. Luckenbach* the Morse Company recently completed one of the largest jobs which has come into the yard for some time. The vessel came here fresh from Navy service, equipped for handling troops and emergency cargo through the war zone.

It was our job to convert her into what she was originally intended for—a cargo carrier. The Luckenbach was in the course of construction when war was declared. Her completion was immediately taken over by the Navy Department, which rushed the work through and built into the ship all features necessary for transport work.

Since coming to the Morse yard for conversion twelve feet have been added to the funnel, a prodigious task for the riggers as well as the Hull department men. The king posts which are a distinctive feature of Luckenbach ships, were lengthened and stepped to the main deck instead of the shelter deck which had previously held their massive weight. This was work of a most careful nature, necessitating exceptional accuracy, and it included extensive work by the electric welders.

The absence of the king posts while work was being done on them left the men working on deck without means of getting material and plates on board. Improvised jigs and derricks were constructed by the rigging gang, working under the direction of Gus Mathsen, and although hoisting of big plates and bottles with such makeshift equipment was dangerous, no accidents occurred due to it.

The Hull department was responsible for most of the work on the *Walter A. Luckenbach.* John Toden was in charge of the Hull department men. Fifty-eight shell plates to be renewed was the largest item on the work list. Most of these plates had had portholes cut in them.

Albert Timme was the outside machinist snapper in charge of the machinists on the job. Timme was also chief engineer on the ship, for the ship was operated by a Morse crew during its stay in the yard and Timme had full charge of her engines and boilers. All machinery was overhauled, including her turbines, which were opened and several blades replaced. James Hoy was in charge of the brush gang, which painted both exterior and interior of the ship, from keel to masthead. Sixty burners were on board under the direction of Thomas Hale. John Harvey was in charge of the pipefitters.

All of the *Luckenbach's* tanks were tested. The hundreds of gallons of oil which were in them were transferred to a lighter and then pumped back again. Peter Smith had charge of the chippers and caulkers. William Tijan was the plumber snapper. Joe Williams and his gang of joiners must not be left out, and the same applies to Johnny Nallon and the riveting gangs which drove 60,000 rivets into the ship. The job was under the general superintendence of James Coffey.

WE ARE TOLD THAT—

By Wm. R. Monahan



Our Poet's Corner

POETRY, it appears, is a favorite form of diversion among many of the men in the yard, for, every month, of the outside contributions which we receive, verse predominates. To all those in the yard who aspire toward poethood, this column is dedicated. We are using the verses just as they are sent in. [illegible] in that form the real thoughts of our yard poets may best be represented.

WE reprint the following poem from a recent issue of *Home Again*, a paper published by the wounded soldiers stationed at Debarkation Hospital No. 2, Fox Hills, Staten Island. The poem was written in memory of an American Army nurse who lost her life while on duty, by one of her patients who was too modest to sign his name:

Two doughboys sat watching the funeral
Of the nurse who had just gone West,
One had a whiff of the mustard,
And one had helped clean out a nest

One was a wop from Jersey,
One was a kid from Chi.
"Ain't it hell," said one to the other
That a goil like that's gotta die?"

And the wop that hailed from Jersey
And the mick who had lived in Chi.
Said a prayer for their Red Cross sister,
A prayer that was choked with a sigh.

It wasn't according to ritual,
The Chaplain would say, like as not:
"Oh God if there is such a God
Give her the best that you've got."

And as taps died away in the distance,
A tear could be seen in the eye
Of the wop that hailed from Jersey,
And the mick who lived in Chi.

JACK MERRICK—MY PAL

By Todd Kerr, No. 2736

When it's lights out time and the word is still
and the long, long day is through,
And my bunkies toss in troubled dreams
caused by pains and aches that are new,
I lay awake, and think of the things we used
to do.
Of the things that are past and the days
that are gone,
And, I wonder if you're awake too,
For I know that out somewhere beneath the
stars,
The very same stars I see.
You are lying in a bed, just like mine and
probably thinking of me,
And somehow it makes me feel so good to
thing you can see the stars too.
And it seems as if I send my thoughts up to
them,
They'll carry them back down to you.
And I hope, when at last, when the war is
done,
And everything's right "Over There."
We'll be the Pals that we were, again.
That's my prayer, Jack, My Pal, my prayer.

THE KID'S CONFESSION

Sent in by Harry Stagg

Well Kid, tell me what you did today;
Whom did you play with, and what did you
play?
Come on Kid! Mount your charger.
Climb upon my knee,
Not that way: Astride! Like a boy ought to
ride.
Even a boy of three.

Why Kid, you look glum. Come, cheer up
and be glad.
Your troubles are over, you're here with
your dad.
What! you killed forty persons? All in a
day?
You feel sorry? Good!
Any boy should
After slaughtering people that way
You didn't see the laborers all coming back,
Walking the ties on your red carpet track?
And your parlor chair train wouldn't stop
for the break?
Tossed them aside? Dead?
Then went right ahead,
Leaving dying and dead in the wake.

Oh, you put on full speed to the end of the
line,
Brought the wrecking train back in ten
minutes? Fine!
And tendered the wounded,
hundred or more.
Took them home—All?
And you promised to call,
With money to settle the score?

You pensioned the widows of those you had
killed,
And you promised to bring back the laughter
you stilled,
With candy and toys to the children,
Just like their own fathers would?
Was that right? Yes, but you couldn't do
less,
And act as your father's son should.

But remember, Kid, money or candy or toys
Won't replace fathers for sad girls and boys.
Suppose your father died,
Ah, that's what mother said!
And you're sad. Oh! She said then you'd
know,
What it meant when your father was dead.

She was right. Always keep your eye
straight ahead,
And you won't have bad dreams that bring
back the dead.
Or the sorrow you've carelessly caused.
Remember Kid, you're the whole crew.
Keep straight! Don't swerve! You will
see every curve,
If you keep your eyes steady and true.

PLUGGING

By L. Vict

There's a good old "slangy" word that of
late is seldom heard
In this talk of high ideals and lofty
dreaming.
'Tis a word of humble sound, not exclusive
nor profound,
Never favored in the ranks of showy
seeming.
'Tis a word that never thrills you, nor makes
your senses throb,
This little word is "Plugging." Are you
plugging at your job?

Few, indeed, may know the grandeur of the
diplomatic board,
With its galaxy of statesmen keen and
clever.
While a few may point the way to the
newer, greater day,
All the rest of us must serve with plain
endeavor.
There's a word that comes to face you when
for favors you may ask—
This little word is "Plugging." Are you
plugging at your task?

All the sages of the ages built their dreams
through nights of toil,
With the will (men call it genius) still to
labor!
As on busy, patient pinions soars the lark
above the soil,
So by WORKING rises man above his
neighbor.
Yes, one little word is parent of the two
words "Making Good"!
That little word is "Plugging." Are you
plugging as you should?

RETRIBUTION

By D. J. Lohman

Let us try when one's in sorrow,
Not to start another tear.
Let us try when one is aged,
Not to add another year.
Let us try when one has fallen,
Just to lend a helping hand.
Let us try and join the laughter,
Though the joke, you can't understand.

Let us not mock one's religion,
When it's of another creed.
Let us not insult the prayer,
Though he's of a different breed.
Let us not look down on weaklings,
When we've the gift of health.
Let us not reject the beggar,
Just because we're blessed with wealth.

Let us try and help each other,
For all times the small things count,
And I'm sure the Great Creator
Will judge the right amount,
As He metes each one his justice,
When we reach His throne up there,
Though we differ in our color,
In our breed, our creed and prayer.

HOPE

By D. J. Lohman

There are times one gets despondent,
And times ones life seems through.
There are times your heart is aching,
For the love you feel is due.
There are tears and sighs a-plenty,
There are vain and sad regrets.
When we feel our hopes are blasted,
E're the sun at evening sets.

For each tear will follow laughter,
While there's hope, then why despair?
For I'm sure that God is keeping,
Each and all within his care.
For one's life can't all be sunshine,
But as light that heralds dawn.
With the good some bad will mingle,
Every rose must have its thorn.

THE OUTING DINNER BELL

By Wm. Roth

We sat at the breakfast table,
And our appetite was great,
The only thing we needed
Was something on our plate.
We gazed around and wondered
When we'd get it none could tell,
Till suddenly there sounded
The great big dinner bell.

From out the door there scurried
Waiters by the score
And each one on his arm had
A dozen plates or more.
We sailed right in and cleaned up,
Gee! it tasted swell,
And then we sat and waited
For the next gong of the bell.

Though we had lots of music
Played by your own big band;
And everyone admits that
It's the best one in the land;
Yet there's just one little truth
I'm sure we've got to tell
Our band didn't sound quite half as sweet
As that great big kitchen bell.

GOLDEN RULE TO DATE

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can

THE MORSE
DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, and to the interests of the Company.

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All communications should be addressed to B. E. Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn.

Vol. 2 OCTOBER No. 10

Strikes Mean Losses

SINCE 1916 there have been innumerable strikes throughout the United States and Canada, and the loss in time and wages to the workers alone has been enormous.

We have no figures at hand to cover this entire period, but from reliable figures we learn that in 265 strikes which took place during the last year the workers lost 1,519,884 actual working days and approximately 90,000 people were thrown out of work.

This stupendous number of idle and lost days means that the 90,000 people involved suffered a loss of say $2.50 per day each in wages (a very low estimate owing to the high scale of wages during that time) and which would amount to the immense sum of $3,799,700, or approximately $42.22 each.

To the worker who was earning war wages and who participated in one of these strikes for any reason the actual loss must have been at least four times the above amount; and this when taken into consideration with the high cost of living, due to the lack of production and increased demand for the necessities of life, made it impossible for such an individual to regain his losses even where strikes were won.

The loss of such an immense amount of time naturally decreased production; and where the necessities of life are restricted and hampered and the demand for the same continues to increase, there must naturally be an increase in the cost of living.

In the year covered by the above figures 97 strikes were lost, thereby showing no gain at all for the workers, while where the strikers' ends were gained and increases in wages given them, it is impossible that any of the individuals concerned could have made a profit, or even regain the ground that they had lost in participating in any of these strikes.

* * *

One Way to Conserve Health

TUBERCULOSIS kills producers—chiefly men and women between the ages of sixteen and forty-five.

It claims workers—active men and women in the homes, the office and the shop.

It causes 150,000 deaths in the United States every year.

It costs the United States in economic waste alone about $500,000,000 annually.

More than 1,000,000 persons in this country are suffering from active tuberculosis right now.

It menaces every community, every home and every individual.

And yet tuberculosis is curable and preventable.

It is spread largely by ignorance, carelessness and neglect.

The National Tuberculosis Association and its 1,000 affiliated state and local organizations wage a continuous winning war on tuberculosis.

The work of these organizations is financed chiefly by the sale of Red Cross Christmas Seals.

Drive the menace of tuberculosis from your door.

Buy and use Red Cross Christmas Seals.

* * *

The Awakening

HONESTY, kindness, morality, and thought for our fellow-men—these are the things which seemed for many years to be hovering on the edge of the scrap-heap.

Only within the Church were such matters seriously considered. And if by chance we came face to face with such preachments, we felt that they were meant for the other fellow.

The war, with its bloodshed, its suffering, and its waste has changed all of this.

Honesty to principle has been proven of greater worth than life itself. Right has been demonstrated eternally superior to Might.

Justice to all and love for our fellows is taking hold of our thoughts, as never before, because men have been drawn closer together, have suffered together, and have gloriously died together.

Our lesson has been bought at the price of our nation's blood; but we are nearer to the true Secret of Life and Living than we have ever been in the history of the world.

Do a Little Pushing

THE man who fails—frequently makes this complaint.

"The world is unfair. Its honors and riches too often go to him who impudently pushes himself ahead—rather than to one of real ability."

And in these words, he has told the cause of his failures and has suggested, at the same time, the only remedy.

For ability, unless it is haled forth, harnessed and put to work, must forever remain nothing more than mere probability.

Things which cannot be seen or felt by the people of the world have no reality—no existence.

The light hidden beneath a bushel casts no radiance and, in the eyes of the world, is darkness.

Gold is valueless until labor digs it up and puts it to useful purpose.

The diamond is worthless as long as it is hidden in its native clay.

Of what worth is the pearl lying on the ocean bed or enclosed within the oyster's shell?

And so with merit; if inactive—it has no place in the world's work.

Moral: Do a little pushing on your own account.

For the world must know what you are and what you can do before it can avail itself of your ability or wares. And the world is very apt to take you at your own rating.

* * *

The Value of Courtesy

COURTESY pays more dividends, as a family, social and business investment, than any other one quality within the privilege of man.

A kind word by you not only dispels your own pet grouch; but nips in the bud all of the little half-formed grouches growing in those about you.

When you feel the corners of your mouth turning down—turn them up instead. Dark and gloomy feelings thrive on down-turned lips and the only things that can pass between them are words better left unsaid.

Smile, pucker up the corner of your eyes, and see how quickly your "dumps" vanish, how the cobwebs clear out of your mind, and how the whole world looks brighter.

* * *

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong purpose, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines. Labor whistles. Luck relies upon chance; labor upon capital.—*Cobden.*

Here and There with the Camera Man



1—Last review of Co. B, 10th Battalion, U.S.G., before leaving the Morse yard.

2—Just "Bum," a former yard mascot.

4—The Morse quartet at one of our yard meetings.

5—The Prince of Wales takes a hand at ship riveting.

6—Henry Rochelle, camouflaged.

7—John Powell, dry dock poet, in a characteristic vaudeville pose with Mrs. Powell.

8—Training officers for the Merchant Marine.

9—Art Vance, machinest, during his days behind the footlights.

Pictures 5 and 8 by International Film Service



"Powell's Patter"

By John Powell, Dry Dock Poet

CALEB KEENAN'S grocery store was the scene of great activity last month. All the natives of Bay Ridge village took advantage of the exceedingly low price of beans, bacon, biscuits and other edibles, not forgetting molasses, peas, rice, tomatoes, and raisins.

As Rube McGuirk—who is of Irish descent—said: "The *raisin* we're selling *rice* is because thar are *more 'lasses* getting married and not knowing how to make their own biscuits and they don't know *beans about bacon*. Sure we are selling such stuff that will make the old wolf keep away from the spot where the door mat goes."

Rube always had good sense, and outside of being a good storekeeper he can spit straighter at a mark than any man in Bay Ridge Corner.

Caleb discovered one can of beans that some cuss had trifled with, and he wasn't sure as to what he should do, call an ambulance or a dead wagon.

Lige Lowe was kept busy. He almost sold fifteen pounds of biscuits at one time, but he got a phone call that a pile of bricks was on fire in the yard, and being captain and off horse in the hose wagon he had to leave the customer waiting.

Lige was highly insulted one day when Ebenezer Shea was showing a lady a side of bacon, and said woman looked at Lige and said that pork's too fat.

Jonathan Donovan and Ebenezer were favorites of the woman folk buyers, though Hi Hannivan was a close second.

Hi wanted to bet Ebenezer two chaws of tobacco and a second-hand phoneygraph that there was forty-three billion, four hundred and twenty-six million, five hundred and twenty-seven thousand, four hundred and twenty-eight beans in five pounds, but Hen Hoover, who was chosen as referee and didn't feel well, refused to count them

Rube McGuirk changed his dialect so often customers took him for a native of the Allied nations.

All in all business was good at the Corner and outside of Si Smith, who had the misfortune while lifting six packages of soda crackers to sprain his suspenders and break the Ten Commandments, all went well. Caleb Keenan says the beauty of his store was he didn't need a cash register as they took no money in, though he'd just as soon trust his helpers as he would a lamb in a den of lions.

Let us hope that Uncle Sam will have more beans to dispose of so as to give the boys a chance to swop stories and wait on Bay Ridge Corner customers. —*From Bay Ridge Corner Chronicle.*

Someone once said: "Matches are made in Heaven," and not wishing to make *light* of them I think they are. At least the one I have in mind has a *striking* appearance of having been an affair of the gods.

Of course Cupid was the offender that *fired* the shaft that kindled the *spark* that caused the glance of loving glow which mated the pair for better or worse that grew in the house that Mayston built.

Not wishing to quote Mother Goose any further we will try to record the proposition of two loving hearts falling at the altar of Hymen, and taking the solemn oath to go through life together "until death doth us part."

The fateful day was Monday, September 8, 1919, when Miss Maud Palmer was sitting in the office helping to find out the cost of men's labor, never thinking of marriage; in walked our hero, Stanley Fenton (a goodly name), and after an introduction, one glance from Miss Palmer told Mr. Fenton that from then on the name of Palmer—as far as she was concerned—would be as little used as the reduction of rent is by a Brooklyn landlord.

So right then and there without a *ring* they chose their seconds. In Miss Palmer's corner was Miss Dot Moran, in Fenton's was Mr. Mayston. Time was called and our hero wended his way for a permit, which he procured.

It was decided to stage the bout, I mean marriage, about noon, but it was not until 8:45 p. m. that the first round was called.

It used to be a treat to watch the ships sail down the bay,
Until they built the army base which now stands in the way.
I feel like leaving my old home for other lands afar,
Since now I cannot even see the schooners on the bar.

If patience is a virtue then man cannot atone,
For all he's lost when trying to get his party on the 'phone.

(Newspaper item)—Man killed for objecting to singing of German songs. And still ten Senators are living who objected to armed merchantmen.

Terms used in shipbuilding (not by Walter K. Crawford). What the X Y Z? Go to L M N O P and others too numerous to mention.

A dance will be held on Kenyon's roof every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, music furnished by Morse band. On account of this concern being in the rubber business every noon hour will be stretched. Any girl not dancing kindly perch on wall surrounding gutter of roof. She will be known as gutter-percha.

There has been considerable discord in the Methodist choir of late, owing to Major D refusing a minor to mingle with the older choristers; all appeals met with a flat refusal.

Petrucia Pettingill has written a poem on spring which will be published in the *Bugle* providing said spring is not backward in arriving on schedule time; following are a few lines from our laureate's effusion:

Dandelions are blooming in the valleys and the hills,
Sulphur and molasses are good substitutes for pills;
So what a pretty lesson, these little flowers bring,
Reminding us it's colder in the winter than the spring.

Yard Restaurant Re-established

THE employees' restaurant, located over the Burner shop along the North row, was reopened on Tuesday, September 16, for the benefit of all employees who desire a good hot noon-hour meal at a moderate price. The restaurant had been closed since September 25 a year ago, when a fire put it out of business.

Since then the need of a yard restaurant has been keenly felt, especially during the cold weather, and with the approach of another winter the subject was again brought up and it was decided to reopen the restaurant under new management.

Recently, the excellent food and service of the restaurant at the "Farm," attracted the attention of those interested, and George Davis, proprietor of the "Farm" restaurant, was asked to undertake the re-establishment of the restaurant in the main yard.

Mr. Davis is in every way capable of handling our newest culinary project. He has a catering record behind him which is sure proof of his worth.

He first started in the business when only sixteen years of age and has been working at the same line ever since. For years he was a chef on the New York Central R. R. lines.

The restaurant quarters have been renovated and present an appearance of cleanliness and neatness which compares very favorably with many of the local eating houses.

It will accommodate two hundred men at one time and it is the intention of Mr. Davis to make the service so quick that several shifts of men will be able to make use of the restaurant during the noon hour. The service will be of the cafeteria style. The culinary and serving staff now consists of eight people and more will be added as the business expands.

Meals are being provided for thirty cents. Other features are also being considered and will be instituted in a short time. One of these features will be semi-weekly concerts by the Morse orchestra.

Hull Men Honor Pershing

THE Hull department members, always eager to show the other departments in the yard that they are the original "live wire bunch," was the only department to officially recognize and celebrate the return to the United States of General Pershing when he sailed up the bay on the U. S. S. *Leviathan* on Monday, September 8.

In honor of Pershing's arrival, the Hull department unfurled a large American flag, flying it from a conspicuous place on one of the derrick cables in front of the Hull deparment office. The Hull department boys respectfully request that the Pipe shop take notice.

A Good Sign

WHAT is, without a doubt, the largest shipyard sign in the port of New York, has been erected on the roof of the machine shop building. The sign is 452 feet long, 16½ feet high and the letters, which read "Morse Dry Dock Repair Co." are 17 feet in width. The period alone is 27 inches square.

The sign faces both north and south. The letters are raised, of wood and painted black, while the background is white. Some idea of the size may be obtained when it is understood that there was approximately 38,000 square feet of surface to be painted.

We are glad to announce the birth of a baby son to Charles Kling, insurance clerk; date August 13. Kling isn't worrying a bit about the "13" part of it. The baby's name is Charles, of course, and it is said that he is already able to talk insurance.

AFTER THE WHISTLE HAS BLOWN

EDITED BY JOSEPH L. MURPHY

Football Season Starts

WITH the baseball season very near its end, the news that football is now in full swing ought to be very pleasant to the ears of the fickle sportsman who likes to follow Morse teams but demands a change.

Morse football promises to be no picayune substitute for the more popular game of baseball and Morse men who are sportingly inclined can feel sure that in our football team they have an organization which they can well be proud to support.

The opening game of the season was played on Sunday, September 7, at Morse Oval, against the Babcock and Wilcox eleven, last year's champions of New Jersey. There was much speculation among local soccer fans and in the newspapers previous to the game as to the ultimate outcome, for it was the first big game of the season and brought together two teams recognized as being among the strongest football combinations of the east.

The Morse team proved very conclusively that it is a combination to be reckoned with by trouncing the B. & W. team to the tune of 6 goals to 0. The first half of the game was closely fought with neither team being able to gain an advantage. The ball just swayed back and forth in mid-field until the half time whistle sounded.

In the second half, the situation became quite changed and the Morse team began to score goals in rapid succession. Stradan and Beardsworth collected two goals each, Bell and Shaw accounted for one each

The Morse team played a great game of football. Although the team had been practising for several weeks previous it usually takes one or two real games to get team work and fighting punch into an outfit.

Many new faces were seen on the Morse line-up at the opening game. All of them are players of note and the Morse combination looks even stronger than the team with which we startled the soccer world last year.

Whalen, the new Morse goal keeper, is well known to shipyard soccer men for he was one of the mainstays, last season, of the Merchant A. team. Kelly and Ferguson, our new backs, played with the New York F. C. and ought to be big factors of our team this year.

O'Hanlon, at right half back, is an ex-service man and a graduate of St. Louis college where he played football. He is not well known in this part of the country but judging by his performances to date he looks like one of the soccer finds of the season. Perrin, at outside right, is a former Canadian player of note; Shaw, inside left, hails from Bridgeport and Stradan, outside left, is well known to local followers of the game.

Among the men who played football for Morse last season and are still on the team are Sam Bustard, Johnny McCann, Fred Beardsworth and Sam Bell. "Chick" Albin and Henry Holgate have not been seen on the Morse line-up at this writing but according to several members of the football committee they will again play for Morse this season.

The playing program is a very ambitious one and, in order to carry it through, a very strong team will be necessary. The prospects along that line seem so well assured that the football committee is no longer worrying about that, but it is giving considerable thought to the support which the team must have during its coming battles.

Football was not supported as well as it might have been last year. With the present more extensive program it has got to be supported to a greater degree in order to keep the team on its feet and in the field.

The team is entered in some of the largest soccer classics in the country. It is to be one of the contestants in the National League and besides this is entered in the American and New York State competitions.

The football team needs support to successfully uphold Morse football traditions. If the men in the yard are anxious to see the name of Morse attain even greater fame on the gridiron, they will support the team in every way possible.

Hard Luck Hinders Ball Team

THE past month in so far as Morse baseball affairs are concerned, has been a period of extreme ups and downs. At no time during the present season has the Morse team played better ball and then again on other occasions it has exhibited a brand of playing which could hardly be called clever.

Bad weather was the first barrier in the way of its progress. The game with the Penn. Red Caps which was to have been played on Sunday, August 17 had to be called off on account of rain. This was a disappointment to both players and fans for the "Red Caps" are considered one of the best of the colored teams and a victory over them would have added greatly to our baseball reputation.



Oscar Carlson, One of Our Promising Wrestlers

The next impediment in the way of progress was the very unceremonious exit from our midst of two members of the team. Dietz and Tee, with practically no announcement of their intentions, left the Morse team to join Guy Empey's Treat 'em Rough organization. Both boys were good ball players. Not so good that they could not be replaced by other men of just as high caliber, but their departure did tend in no slight degree to break up the team work which Bill Dahlen had spent a whole season in building and the result was that the team dropped two games in succession to clubs which it had previously shown were not in its class.

We played a return game with the Standards on Sunday, August 24 and this time the Staten Island crowd walked away with the heavy end of a 6 to 5 score. Over confidence may have had something to do with the loss of that game for in the morning our boys had played a particularly brilliant game of ball, beating the East New York team by the score of 10 to 2. That game was all Morse from start to finish and so much so that it was sadly lacking in interest. Johnson pitched a steady game and allowed the East New Yorkers only five hits.

On Sunday, August 31, the team went down to defeat before the Royal Giants with the score of 8 to 2. We had beaten the Giants badly just a few weeks previous and the only possible reason for our defeat this time was that the team work of our club was seriously out of order.

Maloney, on the mound for Morse, had a very bad inning in the first allowing the "Giants" four singles and a home run. This brought in five runs for the colored visitors and was an advantage which our team was unable to overcome.

Two new men were on the Morse line-up. Collins formerly of the Braves, on first base, and Hamey, a well-known player in local semi-pro circles and formerly of the Emeralds, at short. Both boys played a good game of ball.

Before an enormous Labor Day crowd which packed every available seat at Morse Oval, the Morse team trimmed Guy Empey's Treat 'em Rough ex-service team twice winning the first game by the score of 9 to 2 and the second game, 13 to 3.

Much of the credit for the winning of the first game, was due to the slab work of Johnson, on the mound for Morse, who held the visitors to four hits. The second inning found both teams fighting on even terms with one run credited on both sides of the score board, but Morse salted the game away in the third with four more runs.

Pete Grant's very creditable work with the stick was responsible for the high scoring during that inning. He knocked out a three bagger which accounted for three runs scored by Buck, Bauer and Emerich. The Morse team corraled two more runs in the fifth and another two in the eighth while the Empey team was only able to squeeze by one more tally in the sixth.

Jeff Tesreau who started on the mound for Treat 'em Roughs in the second game had no terrors for the Morse stick artists and they kicked him for eleven hits and ten runs before he was replaced by Schwartz in the sixth.

The first inning for Morse was a batting bee which could be called nothing else but brutal. Twelve men faced the formerly terrible big Jeff and eight runs decorated the Morse score sheet before the inning was over. Each team gathered in another in the second and then the scoring settled down until the sixth when Morse gathered in one more. Schwartz who replaced Tesreau at that stage of the game did little better than his predecessor and three more runs were chipped off his slants before the game ended. Jimmy McGarry on the mound for Morse pitched his usual game of ball and had the service team lads at his mercy during practically every stage of the game.

The height of our hard luck streak was reached on Sunday, September 7, when the team not only dropped a game to the Bushwicks but suffered a much greater loss than that when Pete Grant our second baseman was seriously injured, while covering his sack. He will probably be out of the game for the remainder of the season. Grant was spiked in his right arm while trying to prevent Al Burch, the Bushwick right fielder, from taking an extra base on a throw to third. If Pete is out of the game for the remainder of the season, we certainly have sustained an almost irreparable loss. Grant is an excellent hitter, covers his sack in the most efficient way possible and what is still more important, was a true Morse enthusiast.

The Bushwicks beat us by the score of 6 to 2. The game was a disappointment to the large gathering of fans who were present for it was expected that the two teams would put up a battle that would long be remembered. Much of the credit for the Bushwick victory belongs to "Marine" Williams, who pitched a great game of ball for the Bushwicks. He allowed our team only four hits and was able to pull himself out of a hole when such a thing occurred in a very creditable fashion. Jimmy McGarry, pitching for Morse, was not working at top form and blew up in the third. Johnson finished the game.

The Morse team and the Bacharach Giants, of Atlantic City, recognized as the premier colored baseball team of the world, split a double header on Sunday, September 14, Morse taking the first game with an 8 to 7 score and dropping the second to the tune of 8 to 0. The games were played at Morse Oval.

The first game was by far the best exhibition of baseball, the score see-sawing back and forth until the final inning when Morse collected two runs which turned the game in our favor. The success of this last hour rally was due largely to the prowess of Hen Crist at the bat.

In that last inning Bauer doubled, Emmerich singled and then "Hen" stepped up to bat and walloped the ball clear over the center field fence, bringing Bauer and Emmerich in with the two winning runs. Emmerich was the batting star of the game, getting four hits out of four times at bat. Johnson, on the mound for Morse, pitched a fairly skillful game of ball in spite of the fact that he was touched up for eleven hits.

The second game showed an entire reversal of form for the Morse team. The "Giants" seemed to have no fear for the slants of Jimmy McGarry and kicked him for a hit just about whenever they pleased. Wickware, on the mound for the colored ball tossers, pitched great ball and had the situation safely in his grasp throughout the entire game. Emmerich proved to be the only shining light on the Morse team and distinguished himself by making several brilliant catches which in each case choked off runs that might have made the score worse than it was.

Preceding the game, the Morse band and a complement of Morse rooters journeyed up to Harlem to meet the Bacharach Giants and escort them back to the Brooklyn ball grounds.

Scenes at our noon hour tug of war matches



Top and bottom pictures are of the sheet metal—pipe shop "pull."

Center pictures, riggers vs. hull department

Picture by Morse Photographer

TUG of war matches during the past month have been an innovation in noon-hour entertainment which has been very favorably received by the men in the yard.

The complete tug of war equipment purchased by the Employees' Association has been used in these matches and its superiority over the make-shift arrangements formerly used has been apparent.

Arrangements for a series of inter-departmental matches have not been completed as yet, but the interest taken in the "pulls" held recently have clearly shown that tug of war is destined to be one of the most popular of yard sporting events.

The first two teams to try out the new apparatus in public were those representing the Pipe shop and the Sheetmetal department. The match was held at noon on Friday, August 29, and resulted in a win by the Pipe shop.

Judging by the results we would say that the sheet metal boys are not used to manual labor for the Pipe shop ran away with twenty-three inches of the rope before time was called.

"You're right about us not being a bunch of huskies," said one of the Sheetmetal crowd after the pull had been concluded, "we use our heads in our shop."

A good attitude to take in the matter it would seem and if that is the way all of Sheedy's gang took it both sides are bound to be satisfied.

Another rather more closely contested match occurred on Friday, September 5, when the Riggers and the Hull Department matched strength during the noon hour period. It was a close contest from start to finish with both ends of the rope full of healthy looking men who knew how to pull.

The Riggers won the match by three inches, much to the disgust of Billy McEwen, Tom Cavanaugh and several other magnates of the muchly tooted "Rivet Stretchers."

The alibi sent out from the Hull department office states that the Hull team was a pick-up combination and not the regular team which represents that department.

With the Fight Fans

By Abe Yager 2d

JOE COX, the Missourian who at one time was recognized as one of the best white hopes in the country, is now one of us, working in the yard as a chipper and caulker. Cox's pugilistic ambitions had rather a set-back when he enlisted in the navy. With his release from the service, he is again becoming anxious to distinguish himself within the squared arena. According to many he is still "there" with his mitts and ought to stand a pretty good chance of making a name for himself if he decides to again enter the boxing game. Heavyweights are darn scarce these days and a big chap like Joe ought to be able to make a few of the boys take notice. Cox came into the yard unheralded and was noticed for the first time feverishly working "soap" on the *Floridian*.

Gunboat Smith has been absent from our midst of late. Well, the Gunner needs a rest after all the hard work which he put in during the summer months. There is a rumor afloat that he is preparing to again enter the boxing game. If that is the case this is to let him know that all of us down here are with him and wish him the best of luck.

Frankie Callahan, who has been in Maine for the past few months, is again at home and seems to be in the pink of condition.

Joe Lynch, who came darn near being bantam "champ" a few weeks ago, is the cause of an aching heart among the chippers and caulkers. His brother, Tom, who is a member of that outfit, had the boys down heavy on the little West Side battler in his fight with Pete Herman, king of the bantams, but Joe failed to cop the crown.

Maxey Marks, now of the drillers, is paying a great deal of attention to Frankie Fay's training program and if the little battler takes the hint and listens to Maxey he will be able to learn quite a little. Marks knows a thing or two about the give and take game for he was "there" in his day and he certainly could hit.

A new "find" in the yard, according to local gossip, is Eugene Dougherty, a ship fitter, who has just arrived in these parts from Bermuda. He claims to have had quite a little experience in amateur boxing and weighs in at 126 pounds.

Eddie Fitzsimmons, whose dad is one of the pipe shop gang, is making a big hit in fistic circles. Ed is being managed by Dan Morgan and is kept quite busy.

Mr. Morse's Tribute

(*Continued from page* 3)

until he had her back in the water despite the difficulties of working in the dark with the dock rolling badly.

There was another occasion on which John was docking an army transport that had been on the rocks in Cuba. The whole bottom of the vessel was damaged. But 200 feet of the bottom from the forefoot aft was set up about fifteen feet when the ship was coming out of the water it was noticed that the No. 1 section of the dock was lifting on only a short piece of the forefoot, but no one thought there was any danger and John got ready to put additional keel blocks under her. In the meantime a number of army officers and some of our foremen gathered around to look at the damage that had been done to the vessel. Just as they had come together in a group the forefoot commenced to cut through the heavy oak keel block, and as the section of the dock raised to meet the ship the roar of the splintering wood was deafening.

A few days before an army transport had upset on the dock of one of our competitors. Remembering this all hands thought there was to be a repetition of that calamity and they began to run for their lives. One officer jumped overboard and was fished out of the water later. I proved an alibi as my foot caught in a rope when I started to run, and when I got clear and looked around I saw John bursting with laughter. He had been quick enough to realize that all danger had passed when the keel struck the dock.

In after years when we discussed plans for our new dry docks John always cited that incident as an argument in favor of a sectional dock.

John Hallock was an able man and a good man. He had a splendid character and was as honest as the sun. A few years ago he was feeling badly and we finally persuaded him to go away for a rest. When he returned he was much improved. However, knowing that his work was very trying and hard we often tried to have him take time off, but he steadfastly refused because he loved his work and the yard, and was never happy and contented away from them.

Although somewhat gruff at times we all knew him and we all loved him and we all miss him.

"Bangs" Overhauled

THE Morse tug *Anson M. Bangs* is now, according to Capt. Kirby, more powerful, able to go faster, uses less coal, and is generally more efficient than ever before. The tug has been completely overhauled and many new features have been added.

The principal installation upon her is a new steam steering apparatus. A new pilot cabin has also been built, several new plates have been put in her shell and several coats of paint over all of this has made her a boat that looks as if she had just come down the ways.

Capt. George E. Bunnell, her skipper, certainly has a right to be proud of his practically new boat. As a true testimonial of her fitness a call was received at the tug boat office on September 12 which was as follows, "Send the *Bangs* and no other." The call was from the S. S. *Courageous,* which was on the Romer Shoals with her machinery out of order. Needless to say the *Bangs* got her off bottom and up past the Statue of Liberty into safety.

Insurance Announcement

CHECKS covering insurance claims are issued from the Employment office on Saturdays only, according to a recent announcement made by Charles Kling, insurance clerk. They may be called for by the recipient or by a representative with the proper endorsement of the person to whom they are made out.

In case of sickness, a physician's certificate of illness must be presented each Saturday if weekly checks are desired, or upon return to work the claim may be settled in bulk, but no checks are issued without the physician's statement.

One more reminder—It cannot be expected that claims will be paid during illness if no notice has been given to Mr. Kling. If unable to give the notice personally, have some friend or member of your family do it for you.

Fire Alarm System Change

TO improve the Morse volunteer fire department, a slight change in the existing system of answering the fire alarms will soon be made. This contemplated change is now being worked out by Fire Chief James Devlin and will be announced soon.

The change will eliminate the calling out of every departmental fire company whenever a fire breaks out. Only fire companies nearest the blaze will answer the alarm first and companies at a great distance from the fire will wait for a telephone communication before going to the fire.

This system, it is hoped, will add to the efficiency of the volunteer fire department by eliminating useless running to fires.

Another way to improve the service, according to Fire Chief Devlin, would be the showing of more thought on the part of those who send in the alarms. Alarms are continually being sent in after the fire is over or when a pail of water used in the right way would do just as well. Useless running to fires harms the effectiveness of the department and thought should be used in the sending in of alarms on that account.

Acknowledgments

BROOKLYN, September 3, 1919.

To Employee's Association, Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.,

GENTLEMEN: We wish to thank you for your beautiful flowers and sympathy. With best wishes and may good luck be with you always, we are Sincerely,
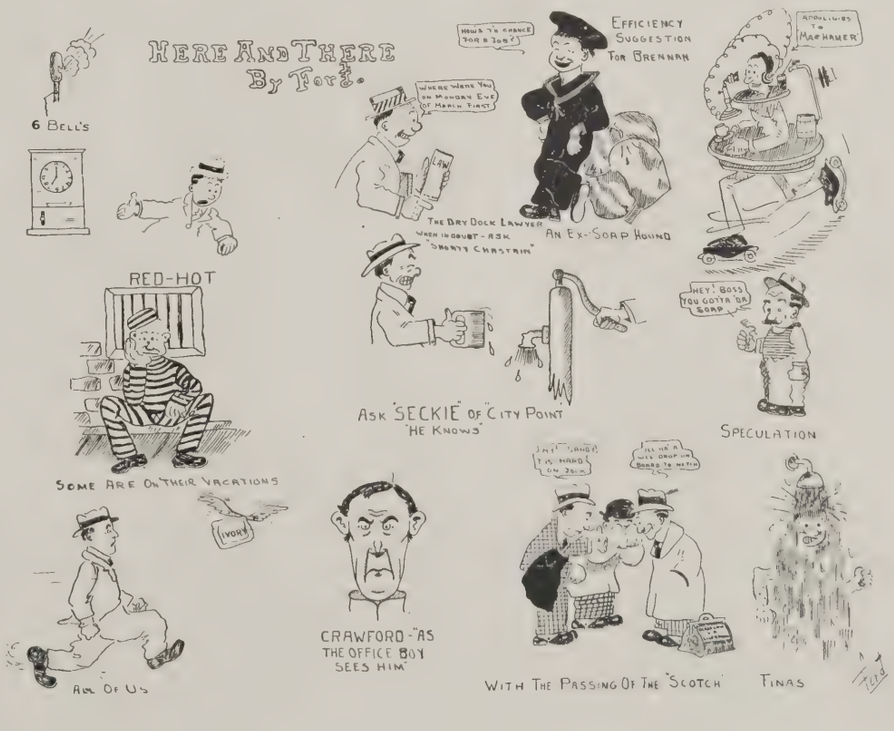
MR. AND MRS. FREY AND FAMILY,
2417 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

September 9, 1919.

To the Men in the Rigging Department

I sincerely wish to thank my fellow workers for the expression of their sympathy in my recent bereavement.

A. TOMMASSEN, No. 8717.



OVER *the* BACK YARD FENCE



EDITED BY MISS JOAN C. SHARP

Keep Up the Family Spirit

OUR yard contains the happiest and most contented body of workmen in the country. We doubt if such a friendly spirit could be found in any other industrial organization. Such a group as this could not exist if the men themselves were not of the right calibre and interested in their work.

It did seem a pity that one could not know or meet every one in the plant. There was one and only one way to overcome that difficulty. That was to issue a magazine for the employees, in order that, although we as a family could not meet the different individuals, we might know them just as well.

Almost everyone in the yard has someone, a mother, wife or sister at home who is interested in THE DIAL and, in fact, we know of quite a few women-folk who get rather impatient when they know that THE DIAL is about to be published. We are very glad indeed to know that our magazine is of such interest to those at home and that is why we started a home page devoted to the "home division" of the Morse yard.

This page is for the women, but why not make it "by the women" too? There is no doubt but that every wife or mother has some favorite dish that gives her a feeling of delight and pride when she sets it before the family. Surely every girl has some little novelty that would help to fill the "hope chest" or beautify the boudoir, which she alone knows how to make and which has given her delight in showing her friends how to make.

We know that if you were to meet some of the "Morse family" women-folk it wouldn't be long until you would find yourself confidentially explaining the details of your treasures.

Since it is impossible for all the women to meet why not talk to the other women through the Home page and thus make it possible for all the women folk to receive the benefit of your knowledge. Why not send in a cooking recipe, some good household hints, or directions for making one of your "very own" treasures. Do it today.

Driftwood

By Ella K. Livermore, Seaford, L. I.

Nobody wants him any more,
He has no place to go.
Wounded and crippled in the war,
As he bravely faced the foe.

Shipped back again to his country,
To the people who bade him adieu,
When he was hale and hearty,
And for them willing to do.

Now nobody wants him any more.
He has no place to go.
With a heavy heart,
He's drifting to and fro.

Show him a little gratitude,
After the spoils of war,
Make him more welcome,
Than you did before.

Household Hints

When dishes used for cooking have become discolored, rub them with damp salt until all stain is removed.

A marble boiled in milk, porridge, custards, etc., will automatically do the stirring as the liquid cooks, and so prevent burning.

To turn out a cold pudding or jelly, wrap a hot cloth round the outside of the mould for a minute or two. To remove a hot pudding, wrap a cold cloth around it.

The best way to fix the color of a cotton dress is to soak it for twelve hours in water to which a tablespoonful of turpentine has been added. Wash in the ordinary way.

Varnished paper on walls can be cleaned with a flannel dipped in weak tea and polished with a dry cloth.

Save your coffee grounds, dry them in the oven, and use them on the knifeboard instead of knife powder. A pinch of carboante of soda sprinkled on the knife-board with the grounds saves time and labor.

Few housewives know that rebaking stale bread for forty-five minutes makes it equally as palatable as new, and more digestible.

Jugs or basins in which milk is kept should be scoured with salt at least once a week.

Tumblers that have contained milk should be rinsed in cold water before being washed in hot. Putting the milky glass into hot water has the effect of clouding the glass permanently.

A capital cleanser for varnished and stained woodwork is tea-water. This may be made by pouring boiling water on spent tea-leaves, straining the liquid afterwards through cloth or muslin.

To prevent stains on china, rinse the cups in clean cold water, and afterwards wash them in hot water. By rinsing the articles in cold water you prevent the stains from the tannin, either tea or coffee, becoming fixed and spoiling your set.

If you boil rice in water for ten minutes before making a rice pudding, less milk is needed.

The water in which rice has been boiled is splendid for mixing cakes, and helps to keep them moist.

Boiling water to which a little borax has been added, will remove tea-stains from a tablecloth.

To clarify drippings put it into a bowl and pour on boiling water to cover. Stir well and allow to cool. The purified drippings will then form a solid cake on the top which should be taken off and wiped dry, when it will be ready for use.

The Comforts of Friendship

Oh! the comfort, the unexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person—having either to weigh thought nor measure words, but pouring them all right out just as they are, chaff and grain together, certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping and with a breath of comfort blow the rest away.—*Selected.*

John Powell"s Cooking Recipes

Fish Consomme

TAKE carp, pike, perch, eels, cod, haddock, halibut, sturgeon or any fresh water fish. Of course any fish is water fish, but must be fresh. Cook nothing under half a pound. Remove the entrails and also remove the entire company you have into the other room while you are doing it. If you have eels to handle, then wear a pair of gloves made out of sandpaper. Cut all the fish up fine, lay in a pan with slices of onion. This will counteract the fish when it starts to sweat. Put in a piece of butter and leave it for fifteen minutes. The longer you leave it the better. Then when you have revived, moisten with fish broth. Leave again, this time for one hour. Keep the pan tightly covered, both for yourself and those you love. When finished this makes a delightful and enjoyable meal for all concerned except the fish.

Election Cake

Four pounds of flour, three pounds of sugar, two pounds of butter, six eggs, two teaspoons of salt, four nutmegs, two quarts of milk, two pounds of raisins, one pint of home-made yeast, juice and rind of three lemons. But before you purchase the above be sure you're elected, and to no smaller office than Senator or Congressman, and that also you have won the wager at the odds of two hundred to one that you would be elected. When you can afford to buy the ingredients to make this cake you can also afford to object to every measure that the President proposes.

Pickled Peaches

(Note: This recipe is from one of our foremost Coney Island Chef-de-Police.)

Four peaches pared, those of the blond variety preferred. One automobile, five gallons of gasoline, ten quarts of champagne, one big jar, some accident and a jug.

Sponge Cake

When you smell the aroma of baking in your neighbor's flat below, make an informal call around meal time, but don't follow the oldtime custom of continually saying: "I must be going," but stick and you will eventually be able to sponge cake.

Dough

This is raised in various ways, but owning a house that contains seven families is the best one I know, and by the way, when a landlord complains in tears about high taxation, they are only profit-tears.

Raised Muffins

Simply those brought up on the dumb-waiter.

Angel Cake

How in heavens do I know?

Poor Man's Pudding

There is no such thing.

A true gentleman never marries a woman because she has money; but he sometimes marries her because he has none.

THE DIAL *would like to know what the women folk of Morse employees thought of the Army Food Sale conducted by the Employees' Association. You are in a better position to appreciate the value of the enterprise. Anything you say might encourage similar undertakings in the future, so send us a letter showing how the sale was an advantage to your household. The boys who worked so hard in making a success of the sale would appreciate your comment. Address your letter to* THE MORSE DIAL.



"Fits well around the neck," seems to be the beach slogan of Kathleen Morris.

::

When Miss Bendickson's soldier boy came home from France he received a most pleasant surprise. The hope chest was almost completed. Just try a sample of your cooking on him now, Rhongold.

::

Fred Staples, one of our navy checkers, is a confirmed woman hater. He says so himself and who should know better. We think though that he should be sort of nervous, working beside so many girls. What about it, Fred?

::

Leola Palmer, one of our office girls, left us recently to accept a position with the Navy Department. We always knew that she had a strong feeling for the sailor boys, but to desert us like that! Leola, how could you?

::

Emily Casey didn't care if the B. R. T. tie-up never ended for she became very adept at getting on and off trucks. Coney's steepest scenic railway furnished no more bumps and thrills than those rides along Broadway, eh, Emily?

::

Kitty Barry went to Bayville, N. J., on her vacation and brought back a brand new crop of freckles, also some souvenirs and, best of all, a fellow.

::

Margaret Shea has been making a record for herself these days. After much time, patience and practice she can stand on her head in the water. How's that for acrobatic tricks?

::

George Hutton is in grave danger of being mistaken for a baggage smasher. Every time one of the girls has a valise or a satchel to carry she calls on George.

::

Harry White certainly has this economy stuff down pat. His latest wrinkle is a self hair cutter.

::

Every woman is apt to be in wrong until she begins to cry—then she's all right.

::

Great thoughts seldom come in bunches.

::

Pete Drumm, former white hope of the Cost department, has left the employ of the Morse Company to enter the Employment Bureau of the Knights of Columbus. Pete was one of the most popular men of the office force and all of us were very sorry to see him go.

::

Heard in THE DIAL office: "Miss *Sharp*, do you live in *A Flat?*" "No, it wouldn't *B Natural.*"

::

Sh-h-h-h-h-! Quick! The password! It is rumored that Jack McConnell, record department assistant, is a Mason, although, of course, Jack won't divulge any secrets.

::

Question: What is meant by the term "Hopeless Set"? Answer: Hopeless Set, dear reader, applies to the noon hour's knitting and sewing bees in Room 111 for so-called "hope chests."

The milk route between the back pay department and the "dairy" at the Fifty-fifth street gate has grown quite popular recently. At almost any noon time numerous romatic "dairy maids" walk down the cow path to bear the lacteal fluid on their arms.

::

George Keenan is back again in the cost department after his successful management of the army food sale. George is having trouble not to get cost sheets mixed up with bacon and beans, but after a while he says he'll get used to asking for the pen instead of the scoop.

::

"Now, listen, don't tell this to a single soul. Let me whisper it to you. S-s-s-s-s-." "Honest? You don't say so! Who would have ever thought that Riley would become engaged!" "'S fact. That's what they tell me."

::

Robert C. Boyce, for some time connected with Mr. Hallock's staff as an inspector in charge of Brazilian work, has resigned to accept another position elsewhere.

::

Sam Weening, inspector, is certainly running into some exciting adventures with that motor boat of his.

::

Edward Traynor, inspector, is some business man when it comes to trading. David Warfield, in "The Auctioneer," has nothing on him.

::

If you know of anybody who wants to be relieved of any cap-pistols, etc., just refer them to Thomas Bonner, care of Charles Hallock's office.

::

Joseph Henderson is a regular prince these days. The above is a very deep joke since Joe is now looking after work for the Prince Line.

::

A recent bright quip of Miss Travers was to the effect that George now keeps his face clean since Miss Brady entered Room 117. Wonder who she means.

::

Frank Maher is a regular wireless hound. Already he claims to have set up a device with which one can sit in the living-room and receive messages from the kitchen.

::

Do you know the first cousins to the Gold Dust Twins? They are the Cream Puff Sisters, Mary and Dorothea.

::

Noticed that the cashier cage has been moved to larger quarters in Room 116. Wonder if that is a good sign or not.

::

We are pleased to announce the birth of a baby girl to Joseph Goldsmith, of the cost department, on September 24.

::

In keeping track of others and their faults, it's very important that you shouldn't lose sight of your own. Authority swells up some fellows so they can't see their corns; but a wise man tries to cure his own while remembering not to tread on his neighbor's.

::

Women frequently jump as conclusions that are anything but alarming.

Old Man Coincidence

RECENTLY Captain Kirby was walking down Pier 3 with Captain George Mason, skipper of the launch *Say When*, who is a brother to Captain Wilfred Mason, skipper of the steam-lighter, *John Hallock*.

Captain Kirby started his usual chiding. "Say, Cap'n Mason, looka' this here felier comin' down the pier. Isn't that your brother?"

"Naw, it can't be Will. He's down to Norfolk," answered Captain George in a serious voice, not even bothering to look around at the dark-hued gentleman to which the captain referred. So much for Joke No. 1.

Joke No. 2 developed when the paymaster bustled up with his box of envelopes and started paying off the group of men, including the colored gentleman. Captains Mason and Kirby were casual onlookers.

"What's your name?" the paymaster asked of the ebony-hued one.

"Mah name am Mason, suh."

Whereupon Captain Kirby had a perfect right to nudge Captain Mason, who still maintains that it was a frame-up.

Howdy, Mrs. Fenton

We are pleased to note that congratulations are now in order. The line forms on the right; step up, and shake hands with Mrs. Stanley Fenton, who, prior to Sept. 8, was Miss Maude L. Palmer, of the Payroll department. A holiday was declared in the department that day and after several pounds of "army food" rice had been distributed around the office, all hands proceeded to Miss Palmer's home. A wedding supper was enjoyed by the party that evening. The bridegroom has only recently returned from overseas where he saw active service with the A. E. F. as a dispatch rider.

Famous Sayings

"There, my pal!"—*William L. Porter*, Traffic Department.

"I guess I'll get a rest in THE DIAL this month."—*Jimmy Weldon.*

"Yes, I know, but. . . ."—*Hugh Seymour*, government billing department.

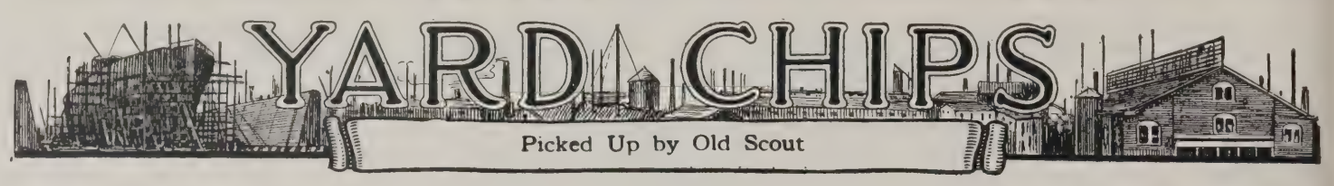
"Is the boss in yet?"—*Everybody.*

"Oh, yes, that's right."—*Charles O'Regan*, record department.

"Be with you in a minute."—*Jack MacConnell*, record department.

A Boob's Love Poem

Can't read nuthin',
Can't write nuthin',
Can't sing nuthin',
That's true!
Can't hear nuthin',
Can't see nuthin',
Can't think nuthin'
But you!
Don't drink nuthin',
Don't eat nuthin',
Don't find nuthin'
To do!
Don't know nuthin',
Don't dream nuthin',
Don't love nuthin'
But you!
Friends ain't nuthin',
Cash ain't nuthin',
Life ain't nuthin'—
That's true!
Time ain't nuthin',
World ain't nuthin',
There ain't nuthin'
But you!



Joe Whitley called up paint shop from some outside ship and got the pipe shop. Weldon was on the phone. Joe—"Hello, is this Frank?" Weldon—"What Frank?" Joe—"Put Frank on." Weldon—"All right, this is Frank." Joe—"Send down three pots of red lead." Weldon—"All right, wait till I get you the paint shop. The only lead I use is a lead pencil."

A pipe shop's the place where the principal spread is a hammer, a two foot, a can of white lead, a Prince Coat, a gang, a bilge job in sight, the ship sails tomorrow, there's *soap,* boys, tonight.

A man in the machine shop got something in his eye and went to the hospital where they extracted it, and gave him a solution with a cup to bathe the injured member. When Ritchie saw him he said: "How often do you have to do that?" The man answered: "Three times a day." Ritchie asked: "Before or after meals?" and the man said: "Gee, I forgot to ask," and went back to the hospital to find out.

John Ryan, pipe fitter, is the latest one to fall for the matrimonial game. We all congratulate him and also we congratulate Helen, who comes from Tarrytown.

Jim Leslie asked a man how much he'd give for his car the way it stands. The man said "Nothing the way it stands, and I question whether it goes."

When someone asked Tom Cavanaugh the name of his flower plot he said: "That's the garden of Eve." The man answered: "It looks like A-dam cabbage patch."

Henny Crist has been appointed to the fire department. He claims the button saved his life one Sunday. He wore it under his vest when a swift pitched ball struck him under the heart but came in contact with the button and never hurt him. He says when he gets a machine he is going to use the badge for a wind-shield.

Lost or stolen September 8, 1919—One hose cart from the private garage in office building. If the culprit will return same before the next fire no questions will be asked, except how he got it out.

It's a good thing for the welding department that the *Kentuckian* came into the yard. Even Joe O'Neill and Walter Fowler wear the new overalls which were found on board.

A shipfitter in the yard claims to have a raisin drink that will make you love your mother-in-law.

Charlie Maravec, Jr., shipfitter, has watertight spacing of nails on his shoes. "Don't put this joke about him in THE DIAL," said one of the Hull department boys, who told us about it, "Everybody will think that he used to be a shoemaker."

John Rothwell, burning department, the well known boxer, is now, according to common gossip, the new fly-weight champion of the mosquito fleet.

Julius Singer, machinist, is back at work and is displaying to his friends an interesting memento of a recent accident. While testing a machine in the plate shop, a piece of a steel die broke off and struck him in the pit of the stomach. A button on his jumper prevented a fatal accident. As it was, the piece of steel penetrated two and one-half inches into the flesh, causing a painful wound. Julius was sent to St. Johns Hospital where he was operated on and remained for eight days. He was also forced to remain at home two weeks. Julius carries the memento in a small jewelry case.

At a block party held recently on Pacific street, it was noticed that the home of Captain O'Sullivan, of the Towboat office, was the only one which was decorated with the new Irish emblem, a shamrock in a yellow field with a green border. It is rumored that Captain O'Sullivan is trying to introduce the new standard to the masthead of the *E. P. Morse,* but Captain Carmichael won't allow his "red lion" to be hauled down.

The shipfitters are wondering what is the matter with Billy Kane. He has been receiving only a few letters recently. Someone has suggested that perhaps he forgot to post them.

Now that the war is over, Big Mack of the Hull department has gone back to his old business. His specialty is khaki suits. For prices apply at the Hull department office between 12 and 1.

Tom Cavanaugh is one of the cheeriest men in the yard, but the boys of the Hull department have at last found a way to get his "goat." They just walk into the office for a pay slip one minute after the envelope containing all of the rest of the pay slips has gone to the cashier's office.

Matty Wright, chipper and caulker boss, is back in the yard after two weeks' illness with pneumonia. All his pals in the hull department were as glad to see him as he was to see them.

Jimmy Miller, assistant to Billy McEwen, is back on the job after three weeks on the sick list, during which time he underwent a severe operation in a hospital.

Joseph Lucey, Shipping-board checker and popular with all the fellows in the hull department, enjoyed his honeymoon in the Catskill Mountains last month. Lucey is a recent arrival here and saw quite some service in France. He wears one wound chevron.

Big Mack of the hull department has at last blown himself to a hair cut, and it looks as if he went to a barber to get it this time. The boys are greatly encouraged, and hope that he will now buy a new hat.

"Dip" of the pipe-coverers, expert rat exterminator, hunter, etc., has offered his services in that capacity to the girls in the North Building, although he admits being a trifle handicapped by a sprained wrist bearing the heavy weight of lunch daily consumed by Bill Petrick, pipe-covering boss.

It is rumored that the motormen on the Third avenue trolleys won't take their cars out of the barn unless James MacFarland's flivver is in the garage. More heard about Mac's flivver is to the effect that while casually leaning on it one day his finger came in contact with the revolving fan and chipped a bit out of it. "Hoot Mon!" said Mac, "I didna ken that propeller was going!"

John Rosnell, the Coppershop "maestro," is quite adept at repairing musical instruments, horns being his specialty.

Gus Furst, (Coppershop quarterman) is seriously considering the formation of a new fur procuring concern, dealing exclusively in the rat-fur trade. The secret of the new company is a rat trap invented by Sam Polansky, who will be chief engineer of the new company. Thus far the trap has caught one rat, but it is expected that production will increase when Sam Perzikoff brings down the promised strong cheese sandwiches.

A recent noon-hour wrestling match between Willie Harriet and Joe Pelletieri, both of the Coppershop, proved to be a fast affair.

Nick Rozzo (Coppersmith), while working on the *Pesaro,* North River, telephoned to the yard one day for a gang of riggers to come over and rig up a staging on the shell for work on the portholes. Nothing exceptionally wrong about that, only the work to be done happened to be on the inside of the portholes.

Speaking of matrimony, A. Gentile (the blacksmith) is said to have recently procured a marriage license.

It is becoming a subject for speculation as to just when M. Hershkwitz, of the blacksmith shop shaves.

George Carlberg (heavy forger), at present working in the blacksmith shop, intends to conduct a class for blacksmiths in the intricate art of making out time sheets.

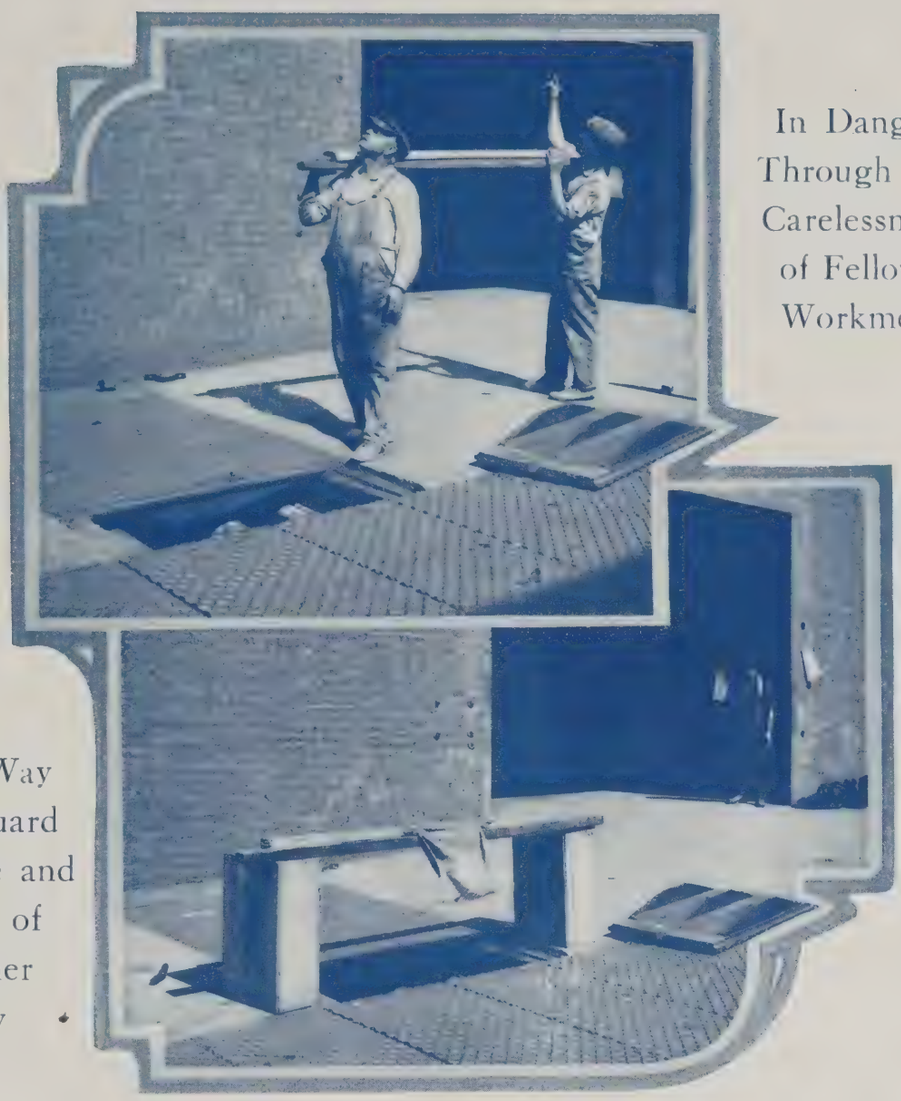
We should have thought that eye paint or talcum would have been less conspicuous than the eye shield which David Blair of the blacksmith shop wore for a few days.

Bob Anstett (boilermaker) still remains the unchallenged "soap king" of his department, according to recent reports from the *Pesaro.*

Frank Clausen and "Gibby" Conk (garage) hit Coney Island during the closing week, and the garage boys are wondering why they picked on the side shows. According to reports, Frank entertained the bearded lady while "Gibby" escorted the fat lady about.

Frank Smith (garage) took a trip to Washington recently. At least that's where he says he went.

Howard Canning (welding department) is another of the Morse men to recently embark on the voyage of matrimony, so it is said. More power to you, Howard.



In Danger Through the Carelessness of Fellow-Workmen

Proper Way to Safeguard Your Life and the Life of the Other Fellow

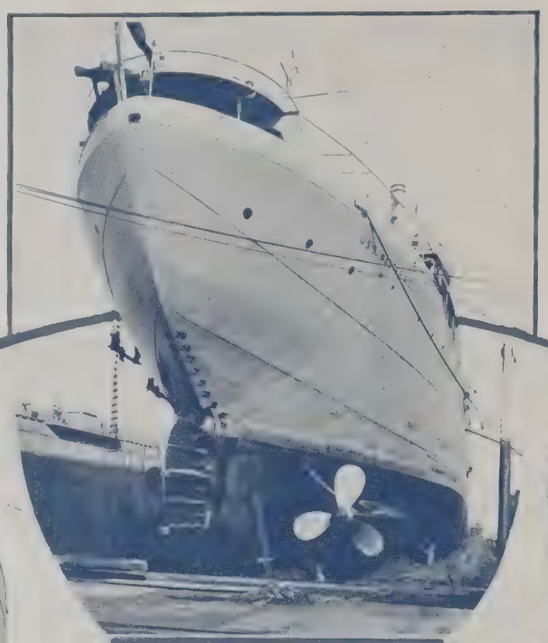
THERE is altogether too much carelessness on the part of many employees in matters which concern the safety of their fellow-workmen. This condition is no worse here than elsewhere, perhaps not so bad, but it is serious enough to warrant an appeal for greater precaution.

Frequently men who are working on underground piping or wiring rush away from their labors when the whistle blows, leaving manholes uncovered. This is downright thoughtlessness and carelessness, and a great peril to other workmen who have to move about the yard, oftentimes burdened so that they are not able to see where they are stepping.

It requires but little time to place proper protection about an open manhole if it is necessary to leave the cover off. If boxes or boards are not conveniently found, replace the cover when you have to leave the job. It is only a minute's work to lift the cover off again, and perhaps in the meantime you have prevented some fellow-workman from sustaining injury.

FREDERICK LUCKENBACK
Below)

Gross tonnage		2926
Net tonnage		1926
Length	Register Dimensions	317′-6″
Beam		40′-2″
Depth		24′-1″
Crew		31
Indicated H.P.		1250
Built		1888



WALTER LUCKENBACK (Left)

Gross tonnage		8286
Net tonnage		6209
Length	Register Dimensions	447′-0″
Beam		55′ 11″
Depth		28′-0″
Crew		45
Indicated H.P.		5000
Built		1918
Displacement		17170 tons
Draft		31′-3½″
Speed		14 knots

Morse reliability in repair
+
reliability in navigation
=
American Merchant Marine



JULIA LUCKENBACK (right)

Gross Tonnage		8151
Net tonnage		6141
Length	Register Dimensions	436′-6″
Beam		57′-2″
Depth		28′-0″
Crew		45
Indicated H.P.		4000
Built		1916

EDWARD LUCKENBACK (above)

Gross tonnage		8151
Net tonnage		6141
Length	Register Dimensions	436′-6″
Beam		57′-2″
Depth		28′-0″
Crew		45
Indicated H.P.		4000
Built		1916

Pictures by Morse photographers

THE efficiency, dispatch, and workmanship of the Morse organization is attested by the fact that many big Steamship Companies place practically all of their repair work with us.

The Steamship Companies in general regard our sincerity of purpose and our time saving accomplishments as money saving factors for them.

The MORSE DIAL

APR 21 1920

November 1919



Straight Thinking

BACK of the labor situation which has confronted the shipyards of this port there are many important facts to be considered by the workers.

There are today in this country more unemployed shipyard workers than there have been at any period in the past.

Thousands have been laid off by the new shipyards with the result that when some of the men in the local plants laid aside their tools at the beck and call of walking delegates, business agents, and labor agitators, they simply made way for out-of-town men to come here and take their jobs.

When this Company advertised for help the Company was literally swamped with applications for employment. Its requirements were taken care of within three days and the Company had to discontinue its advertisements for help and reject many mechanics who sought employment.

In labor competition as in everything else, it is a case of the survival of the fittest. The best men get the permanent jobs. Men who do not permit themselves to be misled by labor agitators are the best men in any industry and those are the men we want in this Company.

Most of the men who are today walking the streets, facing the sleet and cold, can thank the business agents or walking delegates of their unions for their predicament.

Unscrupulous trouble-makers who usually have very little to lose, one way or the other, have told the workers that they could beat the employers into submission, despite the fact that the employers are operating their plants under strict ruling from the Government that wage rates must stand in accordance with the Macy Board award.

Even if the employers saw fit to give in to their exorbitant demands the Government, which is paying for most of the ship repair work being done now, would hold the employers guilty of a violation of their contracts.

The walking delegates and business agents do not suffer because they get their pay regularly. The hundreds of men who are thrown out of employment by strikes which should never have been started are the ones who really suffer; they and their families.

It makes no difference whether a man is an employer or a workman. God has endowed him with a brain to think for himself and it is the thinker who succeeds in any walk of life.

Why then should you allow irresponsible, loud-mouthed business agents to do your thinking? Why allow them to order you to drop good jobs, and walk the streets in the rain and cold and subject those you should provide for, to needless hardships?

When striking workmen ask for benefits and there are no funds in the treasury, you seldom hear of the business agent dividing his salary with the workmen. You never hear of a business agent telling a workman to do a full day's work in order to obtain wage increases.

The business agent doesn't study labor conditions enough to realize that when men are only giving four hours straight work each day and receiving a full day's pay, the workman himself suffers because of the increased cost of production which in turn increases the cost of living.

One does not have to be a college man to think straight. Usually the man who thinks straight, looks straight, sees straight and acts straight. It is the business of every American workman to think straight about his job and employer just as much as it is the business of the employer to think straight about his production and the men working for him.

The whole present labor situation is an example of the strike microbe which has been planted by irresponsible radicals. Several days ago a circular addressed to the "Striking workers in the port of New York" was distributed. Here are some of the things which the circular said:

"All industries are paralyzed by strikes. The coal miners will strike Nov. 1, the railroad men will strike in a day or two.

"The workers of America must overthrow the government and the capitalists and assume control."

This is the kind of propaganda that is being fed to the workingmen today.

Unity of thought and action alone will defeat the labor agitators and radicals who are responsible for it. The workers have more at stake than any other class. It is time they begin to think for themselves and put some confidence and faith in the employers who are trying to build, instead of destroy.

This Company wants a contented working force. Without it we might as well go out of business. Everything within reason will be done by the management to make this yard a congenial and happy place of employment, and to protect the welfare and interests of the men who have stood by us, and to whom we again wish to express our gratitude.

E R Morse

MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL



Vol. 2 November, 1919 No. 11

Coastin' With The Morse Tugs

(The confessions, convictions and other corroborating evidence concerning a landlubber on his first trip to sea)

By C. Stewart Wark

"COASTIN'", said Captain Malcolm Carmaechael, looking reflectively out of the pilot house window, "coastin' is just like a surgical operation. You've got the implements to do the job and the men to handle the work, but something comes up every now and then which spoils all your calculations."

He turned and glanced toward what was left of a rangy, dilapidated looking youth perched high on a stool squeezed into one corner of the pilot house. The youth who seemed to be the object of the captain's philosophy, grinned as best he could, meanwhile pulling viciously on the crushed and mutilated end of a cigarette which, according to his grimaces, didn't seem to taste a bit good or anything like a cigarette had tasted only a few days before.

The green blue waters of New York bay were ahead and the sea going tug *"E. P. Morse"* was slowly battling through the choppy waves, her blunt, pungnacious nose held firmly in the direction of lower Brooklyn's jagged water front of piers and steamship berths.

Behind the tug, on the end of a long hauser line, the high riding remains of what had been a powerful ship, slushed along, while in front, separated by an equal length of rope, steamed another sturdy Morse boat, the *"Anson M. Bangs,"* belching black smoke from her funnel and tugging at her hauser as if impatient to reach the friendly shelter of Morse pier number 3.

The two tugs had been on a coasting trip and for eight days not one of the crew nor the lone passenger who was the chap on the pilot house stool had had a glimpse of the shores of their own home town. Eight days isn't a very long time. Perhaps it didn't seem long to the rest of the party but to the passenger the last two of those eight days had seemed every bit as long as a normal lifetime, not an ordinary sort of a lifetime either.

That passenger was me, although I hate to admit it.

It was me all right. Not the same "me" perhaps who had blithesomely slipped away from my typewriter to indulge in a life long ambition—a real voyage on the deep blue sea, yet a few of my good friends would have recognized me despite the rags, dirt, dejected appearance and mutilated cigarette.



Pictures by Morse Photographer.
The "Anson M. Bangs," her crew and officers. Lower right; the "Powhatan" in tow. Upped left; Capt. "Willie" Mason, mate on the E. P. Morse.

The captain who was philosophising in preacher-like fashion was also the same captain who has directed the affairs of the *"E P. Morse"* since first she slipped into the water and began making of herself a working factor in the harbor of New York. The crew, oil skinned and slightly bedraggled, was

the same crew which had left the yard eight days previously; the *"E. P. Morse"* was the same boat but very much sea-stained.

And the reason for all this can be summed up in one word, "nor'easter."

Maybe you can find that word in the dictionary and maybe you can't, but it's a powerful word for all that. To those of a nautical turn of mind or occupation it means something. Those who have read wild tales of the sea in their younger days have a vague idea of what it means.

Only to those who associate "nor'easter" with a particular brand of floppy rain coat, worn by smiling kewpies in soda cracker ads, is an explanation necessary. To them this information is given freely with the fond hope that profit will be accorded to them, therefrom.

A "nor'easter" is a wind. It originates up in Lapland or Labrador or some other cold and forlorn place which is just due north east of the Virginia capes. From that point of departure it starts going in the opposite direction from north east, whipping up as it progresses a white and foamy head dress on what might otherwise be harmless and beautiful waves, until it either dies a natural death to your inexpressable joy or you pass quietly away down in "Mary's chamber" or up on deck wishing you hadn't taken that last bowl of pea soup.

We who were on the *"E. P. Morse"* and the *"Bangs"* had been experiencing the "joys" of one of those peculiar varieties of wind. For me it was an initial experience; for the remainder of the party, it was one of the frequent affairs of everyday life, but for all of us it had meant hardship.

We had not been through a heavy "nor'easter."

The mate of the *"E. P. Morse,"* Mike Campbell, had termed the condition of the sea as nothing but a heavy roll, yet it gave me a pretty good idea of what a real one could be and also proved that a man on land knows absolutely nothing about what is happening only a few miles farther out at sea.

But I must get back to all the whys and wherefores of all this soliloquising so that others beside myself may have a chance to realize what it is all about.

Did you ever hear of a youth, no matter how puny, lanky and begoggled he might be, who never wished to run away and go to sea? It was only natural when a chance came for me to make a sea voyage that I grabbed for my hat and said, "When does the boat go?"

It was on one of the first of those balmy days which we were having during the latter part of September. The weather was so much like early spring that the temptation to get away from a desk and out into the open air was so irresistable I could hardly be accused of laziness.

The destination of the two Morse tugs was Norfolk, Virginia, there to get a pile of junk which had once served the shipping trade under the name *"Powhatan"* and tow her back to Brooklyn so that the Morse Company might have a chance to build her into a ship again.

The first two days at sea were delightful. Nothing, not even the two vacation weeks in August could beat them for pure enjoyment. There was practically no sea at all; the sun shone brightly; the *"E. P. Morse"* pushed along at top speed and, for the most part, I basked on a coil of rope out on the aft deck watching Martin, Morse's oldest deck hand, splice rope and listening to him sing sea ballads in that peculiar way which only years of service on the ocean can acquire. Night had fallen when we rounded the "Hook" on the outward voyage.

To a landlubber it's a strange feeling to be on the sea at night in a small craft. In the day time the waters seem pure and sparkling. In the night they are green and they swish. That first night will not soon be forgotten. As if afraid that the water might sweep over the lower deck when we hit the ocean, I crowded into the pilot house with the captain, the mate, and a deck hand who worked the wheel under the captain's direction.

"Are we past the Hook, captain?" I asked, as soon as that seemed to be the logical thing to say.

"Nope, sonny we haven't hit the first gas buoy."

Not having the slightest idea what a gas buoy was and realizing that the easiest way to keep ignorance under cover was to keep quiet I remained silent for the remainder of the evening, but learned a great deal nevertheless.

It had always seemed to me when taking the ferry from Brooklyn to Staten Island that it must be easy to steer a boat. All you have to do is keep away from the other craft and as far as keeping to the road, why the shore is the limit. Such I now know is not the case. There are just as many avenues of travel in the bay, and out in the ocean, for that matter, as there are on shore, the only difference being that on shore they are very clearly marked while in the water if you don't keep your eyes peeled you are liable to omit one of those pesky buoys from your calculations and then pflueey, it's time for Merritt & Chapman to appear and you weep bitter tears over the loss of a perfectly good boat, if they haven't passed the lilies around in your tender memory before then.

Going out of New York harbor in the night time is just like trying to get out of the Mystic Maze that they used to have in the old Eden Muse. First there are gas buoys, then there are just ordinary buoys, red buoys, stationary buoys, and buoys which twinkle. All that you have to do in order to get a working knowledge of all these things is to spend about twenty years about the harbor and coast as a deck hand and then pass an examination which almost necessitates a college education.

When the lights at the end of Ambrose channel had almost died out in the distance and nothing lay ahead except great swooping masses of water, I suddenly became aware that I was sleepy.

"Guess I'll turn in," I yawned and then looked at my watch. It was exactly ten minutes of eight. In the distant past I can remember when, at eight o'clock, mother used to say "It's bed time sonny," but since that period of infancy eight o'clock had usually been the time to step out.

The captain noticed my surprise and grinned.

"Salt water makes a fellow sleepy doesn't it?" he said.

Sleep and eat was about all that I did on the downward trip but I did those two things up in a style that would make any champion at either of the events green with envy. Never again will I be sorry for the poor sailor who has nothing but hard tack while at sea, from the digestion of which he gets scurvy or some other dreaded disease and his teeth fall out and his cheeks cave in and all that sort of stuff. According to my own personal experience, seafaring men, at least those who work on Morse tugs, are the best fed men this side of those who live on upper Fifth avenue.

It was early on a Wednesday evening that the *"E. P. Morse"* cast off from her Brooklyn pier. We



Pictures by Morse Photographer

Three individual pictures to the upper right, reading from left to right, Charlie, Martin, Tom, of the "Morse" crew. Lower right; crew resting on deck. Upper left; taking in anchor at Hampton Roads.

Circular insert; "Mike" Campbell, first mate of the "E. P. Morse."

Birds nest found in mast on "Powhatan." At left; "E. P. Morse" at Norfolk.

landed in Norfolk, after a very successful thirty-two hour trip, early Friday morning. It was the *"E. P. Morse's"* first real test on the open sea and according to what could be gleaned from the captain's remarks, she behaved even better than he had anticipated.

The *"Bangs"* came into Norfolk harbor just twenty minutes after the *"Morse"* had arrived and together we steamed over to where the tow was tied up. In a few hours more time we were again steaming down the Elizabeth river toward Hampton Roads bound for home it seemed at the time.

Right at this point that unlucky element, "nor'easter" again comes into consideration.

We sailed out of the harbor and down into Hampton Roads. The sun shone brightly, hardly a ripple disturbed the water. To a landsman it was a perfect day but to Captain Carmaechael it was not. He held up his hand and felt the breeze, he sniffed a bit and then growled "nor'easter." Plump went the anchor and instead of steaming toward Brooklyn we were riding the waves of Hampton Roads.

The *"Bangs"*, presumably in search of coal, left us for the white lights of Norfolk and we were alone with the hulk of a wreck as our only companion. To a real sailor, riding at anchor is like having a Saturday afternoon off. To those who are more used to hitting the pavement than treading the deck, it is different.

I liked it at first. The *"E. P. Morse"* swaying to and fro at the end of her anchor made me feel so sea-faring that I caught myself rolling back and forth on the deck like a regular old salt.

But gradually the beauty of the thing paled and when the *"Bangs"* hoved into sight later in the day to see how we were getting along, I made a dive for the cabin, grabbed for a clean shirt and jumped aboard as she came along side.

A thump behind me made me turn and there was Willie Mason, captain of the *John Hallock* and on this trip, second mate of the *"E. P. Morse."* Evidently shore leaved appealed to him too, and away we went to Norfolk.

Doin' Norfolk or rather having Norfolk do you is to a normal New Yorker about as much fun as walking down Surf avenue, Coney Island, in December.

The main feature of life in Norfolk is that you pay just about as much, perhaps a little more, than you do on Broadway only when you're all through you have a great deal less. For excitement there are the soda water fountains, movie shows, one "vodvil house," called the Academy of Music for no apparent reason, one playhouse where plays long buried even in Brooklyn come at intervals and a few pool parlors where they try to get away with charging you three cents for chalking your cue.

Our visit, repeated once or twice within the next few days, was devoid of anything unusual or exciting and we were very glad when we awoke one morning to find that the wind had died down eough so that it seemed to be safe to sail. As Old Point Comfort slowly faded away in the distance my troubles began to increase in exactly a direct ratio.

Even at this later date I can remember just how it all happened, just when I began to feel the way I felt, the cause, the affect, etc—etc— And it all happened just like this!

Bang-bang-bangety-bang!

Slowly I began to regain consciousness, my brain, or at least that place where it ought to be, swirled feverishly. In my scattered dreams I had again been living in an old apartment in Harlem where there was a fire house just beneath and that bangety bang was again the noise of the engines on another rampage.

Then suddenly there was a swish! A bolt of blue green water shot directly under my nose. I jumped, my head rose to hit something just up above with particular and irritating violence. And then out of that mixture of dreams and pains in the lower regions, I awoke to full consciousness, to the realization that I was not in Harlem, but in my bunk on the *"E. P. Morse"* far out at sea and that banging was nothing, but the cook announcing breakfast with the aid of a tin pan and a spoon.

Swish, another column of water went past the half opened door of the stateroom. My bunk gave another violent lurch. It seemed in its wild dip toward the floor that it would surely hit the wash stand. But it didn't. Instead it swayed back with such violence that I nearly went through the partition which separated me from the engineer's bunk.

That call for dinner on this morning created no enthusiasm within me. I rolled over and for the moment passed into a troubled sleep.

Bang, bang, bang, "Breakfast!"

The noise was at my very ears. I opened my eyes and there stood the steward outside of the stateroom door, white aproned and smiling.

"Come to breakfast," he said, and then as I groaned and made no effort to move he continued more firmly, "Captain says."

Slowly I crawled out of the bunk and dressed. Then down the slippery, slidding, cavorting deck to the mess room I went. I was glad to reach it because I was in great fear of going overboard with the next column of green water. Then as soon as I got inside I wished I was out again.

Pork chops—great greasy specimens swimming in lakes of rich fat. Charley one of the deck hands, who was sitting next to me was gobbling them up almost one at a time.

I gagged, gasped and then tried one corner of mine. It slid down half way and then stopped. I tried another piece and it stopped. Coffee seemed to go about half way too, so I knew it was time to get out.

As I groped for the door and the outer air, the engineer sitting at the corner seat called after me.

"A nice juicy piece of fat, that's what you need sonny. Tie a string on it so that it wont go down to your shoes."

That statement settled everything—no use to go into harrowing details. I crawled up to the upper deck where things were a trifle less wet and there I waited. Hours passed it seemed but a look at my watch showed that it was only nine o'clock. More hours of waiting while the *"E. P. Morse"* pitched and tossed and the *"Bangs"* up ahead acted like a bucking broncho in a Wild West Show.

But all things must come to an end and the heights of Atlantic Highlands did at last appear. Never was the sight of the hills more beautiful.

"Home" whispered Willie Mason, leaning over the rail beside me.

"Ain't it a grand and glorious feelin,'" I answered.

Then from down on the lower deck, Martin's voice rose in that once beautiful melody, "Carry me back to old Virginny."

We dropped a bucket on him.

We Defy the Bolsheviki

DESPITE the tie-up in the printing trade in New York, The Dial continues to appear, perhaps not in as good a form or as well handled as hitherto-fore, but nevertheless it appears.

It has required an extra effort to meet the situation. We had to go out of town to have the book manufactured. The October issue was printed more than one hundred miles away from here which accounts in part for the fact that it was several days late in getting to our readers.

This issue we were able to print nearer home. At a very early date we expect to print the publication ourselves and then we won't be dependent upon the "vacation" whims of New York printers.

The Dial and one other publication were the only magazines of this type issuing from New York, which have not been forced to suspend. If you have been reading the daily press of late it is not necessary for us to remind you that practically all of the regular magazines and trade publications which have been printed in New York have experienced a great deal of trouble. The majority of them have not been able to appear.

With these facts before you we feel quite sure that you will overlook the changed condition, make-up, and whatever typographical mistakes you may find. Also we expect you to rejoice with us in the thought that no gang of Bolshevists and labor radicals are able to keep our magazine off the press.

The printers' strike of New York was the most unjustifiable thing that has had to do with the labor world for a long time. The pressmen struck and then later many of the compositors took a "vacation." They were misled from the very start by radical leaders who sought to get control of America through the press.

In Russia the first thing that the Bolsheviks did was to take over the printing offices and it was intended to be the same thing here.

The pressmen's strike was in opposition to the wishes of their leaders.

Life, the humorous weekly, explains the whole situation quite thoroughly in the following comment which appeared in the issue of October 23:

"Until recently, the labor unions in the printing trades have been controlled by the better element among the artisans. They were American organizations, and could be relied upon for fair play and a disposition to carry out the contracts they made.

"Of late the control of some local labor unions has passed out of the conservative members' hands and now rests with the lawless, foreign element. The better men are putting up a contest to keep their organizations up to the old standards, but they are howled down and terrorized by the vociferous and lawless Bolsheviks whose aim seems to be to destroy American institutions.

"All of the reputable publishers and employing printers are joined in the purpose to resist the atrocious demands formulated by the radical members of the unions. To yield now means virtually handing over the control of their businesses and property to men who will not even keep their agreements with their fellow-workmen, men who have rebelled against the authority of their own general unions, which, in consequence, have outlawed them.

"This is a contest between the American sense of law and order and the foreign obsession of anarchy."

Adventures In France

NINETEEN months of active service on the French front and emerging from it without a scratch or trace of the ordeal is but one of the many remarkable facts connected with the history of Flitcroft E. Evans, of the Navy Cost Inspectors office in our plant and his experiences with Section 592 of the U. S. Army Ambulance Service.

Evans enlisted in May, 1917, with the New York University Ambulance Unit and along with 120 other men was assigned to a section at Allentown, Pa. After six weeks of intensive training his unit embarked on the transport *San Jacinto*, landing in St. Nazaire fourteen days later. The U. S. S. *Henderson*, an old Morse friend, was also a member of that convoy.

Evans started his rather adventurous career in France in a very auspicious fashion and he, along with many other thousands of men who were making the trip across the Atlantic, came very near death before even the shores of France were sighted.

On the thirteenth day out at sea, the "13 hoodoo" of necessity broke loose and the convoy of which the *San Jacinto* was a part was attacked by a whole fleet of German submarines. According to the "gobs" on board there were thirteen submarines in the flotilla but no official figures have ever been found to verify their assertion.

A battle lasting two hours took place between the Americans and the Germans. It was full of many narrow escapes and thrills, but ended with no fatal effects to any of the ships in convoy.

Six more weeks of drill followed as soon as Evans and his companions set foot on French soil and then the unit set out for Paris. It consisted of about two hundred men and one hundred good trusty American "flivver ambulances." It was practically the vanguard of the American forces in France and the men were greeted and entertained royally.

News of their coming was announced, in some mysterious fashion far ahead of their arrival and, in many of the smaller towns, fruit and flowers were strewn in their paths as they marched by. Their objective, Paris, proved to be nothing but a stopping point and after being there only twelve hours they started out for Nancy which at that time was continually under bombardment by enemy airplanes. It was near Nancy where Ambulance Unit 592 got its baptismal fire.

"It was in the Baccarat sector, up in the Vosges mountains," said Evans in relating his adventures, "that we first came within the range of Fritz's ammunition. We were stationed from time to time at Bandonville, very near the firing line and while operating near that little town had many exciting experiences along our line of duty.

"There is one night in particular which I will always remember. It was one of those pitch black nights which nowhere seem to be so common as they are in France. I was acting as a guide for an inexperienced driver and we were working our way along a heavily camouflaged road within direct range of the German guns.

"Because of our close proximity to the front we were compelled to drive without lights and our progress, on that account, was very slow and difficult. We had to



Battle scenes in the Vosge Mountain sector. Lower pictures show distruction to a cathedral in the Marne valley. Circular picture to the right is of no man's land through a shell hole. Upper center, entanglements at Cantigny. Top picture, dressing station, Herbville.

pick our way entirely by the aid of star shells which were sent up from our lines from time to time, making exceptional bursts of speed while the glare from the rocket lasted. We were making for a town about fifteen miles from our base and were in what we considered its near vicinity when suddenly a cry to 'Halt' came out of the inky blackness in front of us and we found ourselves almost totally surrounded by glistening bayonets behind which there appeared faces not very friendly in appearance.

"For a moment we thought that we might have driven within the German lines and it was not a very comforting state of mind, but the men behind the bayonets turned out to be Frenchmen. We breathed a sigh of relief and were about to go on, but no such luck. The Frenchmen were of the opinion that our ambulance was a camouflaged German ruse and no amount of hand waving and school day French could persuade them otherwise.

"The reason for the hold-up was that American soldiers were so scarce in France at that time that our uniform was practically unknown. After a great deal more showing of passes, we were allowed to go on, but I never will forget the comfortable feeling that I had when the French corporal who was nearest to me lowered his bayonet from the region of my stomach.

"Soon after this experience we were assigned to a sector in Belgium and there saw the most active service of our career in France. We were right behind the lines during the historic battle of Mt. Kemmel Hill and bore the brunt of the first aid work during that battle. Our sector was at Ouderdoom and fully exposed to the enemy's fire. The Germans gave absolutely no attention to the sight of the Red Cross which was conspicuously posted on our station and shelled us many times.

"We had as headquarters a little farm house and shells would continually burst in the yard about it. Luckily our shack was not touched; lucky for us and also for the many wounded that came streaming back for treatment all during the progress of the battle. At one time during a period of twenty-four hours we handled over two hundred victims of a gas attack and during the eighteen days of battle our little section evacuated over 2,800 French wounded.

"The next big job for our section came during the second battle of the Marne. I had many exciting experiences during our stay in that sector. Those experiences do not seem to be so very terrible now that I am safely home, but at the time they were very real and caused me many a fearful minute of existence.

"One night during the battle I was driving along a heavily shelled road. It could hardly be called a road for it was just a mass of shell holes. I was intent upon picking out the easiest places and on that account lost track of my direction for the moment. The next thing that I knew was that machine gun bullets were flying around me and in another moment I realized that they were not from the German lines but were coming from our own The feeling that your own men are firing at you and that you have to run straight into that fire in order to get back into your own lines is not a pleasing one In my haste to turn around the machine nearly turned turtle. If it had, both I and the three wounded Frenchmen in the car would probably not be living to-day.

"No one who did not take an active part in the war can imagine the privations which are undergone by everybody during the progress of a big drive. Our section closely followed upon the advance of the troops. One night we came to Treslou, a

town recently evacuated by the Germans. There were no accommodations for anyone, the town was in ruins and we were forced to seek shelter in a cellar which had not been destroyed. The cellar was small, but we considered ourselves fortunate in getting it. Before morning came, however, there was less room for self congratulation. During the night, forty soldiers who had lost their way found our basement retreat and joined us there. I am firmly of the opinion that the Black Hole of Calcutta had nothing on that place during that night. At four o'clock in the morning I was called out and for the moment was glad to get away. Later I wished very earnestly that I was back in the cellar. I was instructed that several very seriously wounded men would have to be taken back to the rear instantly. I got to where they were and in order to get them back to a place of safety was forced to drive twelve miles through direct fire and had to make the entire trip with the aid of a flat tire and a broken main bearing."

After the armistice was signed Evans was transferred to a Base Camp at Ferriers where he spent some time helping to fight the influenza epidemic then prevalent. He returned to this country on the *President Grant*. Although a part of the American forces Evans' ambulance unit was attached to the 14th and 17th Divisions of the French army during his entire period of service. The 14th Division was one that distinguished itself in a very exceptional fashion during the war.



The two individual pictures are of Evans. Lower right, a part of the famous 14th Division of France. Lower left, captured arms. Bottom, Red Cross headquarters, Marne Valley. Upper right, ambulances ready for action. Other pictures are of French dead.

Has Splendid War Record

RUDOLPH MURERO (boiler maker) is one of the most recent additions to the long list of ex-service men who are now in the employ of the Morse Company and he brings with him a splendid record for overseas service.

Murero was at the front for twenty-six months, taking part in all of the great American offensives and for bravery and meritous service at Coulemelle, France, on May 28, 1918, received a special citation from General McGlachin.

Previous to the outbreak of war, Murero had served in the army, but was a civilian at the time war was declared. He re-enlisted on June 5, 1917, and was assigned to the Ammunition Train, First Division. Soon after his enlistment the division sailed for France and he was among the first of the American soldiers to set foot on French soil. While in France Murero was in four major offensives, the Mondidier-Noyen, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Meuse Argonne.

He brought back with him a Mauser automatic gun which was taken from a wounded German officer during one of the American drives forward. The German officer was dying when Murero got up to him. The German removed the firing pin from the gun so that the weapon could not be used by his captor.

The dismantled Mauser is an interesting relic of the war and is greatly prized by James Stephens, foreman of the boiler makers, to whom it was presented by Murero.



The center picture taken during heavy shell fire is of a first aid dressing station. Below it an incline railway going up Mt. Rivard in the Alps. To the right of center is the famous Wilson's American Bar in Paris. Upper right hand picture is of German prisoners going through the streets of Nancy. Upper center, putting on gas masks before an attack. Other pictures are general views taken near the front.

Liner Mexico in Hurricane

THE Ward liner *Mexico*, a vessel which has undergone repairs in our yard on several occasions, was one of the ships which ran into the tropical hurricane which swept into the Gulf of Mexico during the middle of September and resulted in great damage and loss of life in Corpus Christi, Texas.

According to the captain and some of the crew of the *"Mexico,"* the storm was by far the most violent of the tropical blows which have occurred in recent years. The *Mexico* was severely damaged, barely escaping a waterspout which swept her less than a half cables length away with a velocity of eighty miles an hour.

The water spout occurred suddenly one morning. It crossed the steamship's bow at very nearly right angles to her course and close enough for all on board to distinctly feel the shock of its rapid passage. The liner staggered as if it had struck a reef and towering waves from around the base of the spout broke over her, several large fish drawn up by the whirling water being thrown on deck. The spout was 300 feet high, 50 feet in diameter at the base, and mushroomed out to a diameter of 200 feet at the top.

Albert Novack, (welding department) is father of a baby born on October 2. The whole department celebrated the arrival of the youngster in fitting style. Novac furnished smokes for the occasion.

Unique Deckhouse Job

A JOB of a unique character was completed in September, when a deckhouse for the S. S. *Ancon,* instead of being built on the ship was constructed inside of the plate shop and from there moved onto the ship. The deckhouse was of all steel construction and measured 38 feet long, 20 feet wide and 7 feet high. The job was started on September 15 and ended five days later.

In building the deckhouse inside of the plate shop instead of on the ship, material for the work was more convenient and conditions in the shop were less crowded than they would have been on the ship. This all tended to speed-up production.

Ever hear of the fellow who, after building a boat in his cellar, invited all of his friends for a cruise and then when all of the company arrived he couldn't get the thing out of his cellar, it was so large?

That is the way the completed deckhouse impressed a good many of those who saw it after the construction work had been completed, but the dimensions of the deckhouse and those of the plate shop were kept in mind and there was no difficulty in getting the deckhouse out of the plate shop and on board ship.

In order to expedite the hoisting of the deckhouse onto the after deck of the ship where it was to be placed, it was built in six sections. Everything was made ready for a quick installation even to the punching of holes in the bottom angle iron so that the deckhouse might be fastened as soon as the sections reached the deck.

So far as we know, this is the first time that a structure of the same size has been built inside of a shop in any yard and from there transferred to a ship.

The *Ancon* is a shelter deck ship and was originally the S. S. *Shawmut,* built for the Boston Steamship Company. She was bought by the Panama Railway Company, present owners. During the late war she rendered valuable service as a transport. The *Ancon* was converted by the Morse Company into a fuel oil burner with a capacity of about 370,000 gallons, which gives her a large cruising radius.

The *Ancon* carries 9250 tons of cargo and is of the following dimensions; length overall, 505 feet; lngth beam perpendicular, 488 feet; beam moulded, 58 feet; depth moulded, 40 feet; and load draft, 27 feet.

New Payroll Head

H. G. DAY is now head of the Payroll department succeeding Hume Mayston who has left the employ of the Morse Company. Mr. Day also assumes the responsibilities connected with the duties of Chief Time Checker, a position which he held prior to his advancement.

Mr. Day came to the Morse Company two years ago and started work here in a clerical position. His rise can be attributed to steady and consciencious work.

Beside bringing himself up to a position of trust, Mr. Day has found time to cultivate the friendship of his co-workers in the office, all of whom were greatly pleased to hear of his new advancement.

Any man may make his mark in this world, but it isn't always a mark of esteem.



Number One Dry Dock as it used to look

A Friend Is Gone

IT IS with deep regret that we note the death of one of our associates, Rollo Stier of the Photographic Department, who succumbed to an attack of stomach trouble, following an operation at the Peck Memorial Hospital, Brooklyn. Mr. Stier died at the age of 53 years, on October 15 after a two weeks illness.



A man of sterling character, a staunch and true friend, Mr. Stier had endeared himself to those with whom he came in contact and his absence is very keenly felt, especially by the members of the Dial staff who had enjoyed daily association with him.

Mr. Stier joined the Morse Company about a year and a half before his death, and served in a clerical position in the payroll department. He immediately became interested in the "Dial" and volunteered to help in the photographic work, having had experience along that line.

In a large measure he contributed to the early success of the magazine, and later when the Photographic department was established by the company Mr. Stier was transferred and in time became assistant photographer.

He had a natural aptitude for the work and though he had handled only amateur photography up to that time, he quickly became a most proficient laboratory man.

No one ever had greater enthusiasm or love for his work and no matter how hard or trying the task, he was always to be depended upon to complete it in a thorough and competent manner.

One of the secrets of his success in a profession which is very exacting, was the enthusiasm he put into his work. Eager to advance himself as far as possible in his new field he devoted most of his spare time to study and had even succeeded in mastering many of the difficulties of professional camera work, an accomplishment which ordinarily takes years of practice.

His death seems the more sorrowful because of his great happiness in his new field of endeavor.

Born in Stier, Northampton County, Pa., he spent most of his life before joining the Morse Company in that vicinity. He was for many years superintendent of the State Belt Telephone Company at Nazareth. Pa., which he founded. He had the distinction of having installed the first telephone service in Nazareth. He was an active member and past exalted ruler in the Easton, Pa., Lodge of Elks and a member of the Royal Arcanum.

Funeral services were held at the Moravian Church in Nazareth, on Saturday, October 18 and burial was in Nazareth.

Congratulations are again in order. This time it is James Donovan, of Mr. Hallock's staff, who is concerned. He is the father of a boy born on Sunday, October 26.

Our New Band Master

LIEUTENANT W. S. MYGRANT, formerly leader of the Seventh Regiment Infantry, N. Y. G. Band and for many years a military bandmaster of note, is the new director of the Morse Band succeeding Dan F. Shea, who has left the employ of the Morse Company.

Lieutenant Mygrant's record of service as a military bandmaster is a long and illustrious one. Practically all of his professional life has been spent in the service of the United States Army and today he is a ranking First Lieutenant on inactive duty.

His longest period of service was fifteen years with the 13th Regiment of Brooklyn. After that he spent two years with the First Field Artillery. He was a member of that organization when the Mexican trouble broke out and saw service with it.

While at the border he was severely injured by his horse falling on top of him and when the call for overseas service came he could not pass the physical requirements and was forced to remain on this side. Later he was able to pass the less rigorous domestic requirements of the Seventh Regiment, N. Y. G., and led the band of that organization until recently when he was put on the inactive list and came into the Morse employ.

Lieutenant Mygrant could give no details about the future plans of the band. He did say, however, that from what he understood it seemed that everybody concerned wanted the best band that could possibly be organized, a band that could play with the best of the professionals. In order to have a band of the highest calibre, Lieutenant Mygrant pointed out that the reorganized Morse band would have to be limited in size. He considers a band of thirty pieces to be an ideal organization. The band program, hours of practice, and other detail will be announced later, but it is practically certain that the noon hour concerts will be resumed within a very short space of time.

Payroll Girls Celebrate

By Wm. R. Monahan

A HALLOWE'EN banquet was held in the office of the Payroll Department during the lunch period on Friday, October 31, which, according to the noise which emanated through the windows must have been quite an occasion. The girls had lots of opportunities to make merry for no members of the male sex were present.

Marie Bauer gave an imitation of Princess Rajah in her famous dance of the seven towels . She stood on a table in order to display her esthetic talents to the utmost. She and Mildred Berg also gave a Swedish dance which was greeted with rounds of applause.

The invited guests were Mrs. Tillotson, Mrs. S. Fenton, formerly Maude Palmer, and Genevieve Moran. Both of the latter were former members of the department. The Payroll Department was represented by Elsie Ackerman, Anna Badger, Marie Bauer, Mildred Berg, Margaret Dolan, Alva McDonough, Kathleen Morris, May Kramer, Dorothea Moran.

Bill Petrick, (pipe coverer boss,) has a new checkered cap. That is, it is new to these parts, but probably has spent many years of service elsewhere. According to current rumor, Bill wears out one pair of shoes each month. From looking at his cap one would think that there is almost as great a wear and tear on his head as there is on his feet.



Steam Compressor Installed

A NEW Ingersoll-Rand steam compressor, to be used as an auxiliary to the two large electric compressors, was recently put into operation in the boiler house at the head of Pier 4. The compressor can deliver air of 100 pounds pressure at the rate of 1,000 feet a minute and is used mostly during the night at times when there is no need to operate the larger engines. It is used to increase the output in case of rush times and is an emergency measure should the bigger plant have a mishap. There are also two McNaull water tube boilers which have just been installed. These boilers are of 300 H. P. and 100 pounds pressure. All the installation work was done under the personal supervision of chief engineer James Collins, who is also laying plans to increase the size of the boiler room and contemplates adding another steam air-condenser.

Association Finances

THE most recent report on the financial standing of the Employees' Association as compiled by Mortimer W. Mead, treasurer, is as follows:—

Disbursements:—Football, $188.01; baseball, $2,418.12; insurance, $1,386.30; athletic field, $115.00; outing $24.50; general expense, $205.60; total, $4,337.53.

Receipts:—Football, $159.04; baseball, $2,285.70; insurance, $1,227.00; athletic field, $800; dues, $748.40; total, $5,220.14.

Balance on Sept. 1, $1,554.21; monthly balance, $882.61; total balance Sept. 30, $2,436.82. Balance in bank, $2,007.78; cash on hand, $429.04.

One day we overheard Frances Daley wishing all sorts of calamities upon the men who favored and enforced prohibition. If you feel that way about it Frances why not stock up the cellar and hide the key.

Our October Meeting

ONE of the largest and most enthusiastic crowds which ever gathered in the Employees' Association Room, on the top floor of the Carpenter Shop, was, present at the October meeting of the Employees' Association, Wednesday, October 28.

The usual business meeting which preceded the entertainment was brief and consisted mostly of the reports of the various committees which are making plans for Association activities during the winter months. The secretary's and treasurer's reports were given. Tom Smith, Sr., carpenter shop, outlined plans for the bowling season. Mortimer W. Mead spoke on the Memorial dedication.

The entertainemt which followed was distinguished from other entertainments which have preceded it by the length and variety of the vaudeville program offered. Charles Schmalts, rigging department, the initial performer, entertained with several songs. He was accompanied at the piano by Dan Basil, copper shop.

Gilbert Gerard, animal mimic, gave a number of second imitations ranging for variety's sake from the roar made by a hungry lion to the sound of a whiskey bottle during the process of its being opened. Then followed a burlesque on Gus Edwards' "School Days," with plenty of slapstick.

Leonard and Tracy, the next performers, entertained with popular songs. The New York City Police quartet sang several selections which were very well received and John Shanley, a member of the Bay Ridge police force, entertained with solos. Vincent Orlando, of the Mallory Line, also sang.

A boxing and wrestling program, reports of which appear in the sporting page, followed the vaudeville program.

New Assistant Dock Master

JOHN T. ETHERIDGE, formerly of Norfolk, has joined the Morse Company as an assistant dock master to Charles Hallock.

Mr. Etheridge comes from the Norfolk Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Company, Norfolk, Virginia, where he was a dock master for eighteen years.

Several years ago when the late John Hallock left the yard for a short time to recuperate from an illness, he went to Norfolk, Virginia, and there became acquainted with Mr. Etheridge.

Mr. Etheridge had also been acquainted with Charles Hallock, assistant superintendent, some time before coming here. He is a man of wide experience in dry docking and is very enthusiastic about the Morse equipment.

In speaking of our dry docks Mr. Etheridge said:—"The Morse docks are the best dry docks I have ever worked with. Another thing which has greatly impressed me since my short stay in the yard is the spirit of the men who work with me. They all work together with no friction and they work hard. From what I can find out, that same situation prevails throughout the yard."

During the time that Howard Canning (welding snapper) was on his honeymoon, his place was very efficiently filled by "Scotty" Menzies, of football fame. Scotty is a hard worker. Looking at him from a distance you would think that he was French due to the rapid movement of his arms while talking, but all doubts are removed when you get near enough to hear that brogue.

THE MORSE
DRY DOCK DIAL

A monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, and to the interests of the Company

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor
C. Stewart Wark, Assistant Editor
Willard B. Prince, Art Editor
Joe L. Murphy, Sporting Editor
C. W. Bailey, Photographer

Mrs. Wallace Livermore, William Roth, William R. Monahan, Edwin Donnelly, and Miss Margaret McCarthy, contributing editors

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All communications should be addressed to B. E. Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn.

Vol. 2 NOVEMBER No. 11

Keeping the Pocket-Book Slim

USUALLY in the scale of wage and cost of living laid out by the economists and statisticans, wages always follow close behind a rise or fall in the cost of living but they never quite reach the same level. That fact has proven to be so universally true that it has become almost an axiom in the study of economics.

It is singularly interesting on that account to note that during the past month wage increases in New York State have outstripped the high cost of living. This statement is based on the monthly report of the State Industrial Commission. It means that wages paid to employees in this state have increased so rapidly and to so great an extent that today in this city the relation between wages and the cost of living have undergone a change which necessitates the breaking up of many long established economic principals. It also means that the wage earners in the city of New York, generally speaking, have received such a great increase in wages that they ought to be more prosperous than ever before in spite of the high cost of living.

The average wage for factory workers during the month of September, the Commission has found, was 96 percent. higher than in 1914 while food prices were only 90 percent. higher. Average earnings for that month again set a high mark being $24.83 a week or 98 cents higher than the August average. This represents approximately a 4 percent. increase whereas food prices dropped 2 percent. These averages are computed from the reports of 1,648 factories.

Increase in the weekly earnings of the various industries from August to September run as high as seven dollars. In considerable number of industries an increase of $1. and $2. in the average weekly earnings were reported.

The figures as they are quoted above ought to be "food for thought" for every wage earner who thinks that it is the high cost of living which is alone responsible for his slim pocketbook.

How about the cost of high living? Are not some of you living more extravagantly, enjoying more luxuries, than you ever did before?

Did you ever think of it in that light, Mr. Wage Earner?

❖ ❖ ❖

Swat the Agitator

WISE men have said that what has happened in chaotic Russia could not happen in America because we are too well educated. Too many people take these wise men at their word and we are now beginning to experience a state of unrest that is very alarming. It is about time for us to get away from this attitude of utter complacency while the fires of red terror are wending their way to our shores.

We see men and women who consider themselves good Americans being led like lambs by foreigners who have wormed their way into our industrial and social life to breed discontent. They are swallowing the bait handed out by these outcasts of Europe. And what are the results? Strikes, disorder, riots and impending Bolshevism.

It is time to call a halt to this situation which threatens our existence and happiness. The best and most effective way to do so is to hand the guy who attempts to talk radicalism to you a good swat on the jaw.

This isn't the most lawful and orderly way of handling the matter, but the red flag-waver has no respect for our laws so why consider him?

WM. R. MONAHAN.

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Don't Be a Bell-Cow

"FOLLOW the crowd." How often we have seen those words stand out above all others on the advertising handbills of some cheap, get-rich-quick merchant or showman. And how often we have "followed the crowd" to get one of those $2.50 shirts for 79 cents, only to find that the stripes were gone from the shirt when it returned from the laundry.

How often, too, we have "followed the crowd" to a street corner or around the block to find a helpless drunk being pushed into a patrol wagon or a child who had been knocked down by a vehicle, being lifted into an ambulance.

Crowds are sordid, frenzied mobs, carried on and swelled by impulse rather than judgment. Crowds block progress and traffic. The men who have succeeded are the men who have left the crowd because it held them back. They circled the crowd and "beat them to it."

Back in the days of the old-time minstrel shows, when George Primrose, Hi Henry and other men of the old-school were popular, there was a song which was entitled, "If you can't be a Bell-cow, Fall in Behind."

In the title of that song is the answer to the phrase "Follow the Crowd." It means that if you do "follow the crowd," you are not a bell-cow, just a poor, weak-willed member of the herd—just plain cow.

Right now is the time for ship builders and ship repair workers to steer clear of the crowd. You bridged the Atlantic with ships, stemming a tide that threatened to shake the very foundations of American liberty.

To "follow the crowd" now would be to join an army of sweat-shop workers who are uneasy from the rantings of anarchistic bell-cows. Break away from these foreigners and think for yourself.

JOE L. MURPHY.

❖ ❖ ❖

I BELIEVE that the more extreme leaders of Organized Labor will presently yield to a sober second thought and like the great masses of their associates think and act like true Americans.

They will see that strikes undertaken at this critical time are certain to make matters worse, not better, for them and everybody else.

WOODROW WILSON,
President of the United States.

❖ ❖ ❖

The pride of Heart is the attribute of honest men; pride of manners is that of fools; the pride of birth and rank is often the pride of dupes.—

DULCOS.

Why We Excel

JUST a little sidelight thrown upon certain activities in our yard may show why our organization takes a leading place among the ship repairing plants of this country.

Recently a shipowner, negotiating with a Morse representative for repairs to his craft, regretted the fact that the ship was laden with ballast and would have to be cleared before repairs were started. He was sorry, he would have to attend to the unloading of that ballast, before giving her over to the Morse Company.

"Oh, that's all right," he heard the Morse man say. "We will attend to that in connection with the work."

"You do that, too?" queried the ship owner.

"Sure!" the Morse representative answered.

As a matter of fact, unloading ballast is unusual in connection with repair work, but this particular solicitor was imbued with the Morse spirit and he knew that he would receive the co-operation of the company and the men in its employ.

The job was done. Tons of ballast were taken off the ship. The shipowner was saved time, trouble and money, and the Morse company created a new field of work for its fleet of tugs, lighters, dredges and scows.

The co-operation of one man in particular was required to inaugurate this new work. That was Captain William F. Kirby, water transportation manager.

To the casual observer, Captain Kirby does not radiate his importance. He may be found in or about the little deckhouse on Pier 3. His height—over six feet—makes the little shanty seem smaller in comparison. From the deckhouse and between puffs of his corncob pipe and drinks of coffee from a pot simmering over a little stove, he directs the operations of the "sea horses," as he calls the Morse tug boats.

Having been a master and pilot on the Atlantic coast and commander of several of the largest and most palatial yachts, Captain Kirby is keyed to the habit of doing things on his own initiative.

Also he has surrounded himself with men whose fund of experience is equally rich. They were seamen and pilots in the days when one had to meet an emergency as best he could. Nowadays one meets an emergency with certain routine of procedure.

Thus it may be seen that Captain Kirby was keen to back up the solicitor's promise. He not only said, "we'll do it," but added, "we'll make it part of our work." Today, included in the Morse company's floating equipment, are scows for just such work.

This feature only adds to the completeness of the floating equipment of the company, which was first to operate its own craft for towing, dredging and kindred work. With two ocean-going boats, three harbor boats, three steam-lighters and other workers of the sea, the Morse company has achieved results that have been beneficial to shipowners.

Formerly ship repair yards had no fleet of this kind and were accustomed to hire such crafts as they needed. So also did owners and masters of disabled ships which had to be towed to repair yards. Ships were delayed in moving in and out of the dry dock and to different piers, by having to wait for outside tugs. Frequently it happened that, when ships were ready for docking or to be taken off, all of the tug boats in the port were busy. Work slackened and shipowners grunted impatiently.

This "first aid" attention has kept pace with the growth of the Morse company. It is not unusual for Captain Kirby's "sea horses" to gallop to Norfolk, Va., or to New London, Conn., to be harnessed to a ship bound for the Morse repair yards in Brooklyn.

In this respect, some notable records have been made. The *Anson B. Bangs* and the *DeWitt C. Ivins* made the run from Norfolk, Va., to the yard with a 4,218-ton steamer in tow in 50 hours.

A hurry call was sent out from the *Ozaukee,* which lay at Pier 74, in the North River. In less than three hours from the time of their leaving the plant, Morse tugs had her in the yards and on dry dock.

And the *Navarino* at Pier 53, North River. Two ocean boats of the Morse fleet left the Brookly yards and returned—the *Navarino* with them—in one hour and five minutes.

On one occasion the steamer *Pampa,* an Argentine transport, minus its rudder, was towed from Newport, News, Va., in 53 houors. A ship without a rudder is a helpless hulk at best, but when it comes to towing, such a ship is awkward, indeed. One can realize the seriousness of such a task only by trying it.

Ansalada III, an Italian steamship of the tank type, had been loaded for a trip from Newport News, Va., to Italy. She encountered bad weather off New London, Conn., and for some hours was adrift and short of fuel. It may not be amiss to say that a tank type steamer short of fuel is in rather bad shape, for it lightens and, as seamen say, "goes by the head." Going by the head" helps sheer her off course, even when willing hands are trying to guide her aright.

Coming through Hell Gate with such a charge is a ticklish job, but the *Ansalada* was brought through stern first. The pilots and crews of the Morse tugs, *Anson M. Bangs* and *DeWitt C. Irvins,* regard this as no mean feat.

Exactly one hour after the *San Giovanni,* an Italian twin screw steamer, arrived in quarantine, she was on the dry dock in the Brooklyn yards of the Morse company. Morse tugs, *Arthur Kill, Anson M. Bangs* and *E. P. Morse* are credited with this achievement, which is not a small one in view of the fact that the *San Giavanni* is 430 feet long, with a beam 52 feet 9 inches, moulded depth of 27 feet 10 inches and of 6,592 tons.

Towing disabled ships to dry dock is not, however, the full extent of the work performed by the "sea horses." When a vessel with a broken windlass is unable to hoist anchor, derrick-lighters are pressed into service, lifting the anchor aboard ship.

At times when docking space is not available, the floating equipment is dispatched out into the bay where necessary work is performed much the same as in the yards.

"Sea horses," Captain Kirby has said. "Bull dogs," too, we are inclined to think, for they tackle anything,

Shipbuilding in Colleges

With the rapid growth of our American Merchant Marine and the need of skilled men, comes an announcement of the United States Shipping Board that nearly twenty of the larger educational institutions of the country are either contemplating or already have started classes in the various phases of the ship building industry.

It is expected that only a few years from now schools of naval architecture and ship construction will become important branches of almost every first class educational institution of the country.

Recent Vistors

REMINICENT of the story of the *Westward Ho* on her romantic voyage of mercy to destitute Poland, which appeared in a recent issue of The Dial, that brought into our yard last month by the S. S. *West Carnifax,* a U. S. Shipping Board boat.

The *West Carnifax* arrived in our yard following a cruise from Liverpool, England in which port she had remained for more than two months due to labor troubles affecting the unloading of her cargo of bailed cotton. On her the Morse Company did a general repair and paint job.

Since the signing of the armistice, the *West Carnifax* was the first ship to bring American flour to the Germans. She was also the first merchant ship to fly the American flag in the port of Hamburg in 21 years as in all that time the foodstuffs and merchandise coming into Hamburg had been carried by German and ships of other Europeen nations.

The *West Carnifax* is propelled by 3000 H. P. engines, is 400 feet long, has a beam of 54 feet and a tonnage of 6400. She is the fastest ship of her type in the Shipping Board Service.

Following a trip from Bordeaux, France, from which place she carried United States government war trophies and serviceable aeroplanes and flying equipment, the *West Corum,* a steamship built in and haling from Portland, Oregon, put into our yards recently.

Built in 90 days and at the height of war activities, the *West Corum* is giving excellent service. She is of 8900 gross tons and is under Shipping Board control.

Interesting among the ships which came into our yards in October was the Italian liner, *Taormina,* hailing from Genoa, Italy, and in the service of the Generale Italian Navigation Company. The *Taormina,* 485 feet in length, has an average speed of 15 knots an hour. Her accommodations are excellent and during the war she made four trips from New York to Brest carrying American officers and men. Prior to this her life on the sea was very eventful, for she was attacked by submarines on three different occasions. At one time she engaged in a pitched battle with a sub and a total of 75 shots were exchanged.

The S. S. *Arizona,* a ship which was converted into a troop transport at the Morse yard in December, 1918, paid us another visit in October. The *Arizona* is no longer a transport. She was returned to her private owners, the American-Hiwaiian line, recently. The turnover was made at St. Nazaire, France, and all of the standee berths and other troop ship equipment installed in the Morse yard were taken out there before her first trip under private ownership was made.

The ship *Casco,* hailing from San Francisco, upon which a general repair job was done in our yard last month has a war history worthy of note.

Interned in Manila during the war, the *Casco* was taken over by the U. S. Shipping Board and was used as a Navy transport, carrying shrapnel and munitions to Genoa, Italy. She was built in Flemsburg, Germany and was formerly known as the *Elmshorn.*

The *Casco* is 397 feet long, has a beam of 54 feet and is 4591 tons.

AFTER THE WHISTLE HAS BLOWN

EDITED BY JOE L. MURPHY

Looking 'Em Over

THE curtain has long ago fallen on the grand finale of baseball—the world's series. The bets have all been paid and those of us who lost have probably fully recuperated from the financial strain involved by this time. In short the "grand old game" has taken a back seat for a little while and it's time for all up-to-date sport fans to hop off the baseball wagon and become football enthusiasts if they have not already done so.

While baseball lasted Morse men had a great team to follow and support. No other "semi-pro" team in the metropolitan district made quite as spectacular a record. At one stage of the game the team hung up twelve consecutive victories and they were victories to be proud of, everyone of them being wins over first class teams.

At the present writing our soccer team looks to be one of the most dangerous football combinations in the country. Men in the yard who are close followers of soccer are well aware of the fact that we have a team worthy of support but there are a great many others not so well acquainted with the game who do not seem to realize the importance of our team.

Instead of being in the fight for the supremacy of this borough, the metropolitan district, or even the east, the Morse football team is one of the strongest runners-up for the highest soccer honors in America.

Last year the team brought the War Fund cup to Brooklyn. This year it is out to annex the championship of America. It is entered in the competition for the National Football Association Cup, has again entered into the American Cup competition and beside has been entered into the National League race.

That fact is a source of pleasure to every soccer enthusiast in the borough and would undoubtedly mean a lot more to yard employees if they fully realized just how great an honor it is to be entered in the National League of football.

The National League embraces all of the soccer talent of the country and it is to soccer just exactly what the American and National leagues are to baseball.

The national competition will be conducted on a new plan this year, the east and west being divided into districts. In each of these districts a district champion will be determined and these two championship clubs will meet in the final series for the national title.

As the national cup, formerly known as the Dewar cup, is worth $1,000 it can easily be seen that the winning of it is no small honor. Soccer clubs from Massachusetts to Missouri are entered to contest for it. Six clubs are entered from this vicinity and several St. Louis elevens are entered for the first time.

If the line-up of a team is any sign of its strength the Morse "booters" should do wonders this season. With Wahlen, Beardsworth, Bain, McCann, Parker, Stradan, Dugdale, Page, Lindsay, O'Hanlon, and Bustard on the line-ups, no one who knows anything at all about soccer can possibly doubt that the material we have is of the best.

This fact, however, has not kept the football committee, consisting of Walter Crawford, Neil O'Donnell, Charles Menzies and Robert Gore, from being ever on the look-out for new material. They are now on the trail of two crack soccer players from distant parts and in the recent signing of Connie Lynch they have turned a trick well worthy of mention. In Lynch, the Morse team undoubtedly has the "find" of the season. He is conceded to be the star center forward of American soccer.

The team has gotten away to a good start and is in the first division of the National League. Had it won the game on October 19 against the Federals of Newark it would have been in first place. Unluckily the game was lost by the close score of 3 to 2. Two of the goals credited to the visitors were made on penalties, one of which was greatly disproved of by the large crowd present.

We do not wish to detract in any way from the Federal victory. The Jersey team won and played a great game of football, but in all fairness it must be stated that the general feeling of the crowd at the game was that Morse was the better team. That matter, however, will be cleared up when we play the Federals again.

In spite of that one defeat the outlook for the team is very encouraging. The opening game of the season played on September 7 with the Babcock & Wilcox team resulted in a win for Morse by the score of 6 to 0. That victory was followed by a win over the New York F. C., a tie game with the Eries, one of the strongest teams of the country, and another victory over the Patersons.

The New York vs. Morse game played on Sept. 28 at Morse Oval was very fast throughout and was in doubt up to the very last minutes of play. The ball went from wing to wing and the New Yorkers were very strong. Sweeny, inside left for the Manhattanites, played at the top of his form and kept our boys on the jump. At one stage of the game Connie Lynch got a splendid pass from Beardsworth and flashed the ball at the opposing goal, only to have it neatly blocked by the tender.

Fifteen minutes of the second half had elapsed when Ferguson of the Morse team was badly hurt by attempting to block an opponent. Following the accident Bain broke through and scored the first goal by a magnificently placed shot. Five minutes afterwards Lynch and his team mate Beardsworth got through the New York defence and Beardsworth scored a goal. Lynch picking up a fast pass from the left scored another goal soon afterwards, making the score 3 to 0.

Sam Bustard played a very consistent game and was instrumental in blocking many passes of the opposing eleven. Page, after traveling a distance of 400 miles, arrived here tired and sleepless. He well earned his nickname "The Lion" for he was an important element in administering a whitewash to the visiting team.

The Erie game played at Clark's Field, Newark, on October 5, should not be regarded by Morse fans as a disappointment even though it did result in a tie score. According to all newspaper accounts the Erie team is a very strong contender for league honors and the fact that our boys were able to hold them is strong proof of the ability of the team. The Eries took the lead in the first period but three minutes after the second half had started Beardsworth equalized the score. After that neither side seemed to be able to gain an advantage.



On a wet, slippery field in Paterson, N. J., the Morse team won its third victory of the season Sunday, October 12, against the Paterson F. C. Two full periods were played in the presence of a small-sized crowd, the game ending with a score of 3 to 0. All three goals were made by Connie Lynch, star soccer centre forward, and the latest acquisition to the Morse eleven.

Lynch, while making all three points for the Morse team,

did so only with the able support given him by his team mates. On one occasion he received the ball after a brilliant pass by Beardsworth. All of the Morse players, by excellent defensive work contributed to the victory.

Sunday, October 19, was a disappointment to Morse Soccer fans in more ways than one. The team lost its game with the Federals, but a disappointment almost as great was the fact that the game with Bethlehem was to have been played on that date but was again postponed by the Bethlehem management. The report received by Charlie Menzies of our club from the Bethlehem manager was that the Pennsylvania team had not yet been assembled since its return from the exhibition tour abroad.

Old Man Hard Luck snatched a victory away from the Morse soccer team Sunday, October 26, when it was pitted against the Disston team in Philadelphia. With the score 2 to 0 in its favor after the first seven minutes of play and up to the end of the first half, the Morse team tried valiantly to weather the absence of Stanley Perrin, who had to retire from half back because of a broken leg and ankle. Perrin's excellent defensive work had been a factor in keeping down the opposing tallies, and with him taken from the lineup, Disston attacked with renewed vigor and rolled up four goals, making the final result 4 to 2.

Lynch negotiated the first goal for Morse by his usual dash and spirit. He toyed with the ball and taking advantage of an opening got it through with his customary aggressiveness. Parker, by a great individual effort, got the second Morse goal following a brilliant streak of defensive playing in which four of his opponents hovered about him and the ball when it had been checked on its way for a Disston score.

Since the accident to Perrin, letters of condolence have been received by Charles Menzies, secretary of the Morse team, from soccer officials and sporting writers. Perrin had $100 taken from his room recently, and, according to his friends, had contemplated matrimony after the Robins game. His accident coming at such a time is sure hard luck. To emphasize that point, the writer has been rather indiscreet in disclosing Perrin's personal business, but it is a case of real, tough luck, and one that is deserving of material sympathy.

National Association

Football League Schedule

November 16, 1919—Paterson vs. Disston; New York vs. Merchants; Bethlehem vs. Paterson; Erie vs. Federal; Morse vs. I. R. T. at Morse Oval. November 23 and November 30, open dates subject to draw for cup ties.

December 7, 1919—I. R. T. vs. Federal; Merchants vs. Morse; Erie vs. New York; Bethlehem vs. Paterson; Robins vs. Disston. December 14—New York vs. Bethlehem; Paterson vs. I. R. T. Merchants vs. Erie; Robins vs. Morse at Todd Field. December 21—Erie vs. Bethlehem; Paterson vs. Merchants; Disston vs. I. R. T.; Morse vs. Federal at Morse Oval; New York vs. Robins. December 28—New York vs. Morse; Robins vs. Federal; Erie vs. Paterson; Merchant Ship vs. Disston.

January 4, 1920—Disston vs. Bethlehem; Federal vs. New York; Morse vs. Erie; Paterson vs. Robins; I. R. T. vs. Merchants. January 11—Merchants vs. Robins; New York vs. Disston; Bethlehem vs. Federal; Morse vs. Paterson at Morse Oval; Erie vs. I. R. T. January 18—Disston vs. Erie; Bethlehem vs. Morse; Paterson vs. Morse; Robins vs. I. R. T.; Federal vs. Merchants. January 25—Erie vs. Robins; Merchants vs. Bethlehem; Morse vs. Disston at Morse Oval; Paterson vs. Federal; I. R. T. vs. New York.

February 1—Disston vs. Paterson; Merchants vs. New York; Paterson vs. Bethlehem; Federal vs. Erie; I. R. T. vs. Morse. February 8—Federal vs. I. R. T.; Morse vs Merchants at Morse Oval; New York vs. Erie; Paterson vs. Bethlehem; Disston vs. Robins. February 15—Bethlehem vs. New York; I. R. T. vs. Paterson; Erie vs. Merchants; Morse vs. Robins at Morse Oval; Disston vs. Federal. February 22—Bethlehem vs. Erie; Merchants vs. Paterson; I. R. T. vs. Disston; Federal vs. Morse; Robins vs. New York.

The standing of the National league clubs up to Nov. 16 was as follows:

Clubs	Won	Drawn	Lost	Pts.
Robins	5	0	0	10
Federal	2	2	1	6
Morse	2	1	2	5
Disston	2	1	1	5
Erie	2	1	2	5
New York	1	2	2	4
Paterson	1	1	3	3
Merchant Ship	0	0	2	2
Inter. R. T.	0	0	2	0
Bethlehem	0	0	0	0

Baseball Season Ends

THE baseball season in so far as the Employees' Association is concerned has come to a successful close with a record of twelve straight victories reached at one stage of the season and with wins over the Robins, Standards, Farmers, the Treat 'em Roughs and other clubs of considerable prominence.

The season officially closed the last of September when Bill Dahlen left the team and the Association released its control over it. But Morse baseball has been in evidence since that time and the Morse baseball team has been seen in action on one of the local diamonds on almost every Sunday through October. This independent team was run by Joe McGuirk, Hull department, and as a result of his activities the baseball season was kept intact until very late in the fall. Plans for the coming season are tentative as yet.

Some exceptionally strong opponents were met beginning when the Bacarach Giants faced Morse, and didn't fare any better than an even break, in a double-header, Morse taking the first 3 to 0 and losing the second, 3 to 1.

Emerich of Morse sure had his day in the Bacarach games. Besides getting four hits out of as many times up, he made some wonderful catches, preventing runs by the opposing nine.

Johnson pitched a great game for Morse in the game against the Standards. He allowed but two hits, one of a scratch order, and Morse won handily by the score of 5 to 1.

By getting to Talcott in the first inning of the Standard game, the Morse players got well on the way to tallies. Butch walked and Bauer doubled. Emerich reached first safely and when Crist singled three Morse runners crossed the plate before the ball was returned to the plate. Morse got two more in the fifth on Buch's single, Bauer's triple and Johnson's double. Again Emerich's consistently good playing was noticeable. He caught a strong, heady game and was no small factor in keeping the Standard score down to the lone, single tally.

A double-header was played Sunday, October 5 with the Downey and Standard teams as opponents. The Morse team lost both of these games, the first to the Standards by a score of 6 to 2 and the second to the Downeys by a score of 7 to 5.

The Morse team defeated the Fletchers Sunday, October 12, by a score of 3 to 2.



YOUNG HAPPY, of the Hull department, one of our favorite battlers, has the kick of a mule in both hands according to many who knew him. "Hap" boxed some youngster over in Jersey recently and when the kid came to he had to have a few stitches put into his dome.

The Yard League

AS far as can be ascertained, the Yard Baseball League suffered the pangs of a lingering but painless death sometime during the latter part of August or the first of September. The exact date of its decease is so hazy in our minds that we will not attempt to fix it upon any particular day of the month, but one thing is certain—the League is with us no longer. Many quite valid excuses can be given for the failure of an enterprise which showed splendid possibilities early in the season. The best thing to do, however, is to let excuses and everything else go by the boards. The league was good fun while it lasted and perhaps with the added experience which we now have a more perpetually successful organization of the same character may be established next season.

The only notable baseball game of recent date which might be classed as a yard contest was held on Monday afternoon, October 20 at Morse Oval. The contestants were the regular Morse team vs. an organization known as Miss Jensen's Cripples. The game was a benefit affair sponsored by Miss Jensen of the yard hospital. In order that all of the office force might have the opportunity of helping out in a worthy cause by attendance at the game, office closing time on that day was four

o'clock and a large crowd was on hand to witness the "Cripples" and the "Regulars" battle nine innings to a 7 to 7 tie score.

The feature attraction of the day was Chad See, former Morse twirler, on the mound for the "Cripples." Chad, since he left our yard last spring, has been traveling in fast company. He joined the Rochester team, International League, after leaving the Morse yard and led that league in batting. Then he staged quite a flurry in the baseball world by going over to the Cincinnati "Reds." We were all glad to see Chad back among us and also had plenty of chance to admire his slab work and his ability to tear around the bags. Another on Miss Jensen's team whom we all remembered was Mundhenk, our first sacker who was recently injured while playing ball. Hen Crist and Pete Grant were also in the line-up.

The shining light on the alleged Morse "regular" team was Joe McGuirk. Joe covered right field and came to bat occasionally. He also helped to amuse the bleacherites by appearing in a black wig which made him look like Chief Eagle Eye, or Gyp the Blood whichever way you cared to take it. Bauer twirled for McGuirk's team, Peterson officiated behind the bat, Collins was at first, McGarry covered second, Buck was at third, Hufnagle at short while McGuirk took care of most of the outfield according to his own statement.

Credit is due to Miss Jensen for her efforts to make the game a success. All of the proceeds went to help men and women of the vicinity who were greatly in need of financial aid. The office force too is to be congratulated on its almost one hundred percent. attendance at the game.

Yard Bowling League Started

ACCORDING to the report of the bowling committee given by Thomas Smith, Sr., at the October meeting of the Employees' Association, the yard bowling tournament this season promises to be even more interesting than ever before.

The bowling committee consists of Thomas Smith, Sr., chairman, Bert Banks and Henry Rochelle. A schedule of the Yard Tournament games which began on November 1 has been printed and copies may be obtained from any member of the committee.

The schedule has been arranged according to a new plan. Each department team manager has drawn a number which will be the number of that particular team throughout the playing season. On the schedule the teams are designated according to numbers and not according to the department name. These schedules were made up before the drawing of numbers took place so that there can be no complaint if any team is not satisfied with the position which it occupies on the schedule.

All games are played on the American Alleys, 52nd street and Third avenue. There is no charge to the team members for the use of the alleys, all expenses being covered by the Employees' Association. Fourteen teams from as many departments in the yard have been entered in the tournament. A trophy will be awarded to the leading team at the end of the season and individual medals will be given to each player on the winning team.

Tommy Hawes, the Canadian "wildcat," and "Ring" Blair are the welding department's hopefuls in fistic sports.



CHARLES RACK, Hull department, is one of the new men in the yard who comes to us with an athletic record which makes the future of some of our monthly meetings look very bright. Rack was welterweight champion of the 13th U. S. Calvary from 1905 to 1908. He was also, by popular election, conceded to be the most popular soldier on the Mexican border in 1916.

With the Fight Fans

THE two wrestling bouts staged at the October meeting of the Employees' Association were the outstanding features of the athletic events offered for the evening's entertainment. The first one, which brought together Lewis Nelson world's welterweight champion and Albert Benson, welterweight champion of Switzerland, was a warm one. Nelson won the match after eleven minutes, with an arm scissors and body lock. He has thrown every opponent he has met in the four years. Johnny Fleeson, of the Brooklyn Daily Eagle was referee.

The Hansen-Larson bout was also an exhibition of mat work worth seeing. Hansen was the victor after eighteen minutes of wrestling, throwing his opponent with a neck and scissors hold.

The first boxing match of the evening, brought together Mike Dundee of New York and Chick Gardner of East Hampton, Mass. Gardner was many pounds heavier than Dundee and little Mike didn't have a chance. Against a slightly smaller opponent he would have put up a good scrap. Oscar Carlson, wrestler, refereed the bout.

The next bout was between Charlie Rack, formerly of the U. S. Cavalry and Frankie Mack who, according to announcer Pete Lorenze, claims New England as his home. Both boys spent an enjoyable three rounds in the ring, cuffing each other good naturedly and exchanging refreshments between rounds. Jimmy Weldon, pipe shop, referred the match.

The feature boxing match of the evening was that between our old friend Joe Daley and Jack Bradley, said to be an amateur welterweight champion. Daley showed good form. Bradley tried hard but was no match for him. Those who remember Daley when he first appeared at one of our meetings must have noticed the change in his work since that time.

The first boxing bout of the evening brought together Charlie Marlo and Young Joe Dundee. Both men were sluggers and hardly got started before time was called, but their work showed possibilities for a lot of action had the time limit been longer.

Frankie Fay, of the chippers and caulkers, is trying hard to take a trip to the land of the kangaroos, and is corresponding for matches there. Eddie Wallace sends him word that things look bright for a trip. If Frankie is fortunate enough to make the boat, it will be a change in his young life, and he's going to make the most of it. He's going after Jimmy Wilde of England.

Willie Burke, friend of all men in the yard, is laid up at his home with a bad knee as the result of an accident. We all hope for a quick recovery, Bill.

Al. Simendinger, of the Hull department, tells us that he was once a member of the famous East Side Boys Club and boxed daily with K. O. Brown.

There's a time-keeper with us who is considered some boy in the lightweight wrestling division. According to reports, his name is Orlando.

Nigger Mike, who was quite a figure in the yard some time ago, is handling the affairs of Young Sailor Burke, our ex-pipe coverer.

Young Happy and Frankie Mack, both of the Hull department, are working out daily for a busy boxing campaign this coming winter. Watch these boys for they look to be the goods! Mack needs no introduction, but Happy is just beginning to bloom as a "pro."

Young Kid Gunn, who was at one time a member of the Pipe shop but now is with Matty Wright's chippers and caulkers, is some boy at his weight in the amateurs. His career is now being shaped under the watchful eye of Joe Sullivan.

Sola Plexus Blows

By J. L. M.

ENTER the ring wearing green tights. This will make your opponent green with envy, and he'll try to knock 'em off of you. If you catch him doing it, rivet your gaze on his boiler-shop and, with full steam ahead, beat a tattoo on those works, and at the same time chip away at his block. When you have taken the wind out of his sails, call your manager a "t(h)ug for trying to horn in on half of your bit. Hoist anchor and leave him floundering for another meal ticket.

We got some good boys around the yard. Ships and champions go together. Championship. Get it?

A ship without a rudder is in a bad way, almost as bad as a boxer without a rubber.

If you want to win fights don't fool with deck-hands. They keep you up late nights and get you out of condition. Whaddawe mean, deck-hands? We mean the decks with 52 pieces and from two to five and six hands. Get it?

We've heard of "ships that pass in the night," but did you ever hear of shipyard fighters making passes in the night. Sure! Some nights they're passing for the other fellow's jaw and the next night they're passing for a point on a pair of African golf balls.

The Gate

(With apologies to Longfellow)

By Thomas J. Furlong

I stood at the gate at noon-time,
The whistles were blowing the hour,
And 4,000 desperate "soap-hounds"
Made the men at the time-clocks cower.

I saw the consternation,
As their eyes showed big and white,
As "Red Hot's stentorian voice,
Cried, "No overtime to-night!"

I saw the chippers and caulkers,
And the whole pipefitters crew,
And the carpenters and painters,
And outside machinists too.

And I thought of the days that have just gone by,
When "soap" grew just like flowers,
And we'd mark on our little pay-slip,
"One hundred and twenty hours."

How often, O how often,
In the days that were full of hope,
I came out of that gate at midnight,
With a time-card full of "soap."

But now when I cross First avenue,
To the gate with its iron piers,
Like the odor of turps from the paint shop,
Comes the thoughts of other years.

And I think of the many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each looking for any kind of a job,
Have stood outside the gate since then.

I see the long procession,
Passing by, devoid of hope,
And I'm darn glad I've still got my button
Although there's no more "soap."

[For the benefit of the unsophisticated reader, we wish to explain that "soap" in a shipyard is the slang name for overtime pay.]

Tips for Motorists

Lesson No. 1

By A. Hewitt, Garage Superintendent

Radiator: The large flat thing on the front of the car just back of the license plate, resembling a bee's boarding house, which generally ought to contain water when it doesn't.

Motor: A phlegmatic looking mass between the radiator and the clutch, which is rather set in its habits and dislikes, being worried with theories and pliers.

Clutch: The big, round thing under the footboard that should be put to sleep before you exercise the gear shift.

Driving Shaft: A piece of steel whose temper is not proof against argument with a reverse and a down grade.

Gears: A testy lot of little wheels that must be quickly humored when they grind their little teeth.

Manifold: A large pipe on the motor against which the tinkering motorist rests his head before he stops tinkering.

Carburetor: The thing that mixes the gasoline and air in proper proportion before you try to fill it with water and cylinder oil.

Differential: Quite a mysterious arrangement packed into a round sort of a thing on the back axel by a genius who is never about when you try to put it back again.

Magneto: A cute little machine that has something to do with the spark if you let it alone.

Valves: Sort of trap door inventions that are decidedly tricky and really belong to the coil action of a cannon.

Drip Pan: The place where you generally hunt for your favorite cotter-pin or bolt.

Gas Tank: A tin box on the back of the car (near the tail light) that you remember must be filled once in a while, but find empty after you have gone and lost half of your car in the dust, trying to find out why the darn thing won't run. It should always be inspected by holding a lighted match over the filler hole.

Martin Petersen, deck hand on the *"E. P. Morse,"* has ideas of his own in relation to prsonal property. We became aware of this fact by overhearing a conversation which ran as follows:

"Whose lantern is that on deck?" bellowed Captain Carmaechael from the pilot house.

"Mine," said Martin.

"What do you mean yours?" said the captain.

"It's mine. I took it from the dock last night" was the answer from the lower deck.

Board of Directors Meet

A MEETING of the Board of Directors of the Employees' Association was held on Wednesday, October 15, when many items of interest to the members of the Association were discussed.

Plans for the yard bowling tournament were made and a committee to carry out the plans was chosen. A complete report of the plans for the coming bowling season will be found on the sporting section of this issue.

One new member was appointed on the entertainment committee. H is Joseph McGuirk, hull department. McGuirk was chosen as a temporary member of the committee and will only hold the position until some other man is found to fill the vacancy. Former members of the committee with whom he will work are Tom Plunkett, Employment office; John Whalen, Hull department; William Burke, Carpenter shop.

Some men make opportunities for others to take advantage of.



OVER *the* BACK YARD FENCE



EDITED BY MISS JOAN C. SHARP

For Music Lovers

THE DIAL is not in the habit of advertising any business, organization or movement unless by so doing it can render a service to Morse employees. For instance, if we discover a book which is of practical value to our readers, we feel that it is of service to them to mention the book. The same thing holds true of any organization and for that reason we are going to mention for the benefit of "home folks" who love music, the People's Choral Union and People's Singing Classes.

This organization which this fall will be in its twenty-eighth year was founded by Dr. Frank Damrosch for the purpose of spreading the love and culture of good music among the masses. Neither instructors nor executive officers receive any remuneration for their work and it is therefore possible for the organization to provide music lessons at the nominal charge of ten cents a week. Elementary classes will be held in Manhattan and Brooklyn; no examination is required.

Beginning with the rudiments of sight reading, the instruction is carried through an advanced course to choral work and performed in conjunction with prominent soloists. If you love music, you can join a singing class, even though you are not able to read music. If you can already read music you can join the Choral Union in which case a slight examination is necessary.

Anyone from sixteen to sixty is privileged to become a member and enjoy a good time socially as well as musically. The organization is rehearsing this year in preparation for peace celebrations as well as for public renditions of the "Messiah" and the "Elijah." Further information can be obtained by writing to the Secretary at 1556 Broadway.

Hints to Friend Husband

Modern praise used with opportunity and not vulgar is that which doeth good.
—Lord Bacon.

An Intelligent Pig



It's difficult to get a pig to do anything but grunt. This one, according to Mrs. Wallace Livermore who owns it, can almost talk. The Livermore kiddies think it is the best friend ever and want other Morse children to know their piggie.

Don't Tell Everything to Everybody

Contributed by Helen Gilleland

Don't become too confidential with too many people. True friends are hard to find. You may have many upon whom you think you could depend if occasion demanded but if the acid test were required you would be surprised at the number that would prove to be "phoney." There is the so called friend who tells all of the mean things he can think of as soon as he gets out with you. Thus the one who you counted on as your best friend may prove to be your worst enemy if he turns against you. He knows your shortcomings, he knows how to touch the tender spot, he knows your secrets. True you should have some friends who you can trust but they are very hard to find. Don't place too much confidence in a lot of people.

Thanksgiving

Now comes the time for rejoicing,
Great God all thanks to Thee
Thy glory shines round about us,
Upon the land and sea.
We thank Thee for the Sunset,
And for the Morning Star,
We thank Thee for little children
Who tell us Thou are not far,
We thank Thee that still is left
To Thy servants here,
Some of Christ's humility
That knows no wrong or fear.
We thank Thee, though winter is without,
Summer is within our hearts,
And homes are glad and bright,
Where Thy Spirit still imparts.
We thank Thee for those that hath obeyed
Thy spirit and Thy letter,
Great comfort in Thy words to find
"Be Thou faithful forever."

Mrs. Otis Elliot Barene.

Women Show Appreciation

Dial Editor, Dear Sir:—When I heard of the Army food coming to the yard for the convenience of the employees, I said: That is typical of the Morse yard, they are always doing nice things.

I think the suggestion that we women could encourage similar enterprises if we indicated our appreciation, is worth considering. I'll do my part by sending in for every issue some of the recipes for good dishes I have made and hope others will follow suit. In this way we can show our appreciation for the kindness extended to us.

Mrs. Otis Elliot Barene.

A small quantity of dry mustard rubbed on the hands will remove any disagreeable odor.

To remove the odor of fish from knives and forks, rub them with lemon-peel.

Our Kiddies Kolumn

By Ella K. Livermore

Gobble, gobble, gobble,
Said the turkey bird one day.
The air is getting frosty,
I must be on my way.
From old Mr. Farmer, I must keep shy,
Listen! and I'll tell you the reason why.
Of late they have been treating me
Very, very good.
Feeding me full and plenty,
All kinds of nice rich food.
I'm feeling mighty 'spicious,
Of what they're going to do.
For yesterday when they came here,
They looked me through and through.
You know, Thanksgiving time,
Is very nearly here.
And I'm the bird that they like best,
At this time of the year.
I'm feeling pretty shaky,
For I'm in an awful plight—
But if they try to catch me,
You just bet I'm going to fight!

The turkey belongs to the Pheasant family and is probably the choicest variety of poultry, the size to which they grow affording large portions of excellent flesh. The young turkeys require particular care for the first few weeks. They must be kept from getting wet, as they catch cold and die very easily. This lasts but for a few weeks, however, and the turkeys become very hardy within a short time.

A Youthful Mermaid



Virginia Keenan, twenty-one months old, is the daughter of George Keenan, of our Cost department. The picture was taken just outside of the Keenan summer cottage at Coney Island. Virginia is a great lover of the sea side and already gives promise of being a swimmer of note.

Bean Loaf

Two cups beans; 1 cup dry bread crumbs; 4 tablespoons peanut butter; 2 tablespoons chopped onions; 1 tablespoon dripping; 1 tablespoon celery seed or dried celery leaves; 2 tablespoons salt; ¼ tablespoon pepper; 1 cup liquid (tomatoes or catsup). Wash and soak beans over night. In the morning boil until soft, drain when cool. Chop coarsly mixed bread crumbs with seasoning and peanut butter; add to beans. Then add dripping and liquid and mix well; put in greased pan (bread tin) and bake thirty minutes in moderate oven.

Two Young Masqueraders



William and Edward Smith, sons of William R. Smith (pipe shop) come from Brooklyn even though they look like real farmers in the accompanying picture. It was taken during their summer months in the country.



According to Cartoonist Monahan, there are four new blonds in the tabulating department. We have seen several of the type mentioned on the elevator in the morning, but we will have to take Monahan's word for it as to the exact number.

❖ ❖

We don't mind the office girls using the pay station telephones in the main lobby, but what becomes of the mouthpieces?

Do they chew them off in their animation, or does the heated discussion melt them off?

❖ ❖

Among the latest arrivals in the office of the back pay department are Marguerite Dolan, Emma Mohl, Dorothy Einfrank. The official title of most of them is "punch operator." A vicious name, to be sure, but we are informed by those who have already become acquainted with the young ladies that, though their business may be to punch, they never practice on anything but the time cards.

❖ ❖

All of the office force have probably noticed with regret the absence of Margaret Shea, who has left the Morse employ recently. Miss Shea, beside being personally popular, was a leading worker among the office force in the affairs of the Employees' Association. She was the office representative on the Conference Board up to the time of her leaving. We wish her success in her new connection.

❖ ❖

Turning in false alarms may be very amusing for the moment, but the final outcome of such action is apt to be discouraging to one's business aspirations. Such was the case, at any rate, on Saturday, September 20. Quite a little excitement reigned around the main office for a while, but the ultimate fate of the perpetrator of the excitement was not very pleasant. This item could be worked into a sort of Sunday School lesson for office boys, but we would rather have it act as nothing but a gentle reminder to those who make their headquarters in the vicinity of Mr. Mead's desk.

❖ ❖

Miss Lillian Stern is winning success in the tabulating department where she has been placed in charge of the girls of that department. Her efficiency plus a perpetually cherry nature has won the esteem of all associates.

❖ ❖

Miss Irene DeSilva, a new girl in the tabulating department, is another of Mr. Brennen's "hopefuls" who is making an enviable record for herself. Beside getting her own work done Miss DeSilva has been finding time to help out some of the others.

❖ ❖

The home rule in Ireland movement has a firm hold on the tabulating department. Florence Rowane in spite of that fact, seems to keep contented and happy. Florence you see is English and has ideas of her own on the subject.

❖ ❖

The office force is glad to see Marion Hayes back at her desk after a long illness. She is her same old self again and we hope that she will enjoy good health from now on.

One of our girls went on her vacation as Miss Kelleher and came back as Mrs. Mc Carthy. We wish you lots of luck Catherine and extend our congratulations to Mr. McCarthy.

❖ ❖

Joe Goldsmith is holding down two jobs these days. During the day he works in the Cost Department and in the wee sma' hours he acts as floor walker. Yes it's a girl and as Joe says the finest ever. Congratulations!

❖ ❖

Miss Sullivan of the Disbursing Department thought she was putting something over on us when she went out with a Navy man. If you do not want to be seen Margy do not choose such a place as the Y. M. C. A. to take him to.

❖ ❖

The Cost Department, these days, resembles a checker board. The desks and people move around so often that you have to stand at the door and look around before you can locate the person you are looking for.

❖ ❖

If you would like to see some excitement show Kathleen Morris a mouse or a bug. One day she made a record as high jumper because a poor harmless bug invaded her desk.

❖ ❖

Helen Brett and Margy Sullivan started a game of checkers one noon hour. Before the game was over they almost came to blows and it was necessary for our strong men to act as peacemakers.

❖ ❖

Miss Pierce is one of our young ladies who is "in soft." Every evening when she leaves the office an auto drives up to the curb and away she goes. That's right Carrie it's the only kind to get.

❖ ❖

We have received word that on a certain night recently Miss Charlotte Burkhardt paced the corner of 55th street and 1st avenue, for half an hour after the rest of the girls had gone home. Whether it was because he failed to appear at the appointed time or whether she was looking for a lost dime, we don't know.

❖ ❖

"Oh How I Love To Work In the Nightime, Oh How I Love To Go Home At Nine, I Have A Young Man, His Name Is Sweetie, He Comes Down And Always Meets Me, etc, etc, etc," by Miss Anna Connolly, tabulating department.

❖ ❖

Ray Eichorn professes one of those rare traits of male character. He doesn't like the ladies, so he says. But somehow he doesn't like to work nights, Wednesdays and Saturdays especially.

❖ ❖

Bill Monahan still feels that old attachment for the Tabulating Department. But somehow, Bill, after saying "Howdy" to the boys takes himself off to the other room where the gir— oh you know how it is!

❖ ❖

Mr. Brady is spending his spare change these days buying lobsters. Better economize, John, the price of everything is going up and Christmas is coming.

They Must Ride

When they launched the sixth section of the dry dock at the "farm" some of the girls of Mr. Brennan's department took in the celebration. Like many other modern young ladies of to-day four of them decided that they simply must ride.

No Morse "flivvers" were at hand to take them but this fact did not daunt their youthful and determined spirits.

Ride they must and they did! Limousines passed by and did not get their signal, even humbler Fords and Overlands hardly slackened their speed but one truck did. The girls did not stop to look at the driver. They piled in to find themselves in the presence of a two hundred pound negro. It was rather a close squeeze—five in the front seat but they got to the launching.

The names of our adventuresses? We ought not tell but just ask Evelyn LaZerr, Lillian Stern, Hilda Benestad or Virginia Giff, who sat next to the driver.

❖ ❖

Her

Ah, how I loved her graceful lines.
She was a beauty, that I vow.
How for her my poor old heart pines.
My tale of grief you must allow.
Last summer I did spend with her;
I loved her with a passion mad.
In my spare hours I would not stir
Away from her—I had it bad.
She had me lashed right to the mast
I'll tell you that is true, by heck,
The trouble was she was too fast,
And now she is a total wreck.
How I yearn for the days gone by,
The passing years cannot atone,
I can't forget her, though I try—
That motor boat I used to own.

❖ ❖

Hobbies of Some of Our Girls

Margy Sullivan ..... Pickles
Helen Brett ..... Green Apples
Kathleen Morris ..... Bugs
Esther Olsen ..... Crocheting
Margaret McCarthy .....Long Threads
Francis Daley .....Putting on Weight
Florence Fenk .....Taking off Weight

❖ ❖

Famous Sayings

"Whoth'll been using my cup?"! ! !—Karl Sackman.

"Is that so"—Mr. Brennen.

"What's the odds"—"Baron" Bulger.

"Yea, did she?"—Bill Monahan.

"Aw, shut up!"—Roy Malloy.

"Look at the ash can."—Evelyn La Zerr.

"No kidding, she moves ahead. honest'"—Tom Conk (asking one of the garage fellows to crank his flivver for him).

"He's one nice man all right," Mrs. Waterman.

❖ ❖

Miss Travers and Miss Jensen are said to be knitting a pair of socks for Mr. Piper. Make 'em size 10 1-2 girls, or they won't fit.

❖ ❖

There is lots of *Sunshine* around the office kitchen lately since the *Kid* has been there.

❖ ❖

Rhongold Bendickson, (cost department,) always favored men in uniform. Now it is the police department that has caught her eye. She claims that her trips to court are in the interests of law and justice but if the other girls could see the good looking "cops" down there they would be dubious about this justice stuff.



Captain Willie Mason, the deep sea going pilot of the *John Hallock,* says working in the harbor is good enough for him. Willie took a trip to Norfolk recently as the second mate on the *E. P. Morse,* and when he got back he weighed five pounds less.

Archie Daisey, mate on the *"Bangs,"* is in love. Ask him if it is'nt so and he will quite frankly say "yes." Then with a sigh he will drag no less than half a dozen pictures out of his inside coat pocket, each of a different girl, each girl in a different state. Archie you may be in love, but who with?

Dan Basil, (copper shop clerk) is an inveterate sightseer. Almost every ship which comes receives a visit from Dan. And rain can't stop him either. When the *Powhatan* came in recently it was pouring, but Dan was there to see her berthed. He was protected somewhat by an unbrella but on the unprotected parts of his slender form the rain drops spread in ever increasing numbers.

Did the Canadian army have a sale of left over service clothes recently? The boys around the yard want to know because the uniforms now being worn by Matty Wright, Mr. Reynolds of the Construction Department and several other worthy gentlemen look quite swagger and English.

Charlie Coyle. (holder on) has an unbreakable sense of humor. He lost the tip of his finger recently due to the carelessness of a fellow worker. "You forsaken lookin', dirty faced, dissipated, homely lookin' piece of inconvenience," said Charlie to the careless one. You were raised on the bridge of meanness and driven to this shore by the flood of starvation. "I wouldn't have been so hard on a fellow," said Charlie at the yard hospital a few minutes later, only he couldn't understand English.

We are glad to note the return to the yard of Otto Rochelle (Machine shop) who has been away several weeks due to illness. Otto is one of the oldest employees in the machine shop and his absence is always noted by the rest of Billy Robins' gang.

Who is the electric welder who drinks champagne with his lunch? Jimmie Davitt knows.

Henry McKinley is the only chauffeur in the yard who can boast of a former connection with the Police Force. No not what you mean, he was formerly a police-sergeant, according to the boys in the Garage.

Jack Finneran, the Garage war veteran, is still wearing his silk cap despite the wintry blasts of late fall.

Frank Smith, one of the garage mechanics, is moving. His residence will now be in the Apperson instead of as formerly in the Pathfinder. His new quarters will be smaller but it is rumored that Smith has a longer lease on the new one.

The welders are a very curious bunch. They would also like to know the name of the man in their department who eats his lunch in ten minutes and then spends the remainder of his time talking to the cashier in the yard restaurant.

Bob Gore (pipe shop) has the distinction of being the only man in the yard who ever owned and wore a pair of pink overalls. Bob dyed a pair of ordinary blue ones to a color which he hoped would be brown but the fates were against him and they came out pink.

Is it true that the *Powhatan* is going to be renamed the *Nepthis II*? To many of the old timers in the yard the job looks very much like that done on the "Nepthis" and there are rumors afloat that Jimmie Miller has it in mind to stage a grand come back.

From where and in what locality does Billy Robins, foreman of the machine shop, get those socks which he continues to sport around the yard? The design are of a pattern which most of us have never seen.

There are some real humorists among the Hull department boys. "What are you doing?" said one of Billy McEwen's gang to his mate. "Shaping up," answered the other. "Aw, I've got a better job than that," said the first humorist. I'm boltin up."

Andrew Jacobson, whose cartoon appears on the sporting page of this month's Dial, is a burner and besides being an all 'round sporting enthusiast, he has the ability to chronicle in picture form the athletic activities of Morse employees. Andy has promised to furnish cartoons for future issues of the Dial.

Joe Herzog, (plumbing department) came to work all dolled up for a few days last month. Wonder where the fire sale was.

Ed. Rafter, (plumbing department) has at last found a Morse man whom he can beat climbing ships' ladders. The man has a game leg.

Paul Troy is just naturally out of luck when it comes to automobiles. He no sooner purchased his brand new one than he went out in a shower, tried to negotiate a mud puddle, and had to be towed in. Tough luck Troy.

Thomas Read, although he has left the plumbing department and is now in the Hull department, still likes the old shop so well that he comes in every morning before whistle time to change his clothes.

George Beaver, the Sheet-Metal Shipping Board man, likes peanuts, especially Bill Monahan's. Peanuts and that decrepit chinwarmer of his are his favorite hobbies.

Trucks 12 and 26 constituted the Morse delegation in the "Ship by Truck" parade in Brooklyn on Columbus Day. The trucks look right smart and behaved real nicely with their new coats of paint and fresh overhauling.

William Mahoney, another of the garage men, lives in such an out of the way place that by the time he reaches home at night he meets himself coming to work for the next morning. Mahoney is said to be one of the first settlers on the Bronx River.

William Filbert, who has just been married, is looking for an apartment of three rooms with a chance of improvements by Christmas. Information solicited, care of the Garage.

Paul Sheehan, is keeping in practice with his army training by walking a guard post at 60th St. and Fifth avenue, every Sunday morning, just outside the church. Sheehan, however, instead of challenging the person, simply takes her arm and departs.

Harry Salinsky, pipe coverer, otherwise known as "Dip," has left the employ of the company to take a new position with his brother who is in the furniture business at Anderson, Ind. Harry was well known and his absence will be noted by many.

Joseph O'Neil, (welding shop boss) is an expert authority on Roman numerals. Anyone who disputes the assertion that the Roman numeral for the figure "4" is IIII, see Joe and brings along your watch. By the same watch, Joe will also prove to you that there is no "VI."

Scotty Menzies is wearing a brand new pair of overalls. Well, you know, an athletic secretary must dress to his position.

There is a sign in the welding shop which reads: "If a Tin Can, Why Can't You." Good stuff.

Wonder if our diver, Captain Sinclair, originated the song, "I'm forever blowing bubbles?"

William Bangs, old time garage mechanic, is back with us again after a period of employment with the Municipal government. Bangs says that this city is all right to live in but he would rather work for the Morse Company.

Chris Munck, (hull department) is very fond of flowers. He visits Tom Cavanaugh's garden every morning.

George Mann, (hull department) claims that Big Ben cigars are good. How does he get that way? Shut off the alarm, George, and turn over.

At last "Velvet Joe" Clift has been able to procure a Staten Island hair cut here in Brooklyn.

Fred Hyman, (hull department) was seen with a bundle of wood on 56h St., one evening. When asked where he was going he replied:—

"The wife is going to have pork chops this evening and I'm trying to get in soft so as to get an extra one.



TUBERCULOSIS killed 150,000 Americans last year—Twelve thousand of this number were little children. Help the National Tuberculosis Association to save our children.

USE RED CROSS CHRISTMAS SEALS



Dry Dock



Forge Shop



Burning Welding

A Great Chain with a Single Purpose



Pipe Fitting



Plate Shop



Carpenter Shop



Blacksmith Shop



Paint Shop



Sheet Metal



Plumbing Shop



Machine Shop

Highly organized — efficient shops, operated and co-ordinated with a unity of command and purpose—more work and better ships.

To this end the Morse plant, the most complete ship repairing organization in America, is prepared to recondition vessels of any and all sizes, quickly and efficiently.

Our new dry dock will accomodate ships 725 feet long and will raise a gross tonnage of 30,000 dead weight. Our new forge shop will make forgings from 25 to 75,000 pounds. Our marine blacksmith and machine shops are the largest and most complete to be found anywhere.

These are some of the distinctive features commanding the attention of ship owners and operators needing a real service on this side of the Atlantic.

Heavy forging—Acetylene and Electric Welding—Boilermaking and repairing—Pipe-fitting — Pipe-Covering —Plumbing — Electrical work — Machinists — Sheetmetal work — Carpenters — Joiners—Painting—Woodcaulking.

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The MORSE DIAL



December 1919

An Open Shop

THIS Company will continue to maintain an Open Shop. In connection with this policy the management desires to bring to the attention of its employees the injunction recently granted by Supreme Court Justice Russell Benedict.

This injunction restrains and enjoins labor organizations, *their agents, servants, attorneys, employees* and associates, and all others who may be in concert with them *from in any manner unlawfully impeding, obstructing, hampering, or interfering* with our business or our employees.

It enjoins them against *entering* our shops, buildings or premises *on pretense of re-engaging in our employment with intent to compel or induce* our employees to refuse to perfom their duties or to quit our employment.

It enjoins them against attempting to compel our employees, *wherever they may be encountered,* from fulfilling their duties.

It enjoins them against preventing or attempting to prevent *any person or persons from going to or from our premises.*

It enjoins them against sending *by mail or otherwise, or carrying or throwing,* into our yard, *or into the home of any* of our employees *any hostile, threatening or abusive letter or message.*

It enjoins them against *calling scab or scabs* or any other obnoxious epithet or abusive or insulting words or names to *any persons employed by us, or any persons passing along the streets in going to or from our places of business.*

It enjoins them against *handing to* or *forcing upon the attention* of any person or persons, *written or printed circulars characterizing our employees as scabs or any other obnoxious name.*

It enjoins them against *congregating or singly or collectively loitering or remaining at or near* our premises or at *any other place where workmen are or may be employed by us.*

It enjoins them against *picketing or patrolling the streets* for the purpose of intimidating, threatening or coercing any of our employees or *any persons seeking employment with us.*

It enjoins them against *following our employees to their homes* and from *intimidating or threatening in any manner their wives and families.*

It enjoins the labor unions against employing or ordering anyone else to do these things.

This injunction is said to be the most sweeping and drastic ever granted in this country.

It was directed against the following unions:

Local No. 24, International Brotherhood of Boilermakers, Iron Shipbuilders and Helpers of America; Local No. 594, United Association of Plumbers and Steam Fitters; Local No. 401, International Association of Machinists; Local No. 28, Amalgamated Sheet Metal Workers International Association of Machinists, and the Metal Trades Council of New York and vicinity.

When labor unions prove to the world that *their force* is the *force of intellect,* and *not of mere numbers,* injunctions such as this will not be necessary to protect the interests and lives of honest workmen.

In upholding and maintaining the Open Shop we ask that the employees who stand for that policy assist us in keeping out of our midst trouble-makers and radicals who would stuff their unsound doctrines down our throats.

The individual who tells you that by producing less than you are supposed to, you are making employment for others, is a fool and should be set down as your enemy and the enemy of every man who wants to prosper.

The working man who thinks for himself knows that one of the reasons why the dollar of today is only worth one-half as much in purchasing power as it was twenty-five years ago, is because during the war production of nearly everything except munitions was at a standstill, and consequently prices for the common necessities of life have gone beyond any price ever asked for them.

He knows that the dollar of twenty-five years ago has been weakened in purchasing power through the greed of labor agitators and through the stuidity of the average worker in following the doctrines of unprincipled leaders who took the pains to tell the members of their different unions not to give the employers a full day's work for the pay they were getting because if they did so there would not be sufficient work to go around and keep all workers employed.

Twice the number of shipbuilders today are not producing what half the same force produced four years ago despite the highest wages ever paid; despite better working conditions and shorter hours. This is true of almost every other industry and it has all come about largely through the false doctrine of ignorant labor leaders.

And the working man himself is the greatest sufferer from this policy of loafing and bluffing.

Common sense and its application to industry must clearly indicate to every worker who thinks, that he and all others who have their fellow men's interest at heart and who really want to better conditions in this country must buckle down to work as they never did before.

Increased production alone will lower the high prices now being demanded for food, clothing and necessities of life, and that applies as much to production in ship repairing as in anything else.

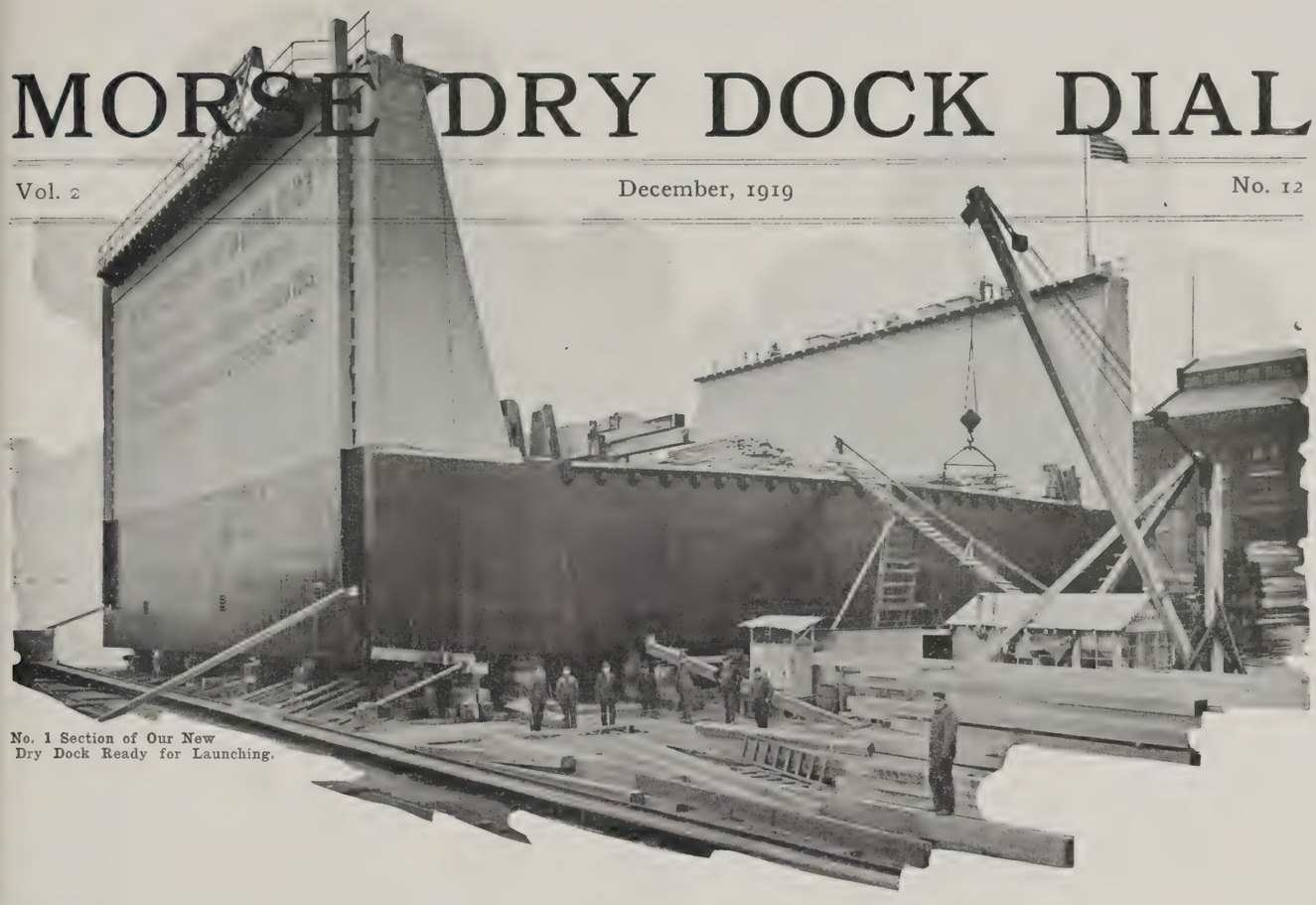
This company proposes to give its honest and loyal workers every chance to prosper, and to be happy and contented in their work. It will protect them against outside trouble-makers and do everything possible to improve working conditions.

We ask your cooperation in carrying out this program. The facilities of this yard are unexcelled by any other ship repairing organization in the world. With maximum production on your part we can attract a volume of business here which will insure steady employment as long as ships have to be repaired.

MORSE DRY DOCK & REPAIR CO.

MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

Vol. 2 December, 1919 No. 12



No. 1 Section of Our New Dry Dock Ready for Launching.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DRY DOCK

WHEN the sixth section of our new floating dry dock hit the waters of New York bay on Oct. 31, rolling up a great wave which even towered above the sturdy tugs that were hauling away at the ropes, the Morse Company completed one of the most significant jobs connected with the shipping trade ever handled in the port of New York.

The magnitude of the construction work now finished is not realized by the general public. But to shipping men; shipbuilders, ship repairers, and ship owners the completion of our dry dock is an epoch in the history of shipping activities.

The new dock has a lifting capacity of 30,000 tons—that is the salient feature which is attracting the most widespread attention.

Besides this lifting strength, the new dry dock is of such length that vessels 725 feet long may be accommodated.

Being a sectional dock two or more vessels of ordinary size can be raised at the same time. With only five sections in use on two occasions recently two ships were raised.

The new dock is really two docks in one and with one other dock the Company has practically three of the most efficient and fastest working docks in the world. With this equipment we are lifting ordinary merchant ships in eight minutes and the largest ships are raised in eighteen minutes pumping time.

A large merchantman or passenger vessel may now receive an outside hull inspection and depart on the same day; in less than a day if it is necessary. Never before in the history of shipping has such a feat been accomplished.

But best of all the completion of our new dock; the accomplishment of one of the greatest tasks ever undertaken by the Morse Company, does something far greater for us than to increase the dry docking facilities of the Port of New York. It brings to the Company and of necessity to its employees, more business, fame, and the promise of steady work.

There are graving docks, of course, which are capable of disengaging from the water, ships of a larger size than those which our new dry dock can raise. But to compare a graving dock with a floating dock is like comparing gas with electricity.

Shipyard workers at least will enjoy this comparison for the advantages of the working conditions on the floating type over those on a graving dock are manifold. On a graving dock the worker is down in a deep pit, frequently standing in water.

On the floating dock he works above the water's level in comparative comfort.

So much for the advantages that accrue to the workers. The relative merits of a graving dock and a floating dock is a subject which would require more space than is at our disposal at this time, and a more scientific presentation of facts than this article proposes.

Without a doubt in our minds, the floating dry dock is the best, most modern and the coming means of getting ships out of the water so that they may be repaired. On that account, it makes no difference whether there are graving docks which can accommodate ships larger than those which can be lifted on our new floating dock.

Just as in the case of the *Clermont* which navigated much

slower under steam than many of the boats of that same time which carried only sails, a step in advance has been made. That step has been made by the Morse Company and every man who is connected with it may and ought to feel justly proud of what has been accomplished.

To go back to the very beginning of things, construction work on the new dry dock started a little over three years ago. In 1916, activities in dry dock construction began. That seems quite a long time ago to those who know in what remarkably short periods the last few sections of the dry dock were built, yet if it were realized what a great amount of planning was necessary during those first days of construction the time taken to build the dock would seem exceptionally short.



Large ships lifted by our new dry dock recently.

The new dry dock as it stands today is the result of six years of planning by Mr. Edward P. Morse. Right from the time when circumstances seemed to point to the fact that this business was to expand from a little shop to a great repair yard, it had been his ambition to build a dry dock which would be superior to any other in use.

After the general plans had been decided upon, land at the foot of 63rd street was leased and preparations made for the start of construction work. The site was originally farm property and because of that the men assigned to the task of building the dock became known to those in the main yard as the "farmers," and their place of occupation as the "Farm."

The first plank of the first section was laid in August, 1916. But after the first plank the second came very slowly for a lot of planning and engineering work had to be done in the meantime and beside that there were difficulties in obtaining lumber at that time which impeded the progress of the work even when the plans were ready.

A task the magnitude of which had never been equaled was at hand if a dry dock larger than any other of its kind in the world was to be built and those in charge realized that slow, painstaking efforts at the beginning would mean a more efficient result in the end. Consequently the first section was not launched until April 8, 1917.

During that first year a great many other things beside the construction of a dry dock had been done, however, and at the time of the first launching the foot of 63rd street was no longer a stretch of waste land but a complete and proficient plant.

On each side of the great piles which were the foundations for the dry dock pontoons in construction, elevated railroad structures were built and two heavy electric traveling cranes were installed. These structures extended out into the bay to facilitate the unloading of barges and the distribution of lumber. The dry dock construction yard in short had been equipped right up to the minute and beside that an organization of workmen had been built up which was the pride of every member of it.

The second section of the dry dock was launched from the foot of 63rd street on May 7, 1918, and with its launching things seemed to have settled to that efficient state where the remainder of the job should be an easy matter. Then news was received that the government intended to take over the land occupied by the dry dock construction plant.

That news meant "move" and the "farm gang" was forced to stop its building operation and go to moving. A new location at the end of the Shore Road Parkway on the south side of the Edison plant and opposite the Bliss estate was obtained. It was an ideal location for the completion of the work and after a few weeks of moving the "Farm" boys were again hard at work this time on the third section.

The re-location permitted several time-saving innovations and forthwith a construction plant rivaling anything of the kind was created. Experience had taught its lesson and every building was placed in a position where it could give the most efficient service possible.

One of the things which the short stay at 63rd Street had taught was that the Brooklyn water front is a cold place in the winter time. Oil stoves didn't seem to have much affect upon even such inclosed places as the office, so when the new yard was being built better provisions for heating were made.

When winter came around in 1918 it found every office and building equipped with heating apparatus, the heat utilized being that which would otherwise have been wasted as it came out of the mouth of the incinerator chimney.

The saw mill was also built according to a more modern plan and today it is one of the show places of the dry dock yard. It has a timber sizer that will feed eighty feet a minute and a band saw built to rip twelve inches which can do as high as eighteen inches at the rate of sixty feet a minute. Five derricks carry the lumber from the piles to the mills and then to the dry dock section.

The third section of the dry dock slid down the ways at the new "Farm" on Saturday afternoon, December 28. That launching marked the half way point in the construction work and was celebrated in fitting style. Construction work on the third section was naturally attended by many difficulties for the new yard was being constructed at the same time, but in spite of these difficulties it took only seven months to complete the job.

With its addition to the two other sections, the new Morse dry dock first became a factor among the repair facilities of New York harbor. The three sections could raise 15,000 tons net and accommodate vessels of 475 feet in length. Proof of the fact that it was an efficient dock was given only a little while after the third section had been put to work. The *Black Arrow*, a Shipping Board boat, was raised on the dock on January 16 at the rate of one foot a minute. Although absolute statistics have never been compiled, that was the fastest record ever made up to that time in so far as it can be ascertained.

With all work on plant equipment completed, work on the next section went ahead at a very rapid rate and it was launched on April 2, 1919. This, the fourth section, was completed in exactly three months, a record accomplishment for the "Farm gang."

That record did not stand very long, however, for exactly eighty-four days after the first timber of the fifth section had been placed it was completed and slid down the ways on June 24, 1919. With the building of a dry dock section in that short time the "Farmers" not only broke all previous records of their own, but it is very probable that no other shipping enterprise in the port ever completed a structure of the same size and type so quickly.

And then the completion of the job of building the largest dry dock in the world came on the last day of last October. It was a gala day at the "Farm." To the tune of whistles from tugs and harbor craft, the shouts of the launching party and the thrill of music from the Morse Dry Dock band the big section slipped easily into the water at exactly one o'clock.

Immediately after the launching a general holiday was declared at the "Farm" and refreshments and music were much in evidence throughout the remainder of the afternoon. The last section was completed in seventy actual working days.

The magnitude of the task just completed is hard for even those of us best acquainted with the work to realize. In the new dry dock as it now stands there are over six million feet of yellow pine, one million feet to each section. In that dry dock there are also 1260 tons of bolts, 210 tons to each section.

Coming back to the lumber used to construct the dry dock—all of it was brought to the "Farm" on lighters and rafts. It was planed and sawed there and then conveyed to the ways. During all of the processes necessary before the lumber was finally ready to be placed, it has been estimated that it was necessary to handle each piece of lumber six times, making a theoretic total of thirty-six million feet of lumber handled during the process of dry dock construction.

The major portion of all this work was done during a period of war when labor and material were hard to get, when the Company was doing its utmost to help win the

war by specializing on government repair work. What could have been done if conditions had been better it is hard to say, but we are willing to stand by what has been done and rejoice in our record accomplishment despite any adverse conditions which might have prevailed.

Our new dry dock, the largest floating sectional dry dock in the world, today lifts and lowers ships that have never before been raised on this side of the Atlantic. It performs its task in less time than any other dry dock can do it.

To the men who work in the Morse yard that dock means a great deal. It is to them a monument to the genius of Mr. Morse who planned and engineered its construction and to the workmanship of the men who assumed and completed the stupendous task embodied in the great pontoons which are now serving the shipping world better and more satisfactorily than any other pontoons of a similar type in the world.

Engine Said To Rival Diesel

PRACTICALLY every skilled shipyard worker is acquainted with the Diesel engine and the main principles upon which that engine works. The Diesel engine is considered by many to be the most revolutionary invention along engineering lines of recent years and there are now in service motor ships of almost 10,000 tons dead weight driven by machinery that can develop 3,100 h. p.

The Still engine, a recent invention of an Englishman, W. J. Still, has now come before the public eye and threatens to rival the supremacy of the Diesel engine and to make of motor ships an even greater transportation power than they are at the present time.

The greatest mechanical difficulty in the way of the absolute supremacy of the Diesel engine is the fact that the excess heat generated by the motors has not been utilized and it has always been a problem to get rid of this heat in an easy and efficient manner. The Still engine has eliminated this difficulty in a seemingly simply way.

The waste heat is collected and used to generate steam which in turn is used to help push the engine piston. The piston is pushed in one direction by motor power and then driven back by steam. In this way the inventor hopes to increase the fuel efficiency of the engine 20 per cent.

This, in short and in a very unscientific way, is the principle upon which the new engine works. Its perfection is bound to be revolutionary in affect because it will make of the motor engine one of reciprocating power just like all double action steam engines of modern type where steam is alternately admitted on each side of the cylinder and each stroke of the piston is a power stroke. The back stroke of the piston in the present motor driven engine is made by momentum and is not a power stroke.

Babies and pianos would make less noise if grown people would let them alone.

There are some burners who burn with straw lids and celluloid collars on!

Plan 1,000-Foot Liners

JUST about one hundred years ago the steamship *Savannah* sailed across the ocean aided, for the first time in the history of transatlantic ships, by steam engines which worked every now and then on the way over These engines aided the ship in making the voyage across in what was then the extremely short time of twenty-four days.

Today plans are well under way for the completion of 1,000-foot liners with a speed capacity of thirty knots an hour. They will be able to span the Atlantic in about four days.

The United States Shipping Board is sponsoring the construction of these gigantic liners, according to publicity they have sent out, and plans for them are so near completion that they will be in the hands of the prospective builders within a very short time.

Two ships will be built to try out the new plan, it is announced. They will be of 55,000 gross tons each, 1,000 feet long and will have a maximum beam of 102 feet. When fully laden they will draw thirty-five feet of water. According to the present plans these ships will be oil burners and will have a fuel-carrying capacity large enough to enable them to make the trip to Europe and return without a replenishment of fuel on the other side. In other words they will be able to steam a total distance of 7,000 miles without making a stop. This is one of the big factors in favor of the giant liners because they will be able to be independent of European markets and fuel can be bought where the market price is lowest.

Each ship will be equipped with turbine engines capable of developing 110,000 h. p. This power of propulsion will be distributed equally between four propeller shafts and ought to be able to drive the vessel through any ordinary sea at the rate of thirty nautical miles an hour.

The new liners will carry a crew of one thousand officers and men and will be able to accommodate three thousand passengers. The ships will be equipped with every luxury, among which might be mentioned—ball room, moving picture theatre, grill room, sun garden, swimming pools and small shops which will supply them with every necessity and luxury.

Compare this outlay with that of the *Savannah*. The differences which a hundred years have wrought are well worthy of note. The following description of the *Savannah* was printed in the New York *Mercantile Advertiser* of March 27, 1819:

"Her cabin is finished in an elegant style, and is fitted up in the most tasty manner. There are thirty-two berths, all of which are staterooms. The cabin for ladies is entirely distinct from that intended for gentlemen, and is admirably calculated to afford that perfect retirement which is so rarely found on board of passenger ships."

Life Is a Venture

By P. Frank Crane

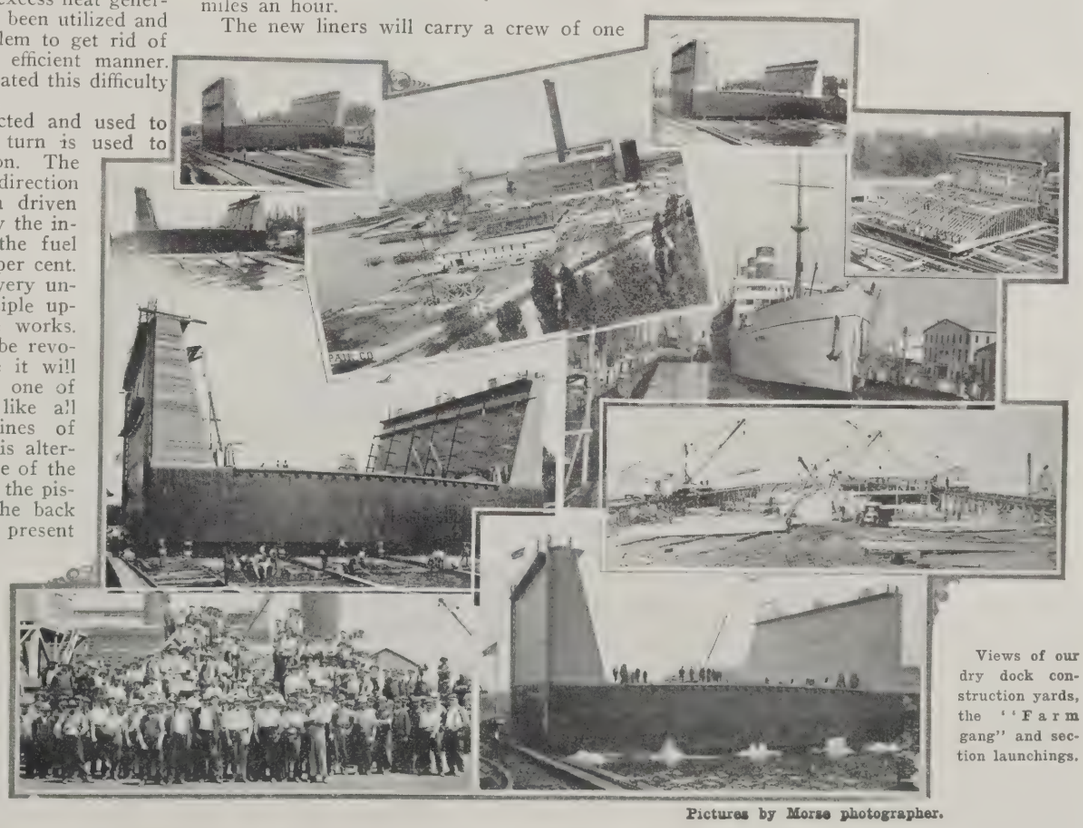
IT is not Don'ts that save men's bodies, nor their souls; it is Do's.

It is natural for parents to wish to shield their children from danger. Yet danger is our best teacher.

The boy that has learned to fight, to dodge, to fall on his feet, is safer than the boy that never goes out in the rain.

Difficulties, obstacles and peril are absolutely essential to muscle, either physical or moral. To live is to struggle. Too much protection is as deadly as too much danger.

Life is a venture. We can never make it anything else. Nobody can ever be "safe," if that means security against death. All we can do is to be strong and unafraid.—*From Forbes Magazine.*



Views of our dry dock construction yards, the "Farm gang" and section launchings.

Pictures by Morse photographer.

"Mother" Thor Is A Whaler

By Joe L. Murphy

WHILE we have had in our yards at different times ships that have been designated as the "sister" to some other ship, it is seldom our privilege to entertain a "mother" ship. We have though, enjoyed a visit lately from a maternal craft;a "mother" ship to scores of smaller boats—whalers at that. As for the "mother" part of it, it is the skipper's own adjective.

The ship was the *Thor I,* hailing from a Norwegian port, manned by Norwegians of rugged constitutions and weather-beaten complexions. They were a courteous, genial lot of men, and all seemed to have a personal pride in the *Thor I.* Some of the members of the crew had whaled on no other ship in nine consecutive years. To them the *Thor I* was home. And well it might be, for they shared in the profits. In addition to wages that insure a good livelihood, they receive bonuses. As one expressed it, "the more whales, the more money."

Though the skipper referred to his ship as the "mother" boat, it can more appropriately be called a floating whale factory. If one's sense of smell is not over-sensitive, a tour of inspection on a modern whaler, such as the *ThorI,* is very interesting.

Its living quarters are warm and cozy and comfortably fitted (even to a typewriter and phonograph) but once on its decks, forward or aft, you are reminded of ugly, slimy whales, of their carcasses being boiled and pressed. Boilers, huge and grease-stained, stand unashamed of the fact that they have devoured what were once, living, breathing bodies.

When this ship is in the waters of the South Atlantic, south of Cape Horn and in the vicinity of the Shetland Islands, during the months of January, February and March, it is in its favorite "pasture," browsing on whales much as the family bossy nibbles on sweet clover and tender shoots of lawn grass.

That the three months of "sea pasturage" is fattening and profitable is not to be denied when it is considered that in one season the *Thor I* obtained 28,000 barrels of whale oil, and that it averages 20,000 barrels in a three-month season. While whale oil lamps and sperm candles have long since been discarded, there is still a paying market for the oil, and the demand for whalebone always exceeds the available supply.

We have said that the *Thor I* "browses" on whales. So it does, but we do not wish the reader to gain from the expression that the ship chases its favorite prey, and, pouncing upon it, chews it greedily.

Smaller, speedier boats with soft-purring engines that a whale can't hear nor sense, pursue that whale. Once the mammal is in captivity, and dissected the parts are hoisted aboard the mother ship in the harbor, and thrown into a grinding machine. Mechanically operated bucket-conveyors carry the pieces of whale to a press and crusher from which they pass to the boilers. These boilers differ in size and arrangement to suit the various parts, body, blubber, etc.

That whales are big, clumsy mammals, harpooned as they always were by hand-thrown weapons, is a popular impression. Big, they are but not as clumsy as might be imagined. They are from 16 to 100 feet long and weigh tons; yet they are not so ungainly and slow-moving as to allow you to skim over the water, close to them, to make a lunge and wound them fatally.

The harpoons used now are shot from a gun and carry a distance of from 45 to 60 yards. And if the wound first inflicted by the harpoon does not prove fatal, a time fuse at the end of the harpoon explodes. The whale is practically torpedoed.

The next move is to keep the whale afloat, away up on the surface that the sharp knives and instruments may better do their work. Strange as it may seem, the carcass is inflated by air from machines and all knives begin and finish at once.

About 500 barrels of oil are obtained from an average whale. A goodly supply from one whale; yet that particular whale might have given trouble for five hours after it was harpooned. It is not always that these monsters succumb quickly to a harpoon. They blow and wriggle and submerge, and a number of hours in excess of five may have elapsed before the oil rests in the tanks on the bottom of the ship.

Considering that a modern whaler in season uses a crew of 105 men, that the harpoon weighs 150 pounds, and that whales are moored, lassoed, or whatever you might call it, with a rope seven inches in circumference, whaling seems to be a man-sized job.

Incidentally, the *Thor I* may not go awhaling this season as the repairs to her are rather extensive and she may not be able to leave our yard in time to get the full benefit of the whaling season. When she leaves here, however, she will be a whale of a sight better ship, assured of many more years of prosperity in her chosen field.

The *Lake Gedney,* hailing from Cleveland and built by the American Shipbuilding Company of that city, came to the Morse yards for a few days prior to inaugurating a new run between New York and Cuba. The *Lake Gedney* will make one trip to Hayti with lumber before she starts her new service. She is of 2333 tons and during the war she carried coal between France and England.



Whalers and 150-pound Harpoon

Thor I, the "Mother" Whaler." Below; a deck scene showing Boilers.

Pictures by Morse Photographer.

Interesting Visitors

FOLLOWING a trip from New York to Bermuda on which it carried notable English passengers, including Sir Frederick and Lady Lewis, the *Moorish Prince,* a steamship hailing from Newcastle, England and operated by the Prince line, arrived in our yard for minor repairs.

This steamship has traveled between New York and France for the past five years and is now about to engage in Far Eastern freight and passenger trade.

While the *Moorish Prince* recently experienced a fire that raged in her No. 2 hold for nine days, her more eventful experiences occured during her service as a war-time horse and troop transport. Before the United States entered the World's War, the *Moorish Prince* carried American horses to the Allied countries. Upon our entry into the conflict, the vessel carried American horses and troops.

At one time during her service as a troopship, she picked up twenty-two survivors of the *Taganrona,* which had been torpedoed and shelled in mid-ocean by a German submarine. This was a most humane and timely act, for members of the surviving crew were wounded and suffering from exposure.

Entirely officered and manned by American negros and flying the English flag, the steamship *Yarmouth* was fitted out here as the first ship of the Black Star Line Corporation, an organization composed entirely of negros.

The *Yarmouth* is to be re-christened S. S. *Frederick Douglass* and will operate between New York, Canada, South America, Africa and the West Indies, developing trade among negros and carrying negro passengers. The *Yarmouth* is 220 feet long, has a gross tonnage of 1,452 and has accommodations for 80 passengers.

The Black Star Steamship Corporation was organized by a group of colored residents of New York City and it is said to be the first steamship company ever entirely owned by negros. The cargos carried by the ships of this fleet will go to negros only and stock in the company is being sold only to negros.

It was announced at a recent meeting of the organization held at Madison Square Garden that the company had planned to acquire twenty-four vessels within the next two years to foster negro trade the world over. The *Yarmouth* is the first ship of that fleet. She hails from a town in Nova Scotia of the same name.

The *Lake Fariston,* hailing from Cleveland, completed her maiden voyage on salt water when she put into our docks for repairs last month. She came to New York from Cleveland by way of the Lachine canal above Montreal. She underwent repairs which will fit her for service between New York and South America. She will be a part of the Tropical Steamship Company fleet. The *Lake Lillian* is another Cleveland ship which has been in our yard recently.

When Sailors Talk

By C. Stewart Wark

WITH the world war becoming more and more a matter of history, news which was kept secret during the days of the war, is now being made public. And in the big ship repair yards one hears many interesting war stories. Ships from all over the world and of every character and type, ships which have been through thrilling war time adventures, come here.

During their visits the crews have a period of relaxation and while at rest they recount many interesting incidents of the war. Perhaps many of their tales of adventure will never be written in the histories of the future. There are too many stories to tell of the valiant work of our doughboys at Saint Mihiel and Chateau Thierry.

But in spite of it all the fearless courage of the seamen, the privations which they suffered and the work which they did should not go unmentioned. Some day records of their achievements should be compiled and those records should be recounted side by side with those of our soldiers.

Quite a few of the men in the yard probably noted with interest the arrival on the new dry dock of the S.S. *Oneka* about the middle of last October. She hailed from Hong Kong according to the lettering on her stern and flew the English flag at her masthead. She was a trim ship, spick and span and well painted. Her crew was made up of Chinese coolies. All of her officers were Englishmen except her third mate who was American born.

Somehow or other the *Oneka* in spite of her modern lines and appearance, carried with her just a whiff of the romance which all of us in America associate with the far east.

Acting upon the hypothesis that a ship from China must have a story, we went aboard in search of news.

Up on the deck of the *Oneka* we found everything in just as orderly a state as the initial view of the vessel from the dock would suggest. Everything was so orderly in fact that we were reminded of nothing but a Hudson River day liner and began to despair of a story.

And then we met the captain! If luck hadn't aided us we probably would have left with the feeling that a ship from Hong Kong is about as prosaic a mixture of steel and rivets as any tug in New York harbor but after talking with Captain McDonald for a half hour we felt like taking a look behind us every once in a while to see if some German, or Captain Kidd wasn't sneaking up to us with knife in hand.

Captain MacDonald is a deep sea salt of the old school. His legal home is in Scotland but in reality it is on board ship for not in many years has the *Oneka* touched at an English or a Scotch port. Like every other sea captain, Captain MacDonald did not care much about talking.

"What did the *Oneka* do during the war?" we asked by way of opening up the conversation.

"Carried case oil to Bombay and Salonika," said the captain.

"Have any exciting adventures during the war?"

"Can't say, wasn't on her," he answered.

Things weren't going along at the rapid rate they should and our story still looked doubtful when an old newspaper gag came to the rescue.

"One of the petty officers down below," we said, "told us that you had quite an adventure with the Germans."



Officers and crew of Oneka. Inserts show First Mate Pruhs and wife and Third Mate MacArthur.

Pictures by Morse photographer.

For a moment Captain MacDonald looked as if he would give anything to have his hands around that petty officer's neck and then deeming his case hopeless, smiled good naturedly.

"Well," he said, "I did have a little to do with them. I was a guest of the Kaiser for about two years."

Then he settled back into his chair and in his quaint Scotch brogue spun us a tale of sea life in war times, German submarines, and German prison camps that kept us listening, mouth open.

Prior to December of last year Captain MacDonald was in charge of the S.S. *Powhatan* a ship belonging to the same fleet as the *Oneka*. Like the *Oneka*, she carried case oil from America to the Allies.

In March, 1917, she was bound for Kirkwall, Scotland, due there for orders. Every Britisher on board was jubilant. For many of them it was the first time in ten years that they were to see their homes. Then just off Cape Wrath on the coast of Scotland a German submarine suddenly appeared and before the crew of the *Powhatan* had time to man their guns and show fight the Germans let go a torpedo which tore through her plates and she began to sink rapidly.

The crew took to the life boats and rafts but there was a heavy sea and two of the boats containing thirty-five men were lost. Captain MacDonald was not allowed to take a chance with the sea and attempt to gain his liberty, but was taken on board the German submarine and held as a prisoner.

There are very probably few men living today who have been involuntary guests on a German submarine in war time. Captain MacDonald was on board the submarine which sunk his ship for four days. Space in which to stretch out is of necessity limited in a submarine but the one on which Captain MacDonald found himself had another passenger of war beside himself and the quarters were even more crowded on that account. The other passenger was also a captain of a torpedoed ship and he had been on board for twenty days.

As to his treatment while on board the submarine Captain MacDonald made no complaint. He says that the captain of the submarine was a quite likable fellow and that although he and his fellow passenger were treated as prisoners they were not abused.

After reaching a German base, Captain MacDonald was turned over to the land authorities and then sent to a prison camp at Brandenburg. Later he was sent to Switnitz and then to Furstenburg.

Life in the German prison camps evidently did not hold any pleasant memories. Attempts to get his ideas on life of a German prisoner were practically in vain.

"I couldn't recommend going there to any of my friends," he said with a smile and that was about all we could get from him. But later we learned from some of the ship's officers that as a result of his prison experiences Captain MacDonald is incapacitated from active service on sea, perhaps for life. After leaving Germany last December he took command of the *Oneka* expecting that his physical condition would improve but instead he grew steadily worse. As soon as the *Oneka* docked at the Morse pier a doctor hurried aboard to attend the captain. The exact trouble and how he sustained his injuries is a secret with which even his best friends aboard ship are unacquainted, but today Captain MacDonald is back in England attempting to recuperate from his war time injuries while the *Oneka* is sailing in southern waters under the guidance of another.

Chief Engineer George Hudson was on the *Oneka* during all of the war period. Many of the trips during that time were without convoy and there were many exciting brushes with submarines although no actual encounters ever took place. In April, 1918, the *Oneka* was within a very few miles of the *Ancona* when she was sunk in the Straits of Messina, with the loss of 4,000 troops aboard her. At that time the *Oneka* was going from Karachi, India, to Leghorn, Italy.

Another interesting personage among the ship's officers is Jim MacArthur, all American third mate. MacArthur comes from San

Francisco and has been on the *Oneka* only a short time, but his war time experiences are richer than those of any of the other under officers. He has been on torpedoed vessels three times.

His first experience with the Germans was on October 15, 1915, when his ship the *John D. Archibald* was torpedoed and sunk twenty-seven miles off the coast of France. In January of the next year while sailing in the North Sea his ship was again torpedoed. The crew were forced to take to the life boats and MacArthur was in a life boat for 26 hours before another ship came to the rescue and took him and his companions off.

MacArthur's third and last experience was just a year later in January, 1917, when the ship on which he was then sailing was torpedoed off the coast of Florida. Besides his experience with German torpedoes he has been around the world three times and has the distinction of being a member of the crew which manned the *Faithful,* first concrete ship to make an ocean voyage.

Another ship with a war history which has been in our yard recently is the Italian steamer *Monginevro.* During the entire period of her stay here some of the workmen may have noticed that a sailor was always stationed at the door of one of the cabins. It looked as if the cabin was under guard and in reality it was, very much so if you please.

No prisoner resided there but something far more precious—evidence, which according to the captain of the ship, some day may lead to an international controversy involving two nations, Italy and Spain.

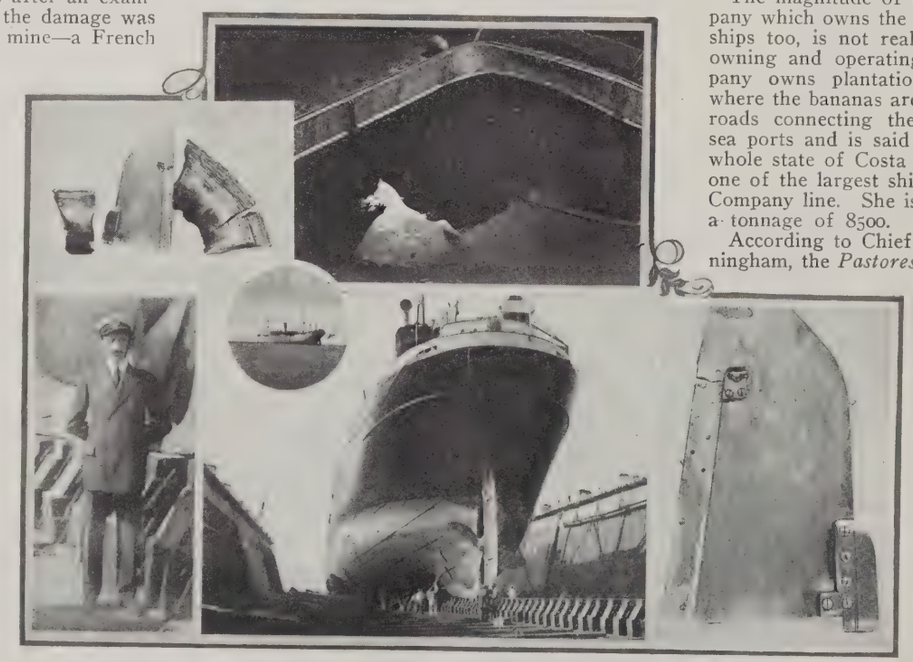
The *Monginevro* was sailing at a distance of about two miles from the Spanish coast at one o'clock in the morning of June 12, 1918, when an explosion took place which blew up one of her holds. The steamer did not sink but managed to reach the harbor of San Carlos de la Rapita, Spain. Spanish experts and specialists were sent abroad to make an examination because the *Monginevro* was sailing within the three mile limit and if she had been torpedoed or otherwise suffered from war causes, action by the Spanish government would be necessary. The Spanish experts after an examination decided that the damage was caused by a floating mine—a French one they contended.

After the examination had been fully completed and the papers drawn up Captain Bozzalla, master of the *Monginevro,* brought out the evidence which was so carefully guarded while his ship was at our docks. According to the captain's statement, the evidence consisted of pieces of rudder, an air chamber and propeller from a German made torpedo. They were thrown upon the bridge, he says, on the night that the explosion occurred.

"Needless to say," said Captain Bozzalla, in speaking of his experience," the Spanish authorities tried every means available to secure those articles of evidence. They even threatened violence, but I only smiled and said that I wanted to keep them for my curio cabinet."

Due to the insistence of the port authorities that they have the evidence, Captain Bozzalla says that he was forced to sail without clearance papers but that he did not do so until he was practically sure that his evidence was in danger.

The day before sailing he presented every man on the Spanish port commission with a set of photographs marking them "particles of rudder and air tank of a floating mine which struck the *Monginevro* on June 12, 1918.



Capt. Bozzalla, the Monginevro, alleged evidence and damage done.

Back to Civies

SHIPS like men, during these days of anti-bellum activities, are from day to day forsaking the strenuous duties imposed by war for the more peaceful pursuits of business and pleasure. These ships are changing clothes too. In other words, they are going from regulation attire to civilian clothes.

Sturdy ships, engaged in the days before the war, in carrying freight cargoes are returning to their old jobs. Palatial yachts used by the government for scout duty are being dismissed from the service, most of them without a job to go to unless it be aimless cruising about at the whim of a fortunate owner.

While men have returned to civil life with certificates of merit, medals of honor or other justly earned rewards for courage, or for work especially valuable to the government, these ships are going without any further ado, back to the work from which they were interrupted.

To do this, however, they first must be re-converted. Tiers of standee berths, mess halls, hospital wards and surplus life rafts are removed. Fine wood work replaces the plainer but stronger walls against which thousands of soldiers have jostled each other in their eagerness to sight a submarine.

Re-conversion has been the big item of repair work at the Morse yard during the past few months. Indeed so many large re-conversion jobs have been done in so successful a fashion lately that that type of work is regarded as a Morse specialty.

One noteworthy job of the kind was that done on the U. S. S. *Pastores,* which is back in the service of the United Fruit Company, conveying passengers to and from South American ports.

Before the war, the *Pastores* was a palatial coasting vessel. Although not as large as the trans-Atlantic liners which connect Europe with America, she was easily comparable to them in point of luxurious, fittings and modern facilities for the comfort of passengers.

A feature of the *Pastores* during those days was her many large suites. These suites were finished in dark mahogany and so ideally situated that the occupants were practically around the corner from every center of amusement and accomodation on the ship. A suite is said to have cost one thousand dollars. The *Pastores* was able to accomodate one hundred and twenty-five passengers.

With the *Tenadores* which was later grounded off the coast of France, the *Pastores,* the *Havana* and the *Saratoga* were the first American convoy leaving the port of New York, June 14, 1917. When dismissed from the service the *Pastores* had completed a record of twenty-three trans-Atlantic trips, carrying during that time 48,000 troops.

The damage done to so well equipped a vessel during such a term of service can easily be imagined. The job which the Morse Company had on its hands was to make her as presentable as she was before the war. The re-conversion is a credit to the company and to every man who had a hand in the work.

So many Morse men worked on the *Pastores* that some facts concerning her and the company which owns her might be of interest. Beside the passenger service, a general cargo is always carried from the United States to South America on every trip and bananas are the usual cargo on the homeward voyage. The *Pastores* is able to carry 70,000 bunches of bananas at one time.

The magnitude of the United Fruit Company which owns the *Pastores* and her sister ships too, is not realized by many. Beside owning and operating the ships, that company owns plantations in South America where the bananas are grown, owns the railroads connecting the plantations with the sea ports and is said to own practically the whole state of Costa Rica. The *Pastores* is one of the largest ships of the United Fruit Company line. She is 500 feet long and has a tonnage of 8500.

According to Chief Steward Patrick Cunningham, the *Pastores* is one of the best and most luxurious ships engaged in American trade.

Another instance of re-conversion on a large scale is the work done on ships of the American Hawaiian Steamship Company. Of these ships there were some with brilliant war records. Principle among them is the *Panaman* with a record which shows that her war work was a valuable asset.

ARTICLES WORTH READING

Don't Die on Third

IT was several years ago, when the Tigers were playing the team from Cleveland.

Moriarty was on third base.

Around the chalk-lined arena 18,000 persons strained themselves in tense expectancy. The score was a tie. Two men were out. The fate of the game centered in the white-bloused figure that shuttled back and forth near third. Tigers and Naps stood up on their benches, for the decisive moment had come.

Moriarty was at third.

He got there by the ordinary events of the game. At the bat he hit the ball and ran to first. Another player bunted and sacrificed himself to run Moriarty to second. Then a "long fly" advanced him to third. There he stood, alert and active, with the fate of the game in his quick eye, his quicker brain and his running legs.

If he failed, he failed not alone, for the team failed with him. If he won, he won not alone but gave the men behind him their chance for "home." In him centered the hopes and fears of thousands upon thousands of spectators who had forgotten to breathe, and so still was the great park that even the breeze seemed forgetful to blow.

Moriarty was at third.

Much as it meant to have advanced that far, nothing had been accomplished by it. Three-quarter runs are not marked up on the score boards. Third base never raised a pennant. Third base is not a destination but the last little way station on the road home. It is better not to run at all than to run to third and "die." The 18,000 spectators that kept ominously silent at that moment could be changed into a vortex of cheering hero-worshippers or into an animated groan by the kind of work a man did between third and "home."

There is no time for self-congratulation on third. The man on second wants your place—he can get it, but if you get safely "home," no one can take that achievement from you. One way to get off third is to wait for some fellow to bat you off; another way is to get away on your own initiative and according to your own secret plan.

Moriarty was on third.

It is ninety feet from third to home. Sometimes that ninety feet is a leaden mile, sometimes a mere patter of lightning-like steps. If it is a mile to you, you are a failure, and the great circle of spectators groan for your incompetency; if it is but a lightning streak, you are the great man of the baseball day. Moriarty was intent on dwindling that ninety feet instead of lengthening it. How many things converged in the few seconds he stood there! He watched the signals of the Cleveland catcher—he gathered they meant a high ball. A high ball meant that the runner might duck low to the base while the catcher's hands were in the air after the ball. Moriarty knew, too, that a high ball required that the pitcher "wind up" his arm in a certain way. He knew also, that pitchers have a way of "winding up" when they don't intend to throw the ball. More than that, he knew the pitcher in the box was left-handed and could not keep his eyes on third when "winding up." That was why Moriarty closely followed all the strange little signals pitcher and catcher were making.

There was another consideration too. Mullin was at bat. Moriarty knew that Mullin has a batting average of something like .250 which means that Mullin hits safely about once in four times at bat. Would the ball about to be thrown be one of the hit or one of the missed? No human calculation could even guess at it. If Mullen missed it, it would be useless for Moriarty to run. If Mullin hit, there were still chances of his being put out at first, making Moriarty's run wholly uncounted and ending the inning. There was only one thing to do—making home between the time the pitcher "wound up" his arm past all recall and the time the ball landed in the catcher's glove—make home in the second of time when Mullin's hit or miss hung in futurity.

It was to be a contest in speed between a five-ounce ball delivered with all the force of a superb pitching arm and the 170 pound body of Moriarty. An unequal contest, at that, for the five-ounce ball travels only sixty feet while the runner from third must hurl his body over a distance of ninety feet. All these considerations are in the mind of Moriarty. He builds up his prospective run as an engineer builds a bridge over a torrent, step by step, with infinite pains. Now the Cleveland pitcher is "winding up" his arm—round and round it swings—he poises himself—there is yet a fraction of a second in which he can recall his intended throw—Moriarty is crouched like a tiger to spring—Now! Now!

There is a white streak across the field!

The cloud of dust at the home plate!

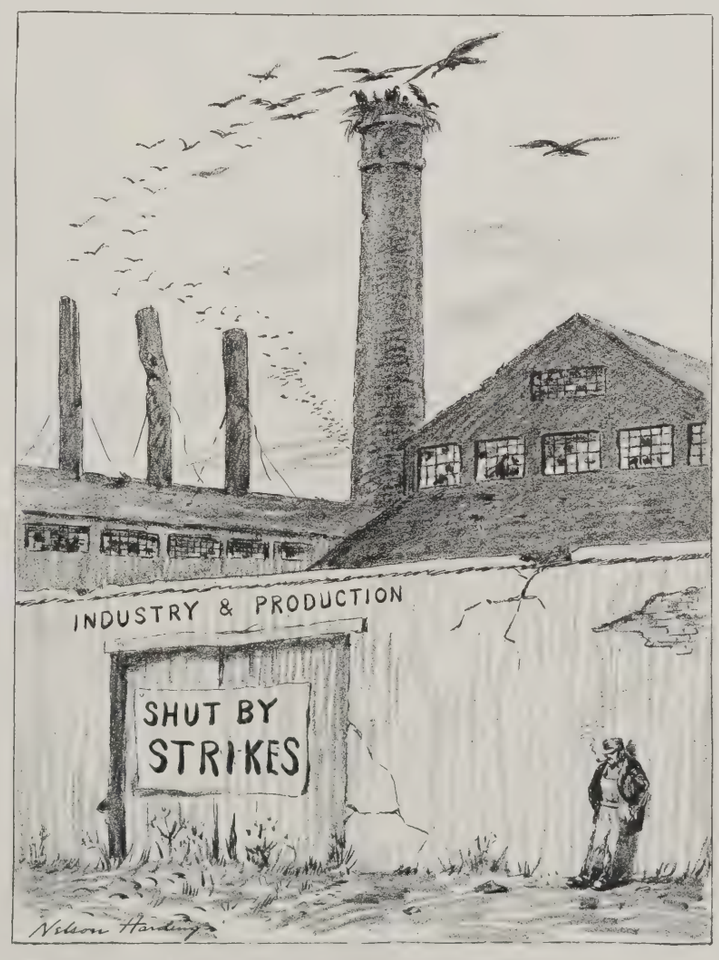
The umpire stands with hands extended palms downward.

A bursting roar of acclaim echoes and re-echoes across the space of the park. Again and again it bursts forth, in thrilling electric power. Thirty-six thousand eyes strain toward the man who is slapping the dust from his white uniform.

Moriarty is home!

All the world's a baseball diamond. You are one of the players. Perhaps you have reached first by your own efforts. It may be that the sacrifices of parents or friends have enabled you to reach second. Then on some one's "long fly" into

A "CLOSED" SHOP



Nelson Harding in the Brooklyn "Eagle"

the business world—a "fly" that was not "long" enough to prevent him going out—or some one's fluke on the rules of simple morality and square dealing, you have advanced to third.

The opposition against you at third is stronger than at either first or second. At third you are to be reckoned with. Your opponents converge all their attention on you. Pitchers and catchers, coaches and opposing fans, are watching to tip off your plans and frustrate them. From third you become either a splendid success or a dismal failure.

What are you doing to win the score that life is ready to mark up against your name? Third base has no laurels on which you can rest. What are you doing on third? Are you waiting for someone to "bat you in?" Suppose he misses; his miss is yours, too. If you place, all your dependence on someone else, his fairure spells yours.

What are you doing on third? Waiting for "something to turn up?" Don't—nothing turns up, but the thumbs of the thousands of men who watch you may turn down, and make you a permanent failure. Moriarty wouldn't have scored had he waited, for Mullin didn't hit the ball—and that run was absolutely necessary to save the game. That run was gained in an unmeasurable fraction of time, but the difference between success and failure is very often measured in seconds. *Don't die on third!*

Moriarty's run was not a foolhardy dash. It wasn't a toss-up with luck. It was deliberate mathematical work. Any fool could have led off spectacularly, but only a trained body and an alert mind could have stolen home right under the nose of the catcher whose hands were closing over the ball. Even a game means work. Work itself is a game and has its rules as its sudden openings. So, don't die on third. Bring to third every bit of your honest strength; study conditions; postpone thinking of your luck until you hear the umpire call "safe."

Then you'll score all right.

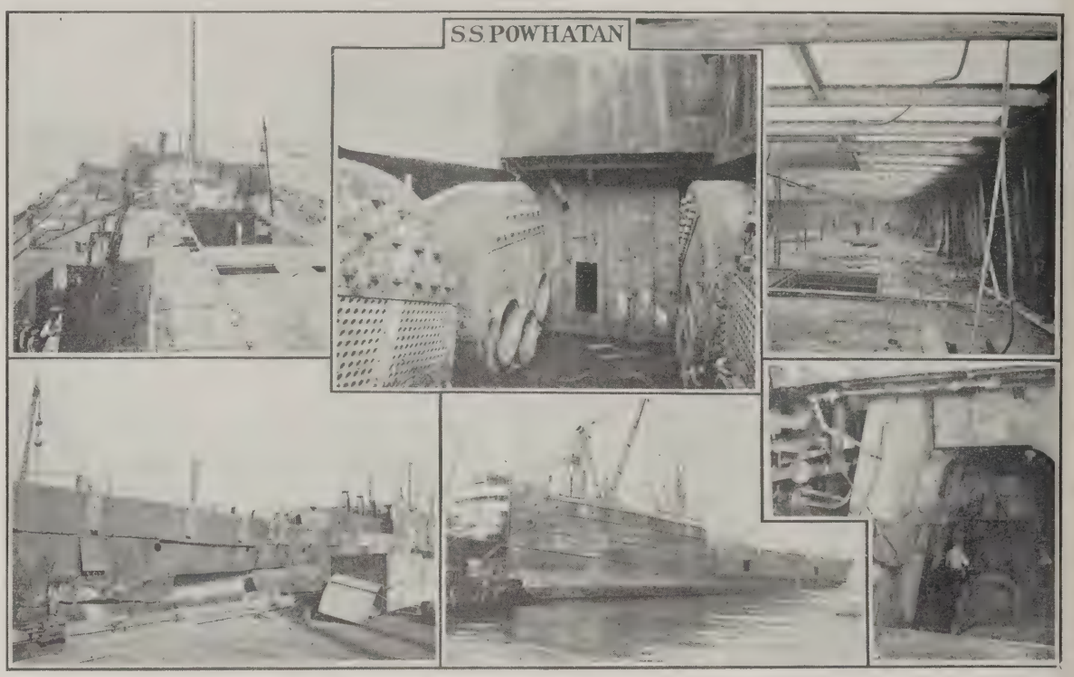
—Detroit News.

Electricians on the Job

IN an account of work done on the *Walter A. Luckenbach* in the October issue of The Dial, we neglected to mention the electricians who did an extensive wiring job on that boat. All of the transport service wiring was changed to the commercial type

On the S. S. *Huron*, the electricians are now hard at work on the most extensive electrical job which they have ever undertaken. It consists of the entire rewiring of the ship from stem to stern.

"Old Brown won't live long; he has one foot in the grate already." "You mean one foot in the grave." "No; he's going to be cremated."



Views of the S. S. Powhatan before repair work began.

Arthur Guy Empey Speaks

THE announcement that Arthur Guy Empey, soldier author, would be on hand to speak on a topic of current interest at the November meeting of the Employees' Association, served to bring a crowd which compared very favorably in size and enthusiasm with other recent meetings in spite of the rainy weather. The meeting was held in the Association rooms, top floor of the carpenter shop, Tuesday night, November 25, the change of date being due to the fact that Wednesday, the usual time for the meeting, was Thanksgiving eve.

Judging by the great reception which Mr. Empey received and the many favorable comments which his short address provoked it would seem that his talk was appreciated.

Empey did not give a real speech and the dramatics which usually accompanied his war time addresses were absent.

"The last time that I was with you," said Empey, "I brought a baseball team down here which you fellows proceeded to beat up to the tune of some unmerciful scores. Well, I am back again and this time you may want to beat me up when I get through but I'm going ahead just the same."

According to Empey the labor unrest of today is entirely due to foreigners who have come into the country to stir up trouble. He said the foreigners came over here, took jobs for less money than the American usually received, worked longer hours and now that they have the labor situation in their hands they are dictating just how many hours we should work.

Empey said that German money was behind a great many of the agitators of the present time. He also spoke of the work done by shipyard men during the war and said that their work was every bit as hard and every bit as worth while as the work done by the boys in the trenches.

"I'm for labor," said Empey, "and I'm for capital too, but first of all I'm for the other ninety-five per cent. of the American people and both you and I are in that class. What right has organized labor to take you out of your job if you want to keep it? What right have these foreign agitators now among us to dictate when we should work and for how much? What did they do in the war? Nothing! Then how can they tell you how to run your government? What they all need is to learn a little Americanism and the only way to teach them is to get your knuckles a little sore doing it. The only way to handle those fellows is to treat 'em rough."

Empey's talk and the entertainment program was preceded by the usual business meeting at which many items of interest to the men in the yard were discussed. Announcement was made that January 24 was the date set for the annual ball.

A motion was also made to have a Christmas tree celebration for the wives and children of Morse employees sometime during December.

Tom Smith, Sr., reported on the progress of the yard bowling league and prizes to the members of last year's bowling team which won the shipyard league pennant were presented.

A feature of the entertainment program was the raffling of two turkeys. Each man who attended the meeting was given a ticket upon entering the hall. The lucky men in the raffle were Carl Broad of Mr. Hallock's staff and Harry Watson, Hull department.

World and Towel, blackface comedians both by nature and inclination, were the first performers of the evening and their songs, interpolated with comedy dialogue, were very well received. George Tizzard, now of the Hull department, also entertained with comedy and song. Willie Dillberger of the Knights of Columbus, and Harry Stedman of the New York Police Force, contributed solos to the entertainment.

A short boxing and wrestling bill, reports of which may be found on the sporting page, concluded the program.

Sharks Lose Their Home

THE S. S. *Powhatan,* now undergoing repairs at our yard which will fit her as a first class passenger ship for coast service has the unique distinction of having been the home of a whole school of sharks for the better part of six months, according to reports we receive from Norfolk, Va.

We will not absolutely vouch for the truth of the story—it comes direct and uncensored from statements made by the sea-faring folk who live around the mud flats near Norfolk, Virginia—but two years and a half prior to her coming to the Morse yard, the *Powhatan* had been submerged for a period of six months, following her sinking in a collision just off the Thimble Light in Hampton Roads.

When the *Powhatan* was raised she was considered a total loss by her underwriters and for that reason allowed to lay idle. Then the Morse Company proved to her owners that she could be brought back into condition and she was towed to the Morse yard where work on her is now in progress.

During the Spanish American war the *Powhatan,* originally built for the Old Dominion service, was a Navy department steamer known as the *Yorktown.* At the termination of the war she was bought by the Merchants and Miners Line and was in that service when she was rammed by an English steamer.

The *Powhatan* is similar in type to the *Ontario,* a ship well remembered by many of the older men in the yard.

The *Ontario* was a victim of a bad fire which practically destroyed her to the water line. She was rebuilt in the Morse yard. The present owners of the *Powhatan* are the Coast Steamship Company.

George MacKay Honored

IN recognition of his faithful service at the "Farm" and the esteem in which he is held by his fellow workers there, a beautiful gold watch was presented to George MacKay by the "Farm family" recently upon the occasion of his transfer from the "Farm" to the main yard.

The presentation of the watch was made at noon time on Saturday, November 15. George MacLaurin, superintendent of the "Farm," made the presentation speech to which Mr. MacKay responded.

The watch is of the latest Swiss design. Practically every member of the "Farm family" contributed to its purchase. The committee in charge of arrangement consisted of George MacLaurin, Edward Warden and George Webster.

ACCORDING to statistics compiled by the Bureau of Navigation, Department of Commerce for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1919, the American Merchant Marine, at that date, consisted of 27,300 vessels of approximately 12,800,00 gross tons. Fifty-six ocean going vessels temporarily used as army transports may be safely added to this number.

During the months of April, May and June the Merchant Marine increased 1,000,000 gross tons. At the present time half of the American Merchant Marine tonnage is registered for foreign trade, a situation without a parallel since 1856.

Navy discharge papers belonging to William Brennan have been found in the yard and will be returned to their owner upon application and identification at the Employment office.

The Crane Man

I'm the "man way up" at the very top
  Where a wise guy ought to be,
I'm the boy that's over the bloomin' shop
  An' you gotta look up to me;
For I rides in my carriage to and fro
  Like a millionare's private train,
An' we sure looks down on the gang below—
  Me an' my trav'lin crane!

There ain't no burdens too large for us,
  Me an' this crane o' mine,
We lifts the biggest without no fuss
  For that is the way we shine;
We takes them any old shape or size
  An' juggles them through the air,
An' lowers 'em careful, easywise—
  When it comes to the job—we're there!

Old Hercules is an "also ran,"
  An' Samson's a piker, too,
They was pretty good on a small-size plan,
  But to-day they'd never do;
We've got them faded, we've got 'em stung,
  They never could stand the strain
Of the stunts we do an' the loads we've swung—
  Me an' my trav'lin crane!

From American Machinist

No Smoking on Ships

VIOLATION of the yard rules about smoking on ships was responsible for a fire which caused damages amounting to about $5,000 on Wednesday, November 19 at 12.45 P. M. A lighted cigarette or match was carelessly thrown into okum in Hold No. 2 of the S.S. *Huron.* The result was a blaze which necessitated a call for city fire department apparatus.

The yard rules passed by the Conference Board of the Employees' Association, prohibit smoking on board all ships undergoing repairs at all times. The lunch hour is no exception to this rule.

The justice and necessity of such a rule is evident and it will be enforced rigorously. Cooperation from the men working will aid the enforcement of it without the necessity of discipline.

$15,000 for Courtesy

DOES courtesy pay? Ask George F. Conroy, Erie Railroad conductor. He has just been left $15,000 by a wealthy business man who was a regular commuter on Conroy's train. This conductor summed up his whole philosophy of work and life in the simple sentence, "I like to treat people the way I would like to be treated."

The good fortune which has befallen Conroy ought to be made known throughout the length and breadth of the land. Politeness oils the machinery of life. It makes things move more smoothly and pleasantly for everyone. And like mercy, it blesses him who gives as well as those who receive. It therefore costs less than nothing. It is one of the best investments in the world, an investment that pays dividends more valuable than money.

From Forbe's Magazine

Dewitt C. Ivins, for many years an engineer in charge of the disposal of garbage in the port of New York, died suddenly at his home in Plainfield, N. J., on Thursday, November 27th. He was 66 years old.

Contrary to popular supposition, due to the fact that we have a tug boat bearing his name. Mr. Ivins was never an employee of the Morse Company. Our tug, the *Dewitt C. Ivins* was purchased about two years ago from a Boston tow boat concern, with which Mr. Ivins was at one time connected.

Fire Fighters Show Efficiency

THAT the Morse volunteer fire department is an efficient organization capable of taking care of almost any emergency was proven when a fire which broke out in the forward hold of the *Ancon* was put out without any outside aid on November 13. It was a fire of serious proportions and our fire fighters battled with it for an houd and a half before the last spark was out. The first alarm was given at 9 A. M.

Every hose cart in the yard was brought into action and the yard firemen were assisted in their work by the men on the *Panuco* and the *Arthur Kill* Both of these boats brought a line of hose into play and aided materially in checking the fire, in fact so successfully did the tug boats work that it has been decided to provide each Morse tug and lighter with twelve lengths of hose, six lengths forward and six lengths aft with nozzles attached.

Of the land fire apparatus, the most successful teams of firefighters were those from the Pipe shop, under the direction of Joe Lowe, and the Plate shop, under Captain Louis Leiser. Fire Marshall James Devlin considers the work of those two companies of such an exceptional character that it is worthy of mention in spite of the fact that every other departmental company at the fire worked at nearly one hundred per cent efficiency.

The Bolsheviki

IT is a very exclusive order. Nobody can join unless he owns a red flannel shirt. He nails this shirt to a stock and has, in the twinkling of an eye, the grand emblem of the order.

The object of the order is to take government away from whoever may have it and give it to somebody else. If one Bolshevist has it, it is taken away from him and given to another.

One of the fundamental principles of the clan is to promptly shoot any man who owns a bathtub. No special mention on Saturday night is made in any of the rules or by-laws.

One of the great objects is to gather together all the money in all the banks and give it to the leader and then shoot the leader and divide the money among the survivors. The survivors are then shot one at a time and their shares confiscated. This is called government by deduction.

Their ideas are U-dope-ian. It is never calculated to have more than one premier and one foreign minister at one time, but occasionally, by a mistake in count, there are several of each.

A Bolshevik leader always has the back door of the palace wide open and the back gate ready to swing. He keeps his suitcase packed with his other celluloid collar and several million dollars of public money, and is ready upon an instant's notice to beat it to the waterfront when his followers become too affectionate and playful. They are often very rough when in this mood.

—New York American.

Annual Ball Plans

According to a report made at the November meeting of the Employees' Association plans for the annual ball of the Employees' Association, to be held on Saturday, January 24, are underway. The ball committee consists of Walter Crawford, Charles Hallock, Charles G. Hall, Mortimer W. Mead, Kenneth Craig and Frank B. Rose.

War Heroes Honored

BEFORE one of the largest and most enthusiastic andiences which ever assembled in front of the main office building, the memorial tablet to Morse men who had served in the great war was unveiled by Major General John F. O'-Ryan, Commander of the New York State National Guard, on Monday, November 24.

The actual unveiling of the tablet which has been placed on the building to the left of the main office door, was preceded by patriotic exercises, presentation of indivual medals to Morse service men and speeches by Chaplain Nehemiah Boynton of the 13th Coast Artillery; Colonel Sidney Grant, commanding the 13th Coast Artillery, Harry A. Hanbury, industrial director of the Morse Company, and Major General O'Ryan. Mortimer W. Mead treasurer of the Employees' Association, presided and introduced the speakers.

The exercises were started immediately after the noon hour whistle had blown with a concert by the Morse Dry Dock Band. It was the first public appearance of the band under the leadership of our new bandmaster, Lieutenant Mygrant and the high grade program offered by our bandsmen was a credit to every one of them and a tribute to the ability of our new leader.

Mr. Mead spoke a few words on the object of the meeting and then introduced the first speaker Chaplain Boynton, after the Morse service men had been lined up in company formation in front of the speaker's platform.

"We are here to-day," said Chaplain Boynton, "to testify to our respect for a group of men who have done something worth while. This is one of the happy days resulting from the war. As the years come and go we are going to remember the good times resulting from the war for the American is naturally a happy fellow and the doughboy had more good times out of the war than any of the other soldiers." Chaplain Boynton concluded his talk with a plea for all of the old service men to join the ranks of the National Guard so that this country might be prepared if it ever again became necessary for us to take up arms.

Colonel Grant, after a few introductory words, presented the medals to Morse men who had been in the service. The medals were of bronze and depicted Liberty defended by a United States soldier on one side and a sailor on the other. Sixty-four Morse men received medals.

After the presentation of medals, Mr. Hanbury spoke on the work of shipyard men and shipyards during the war. He said in part:—"It is a pleasure for me to participate in these exercises in honor of Morse men who have come back from the war. During the war it was my duty at times to hold men out of the army so that we might turn out ships. Many of them would rather have been at the battle front but for many it was their duty to stay behind. I wish, however, to personally thank every man in front of me who was at the front. We are all proud of you."

General O'Ryan, the principal speaker of the day, gave an informal talk, addressed to the Morse service men. "I am glad of the opportunity to come and dedicate this memorial," he said. "The great deeds of service performed by our men during the war will never be forgotten. The war showed what marvelous things men can do. Our boys over there would go anywhere and do anything. Men of all types rubbed elbows with each other. All classes were brought closer together than ever before and they have emerged from the conflict with a better idea of co-operation and a better idea of how to do the things which really count, in short they have learned what true Americanism is. We have many advantages in this country which do not exist in Europe. That is why the disturbing element in this country at the present time is predominantly foreign born. The returned soldier realizes our advantages and that is why he will be for many years to come the backbone of our country and the staunchest defenders of its principles. They know that our American institutions are sound. I congratulate the Morse Company upon having sent so many men into the service and the fine spirit of the organization which has seen fit to make a record of their service." He concluded by relating several little incidents about the doughboy in France chief among them being anecdotes about the doughboy's propensity for scuvenir collecting.

At the conclusion of the unveiling a reception for the speakers and their guests was held in Mr. Morse's private rooms.

The tablet which was unveiled is a beautiful memorial in both design and workmanship. It is twenty-eight inches long and twenty-four inches high and depicts a sturdy ship repairer in the foreground of a ship's hull receiving his gun from Columbia.

The idea of erecting a memorial for the men who left the yard to go into the service, originated with Tom Cavanaugh, Hull department. At the February meeting of the Employees' Association he made a motion to appropriate $500 for that purpose. At a Board of Directors meeting held on February 28, a committee to take charge of the memorial details was chosen. The committee consisted of Mortimer W. Mead, Charles G. Hall, Thomas Cavanaugh, Albert Simendinger, H. G. Hoover and Miss Maud Wilson. Albert Zeitlin, of New York City, was the artist who designed the tabet.

The following are the ex-service men in the Morse employ who received service medals:—Joseph Forte, Edward Hynes, C. W. Peterson, A. J. Cracolici, H. Maynard, C. Simonson, D. Nutkis, Paul Aquilone, Daniel Kerr, George Lee, Fred Striffler, Charles Kleilein, Jack Finneran, Eric Hellstrom, Patrick Clark, Harry Fauci, E. A. Mullin, Peter Farrell, R. Campbell, A. Campbell, S. A. Olsen, P. Caffney, F. Croosen, Walter Reilly, John Cowis, Robert Oldham, Daniel O'Donnell, Fred Dean, James Flynn, A. Anderson, W. J. Noonan, M. Faulhabe, Charles Busnes, Fred Enleiter, John Marion, Richard Rowe, John Cerbone, James Sutherland, John J. Halligan, Joseph Lowdon, Alex Leslie, Harry Samuels, William Shane, Gilbert Conk, Walter Riley, Michael K. Burns, James J. Kennedy, Herbert Smithers, James E. Emelock, D. Mason, Joseph A. Williams, Harry Hansen, Alex Chisholm, Emil Johnson, Tony Marchitello, George Qualter, Neil Bryceland, J. Ryan, Edward M. Peattie, William Major, William J. Wood, Louis Aillo, Michael Esposito, F. Mullins.

The steamship *Ioannhz*, hailing from Anapoy, Greece, paid our yard a brief visit recently for minor repairs. The Grecian ship brings general cargoes to Montreal and returns with Montreal wheat.

Not "Office Cats"

AMONG the night workers at our plant there are some who never punch a clock, never get their names on the payroll and never complain about the "hycostalivin." They are a quiet lot, in fact they go pussyfooting around, carefully avoiding attention. All their interest lies in their work. It might be said that they put their whole soul, all their felin (e) in it.

The gatemen will tell you that this night gang numbers about fifty. They come in one at a time as the evening shadows begin to fall, and dawning day sees them depart.

These workers to which we refer are the big tabbies which frequent our docks during the night hunting for rats.

Almost all the workers around the docks have great tales to tell about the size of the rats which haunt the water front and the neighborhood pussys perform such a great service by exterminating huge numbers of them that they are welcome to pass through the gates.

As a reward for their services these Bay Ridge tabbies are sleek and fat. According to "Pop" Witte, the genial gentleman who has charge of the Fifty-fifth stree gate at night, they are the largest cats he has ever seen. Their hours too, are most regular, a time clock couldn't make them more perfect and they never crowd or jostle at the gate for they realize that there is work enough for all.

Outside of an interest in the peculiar antics of these neighborhood cats, who are in reality a part of our working force, there is another thought which should be considered by those who read this story.

Our pussycat coworkers need no time clocks, they never crowd, jostle or fight, they work regularly, they ask for no time off and as a result they are sleek, fat and apparently happy.

Perhaps there are times when even we superior humans might with good results draw a lesson from the much humbler cat.

Foremen Make Record

A WORK record worthy of mention because it shows the spirit of co-operation with which Morse workmen are imbued is that completed recently by only a half dozen Morse carpenters on the ships *General Gothals* and *General Gorgas*.

Carpentry work including the making and installation of twelve large cabinets was necessary before either of the ships could leave our docks, but carpenters to do that work were not at hand, being out on strike.

With that spirit of willingness which has characterized so much of the work done by Morse men who have been with the Company long enough to become endowed with its spirit, Thomas Smith, Sr., Thomas Nesbit, Fred Daddi and several others of the superintending force of the carpenter shop, rolled up their sleeves, took a kit of tools and started for the ships to do the work themselves.

The twelve cabinets, the largest item of work, were completed in two days. All outside companies who estimated on the job asked no less than a week. All of the other carpentry work, too, was completed on time although it was necessary for the men to work night and day for two weeks in order that the contract date might be fulfilled.

When a guy risks his money on a bobtail he's a sport, but when he risks his eyes with no goggles he's a fool.—Sirocco Shop Talks.

Our Poets' Corner

POETRY, it appears, is a favorite form of diversion among many of the men in the yard, for, every month, of the outside contributions which we receive, verse predominates. To all those in the yard who aspire toward poethood, this column is dedicated. We are using the verses just as they are sent in, realizing that in that form the real thoughts of our yard poets may be best represented.

Lines

By Geo. W. King, Guard 13

If all your efforts seem wasted,
And things don't go just right.
If all the joys you have tasted
Seem rank in the morning's light.
Don't sit back; take up the slack,
Make out that everything's fine.
Troubles will run like a son-of-a-gun,
If you'll take the kink out of your line.

If, when the outlook's most dreary,
You will change to another view;
And think of some other who's weary,
Perhaps for the same cause as you.
Stick to the job you're not a slob
When you're fighting fair and fine.
It's up to you to slam the thing through,
And take the kink out of your line.

Pity's an easy and cheap gift.
No pity for such as you.
Man's help to man is no uplift
Unless the man helps himself too.
Grin Boy and laugh, you'll stand the gaff,
Don't let them count more than nine.
Fight back like hell and all will end well
If you take the kink out of your line.

Soap

The men go home with faces black
  And hands like greasy rope
They can't remove this awful black
  Because there is no *soap*.

This time last year the men were clean
  And lived in joyful hope
But one whole year has changed the scene
  And now there is no *soap*.

When Kirkmann died the boys all sighed
  And sniffed a little dope
And then in unison they cried
  "What shall we do for *soap*?"

When struggling forces ceased to fight
  On the fields of old Europe
This act put *Soap Kings* all to flight
  By doing away with *soap*.

A horse can't do without his hay
  Nor a man without some hope
A woman can't thrive without her say
  Nor a *soap-hound* minus *soap*.

Before the boys are swamped in dirt
  Throw down a saving rope
And fill their hearts with a new born mirth
  By giving them some *soap*.

—J. A. 9890 Truck Garage.

Dangerous Experiments

A man rocked a boat to see if it would tip. It did.
A laborer stepped on a nail to see if it would go through his shoe. It did.
A man looked in to the gun to see if it was loaded. It was.
A press hand kept his foot on the treadle to see if it would repeat. It did.
A woman looked into a patent medicine booklet to see if she was sick. She was.
Last June a helper smelled escaping gas and lit a piece of oily waste to find the leak. He found it.
A drill press hand wore a pair of gloves to see if he would get caught. He was.

A Wartime Romance

I stood in the office talking to Tom.
It was just at the start of the week.
A man looking worn, his coat was all torn,
Walked in and dropped into a seat.

"What's up Blackie?" said Tom with a grin,
"Look at all the money you'll get."
"All the money is right, but I've been here all night,
And I can't get that bulkhead tight yet."

"Where's Matty gone," he suddenly cried,
"I must get him I've no time to lose,
It's blumin' tough luck through some silly chuck
The water continues to ooze."

"I've gunned it, I've packed it, I've given up hope,
And now the ship is quite ready for sea.
Though the pumps on the boat will keep her afloat.
I know it's all up to me."

Just then Matty walked into the shop.
On his face was a smile of content.
"I say Blackie what's up, can't you get it to stop?
We'll make it all right with cement."

"That's all very fine, the men that you sent
"Have been working right through until eight,
"And if what you meant must be done with cement
"We will use all there is in the state."

So they both went together between eight and nine,
To decide what was best to be done.
In a very short time the bulkhead was fine,
Which proves two heads are better than one.

This is only a joke not a complaint,
Through the war they put up a great fight.
But "smoothon" and paint would make Satan a saint.
If he fell in with Ellis and Wright.

—Anonymous.

Walk, You Sucker, Walk

By R. A. Reef, No. 20002

Up the dusty road from Denver town.
To where the mines their treasures hide.
The road is long and many miles
The golden store and town divide.
Along the road one summer's day.
There toiled a tired man, begrimed with dust
The weary way he cussed as some folks can.
The stranger hailed a passing team
That slowly dragged its load away.
His hail 'roused up the teamster old,
And checked his merry song.
Say stranger, well, whoa up.
Kin I walk behind your load a spell in this here road,
No, get up on the seat and ride.
Tain't what I want, its in the dust
That's like a smudge I want to trudge
Just because I deserve it.
Well, pard, I ain't no hog .and I don't own this road afore,
Or ahind, so get in the dust and walk
If that's the way you're inclined.
Go long! Git up! the teamster cried.
The creaking wagon moved again
While close behind the stranger trudged
And clouds of dust rose up again
The teamster heard the stranger talk
As if two moved behind the van.
Yet looking back he could only spy a single lonely man
Yet heard the teamster words like these
Come from the dust as from a cloud,
The man spoke his mind, his thoughts he uttered loud
And this was the burden of his talk.
"Walk! goll darn you, walk!
Not the way you went to Denver town,
Walk, you sucker, walk.

Went up to the mines made your stake
Enough to take you back where you were born
Now where is your corn?
Walk, you sucker, walk.
What did you do with all your tin
Blew every cent of it in;
Got drunk then sober and then drunk again
Walk, you sucker, walk.
What did you do? What didn't you do?
When you was there your gold dust flew
You thought it fine to keep opening wine
Walk, you sucker, walk.
Dust in your eyes and dust up your nose,
Dust down your throat and thick on your clothes
Ye can hardly talk, Walk, you sucker, walk.
Stop to drink—water—why thar.
'Twas wine extra dry, but you flew high
Now walk, you sucker, walk.
Chokes you this dust, that ain't the wurst
Wait till you get where the diggins are
No pick, no shovel, no pan
Oh, you're a healthy man.
Walk, you sucker, walk.
Now the fools don't all go to Denver town,
Nor do they all from the mine come down.
Most all of us in our day
In some sort of shape, some kind of way,
Painted the town with the old stuff
Dipped in socks or made some bluff
Tried wines old and new
Got caught in wedlock by a shrew
Stayed out all night—tight
Rolled home in the morning light
With crumpled tie and torn clawhammer,
And woke up next day with the Katzenjammer
And walked—Oh but how he walked.
Don't try to have all the fun
Don't yank every bum
Don't think you know it all
Don't believe real estate won't fall
Never bluff on an ace
Don't get stuck on a handicap race
And don't believe every tout's talk
For if you do, by God you'll walk."

'Twas the night before payday
And all through my jeans
I was searching in vain
For the price of some beans.
But nothing was doing,
The milled edge had quit;
Not a penny was stirring
Not even a jit.
Backward, turn backward,
O time in your flight!
Make it tomorrow,
Just for tonight.

THE MORSE
DRY DOCK DIAL

A monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, and to the interests of the Company

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All communications should be addressed to B. E. Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., foot of Fifty-sixth Street, Brooklyn.

Vol. 2 DECEMBER No. 12

"Many times, the reading of a book has made the fortune of a man—has decided his way in life."—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Do You Know?

DO YOU know the young fellow who works for $25 a week and who is wearing a new winter suit that cost $85?

Do you know the wage earner who loafs because he is afraid if he does too much he'll "work himself out of a job?"

Do you know the housewife who is ashamed to be seen with a market basket on her arm or to carry home a brown paper bundle?

Do you know the manufacturer who, when the price of raw materials and overhead goes up 5 percent. and the cost of labor advances an equal amount, adds twenty-five percent. to the price of his goods?

Do you know the factory girl working for $18 a week who is buying and wearing a $350 fur coat?

Do you know the man who lets a fresh clerk sneer him into buying a $15 hat for fear he'll seem "cheap" when he can buy a satisfactory one for $7?

Do you know the married couple who do not think enough of their children to buy War Savings Stamps for them and to teach them to save?

Do you know the investor who has traded his Liberty Bonds for a promise of a hundred percent. profit in a stock company backed by a dishonest promoter?

Do you know the shopper who says "Wrap it up" instead of "How Much?"

Do you know the person who lets the desire of the moment destroy the results of days and weeks of thrift and saving?

Do you know the man who thinks it is not necessary to save?

Do you know the man who says that the government savings securities, Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps and Treasury Savings Certificates are too slow or too small or too old fashioned for his investments?

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Give the Other Fellow a Chance

AT OUR monthly meeting when a call from the platform was made for suggestions or complaints which any member of the Employees' Association might have to offer, one man rose and offered a suggestion.

It was to the affect that a light was needed over a certain grindstone in order that the men on the job after dark might do their work with greater safety and efficiency.

A number of men in the audience did not wait for the end of his talk. In fact there were many who did not hear even the first few words of what he intended to say for cat calls, groans and snickers started almost as soon as he arose.

The suggestion made was not momentous yet quite worth while. It was exactly the sort of thing that is wanted, more suggestions of the same sort and more men willing and with the courage to stand up and offer them, would make our Employees' Association one hundred percent. more useful.

The hooters, cat callers and snickerers were, for the most part, the men who gather at off times in some quiet corner to knock everything under the sun for the edification of smart alecks like themselves who think themselves funny.

They were either men of that class or those who always feel that their youthful exuberance of spirit must always be shown when they are in attendance at large gatherings.

That spirit of youth and congeniality is good to have. It makes life sweeter and all that sort of thing. But there are times when it may be relegated to the background with good affect.

The monthly business meeting of the Employees' Association is one of those times.

Save the whoops and yells until the meeting has been adjourned and the band strikes up. Realization of the fact that much for personal and mutual welfare can be accomplished by taking seriously the business at hand would mean something worthwhile to every man in the yard.

If you have nothing to say at least keep quiet and let the man who wishes to talk be heard by those on the platform. His suggestion may be helpful not only to him but to you and, at the very least, silence will keep you from being classed with those who shout down and scoff at everything which would be helpful to others.

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What is a Man-Hour Worth

HERE is a recent appeal from an Eastern manufacturer:

"What is a Man-Hour worth in your plant? To the worker at the machine, the value of the man-hour is one thing—to you—it is another. The value to him is fixed by his pay check. To you it is fixed by what he produces in that hour. And these two vital values must be in proper relation, one to the other.

That is why manufacturers to-day are busy on the problem of increasing man-hour value to them. They cannot add to the hour—they must add to the man. How? Not by increasing his burdens, not by driving effort, but by the one way which is logical—increasing his efficiency."

Do you deliver an hour's work for an hour's pay?

Do you deliver the same man-hour value when working in the hold as when working on deck.

Are you as careful of tools and materials as if they were your own?

If you know a better way to handle your own or any other job in the yard, are you trying to interest the management in your idea?

Are you trying to make yourself worth the wages you are getting?

If you are doing these things, you are helping to make permanent the steady work and good pay that have been yours for more than two years.

If you are doing these things, you are making it possible for your employers to provide unlimited work for an unlimited number of men.

If you are not doing these things, you are starving your own job to death. Just think about it.

Exchange.

The Equality of Man

ONE teaching of Socialism says that all men are equal. You have got to go back a long way to find out if this is so or not.

At the beginning the earth was created out of disorder. When it was somewhat finished, it contained all sorts of climates, many different kinds of grounds and resources. The good things which have since been discovered to exist in the earth are placed where they are hard to get at. Gold does not lie in every street. Diamonds are found after much scraping and digging in a climate which most men cannot stand. Even the wheat and grain are hard to cultivate and harvest. Nothing which is worth having is plentiful, or easy to get.

Why is this? Is it not because the wise Creator knew that a life of ease and luxury would be a life of weakness?

Success comes only from work and more work. The things which have most benefited the human race have come from bitter toil and years of steady grinding effort.

The Socialist claims that many of us eat bread in the sweat of other men's faces.

Look over history. See how living standards have improved since the time when nobody had anything but a cave to live in, nothing but roots and leaves to eat, and no tools but a stone hatchet and a crooked stick for a plow.

Something has happened since then to change that. If you want the true answer, it is capital.

This brings up the question: Who are the producers and who are the non-producers? Whose sweat is it that provides the bread? And is everybody entitled to the same equal share of it?

It is a well known fact that some men can direct labor better than others. Some foremen get more work out of a gang of men than others, not by driving, but by the reason of a knack that enables them to get greater production.

So it is with all such men, foremen, superintendents, managers. They do not touch a tool or handle a product in their own hands, yet they produce by showing others how to use better methods without working harder and accomplish much more.

Can it be said that the man, who has the ability—vision it is called in this particular case—to see new markets for goods, who has the imagination to invent and the workman whose ability stops with the knowledge of how to lay brick, or dig a ditch, are on the same plane together?

If this is so and everybody possessed equal ability with the workman there never would have been brick making machines, cheaper houses, more comfort for the workman and a better standard for his children.

It seems clear that all men are not created equal, that some have one kind of brains and others have a different kind.

The ones with the brains which only enable them to supply their own needs and those of their families, do not get as much as those whose brains are used to benefit all mankind or a great number of people.

This is not an unfair arrangement if looked at in the proper light. Is it unfair that Edison, whose brain has thought out problems and worked out devices whose use has benefited the whole world, should get more than a man in his employ whose ability only enables him to make a lamp after Edison has shown him how and supplied him with materials?

It is true that there are two classes in the world. One works for wages and the other for profit. These two classes will no doubt always exist, as classes. But to the Socialist claim that there is no inequality and that everybody should share and share alike, the answer is that the individuals making up these classes are continually changing, and the workman of today becomes the capitalist of tomorrow.

Everybody has an equal chance. The reason we are not all on an equal footing is because some of us are born with certain kinds of ability, and particularly some of us are willing to work and make the earth give us what we want whereas others want to sit down and have it brought to us by the fellow who has worked for it. We all have an equal chance, but haven't all got an equal amount of energy to realize on it.

There is always a strap-hanging class and a seat-getting class on the street cars, but would it be fair to claim that these classes always included the same people when everybody knows they change every trip.

The Socialist might undertake to provide a seat for everybody on the cars, but they cannot claim they place everyone on an equal footing as to ability, opportunity, and energy all the time.

To do this would require a radical change in nature's law, and this has been tried for the past several hundred thousand years with very little success.

We all get away to the same start. It is largely up to us what kind of a finish we make. And Socialism has not found the way to make everybody a success with no effort on their own part.

Why the Dial Looks Different

FIRST it was the printer's lay-off. We found a place out of town in which to print The Dial and then when it was ready the expressman decided to take a little "vacation." Now there is a paper shortage and it would seem, at this writing that a change of paper used in The Dial may be necessary. The change is not liable to be for the better.

We want you to know all this because then you will realize what we are up against and be patient with us until the printing and paper situation is normal.

We are doing our best to get The Dial out to you on time and as well printed as in the past. We are now preparing to print the magazine ourselves, our mailing files are being reorganized to insure your getting the magazine regularly as you should; a stock of paper is being bought to tide us over any other paper shortage which may occur.

We are preparing for the future to the best of our ability and all that we ask is your cooperation and support in meeting the difficult situation that confronts us.

—THE EDITOR.

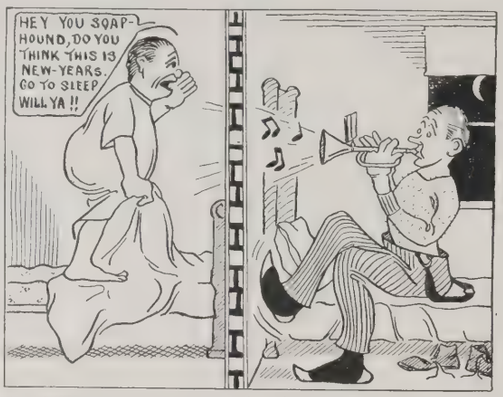
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The "Threes" of Life

Three things to love:
Courage, Gentleness and Affection.
Three things to admire:
Intellectual Power, Dignity and Gracefulness.
Three things to hate:
Cruelty, Arrogance and Ingratitude.
Three things to delight in:
Beauty, Frankness and Freedom.
Three things to wish for:
Health, Friendship and Cheerfulness.
Three things to pray for:
Faith, Peace and Purity of Mind.
Three things to like:
Cordiality, Good Humor and Mirth.
Three things to avoid:
Idleness, Loquacity and Flippancy.
Three things to contend for:
Honor, Country and Friends.

WE HAVE WITH US TODAY

By Edwin F. Donnelly



GEO. GARDNER OF THE HULL-DEPT. AFTER WORKING OVER-TIME TILL 11 P.M. ARRIVES HOME AND HOLDS HIS NIGHTLY CORNET PRACTICE AND KEEPS JOE LOWE OF THE PIPE-SHOP AWAKE WITH A FREE SERENADE
ITS A GREAT LIFE IF YOU DONT WEAKEN.



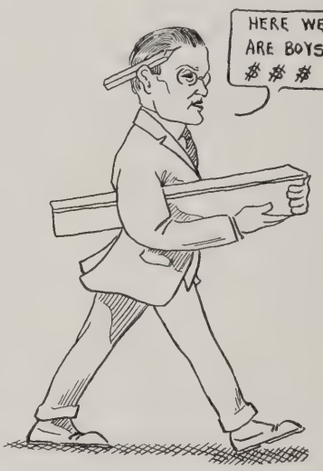


H·PLYER J·SHOTT C·QUARTERS B·PLYER
ONE OF THE YARDS POPULAR QUARTETS IN ACTION



ANDY WITH THAT MYSTERIOUS BLUE BAG TRAVELING BETWEEN ROOM 115 AND THE RECORD DEPT.





GEORGE K. FROM THE CASHIERS
THE BOY THAT BRINGS THE SMILES ON SAT.

JIMMY MACFARLANE TAKING THE DAILY BUMP OR LEAP FOR LIFE, ACROSS THE SECOND AVE TROLLY TRACKS ON HIS WAY TO LUNCH.



THE GIRLS FROM THE TABULATING DEPT. RETURNING TO THE OFFICE BY SPECIAL CAR AFTER THE LAUNCHING.



ON THE JOB FOR NEXT MONTHS DIAL - DON'T FAIL TO GET IT BOYS.



CHAS. MARAVEC - SHIPFITTER - IS CAUGHT BY FRIEND WIFE POUNDING THE BED-POST FOR A BULK-HEAD IN HIS SLEEP. ITS A TOUGH WORLD CHAS.

AFTER THE WHISTLE HAS BLOWN

EDITED BY JOE L. MURPHY

Looking 'Em Over

IN spite of the fact that there is usually the greatest football activity and enthusiasm during the latter part of fall we have very little to chronicle about Morse activities on the gridiron during the past month. Up to this time of writing, very few games have been played. Unfavorable circumstances made the postponement or the cancellation of the other games necessary but it is expected that by the time that this issue of The Dial reaches your hands the soccer season, in so far as the Morse team is concerned, will be in full swing again.

One of the greatest set backs which the Morse team has sustained this year was the loss of Perrin, through injury in the Disston game in Philadelphia. Perrin broke his leg in two places and will undoubtedly be out of the game for the remainder of the season.

The Philadelphia newspapers were very kind to the Morse soccer players on the occasion of the Morse-Disston game. It its accounts of the game the Philadelphia Record said: "The Morse players are sturdy and clever. The fact that they played with ten men no doubt upset their usual teamwork, and the speedy attack and well-directed shooting of the Disston team gave their defense little chance to get set. Two other Morse players, Ferguson and O'Hanlon were injured recently."

The Press of the same city said: "There was no doubting the superiority of Morse in the first half, scoring two goals without reply from Disston. The visitors sustained a big loss in Perrin who broke his leg in two places and was taken to the Frankford Hospital. Playing with ten men, however, they managed to maintain their lead until after the first half."

With the acquisition of several new players, a new secretary and a club trainer, changes have been made in the personnel of the Morse soccer team which, it is hoped will greatly strengthen the team and still better its standing in American soccer. The changes are not brought about through any dissatisfaction or dissent, but come naturally in an endeavor to corral the best talent available. The loss of Perrin and the resignation of Charles Menzies, as club secretary, are responsible for at least two changes.

Thomas MacCamphill, a former executive of the Brooklyn Celtics, which for seven successive years held the New York State soccer championship, is the new club secretary, replacing Menzies, whose resignation was tendered because of other duties. MacCamphill is a seasoned soccer man and knows the game and players from all angles. He is enthusiastic about the Morse team, claiming that it has had some very bad breaks in the way of accidents and unavoidable happenings and but for these things would hold a still more envious place in soccer.

Johnny Best, said to be the bantamweight boxing champion of Scotland, who has engaged in important fights in this country, is club trainer. He is employed in the yard and in the near future, The Dial will give a summary of Johnny's ring engagements.

James Rorke, Coles and Sarson are new soccer players. The former is a fast forward whose aggressiveness and dash approaches Lynch and they should be a formidable pair. Rorke holds medals for the Scottish Junior championship and the Renfrenshire championship of Scotland. Coles and Sarson have been identified with the game in America and are sturdy, reliable players.

With weather conditions as favorable as could be, great crowds streamed into Todd field, Brooklyn, Sunday, November 2, to witness the soccer game between the Morse and Robins teams. That the scheduled clash held more than the ordinary interest was evidenced by the scenes accompanying the opening of the field.

Lines of ticket buyers were formed and reformed by cordons of police. It was nearly three o'clock before the crowd was packed into the stands and every other point of vantage. Excitement prevailed throughout the game, ending in a Robins victory by a score of 3 to 2.

Clarke opened the scoring for the Robins team with a 20 yard shot, which Whalen made a valiant effort to block. This was fifteen minutes after the starting whistle The game had restarted only a minute or so when Ratican, picking up a perfect pass from Garside, placed the home team up to two.

Lynch, Morse's reliable centre forward, came through with two points in succession, both times outwitting the defense by shifty play. While the Robins supporters feared Lynch's aggressiveness coupled with his brainy playing, they applauded his efforts which had tied the score.

Later a penalty given against McCann raised a great uproar, but Robins got their free kick for goal, and Ratican negotiated the same. This penalty served to unsteady the Morse players, but they prevented further scoring by their opponents.

With Perrin and Fred Beardsworth out of the lineup, the Morse team defeated the Newburgh, New York team Sunday, November 23, at Newburgh. The game ended in a 2 to 1 score, and was rather a sad ending for the Hudson river players and fans, for it was Newburgh's first defeat of the season. As for Morse—well, "it's an ill wind that blows no good," because the Morse team by perpetrating such a deed with Newburgh as the victim, won the right to meet the Bridgeport Thistles in the American Association cup semi-finals.



THE snap shot shows George MacKay, erstwhile President of the Employees' Association, until recently boss of the carpenters at the "Farm," and enthusiastic checker-hound, engaged in a contest with Ed. Wallace, one of the derrick engineers. Mr. MacKay is now an assistant to Tom Nesbit, carpenter shop superintendent.

Connie Lynch and Parker were heroes of the game, getting a goal each. Neither could connect with the pigskin in the first half—that is, they couldn't connect so as to land it back of the opposing goal. But Lynch scented the trail after 20 minutes had elapsed in the second half, and with his usual aggressiveness coupled with his elusive maneuvers, booted it for a tally. Parker's goal was made by brilliant individual effort, too, at a time when the ball was 16 yards from the goal posts.

The point scored by Lynch was his tenth of the season and about two-thirds of the total number of points scored by the Morse team to date. In a game against Paterson, resulting in a 3 to 0 victory for Morse, Lynch scored all three points. He is an able and conscientious player and is lending every effort to aid the Morse management to keep the team at its present standing as one of the fastest teams in American soccer.

Ninety minutes of scoreless playing was indulged in Thanksgiving Day afternoon on Morse Oval, 52nd street and Second avenue, by the soccer teams of the Morse and Robins dry docks. The absence of scores didn't detract from the interest and excitement of the game, but rather added to it, for both teams made desperate efforts to score in the last half and especially in the last few minutes of play.

McGarrachie and Rorke were new men in the Morse lineup, and both acquitted themselves very creditably. Neither had an opportunity to engage in offensive playing that would bring out their qualifications, but both played a strong defensive game.

Ratican, who by his brilliant individual effort has terrorized the Morse team and fans, proved very dangerous throughout the game, especially in the last half when he made two earnest attempts to score and would have done so but for the excellent work of Whalen, the Morse goal tender. Whalen easily saved the game on two occasions, both times by wonderful stops which seemed humanly impossible.

Connie Lynch, crack centre forward, made commendable endeavors to score for Morse, but the breaks were against him. When Lynch connected with the ball, he was harassed by several of the opposing players and failed to negotiate his usual well-placed kick.

Sunday, Nov. 30, the Morse team met with a 3 to 0 defeat at the hands of the New York soccerites. The game was of the National league schedule, and was quite an even contest throughout the first period which ended in a scoreless tie. Petrie, O'Hare and Sweeney each scored in the second half, Petrie proving especially dangerous. Another attempt he had made for a goal was thwarted by a pretty stop by Whalen. Lynch missed two hard-earned attempts to score.

One of the most unique soccer games ever witnessed will take place on the eve of Lincoln's birthday, February 11, at the Fourteenth Regiment Armory, when Morse and Robins will meet in an indoor soccer game, each team being composed of six men. This game will be one of many general athletic events held on that evening under the auspices of the Todd Shipyard A. A. According to current reports, many other Morse athletes will be seen in the different events but no definite arrangements have been made to that effect, to date.

National Soccer League Standing

The standing of the National League soccer clubs up to November 30 was as follows:

Clubs	Played	W	D	L	Pts
Robins Dry Dock F. C.	6	6	1	0	13
Erie A. A.	6	3	1	2	7
Paterson F. C.	7	3	1	3	7
Morse Dry Dock F. C.	5	2	2	2	6
Federal Ship F. C.	7	2	2	3	6
*Disston A. A.	5	2	1	2	5
New York F. C.	7	1	3	3	5
Merchant Ship F. C.	4	1	1	2	3
I. R. T. F. C.	3	0	0	3	0
*Bethlehem Steel F. C.	0	0	0	0	0

*One game in question.

With the Pin Boys

THAT the best bowlers in the world do not come from Bowling Green, New York, or Kentucky, but from the Morse yards may be an exaggeration, but not so very much. Witness the matches now being conducted at the American alleys, 51st street and Third avenue, every Monday night under the auspices of the Yard League of the Employees' Association.

Tom Cavanaugh, Tom Smith and George MacLaurin have been intimately referred to as the "old war horses." I guess they are. They sure can topple over a lot of pins. When they get through knockin 'em down the scorekeeper thinks that he's been figurin' up the total war indebtedness or the figures of the last Red Cross drive.

There's sure some bowling talent in the yard, and this season we're due for another championship. Speaking about championships, medals have been received by the Morse bowlers who swept everything in the New York district shipyard bowling tournament last year. Sixteen games and no defeats is a record, and medals are included for high score, and high average.

But to get back to the yard tournament. The schedule opened November 3. The Outside machinists and the Inside machinists clashed and though the latter team got only 504 pins, they won by forfeit. The O. M's had a few ringers and non-registered players are cause for a team losing. If the players are not registered, a team must at least, use men in the department. The following were on the Inside machinists' lineup: McDonnell, Franzan, Hargreave, Nisbaum and F. Ulsmer. Hargreave and Ulsmer were high men with 134 and 121 respectively.

The Pipe coverers didn't have any lead pipe cinch with the Dock hands, but they covered themselves with glory to the extent that when the decks were cleared the dock hands were defeated by 52 pins. The Pipe coverers lineup: Daly, Bush, Grotty, Sales and Petrick. The latter two were high men with 145 and 140. Lutz, Hegfimer, Citress, Kelly and Hohorst were on the Dock hands' team. Kelly and Lutz led with 131 and 118.

The Carpenters "nailed" the Timekeepers in their session and obtained a final lead of 178 pins. The losers claim that when they get more "time" they'll "keep" the Carpenters "sawing" away before they roll up another 178 on 'em. Cy. MacLaurin, T. Smith, Jr., T. Smith Sr., S. Devine and G. MacLaurin rolled for the winners while the Timekeepers were represented by: Brill, Sharkey Engraham. Fisher and Martinez. G. MacLaurin with 167; T. Smith Jr. with 191; Martinez with 120 and Sharkey with 112 were leaders.



THIS picture was taken by Capt. Kirby to prove that Capt. Roche has big feet. It was mean to take advantage of Capt. Roche's little snooze, but they say the camera tells no lies. And they also tell us that the kind of coffee Capt. Kirby brews is enough to put anyone to sleep.

The Sheet Metal department rolled 630 against the Electricians 533, but the latter organization had its eligible men and won by forfeit. The Electricians' lineup: Knibe, O'Loughlin, Hermon, Stagg and McDonnell. Hermon with 129 and O' Loughlin with 124 were high.

On November 10, the Hull department defeated the Dial office by the "small" margin of 216 pins, but the Dial staff, including Editor Barnes, is having some special printing done in which they can furnish an alibi for the ignominious defeat. Editor Barnes threatens to buy the bowling team a set of alleys for night practice. Lohman, Cavanaugh, Searing Lester and Banks were the shining lights of the Hull department. Banks scored 183 and Searing made 165. Osterberg and Roth with the respective scores of 131 and 148 redeemed in a measure the Dial team's initial bow.

The Carpenters beat the Inside machinists by actual score and by forfeit, too. The Inside machinists failed to have their eligibles on the ground. The score was 776 to 572. Cy. MacLaurin, Devine, T. Smith, Sr., Anderson and G. MacLaurin rolled for the carpenters. The clan of MacLaurin carried off the honors with 172 for Cy. and 166 for George.

In the game between the Main office and the Copper shop, the former team won by 181 pins. The pen welders had the following representatives: B. Simpson, G. Keenan, Versfelt. H. Rochelle and J. Moore. Wiles. Pelletleveri, P. Troy, Losher and Brady were the Copper shop rollers. Troy with 139 and Wiles with 120 were high.

High scores were conspicuous by their absence in the Pipe shop-Blacksmiths game, but it was closely contested and interesting. the former club winning by 47 pins. The "pipers" had this lineup: Rack, J. Murphy, G. Lohser, B. Lindstrom and M. O'Day. Lohser and O'Day were high men with 130 and 112. The Blacksmiths' lineup included: Swenson, Skoog, Harris, Fallon and Lester with Harris high man at 147.

The Pipe shop boys as usual are doing things up in great style and are going at bowling in the same earnest way that they went at baseball last spring. The Pipe fitters have formed a regular bowling club and from its members a team will be chosen to represent them in the yard league. The club meets every Wednesday night on alleys at Fifth avenue and Sterling place, and it is expected that with this additional practice the pipe shop team will be one of the leaders in the yard league tournament.

Another session in the bowling tournament opened Monday night, November 17, when the Timekeepers and the Outside machinists contested for the biggest number of pin casualties. The Outside machinists got the larger score, but they had three men marked "subs" in the lineup, and as a result they lost on forfeit. Murphy, Crotty and Bush were the "subs." Sharkey and Whitman were high men for the time recorders, the former rolling 163 and the latter 120. Sharkey. Fisher and Martinez completed the Timekeepers' lineup.

In the 9 o'clock match, the tables were turned on the Timekeepers when the Pipe coverers outrolled them to the tune of 128 pins. Fisher and Martinez replaced Sharkey and Whitman as high rollers for the Timekeepers, while Dales and Petrick with 198 and 177 respectively led the Pipe coverers. Bush, Daley and Crotty were the other Pipe coverers rollers.

George MacLaurin and Devine were tied with 154 as high men of the Carpenters who defeated the Dock hands by 166 pins. Cy MacLaurin and the Smiths, Senior and Junior did consistent bowling for the winners. Callahan with 125 and Lutz with 104 were high for the Dock hands. Heyner, Welsch and Utess were the other Dock hand rollers.

While the Dock hands were outstripped again in the number of pins knocked, they won their game from the Electricians by forfeit. Nelsen with 129 and Utess with 119 were high for the Dock hands.

Stenslen with 178 and Herman with 140 were the Electricians' honor men. Stagg, Akerstrom and Knipe were the other rollers for the Electricians.

The Sheet Metal rollers forfeited two games, Monday night, November 24, one of which was to the Pipe coverers and the other to the Copper Shop. Both of the last named clubs had their regular teams "on deck," the Pipe coverers with Bush, Daly, Sales, Crotty and Petrick and the Copper shop with Wiles, Schabb, Troy, Schreeber and Knipe.

By a margin of 115 pins, the Electrical department outrolled the Copper shop. Stagg, Herman, Knipe Hawkins and Stenslauder were the dynamos of the electrical wizards and administered the short circuit to the Copper Shop boys. Herman and Knipe were the brightest incandescents on the electrical lineup, the former getting 154 and the latter 136. The Copper shop was represented by Troy, Cavanaugh, Schwarb, Wilks and Schreeber with Troy and Wilks as high men.

The Main office men proved themselves just as handy with bowling balls as with writing pens, for they laid over the Hull department to the tune of eight pins in one of the best games that has been rolled in the tournament. Rose, Simpson, Versfelt, Moore and Rochelle were the Main office stars. Rochelle with 170 and Versfelt with 156 were honor men for the winners, while Searing and Petrey got the high scores for the Hull department. Cavanaugh, Curry and Banks were the other Hull department rollers.

Morse Bowlers Win

Probably the closest and most interesting bowling ever seen on the American alleys in Brooklyn took place Thursday night between a Morse team and a club representing the Morgan banking house of New York city. The game marked by expert rolling on both sides, was won by the Morse team by a margin of seven pins out of a total tally of 5149 pins in three games.

The Morse team won the first match by 91 pins, lost the second by one pin and lost the third by 83 pins, but won the series by seven.

Adams, Tom Smith, Jr., Tom Smith, Sr., Harry Banks and Cy. MacLaurin represented Morse. Banks reached the high water mark of the night with one string of 202. Cy. MacLaurin trailed him close with 193.

Pipe Shop Bowling Notes

Frank Dintoff claims he is going to tie a rope to himself so he won't cross the foul line. That's right, Frank. A nickle a throw is dearer than dues.

They call Rack of the Pipe shop the preacher because he throws his hands in the air after each throw. Brethren, be calm!

Joe Lowe claims he can't get his thumb out of the ball, and for that reason he lacks control. Never mind, Joe, the gutter is handy.

Big Carr of the Pipe shop can't understand why the balls get so heavy. You've got a long way to reach Slim.

Bowlers Receive Medals

IN recognition of the splendid record made by the Morse bowling team in the shipyard bowling league last season, individual medals were presented to each member of that team at the November meeting of the Employees' Association. The medals were presented by Tom Smith, Sr., Carpenter shop.

The Morse bowling team last year was a remarkable organization. It not only won the shipyard league pennant, but had the distinction of winning sixteen straight games and the members of the team ran away with every possible individual prize.

The men who received bowling medals were as follows: William White, high average; Henry Rochelle, high score; George MacLaurin, Harry Anderson, Andrew Amundsen, Harry Banks, Adam Lester and Tom Smith Jr.

Yard Bowling Schedule

Dec. 15—Pipe coverers vs. Copper shop; Electricians vs. Main office; Sheet Metal vs. Hull department; Copper shop vs. Dial staff.

Dec. 22—Main office vs. Pipe fitters; Hull department vs. Blacksmiths; Dial staff vs. Blacksmiths; Inside machinists vs. Dock hands.

Dec. 29—Outside machinists vs. Pipe coverers; Carpenters vs. Electricians; Timekeepers vs. Sheet Metal workers; Dock hands vs Copper shop.

Jan. 5—Pipe coverers vs. Main office; Electricians vs. Hull department; Sheet Metal workers vs. Dial staff; Copper shop vs. Pipe fitters.

Jan. 12—Main office vs. Blacksmiths; Inside machinists vs. Pipe coverers; Outside machinists vs. Electricians; Carpenters vs. Sheet Metal workers.

Jan. 19—Timekeepers vs. Copper shop; Dock hands vs. Main office; Pipe coverers vs. Hull department; Electricians vs. Dial staff.

Jan. 26—Sheet Metal workers vs, Pipe fitters; Copper shop vs. Blacksmiths; Inside machinists vs. Electricians; Outside machinists vs. Sheet Metal workers.

Feb. 2—Carpenters vs. Copper shop; Timekeepers vs. Main office; Dock hands vs. Hull department; Pipe coverers vs. Dial staff.

Feb. 9—Electricians vs. Pipe fitters; Sheet Metal workers vs. Blacksmiths; Inside machinists vs. Sheet Metal workers; Outside machinists vs. Copper shop.

Feb. 16—Carpenters vs. Main office; Timekeepers vs. Hull department; Dock hands vs. Dial staff; Pipe coverers vs. Pipe fitters.

Feb. 23—Electricians vs. Blacksmiths; Inside machinists vs. Copper shop; Outside machinists vs. Main office; Carpenters vs. Hull department.

March 1—Timekeepers vs. Dial staff; Dock hands vs. Pipe fitters; Pipe coverers vs. Blacksmiths; Inside machinists vs. Main office.

March 8—Outside machinists vs. Hull department; Carpenters vs. Dial staff; Timekeepers vs. Pipe fitters; Dock hands vs Blacksmiths.

March 15—Inside machinists vs. Hull department; Outside Machinists vs. Dial staff; Carpenters vs. Pipe fitters; Timekeepers vs. Blacksmiths.

March 22—Inside machinists vs. Dial staff; Outside machinists vs. Pipe fitters; Carpenters vs. Blacksmiths; Inside machinists vs. Pipe fitters.

March 29—Inside machinists vs. Blacksmiths; Pipe coverers vs. Electricians; Outside machinists vs. Carpenters; Timekeepers vs. Dock hands.

April 8—Outside machinists vs. Blacksmiths; Sheet Metal workers vs. Main office; Copper shop vs. Hull department.

Ex-Jockey in Pipe Shop

WHENEVER a bugle blows or the sound of horses hoofs pattering on soft dirt is heard, did you ever notice Jimmy McFadden of the Pipe shop prick up his ears and smile in that reminiscent sort of a fashion which bespeaks of memories of bygone days?

Jimmy handles templete wires now with skill which might denote long service at that occupation but that is only because he has always attempted to do everything he has undertaken in the best possible way. Also it may be because he is fat.

Those who know Jimmy will laugh at this accusation but the fact remains. He is fat, too fat at any rate for a "leg up" on the ponies which was his former profession. That is why he is a shipyard worker today.

Racetrack followers from 1900 to '08 will remember the name of James R. McFadden, jockey, for during that time he was riding at top form and was recognized as one of the leading race horse riders in the county.

It was during the palmy days of racing at Baltimore that McFadden gained most of his fame. During those days he rode for the Carter Hall stables, gaining a great reputation by piloting the iron horse Giles to a double victory in one afternoon.

McFadden did some riding in France in the early nineteen hundreds and also rode for the stables of the famous "Pittsburg Phil" Dwyer. He had a serious fall in 1903 at Brighton Beach when Dwyer's Princess H. went down. His jaw was broken in four places and many considered him a dead man when he was taken off the track. But Jimmy came back strong and his first mount after coming from the hospital was a winner.

With the Fight Fans

A MUCH shorter boxing and wrestling program than usual, but one which made up for the difference by its quality, was offered at the November meeting of the Employees' Association on Tuesday, November 25.

Gene Bruce and John Kuhlberger both of the carpenter shop, staged a wrestling bout as the opening attraction. Kuhlberger substituted for Oscar Carlson who was suddenly taken sick. The postponment of the Carlson-Bruce bout was a disappointment to many for both men have a strong following in the yard and neither of them have ever met to decide upon which is the better wrestler.

Kuhlberger offered his services at a moments notice and considering that fact gave a wonderful exhibition. For twenty minutes he had the great Bruce working for all that he was worth and many times the tide of battle almost seemed to be turning Kuhlberger's way. Although Bruce finally won it may safely be said that the honors of the match were pretty evenly divided.

Charlie Beecher of New York, and Johnny Best, said to be champion bantamweight of Scotland, who is now employed in our yard were the next in the ring. They boxed four fast rounds with Beecher an easy winner. Johnny tried hard and fought every minute of the time but the superior skill of Beecher was too much for him.

Beecher went another four rounds with Eddie Fletcher of the East side. The Beecher-Fletcher bout was the feature of the evening's program and the two boys treated the crowd to four rounds of the fastest fighting ever witnessed in the Association rooms. The honors of the bout again went to Beecher although Fletcher put up a scrap which was one hundred percent. in gameness and aggressiveness.

The last bout of the evening was between Joe Daly and Frankie Mack. They offered three rounds of fast boxing which resulted in a draw.

Solar Plexus Blows

By J. L. M.

When Jess Willard was champion of the world a certain patent medicine firm said that he got his wonderful strength by using fluctuated iron or steel, or something of the kind. According to the new ads of the company, Jack Dempsey's using it now. One bottle and you're champion of the world. Great stuff! Why worry about prohibition.

Where there's a will there's a way, and where there's a sleep pill in your mitt, there's the hay—for the other guy.

A stitch in time saves nine, but the sponge in time saves ten.

A rolling stone gathers no moss! Reminds me of a friend who was "rolled" for his stone just when he was going to gather a little moss on it in the store of The Gilded Spheres.

Jim Corbett is a motion picture actor, but not the champion of the world. He concedes the title to Fatty Arbuckle. Corbett couldn't make the weight.

There's a scrap yard down below the welding shop, but Tom Cavanaugh says he never saw a scrap there yet. He's wrong though, for a certain guy cleans up there every day.

Another Invention by Troy

A TEMPLET device, designed by Paul Troy, plumber foreman, and Albert Jacobsen, coppershop foreman, to provide according to Mr. Troy, greater accuracy and simplicity than the wooden ones now in use and also to effect a saving in time, is arousing considerable discussion among the pipefitters and the plumbers.

The device is yet in a crude state but according to Mr. Troy's belief has great possibilities.

The device is, primarily, a series of metal links and angles with which the mechanic builds his templet from flange to flange by joining the parts together, the links affording the proper adjustment for length and the angles the proper adjustment for bends. The theory is the same as that of the popular mechanical-constructive toys.

Another advantage which apparently lies in the apparatus is the ease with which it is assembled. It takes a mechanic of more or less skill to rig up an accurate wooden templet and, while the Morse Company maintains these capable men in its regular personnel the fact remains that in a rush it is not always possible to obtain qualified men.

Wire templets have also been in use, but are easily bent out of shape and must be handled with great care, not an easy task, because of their usual eccentric shapes. Both wooden and wire templets have been the source of much annoyance to men who are compelled to board the trolleys with them. Troy hopes to further perfect his invention by providing a marking system, whereby a man could assemble a templet, take it apart to board a trolley, and reassemble it in the shop with its original accuracy.

This is the second invention Mr. Troy has perfected since coming to the Morse organization, his previous device being a lead pipe bending machine.

Benefit Drawing Held

THE drawing of a benefit contest for Willie Burke, carpenter shop, who was recently seriously injured in an automobile accident, was held at the Association meeting, Wednesday, October 29, the prize, a gold watch, was awarded to number 1085, who neglected to put either his name or his yard number on the ticket with the result that his indentity is unknown. The watch is being held until its new owner can be located. Any information concerning him should be brought to the attention of any of the committee in charge: Joseph McGuirk, James Weldon, Thomas Smith, Sr., Thomas Smith, Jr.

But Who Wants to Be a Fish?

People who lose a leg or an arm feel it to be a great misfortune; a lobster or a crab does not mind. He simply grows another leg in its place. Even one of the lobster's big claws is no such great loss. A lizard cannot afford to lose a leg, but if you seize him by the tail he says, "Good by tail!" and scurries off over the rocks, leaving it in your hand. As for the starfish, the piece broken off, in a short time mends matters, by growing a whole body to fit that piece.—*The Columbian Crew.*

A true gentleman never marries a woman because she has money; but he sometimes marries her because he has none.

Every woman is apt to be in the wrong until she begins to cry—then she's all right.



"The Results"

(When They Try to Write Poetry on the Job.)

Oh, Darling one, I long for thee,
("That blue-print guy was some inventor!")
Your face is one sweet memory—
("That Hawse-pipe is a foot off center!")

To you I'll sing a lover's hymn.
("Rave on, Oh itching winter flannel!")
I love you like a duck can swim—
("Say Helper, get that twelve inch channel!")

Riveter

The sun has rizen o'er the hill,
("C'mon there wit' another rivet!")
The birds sing on the winder-sill—
("That one's no good, look where you've driv it!")

The voice of Spring is calling me,
("Great Scott that passer boy's a dreamer!")
The winds make music in the tree—
("These holes are blind, go get a reamer!")

Bolter-Up

I see the cloudlets in the sky,
("My helper sure has got me baffled!")
The zephrous breeze is passing by—
("Oh Gosh; my wrench fell off the scaffold!")

I long for Spring in any clime,
("Gol Ding my helper, where's he going?")
Sweet Nature, you improve with time—
("Look Out Below—the whistle's blowing!")

F. J. F., in "Fore An' Aft."

A. E. Wilson, the Employment office Beau Brummel, has another new suit. The Wilson wardrobe is one of the marvels of the "shanty on the hill"—something every man-about-the-yard ought to be acquainted with.

George Gardner Fools 'Em

JOE McGUIRK, our Association President, met George Gardner, Hull department, out near the new dry dock the other day. George was carrying a little box under his arm and looking so sad that Joe felt he ought to stop and talk to him a minute and see if he could find out what was the matter.

"Yes," said George, "I'm pretty sad. Lost my best 'pal' today and can't seem to get over it." And to prove his statement he wiped a tear from out of the corner of his eye.

Joe didn't want to ask too many questions but things seemed to be in a pretty bad state, so he tore away to see Matty Wright.

"If George has got trouble in the family," said Matty, "he shouldn't be hanging around here. Let's send him home."

But in spite of any variety of entreaties George refused to go.

"Guess I'll stick it out for the rest of the day," he said, "although I do feel awful bad."

"Who was it?" queried some one in the crowd, "your wife?"

"Nope."

"Not one of the kiddies?"

"Nope," said George very solemnly, "I'll tell you who it was. It was 'Cinders'." And he very carefully unwrapped the package he carried in which on a tissue paper bier lay a dead canary bird.

It is not known whether it was Matty Wright or Joe McGuirk who landed on Gardner's neck.

William Thomas Carroll, for many years an office employee of the Morse Company, died on Thursday, September 11, at his home in West New Brighton, S. I. He was forty-three years old. Mr. Carroll was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., but came to Brooklyn when he was twenty years old. Very soon after his arrival in New York he entered the employ of the Morse Company and left the yard only a few years ago.

Mr. Carroll was well known by many of the old timers here.

Hints to Gas Welders

THE oxy-acetylene welder requires vision and imagination. All around him are countless numbers of jobs that can be done more effectively by welding than in the usual manner.

A safety valve is no longer safe when tied down. The man who ties down the safety valve of a steam boiler, an air receiver or an acetylene generator is monkeying with death itself. He is an unsafe individual to have around a plant, and should be fired as soon as found out.

Asbestos paper that has been used for protecting preheated castings and welded parts is a most excellent pack for annealing steel dies. It crumbles readily and forms a superior fireproof heat insulator, which cleans off easily and which may be used indefinitely.

Calcium carbide quickly absorbs moisture from the atmosphere if left exposed to the air. The cans containing carbide are provided with a cover that can be replaced tightly, and there is no excuse for leaving a partly filled can uncovered. The practice is dangerous and wasteful.

Make haste slowly when opening an oxygen cylinder valve. There are two reasons why. In the first place, it is injurious to the high-pressure gauge to admit a pressure of 1,800 pounds into the Bourdon tube suddenly. The impact may burst the tube and ruin the gauge. In the second place, the sudden compression of the air or gas in the regulator passage is accompanied by heat. The heat may be sufficient under certain conditions to destroy the regulator seat, thus letting the high-pressure oxygen into the diaphragm chamber and bursting the regulator.

The welder should learn to weld quickly, using the largest tip consistent with the job. It is much the same as using a hammer. If the machinist has small work to do he chooses a light hammer for any hammering required, but if the job is heavy, and he knows his business, he will use a heavy hammer. Less distortion will be produced in welding with as large a tip as the job will stand than would result if a small tip were employed. Less gas and less time also will be required, and the job will be sounder throughout.

Remember that a soaking heat is required when preheating a large casting.

Hardwood charcoal is preferred by many welders for preheating.

The man with the oil can should keep away from oxygen apparatus.

Protect your eyes; never use the torch without wearing colored glasses.

Goggles with the clear glass protectors are the most economical. The clear glass lenses can be replaced at little expense when pitted by flying globules of molten metal.

The smell of leaking gas should never be ignored.

Don't try to weld cast iron without flux. You will only waste time and gas, and produce a poor job if you attempt it.

Never permit the slightest leak to go unchecked in a welding or cutting apparatus. An oxygen leak is expensive, and an acetylene leak is not only expensive but dangerous. Slight leaks in the hose or connections can be detected by shutting off the regulator valves and closing the cylinder valves and noting how long the pressure holds up in the pressure gauges. If the pressure falls perceptibly in five minutes, hunt for a leak. Soap suds spread over a hose connection will generally locate the smallest leak.

The oxy-acetylene flame has a temperature of approximately 6,300 degrees F. The hottest temperature of the best fuel furnaces is about 3,000 degrees F., and of the oxy-hydrogen flame about 4,000 degrees F. The only other commercial means of producing a temperature that exceeds the oxy-acetylene flame is the electric arc, which is rated at 8000 to 9000 degrees F.

The first oxy-acetylene welding torch that came to the United States was sent from France to Eugene Bouronville, in February, 1904, by Edmund Fouché. The invention of the oxy-acetylene torch is generally credited to Le Chatelier, in 1895, but it remained undeveloped until 1901, when Fouché and Picard produced a torch or blowpipe employing acetylene and oxygen under high pressures. This torch proved faulty, and, in 1903, Fouché produced a low-pressure or injector type of torch which used oxygen only under high pressure. The deficiency of both types were overcome in the subsequent Gauthier-Ely positive or medium pressure torches, which used both gases under moderate pressures and provided means of pressure control for both.

In 1914 Germany was far ahead of the rest of the world in the production of satisfactory colored glasses from which oxy-acetylene welding lenses are manufactured. When the supply from that country was cut off American manufacturers turned their efforts in this direction with the result that the glass produced in our country to-day is superior to that imported from Germany.

—Autogenous Welder.

Where Was Moses

THE boys of the electrical department and others in the yard who knew Jacob Moses, formerly of the Dial contributing staff, will be pleased to note the recent birth of Jennie Moses, first addition to the Moses family. A good many of them will also smile when they hear of how Moses was fooled as to the sex of this newest member of his family.

"It's a boy," wrote Moses to a dozen of his friends as soon as the nurse had communicated with him to that affect. But the nurse in her excitement had made a mistake for when Moses came to see his son on the next morning he found that the boy had become a girl. So our former electrician had to write a new set of postcards.

Monroe Goldman of the Record department says that Lillian Roth, tabulator, cuts up enough without having to spirit away the only pair of scissors which the Record department possesses. Monroe has been having a strenuous time of late with the ladies of the North Building and was embarassed almost to tears when he had to brave the fiery glances from many pairs of feminine eyes in Mr. Brennen's room in order to recover his property.

At the Hallow'een party in the Payroll department Kathleen Morris walked down the stairs into the cellar backwards in the hopes of meeting her future husband. In these days Kathleen, any cellar that is not locked and guarded, would contain nothing but empty bottles.

A girl is always proud of her hat until she meets another girl with one that is more freakish.

Gained War Honors

EDWARD TONRY, a soldier veteran from the Morse yard, one of the famous "Pershing's Pets," is again back at his job in the Hull Department after an extended period of service overseas with the 26th Infantry, the regiment of regulars which took part in every offensive of the American army. For its record of achievements at the front that entire regiment was recently decorated by the French Government.

Tonry left the Hull Department during the summer of 1918 and was assigned to a replacement regiment in the 83d Division. He sailed for France on July 16. After going through the customary intensive training in France, he was assigned to Company H, 26th Infantry, and went into action on September 11, during the beginning of the St. Mihiel drive.

He was assigned to the skirmish line and the fun began at about 2.15 A. M. The field artillery laid down a terrific barrage at three o'clock. They went over the top, encountering the Germans a little after four. The enemy showed no fight but surrendered meekly, and the doughboys kept up the advance until they reached a German rest camp where they paused to enjoy a meal of German bully-beef and coffee.

During this advance, Tonry's outfit captured a German colonel and his complete staff without as much as firing a shot. The German officer and his aides were earnestly studying a map in a little dugout. To the astonishment of the guards who were patroling the entrance to the dugout, there loomed out of the mist ahead the figures of an American patrol. The guards did not pause any further but took to their heels.

At the sound of the slamming of a door, the German officers turned their heads with the intent of severely disciplining their guards for such disturbance. Instead they looked into the mouth of a glistening "45 gat," backed by the grin of a Yankee lieutenant.

The officers showed no resistance but murmured softly, "Mein Gott!" and marched sullenly to the open. The colonel's braid was stripped from him in short order by eager souvenir gatherers, and he was sent to the rear, after first pointing out his best cooks and his best provisions to the Yanks.

From October 1 to 12, the 26th Infantry was in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. Tonry's particular unit was assigned to the capture of two hills, almost impregnable because of their strong machine gun emplacements. It was only with a severe loss that they gained the top, and once there, the German artillery, already possessed with the exact range, tore up their positions with high-explosive shells. Out of the company's complement of 250 men, but 42 remained after that engagement.

Immediately after the armistice was signed, the First Division took up the march into the enemy territory as the vanguard of the American Army of Occupation, marching from 35 to 40 miles each day with full packs only being able to greet the mess sergeant once during the day. They arrived at Luxenburg on Thanksgiving Day and were glad to get a dinner of scant army rations in addition to their customary morning meal.

They were the first to cross over into Germany, entering from the Moselle River Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt leading the regiment. They left Germany for the homeward stretch on July 24, arriving in New York on August 27th.

No man can plow a field by turning it over in his mind.

Farm Notes

DOWN at the "farm" they are accusing Henry Rochelle and his gang from the soliciting launches of being the modern Captain Kidd's bucaneers. One of the launches steamed up to a slip at the "farm" the other day and Hennie jumped off carrying a pick, followed by the captain with a shovel and the engineer with a big strong box. They disappeared in the woods near the Bliss estate and came back without the box. An expedition to hunt for Rochelle's stolen treasure chest is expected to be organized shortly.

Rochelle is also responsible for the current rumor that the "farm" is to be turned into a rabbitt hutch. All that Henry did was to bring a tame bunny down to the foot of 67th Street and install a home there for it near Mr. MacLaurin's office. But past performances have made the boys suspicious whenever Henry starts something. Hence our rabbit farm rumor.

Lewis Thompson, while working on the end of one of the slips the other day, saw a bale of cloth floating on the water. He rescued it, dried it out and now—well if you happen to see all of the farmers dressed alike you will know that Thompson sold out cheap.

Pete Johnson, Charlie Hansen and Otis Barene of the "farm" took a little fishing trip recently. They got way out to the banks before realizing that they had brought no food along. Hunger came on gradually and with increased intensity. After a few hours the men became desperate and were willing to try anything. Barene took the first awful leap. He ate the bate!

Perhaps there are no class of men at the "farm" who miss George Mackay more than do the "checker hounds." George was an inveterate checker player and every noon time saw him hard at the task of makin' em kings.

Acknowledgements

The following communication has been received by The Dial and also the Employees Association: —

Wednesday, October 2, 1919.

Mrs. Rollo Stier wishes to thank you for the beautiful floral tribute you so kindly sent during her bereavement.

October 13, 1919.

Employees Association,
Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.

Gentlemen:—I wish to thank you and the Hull Department for the generous collection I have received.

Yours truly,
E. Freyman.

To the men of the Hull and Welding departments who expressed their sympathy to him in his bereavement, Joe O'Neil extends his sincere thanks and grateful appreciation of the flowers that were sent on the occasion of the loss of his mother.

(Signed) Joe O'Neil.

Wordly riches are like nuts; many clothes are torn in getting them, many a tooth broke in cracking them, but never a belly filled with eating them.—R. Venning.

Better begin at the bottom and work up than begin at the top and have your foot slip.

The Farm

By Mrs. Otis Elliot Barene

There is a little house with a pretty garden,
That runs around it and takes your breath,
Because you never expected it.
And there are some quaint shops with derricks and ropes and things.
And you wonder how it happens,
That no confusion is about.
Only quiet earnest sort of sounds
From tools in busy men's hands
That make things go round with pep.
And if you are looking for "farmers"
You'll be disappointed 'cause they aren't.
But you will see a man
With a light in his eyes that means business
And that's Mr. MacLaurin.
The men watch him with pride
And reflect back some of that light.
There is no strife at the "farm"
And those that are there love it.
And the other day when that new section
Floated serenely into
The water, without a murmur or a ripple.
And the band played, "Oh say can you see."
We saw all sorts of lovely things
Some pleasant smiles of the women.
We saw the Dial's busy staff
We saw all the pretty nurses
And Miss Jensen's familiar smile.
Mr. Benner looking serious,
And Mr. Morse quiet and interested.
And when we left the sun was still shinning,
But it shown brighter and warmer and fairer
On that farm with a garden
And on all those busy workers.
And you wondered why
That lump came in your throat
And that flutter round your heart.
Suddenly you knew
It was because you were associated
With it all
And it was good.

Statement of the Cost of Strikes

THE serious economic waste involved in marine and ship yard strikes during the period of reconstruction has recently been investigated by the United States Shipping Board.

Since the first of January, it is estimated that strikes have cost the Shipping Board a total of $37,000,000.00.

There are not included, losses by foreign or privately operated American vessels, nor indirect losses to the public due to interruption of regular movement of shipping. Among such indirect losses are those due to congestion in port, and on inland transportation systems.

The marine strikes include that on New York harbor craft, tieing up some 600 boats with approximately 16,000 men out for 13 days. A further marine strike occurred in July with a general tie-up of shipping on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. Some 25,000 men were out for about three weeks.

A longshore strike in New York during October involved 40,000 to 50,000 men for about thirty days. A further longshore strike occurred at New Orleans in the same month, lasting 31 days.

Among the 200 strikes in the ship yards, one of the largest was that in the Northern Pacific District, beginning in January, lasting for 50 days and involving some 40,000 men. A further strike occurred in the San Francisco Bay and Southern District in October, lasted 30 days and involved 35,000 men. A strike in the ship yards in the New York District began in October, lasted about 30 days and involved some 20,000 men.

New Garage Foreman

DANIEL J. BLAKE is now foreman of the truck garage succeeding Arthur Hewitt who has left the employ of the Morse Company to enter a partnership in a truck overhauling and repair business in New York. Blake was, up to the time of Mr. Hewitt's resignation, assistant foreman in the truck garage which position he held under Mr. Hewitt and the foreman who preceeded him.

As a foreman, Mr. Hewitt was very popular among the members of the garage force. As proof of their regard for him, he was presented with a huge silver, gold lined loving cup, fourteen inches in height, upon the occasion of his departure.

The presentation ceremonies took place in the garage at four o'clock on Saturday, November 29. At their conclusion all of the members of the garage force piled into a truck which waited outside and to the tune of clanging gongs and other noise producers Mr. Hewitt was given a farewell ride. Later in the day a party was held in his honor at which, according to popular rumor, the loving cup was well filled with a punch which contained just a smack of pre-July vintage.

Prices Likely to Creep Down

BOLD efforts are being made to bolster up prices, but the opinion is growing in thoughtful circles that the trend by and by will be downwards instead of upwards. No appreciable fall in wages is booked for within the measurable future, so that any drop in prices to pre-war levels is not for a moment expected. But other influences will operate. It is already plain that Europe will keep down her purchases here to the lowest possible minimum and will strive with might and main to export to this country on a scale never before witnessed. Necessity will drive her to do this.

In time the people of Europe will realize that their salvation lies, not in revolutionary uprisings, not in attempts to nationalize all sorts of industry, not in forcing up wages to fantastic levels, but in hard work, reasonably long hours and the practice of economy and thrift

At home we have greatly expanded our productive capacity. Instead of a scarcity of production, the time will come when surpluses will be rolled up. When that day comes the efforts of profiteers and other schemers will fall to the ground. When the supply exceeds the demand, the inevitable will happen; a decline in prices. No general decline is looked for, however.

But when the world gets into its stride in the production of woolen and cotton goods, shoes, sugar, coffee, automobiles, furniture, cereals and other staple products, it is likely that dizzy prices will not be obtainable. That we are entering a business boom is beyond dispute. But exorbitant prices are not absolutely necessary to the maintenance of busy times. Indeed, the people as a whole would probably be better off were there to be a gradual, moderate recession from present levels.

Incidentally, the money market, would be better able to cope with a boom based on temperate prices than one based on war-time quotations. And it is not entirely certain that we will not be compelled to pay a little more attention to the money market by and by.—*From Forbes Magazine*

Attend the Meetings

A PROGRAM of noon hour meeting is now under way in the Association rooms, top floor of the Carpenter shop, and in the various departments which, according to the plans and to the enthusiasm so far shown, is going to be well worth the attention of every man in the yard.

The band will play every Thursday noon throughout the entire winter season. On other days speakers of note will give short talks on subjects of general importance.

New tables have been built for the checker boards which will again be at the disposal of the checker players. Boxing matches, too, are being arranged for.

One innovation which is being tried out with success is community singing. Lieutenant Mygrant, bandmaster and assistant manager of welfare, is preparing a little booklet which will contain the words of most of the popular songs. These books will be distributed when ready and it is hoped that the men in the yard will learn the songs and join in the singing at noon time.

The first of the noon hour meetings was held on Tuesday, November 25. It consisted of a band concert from twelve to half past at which time two men from the War Department, Ray H. Everitt and Captain May, spoke on practical hygene.

Everything is being done to make the Association rooms a place where the noon hour may be spent profitably and pleasantly during the winter months. There is not a man in the yard who will not gain by attendance at the meetings.

In pursuance of the Employees' Association plan of holding departmental noon hour meetings at which various aspects of Association life and policies are discussed in an informal way, a meeting was held in the Joiner shop at noon, Tuesday, December 2. Topics vital to the affairs of the Employees' Association were discussed by men of the yard. Among them were Joseph McGuirk, Joseph Lowe, Tom Smith, Sr., and others.

A still larger and more enthusiastic crowd attended the departmental meeting held in the Sheetmetal shop on Friday, December 5. Joe McGuirk, president of the Employees' Association spoke about the value of the Association to the men in the yard. He was followed by Tom Smith, Sr., Carpenter shop, and Joe Lowe, Pipe shop. Both men spoke along similar lines giving their own personal ideas about the value of the Association and the value of outside unions to the working man.

The program of departmental meetings as outlined up to the present time calls for a meeting in practically every department in the yard. On December 10 the meeting will be held in the Burner shop; December 12, Inside Machine shop; December 15, Hull department (Plate shop); December 17, Blacksmith shop; December 19, Outside Machine shop; December 22, Rigging department.

A feature of the meetings to date has been the weekly distribution of a series of pamphlets entitled, "A nickle a week. What for?" Written in an easily readable and interesting manner these pamphlets have served to clear up many erroneous ideas in the minds of some of the new men in the yard and have been very well received. Do not miss receiving the pamphlet every week. They are distributed at the meetings and also may be had at any of the department offices.

The departmental meetings are meant primarily for the men in the shop at which the meeting is held but men from other departments are invited to attend. Keep the program of the meetings in mind. There is not a man in the yard who will not be benefited by them.

New Insurance Clerk

F. O. McQUAID is now the insurance clerk handling Employees' Association insurance. He succeeds Charles W. Kling who has left the employ of the Morse Company.

Mr. McQuaid comes to us with a record of ten years of service and experience in the insurance business. His most recent position before coming here was with Freeborn & Company, a New York insurance firm.

In so far as the personal insurance of any man in the yard is concerned everything concerned with the Employees' Association insurance plan is just the same as it ever was. Mr. McQuaid is merely taking up the work of Mr. Kling and may be found at the Employment office during the noon hour or after five o'clock. He wishes it to be known that he will welcome any complaints or suggestions from the men in the yard and will be glad to help them solve their insurance problems in the best way that he can. Mr. McQuaid will also follow out Mr. Kling's policy of keeping all policy holders in touch with any new insurance developments through the columns of the Dial.

Office Personalities

The blotter—Retentive; absorbs a great deal.

The desk—Receptive, sympathetic; likes to be leaned on.

The ink-well—Extremely versatile; can write a wrong, or wrong a write.

The scissors—Sarcastic and malicious; very cutting and ever-willing to separate.

The paste pot—Persistent, perservering; possesses a faculty of sticking to things.

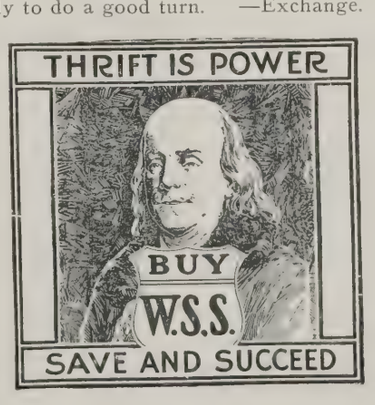
The pen—Enterprising, ambitious; ever waits for an opportunity to make its mark.

The waste basket—Intemperate, aggressive; frequently gets full and is fond of scraps.

The writing table—Diminutive, quiet; can easily be covered and always remains stationary.

The calendar—Contemporaneous but lazy; always up-to-date but frequently takes a month off.

The revolving chair—Retrogressive but philanthropic; goes backward but always ready to do a good turn. —Exchange.



Xmas Tree Celebration

A CHRISTMAS tree celebration for the home folks; the wives, mothers and kiddies of Morse employees will be held at Prospect Hall, Prospect and Fifth Avenues, on the afternoon of December 29, starting at 3 P. M.

Beside being most unique in character, the idea of having a Christmas celebration solely for the home folks and of having it at a time when they may all be present is most praiseworthy. Every man in the yard should welcome the opportunity of bringing this gathering to the attention of his wife or mother. Blanks to be filled out so that each man may receive the required amount of tickets have been distributed. If you have not received a blank notify your Conference Board representative to that affect immediately.

Exact plans for the entertainment have not been made public up to this time of writing but the committee is hard at work on them and assure us that it is going to be a long remembered Morse social event. The committee in charge consists of Mrs. E. P. Morse, honorary chairman; Mrs. H. D. Tillotsen, Miss Kirsten Jensen, Miss Frances Daley, secretary; Joseph Lowe, treasurer; Charles Pierson, John Beverly, William Jerrel, Mrs. Waterman.

Ex-Soldiers Attention

OF particular interest to ex-service men is the notice that a Y.M.C.A. Gas Engine School has been started to which a limited number of scholarships will be given to former soldiers. The school is located at 153 East 86th St., New York. Repair, maintenance, design and the essentials of automobile, marine, stationary and tractor engines will be taught. The Y.M.C.A. Gas Engine School is said to be the best equipped school for the study of gasoline engines in New York City.

Those interested in what the school has to offer may either communicate with the school direct or receive further information from Thomas Plunkett, Employment Office.

Rigger is Crack Shot

FRANK Rice, Rigging department, is the latest addition to our long and growing list of yard celebrities. His chief claim to fame is that at the Olympic games of 1912 held in Stockholm, Sweden, he made the highest score in the rifle contest competing in that contest with the best marksmen in the world.

Rice was at that time a member of the Marine Corps from which he has only recently been discharged. At the contest in Stockholm he made a score of 974 out of a possible 1,000 points in rapid and slow fire tests at from 200 to 1,000 yards.

Beside this feat he has many other marksmanship accomplishments to his credit. He won his first medal in the Philippines in 1910. Later in Pekin, China, he won similar honors in another contest. He has been a member of many Marine Corps rifle teams, holds the title of "distinguished marksman," the highest honor that can be obtained in marksmanship, and is generally recognized as the best rifleman in the world.

Beside proficiency with a gun, Rice is a baseball pitcher of no mean ability. He twirled for the Marines against the Chicago White Sox when they were world's champions and held them in check for eight innings, losing the game through a series of hard luck incidents in the ninth.

OVER *the* BACK YARD FENCE



EDITED BY MISS JOAN C. SHARP

Bringing Up Children

TEACH children the virtue of proficiency. Impress upon them the necessity of doing well everything they undertake; of doing it to the utmost limits of their ability.

One of the cleverest thinkers, Joseph Joubert, once wrote. "In raising a child, think of its old age."

Many a good fellow has gone to the gallows, many a good girl has gone to hell in this world, just because their parents did not train them when young, in the importance of small things.

Think of your child's old age and plant in it now those seeds which will easily enable it to become a useful and happy man or woman.

Don't whip your child. It is a coward's act. It brutalizes both the child and the parent. How would you like to be thrashed by an angry monster as many times larger and stronger than you as you are larger and stronger than your child?

How could you go to the grave of a child you have beaten? If you have any imagination, your eyes would penetrate the earth that covers it, and you would look on the eternally quiet little form on which you had inflicted undeserved pain.

There is not a little child in all the world who deserves to be whipped. True, there are thousands of vicious, unlovable children, but they are the products of vicious and unlovable fathers, grandfathers, mothers or grandmothers. They can all be made virtuous and lovable in right hands.

Your child is your charge. If you have the right kind of stuff in you it will become a blessing to you and itself; if you have not, it will be a constantly growing curse to both.

Whatever they may fail to utter with their lips, depend upon it there are very many men and women who are conscious of the truth that if their parents had acted with more wisdom toward them when they were children, their chances in life would have been better, their material and spiritual estates would have been greater exchange.

Exchange.

Office Boys Wanted

ACCORDING to a recent announcement from the main office, there are, at the present time, several openings for office boy positions with the Company. This announcement should have the attention and consideration of every parent in the yard who has a son ready to start out in the business world.

After a short period as an office boy, a chance is given all those who show ambition to either get out into the yard and learn a trade or to accept more responsible positions in the office.

Important Express Ruling

IT has always been the policy of The Dial to keep its readers informed about any changed or new rulings which might effect them. A recent bulletin issued by the American Railway Express, agents of the government in handling the express business of the entire country, points out that new rulings which will effect all shippers of express packages go into force December 10.

Heretofore shippers have been using all sorts of containers for express packages. Starting December 10 all packages over twenty-five pounds must be packed in wooden or fibreboard containers or containers of similar material.

Maple Cocoanut Cream Layer Cake

Blend one heaping tablespoonful of butter with one cup of sugar, beat one egg thoroughly, add to butter and sugar. Drop in one teaspoon vanilla and whip to a creamy consistency. Take two cups flour, add one-half teaspoon salt, two heaping teaspoons baking powder, mix together, adding shortening and enough milk to make a batter that will drop from the spoon. Place in three well-buttered layer tins and bake from twenty to thirty minutes in a hot oven. When layers are cold, fill with the following filling and place in cool place until ready to serve.

Filling

Blend one-quarter pound butter, one cup brown sugar, one-half teaspoon maple flavoring together to a creamy consistency, spread on cake and sprinkle with cocoanut.

A Tasty Rice Dish

Put one-half pound of rice in a saucepan with a quart of milk. Let it cook gently and stir to prevent burning. When half cooked put in a half-pound of sugar, some nuts and raisins and flavor to taste. When done, cool, roll into balls, dip in eggs and crumbs and fry in butter.

Mrs. Otis Elliot Barene.

Kitchen Kinks

If when making pastry a little lemon juice is added to the water it will make the pastry lighter and remove all taste of fat or lard.

To bake potatoes quickly, let them stand in boiling water for a few minutes before putting them in the oven.

Egg stains on linen should be soaked in cold water—never in hot, which would make them almost impossible to remove.

Equal quantities of paraffin and vinegar make a good and cheap furniture polish, be sure to shake the bottle before using.

What grows larger the more it is contracted? Debt.

A man who dares does the impossible

Our Kiddies Kolum

Christmas Time

By Ella K. Livermore.

Gather in the holly
And the shining tinsel too
Christmas time is coming
The pine trees are ready to hew.

String the pink and white popcorn
The nuts are gathered in
There'll be candies in the stockings
The apples are in the bin.

There'll be lots of noise and laughter
When the kiddies come downstairs,
To see what Santa left them
We'll all forget our cares.

There'll be a ring for Katherine
And a book for brother Walt
A sleigh for George and Daniel
For baby John a rubber ball.

There'll be lots of things they wanted
Though they may not get them all
I know they'll be delighted
When they hear of St. Nick's call.

Holly is one of the evergreen shrubs. The European holly is a handsome tree growing to the height of twenty or thirty feet. Its leaves are dark green and resemble leather. The lower branches are prickly. The flowers are white and appear about in May. The fruit is red, ripening in September and remaining all winter. The wood is hard and white and one of its most common uses is handles for knives. The American holly sometimes grows to be eighty feet tall.

Christmas Bells

By Ella K. Livermore.

Ring from your towers
Bells of peace,
Chime out the lay
That never will cease
Tell of the truth
That ever is born
In the hearts of the faithful
On Christmas morn
Sins and errors are buried deep
While on the world brotherly love must keep
Deep in the souls of our men
Let peace reign, once again.

The Christmas Wish

By Mrs. Otis Elliot Barene

It is a wish with a meaning—the best of life's blessings; joy, hope, faith and love are the threads of its background. One thread follows the outline of the word "peace."

To the world the wish is a celebration of the birthday of a king. Sorrow there may be in some homes but still the wish to be merry overshadows the gloom.

It is a wish that gladdens the kiddies' hearts, sugar plums, Christmas trees and Santa. To all it means, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The old, old Merry Christmas wish, long, long, long may it live!

With the high cost of living now-a-days, a dollar isn't worth the wear and tear it gives the pocket.

He—Bah! What is woman? A rag, a bone, a hank of hair.

She—And Man? A jag, a drone, a tank of air.



Roger Moran, main office, has forsaken the office force and can now be found working with the boys of the Hull department.

❖ ❖

Apparently, Kathleen Morris has left the Cost department for those loftier regions where the Payroll is made up. Someone has suggested that the reason for the change was nearness to the Employment office "chain gang." Others think nearness to the gate has something to do with it.

❖ ❖

Bill Monahan, former sheet metal clerk, is another new addition to the Payroll department. "Mony" sits right near the gate and interviews all visitors. He now wears glasses. Someone told him that they made him look distinguished and when one works among the ladies all day the right effect is necessary.

❖ ❖

Anyone looking for Bill Roth may now find him in the Hull department office. Roth was formerly clerk in the Carpenter shop. He still goes back there occasionally—"to get a familiar mouthful of sawdust," he says. Funny how a fellow does become attached to almost anything.

❖ ❖

At the Hallow'een party given by the office girls, everyone enjoyed themselves immensely. The only missing thing was a camera as Miss Wilson dressed in a sailor boy's suit, would make a very good cover design for the Dial.

❖ ❖

Wedding bells were heard in the regions of the Dial office during the past month. Willard B. Prince, art editor, was married on November 17. The marriage ceremony took place in Boston.

❖ ❖

For the answer to the query: "Who sat next to the colored chauffeur when the four tabulating adventureses took their famous ride to the 'Farm'?" we respectfully request all interested to look at Donnelly's cartoon in this issue.

❖ ❖

Ed Donnelly of the Record room, is our latest "scandal hound." Look out for him girls for he has no pity and Ed is more dangerous than the rest of us because he draws what he hears and sees while we are only able to set it down in cold black type. Donnelly is responsible for the series of cartoons which have been appearing in the last two issues of The Dial. That they have tended to brighten the pages of our magazine considerably is the concensus of opinion.

❖ ❖

Marion Hayes ceases to wonder why Salome wanted John the Baptist's head. Christabel Olsen and she nearly caused a panic at the New York Strand lately when Marion started her "ragging the scale" laugh.

❖ ❖

Charlotte Burkhardt, the tabulating department "cop", is one of the real hustlers in the department. It is not exceptional to find her at her desk at nine o'clock at night. Just why they call her the "cop" is Greek to us. but we are so sure that it is something quite complimentary that we do not hesitate to wish the nickname onto her.

Emily Casey has started knitting a sweater again. We thought all those horrors died with the war.

❖ ❖

If Maude Wilson insists upon practicing the "shimme" at noon hour each day, we are afraid the building will need extra girders.

❖ ❖

We notice that Mrs. McCarthy (Miss Kelleher that was) stops at a Third avenue bakery every night and buys fancy cakes. How about your own cooking, Catherine?

❖ ❖

We saw Mr. McCauley, of the Cost department, riding in a "flivver" on Saturday afternoon with a broad smile on his face. We wonder whether it was pay day, the auto ride or the girl at his side that caused the smile.

❖ ❖

Miss Gatje came into the office with a red and swollen eye one morning recently. The night before she and twenty-eight other girls had attended a performance of "Forever After" and it was so sad the whole twenty-nine went home weeping.

❖ ❖

Ray Eichorn, Tabulating department, has it all over any of the other men in point of popularity with the girls, we are told. To them he is just "Ray." In fact, so familiar is he to them that the other day we heard one of them say: "What is Ray's last name anyway?"

❖ ❖

It is too bad that William Fox wasn't aware of the talent in the Tabulating department when he produced "Cleopatra." Virginia Giff is right there with the most fascinating Egyptian shimmy imaginable.

❖ ❖

They say that "Bashful Evelyn" LaZerr wouldn't be troubled so much with sore toes if she bought shoes which had a little more chance of fitting her.

❖ ❖

Will some one of our gallant young gentlemen kindly volunteer to escort Louisa Roehns through one of the yard shops some day? She says that she would just love to see one. Don't push men. The line forms on the right.

❖ ❖

Willie Goldsmith, formerly of Mr. Brennen's force, is still carpentering for a living. Willie doesn't look quite as smooth as he used to look during the old "white collar" days but they say that he just knocks 'em over when he steps out in the evening.

❖ ❖

Wesley Jones, formerly of The Dial staff, has joined the forces of the "night owl tabulators." Jonesy works while the rest of us sleep, but unlike the rest of us he also works while we work. Ambition to finish his day school education is the reason for his changing to the night tabulators. We warn all his co-workers to guard what they say because Wesley is still a reporter at heart.

❖ ❖

Irene DeSilva, Tabulating department, believes in being optimistic. Whenever her machines go wrong she just makes little faces. But those faces, Oh boy.

Another Nickel Please

Last night I held a little hand
So dainty and so neat,
I thought my heart would surely burst
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand into my heart
Could greater gladness bring
Than that I held last night—
Four aces and a King.

❖ ❖

Main Office Limericks

There is a young fellow named Frank
Never swore, chewed tobacco or drank
Each pay day he'd go
Put away all his dough
Now he has an account in the bank.

There is young lady named Maud
She never can run 'cause she weighs most
She never can run cause she weighs most
a ton.
But a jolly young lady is Maud.

There was a young fellow named Jack
On his chair someone placed a big tack
He came in and sat down
But got up with a frown
And gave the offender a whack.

❖ ❖

Disbursement Chatter

Frank Quinlan is the proud father of a "bouncing" baby girl. It must have been made of rubber.

❖ ❖

Pretty tough on poor Margie when she has to wait each night for her friend Willie at the Subway Station. They never come back Margie.

❖ ❖

Olga Petrova is keeping Mr. Bolin stepping pretty lively of late.

❖ ❖

It seems that little George is living in the moving vans these days.

❖ ❖

Mr. Doremus intends running in opposition to the corner cigar stores, if receiving a dozen cigars each day means anything.

❖ ❖

Our little Miss Heugel visits the boys in the Hospital every noon hour. We wonder why?

❖ ❖

Our little Petey seems to be a regular patron at the Prospect since he is keeping company. We wonder who the girl is?

❖ ❖

We are all glad to note that the new Bus system has benefited someone. Our own Diana is rarely later than 20 minutes these mornings.

❖ ❖

Some of these fine mornings we don't expect to see Florence Fenk into work because she may lock herself up in that precious Hope Chest. Better have two keys made for it, Florrie!

❖ ❖

Miss Sullivan, of the Disbursing department is a man hater for life. But wait until she and Willie patch up that quarrel. Then life will be all rosy once more. How about it Margie?

❖ ❖

Talk about poor mail service how's this for delay? Helen Brett, Cost department, was given a letter Saturday to deliver to another girl in the department. The party for whom the letter was intended received it Tuesday afternoon. Oh! well there is some excuse as Helen is sewing her first center piece and the work occupies all of her mind.



Talk about your profiteering! Charlie Fitzsimmons, pipe shop, had his rent jumped fifty dollars a month just because he insisted on being kind to his landlady. Never mind Charlie you were wise to move.

Hen. Crist, pipe shop, is getting to be quite nautical of late. He and the rest of the boys of his gang were safely off the boat in the stream on which they were working the other day and the launch was steaming toward a Morse pier when suddenly Hen pipes up: "Where's the Captain?" He was talking about no more exalted a personage than Snapper Joe Lowe who had been left behind.

Capt. "Willie" Mason, of the *John Hallock* had another chance to take a tug ride to Norfolk recently but he didn't go. "Thought I'd let my brother go this time," was his alibi but it almost seemed as if he was getting sea sick as he said it.

Joe McGuirk, Hull department, has a new accomplishment. He can tie a bow tie and still have one free end hanging down inside his shirt. "That's the way they do it on Fifth Avenue," said Joe.

According to all newspaper accounts, the sixth section of the new dry dock went down the ways to the tune of soft drink cheers. Willie Borgeson, "Farm" clerk, too, says that the launching party wasn't the same as it used to be. We believe it must be so for the day after a previous launching Willie cut his wrist on some glass and this time he didn't.

Charlie Haines, pipe shop apprentice boy, serves coffee at the lunch wagon during the noon hour. The other day a fitter asked for a nipple and Charlie from force of habit said: "Five or ten?"

Harry Coleman, outside machinist, has established the reputation for himself of being a prophet. It is said that he can tell a week in advance just what is going to happen to you and how you are to feel. Billy Wherry, shipfitter, is one of his staunchest supporters.

Owing to the scarcity of yellow pads, "Editor" Tom Cavanaugh has discontinued his daily publication, "The Hull department Hot Blast."

Every time there was a fire on the *Huron* Chris Munch and Roger Moran got together and rendered their famous duet entitled, "Oh fireman save our winter home."

Frank Smith happened to mention to some of the boys in the garage the other day that he enjoyed music. Arthur Hewitt, former garage boss, immediately detailed the garage quartet to sing for him. How they succeeded in their efforts may better be ascertained by asking Smith.

The boys are all kidding Alex Litman about a certain Third avenue cigar store. We wonder why?

John Parisi was married a few weeks ago and in telling us about his change of address, John said he guessed that he wouldn't have to move again now that he was married. Not judging by our experience, John! We've had to move faster since we got married than ever before.

Oscar Kruger hung up a sign over his portion of the paint shop recently which read "Mind your own business." Pete Lorenze, who occupies the other end of the room saw the sign and hung a similar one on his wall. Oscar came in and tore Pete's down and now Pete wants to know who really doesn't mind his own business in that shop.

One nice big "soap week" a helper received Martin Googer's number by mistake. Googer must have been told that the whole yard had his number for he spent a whole afternoon trying to have it changed.

The Hull department snappers certainly enjoyed their noon hour meetings in the plate shop until one B. McEwen appeared on the scene. Now they've lost their happy home.

No, the nice man in the corner of the Hull department office is not an overworked Wall St. broker. He is Chris Munch trying to memorize the *Huron* item numbers.

When will Dick Ellman, driller, find that dollar which he lost more than two months ago? The boys hope it will be soon because they are almost tired of hearing about it.

Joe Sandifer, formerly of Mr. Daly's staff, is now pipe fitting for a living. Joe found eight in the morning a difficulty when in the office but now manages to punch in at seven with comparative ease.

Have you seen John Powell, the dry dock poet, around the yard? John after a short absence is back among us but he has forsaken the yard for an office badge and is now employed in the printing department.

Pete Bresnan, truck garage, no longer believes that being invited out to free dinners reduces the high cost of living. Pete was asked out to Arthur Hewitt's house to dinner recently. He says that the dinner was fine but the way he was trimmed in the card game afterwards was a shame.

Now that there is a nice new sanitary cabinet in the Plate shop office, John Wahlen looks into the mirror so often that his face has grown on it. All of the boys have brought down their safety razors and now all that we need is a first class tonsorial parlor, a female manicurist and a Police Gazette.

Dan Blake, garage force, is keeping in trim with the cars he works on by wearing oversized shoes. Why not try wearing the box they come in Dan?

George Keenan may be some minstrel but did you ever see George Rothwell after a nights scap on the *Ancon?*

We again have with us Baron Von Slagenoff of Canarsie. He was a quite frequent visitor to the yard last year when he made the remarkable record of two full weeks in succession. We hope you will remain a little longer this time "Slaggy."

Leo Dunn, Office Boy: — "They say you're some bowler, Tom." Cavanaugh: —"Not so bad, why?" Office Boy:—"I know a man who bowled 301 once." Cavanaugh:—"It can't be done." Office Boy: —"Sure it can. He bowled 300 and won."

Famous sayings:

"Know where I can buy a house or two?" Fred Wiles, plumbing department.

"Did you find it, Bill?" (Tietian.)—everybody in the plumbing department.

"What time is it, Kroll?" Everybody in the blacksmith shop?

"Now you're talking common sense."—Eddy Hannavin, sheet metal shop.

"Poor Fish!"—A. Ambriano, blacksmith shop.

Fred Sutton, (hull department) claims that no band on earth can keep time with him when he is chewing tobacco.

Gus Smith, (shipfitter) is the proud owner of overalls alleged to be equipped with spicket patches and flanged bottoms.

Should there be an employee who knows of a barber who will trim hair for less than twenty cents, kindly give such information to J. McMahon, Hull department.

They say that some of the burners are starting to think that the new gas called "cologne" which Austin Kennedy tried to introduce ought to be inspected by the revenue officers. They say that it has an awful kick and that it makes 2.75 look like circus lemonade. Full strength, eh, Austin?

"He sent me this to sleep on," said Joe O'Neil, "showing the rest of the boys a box containing a piece of wedding cake. The "he" was Howard Canning, (welder snapper) recently married and now back on the job looking as if every day was Christmas.

Al Simendinger, (hull department,) walks about the yard with a worried countenance these days. The reason we are told is that the bronze memorial tablet for which he posed has been erected and Al fears that the question of who was the other model may be brought up at the wrong time.

Clarence Boell (hull department) has a big job in Jersey (his family lives there) and he finds it increasingly hard to get to the yard on time. According to rumor he intends moving to Brooklyn, deeming it the only way by which he can improve his time card.

You can't get something out of nothing, but lots of people are capable of getting nothing out of something.



Pictures by Morse photographer.

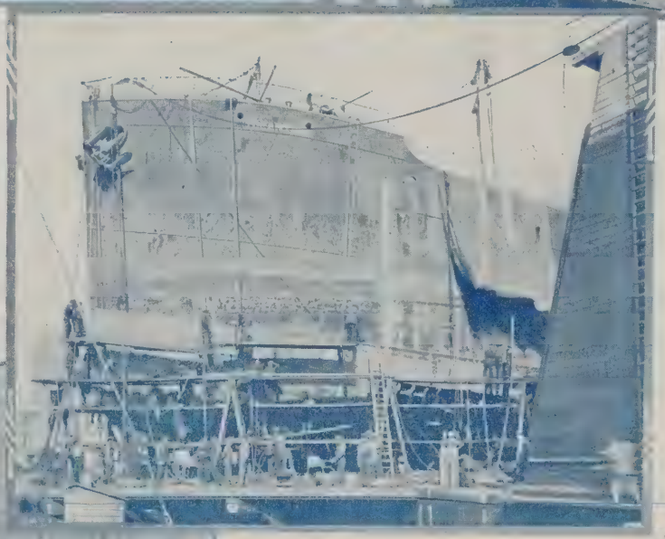
The careful electric welder knows the value of eye protection. His work endangers his eyesight at all times, but very few accidents occur because he is usually careful.

Only the ignorant take chances with their eyes. Don't look too close at the flame of a welder's torch. Follow the example of the welder who realizes the value of protection.



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Two large dry docks at the shipowner's disposal. One with a capacity of 15,000 tons; the other capable of raising 30,000 tons in one lift or it can accommodate two ordinary merchant ships at one docking. This gives the Morse Company practically three of the most efficient and fastest working dry docks in the world.



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Our dry docking facilities plus expert workmanship insures satisfaction.



Pictures show bow and stern of the *Tocantins* in the process of repair.

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